

# In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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## DOCTOR FRANKLIN

**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 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. Binkus has received a letter from Washington to be carried across the ocean, and Jack sails with him. Arriving in England, Binkus is arrested, but Jack has the letter and proceeds to London.

## CHAPTER V

### London and the Philosopher.

The str and prodigious reach of London had appalled the young man. The thought thrilled him that somewhere in the great crowd, of which he was now a part, were the two human beings he had come so far to see. He put on his best clothes and with the letter which had been carefully treasured—under his pillow at night and pinned to his pocket lining through the day—set out in a cab for the lodgings of Doctor Franklin. Through a maze of streets where people were "thick as the brush in the forests of Tryon county" he proceeded until after a journey of some thirty minutes the cab stopped at the home of the famous American on Bloomsbury square. Doctor Franklin was in and would see him presently, so the liveried servant informed the young man after his card had been taken to the doctor's office. He was shown into a reception room and asked to wait, where others were waiting. An hour passed and the day was growing dusk when all the callers save Jack had been disposed of. Then Franklin entered. Jack remembered the strong, well-knit frame and kindly gray eyes of the philosopher. His thick hair, hanging below his collar, was now white. He was very grand in a suit of black Manchester velvet with white silk stockings and bright silver buckles on his shoes. There was a gentle dignity in his face when he took the boy's hand and said with a smile:

"You are so big, Jack. You have built a six foot two inch man of that small lad I knew in Albany, and well finished, too—great thighs, heavy shoulders, a mustache, a noble brow, and shall I say the eye of Mars?—It's a wonder what time and meat and bread and potatoes and air can accomplish. But perhaps industry and good reading have done some work on the job."

Jack blushed and answered: "It would be hard to fix the blame."

Franklin put his hand on the young man's shoulder and said:

"She is a lovely girl, Jack. You have excellent good taste. I congratulate you. Her pulchritude has a background of good character and she is alive with the spirit of the New World. I have given her no chance to forget you if that had been possible. Since I became the agent in England of yourself and sundry American provinces, I have seen her often, but never without longing for the gift of youth. How is my family?"

"They are well. I bring you letters."

"Come up to my office and we'll give an hour to the news."

When they were seated before the grate fire in the large, pleasant room above stairs whose windows looked out upon the square, the young man said:

"First I shall give you, sir, a letter from Major Washington. It was entrusted to a friend of mine who came on the same ship with me. He was arrested at Deal, but, fortunately, the letter was in my pocket."

"Arrested? Why?"

"I think, sir, the charge was that he had helped to tar and feather a British subject."

"Feathers and tar are poor arguments," the Doctor remarked as he broke the seal of the letter.

It was a long letter and Franklin sat for near half an hour thoughtfully reading and rereading it. By and by he folded and put it into his pocket, saying as he did so: "An angry man cannot even trust himself. I sent some letters to America on condition that they should be read by a committee of good men and treated in absolute confidence and returned to me. Certain members of that committee had so much gunpowder in their hearts it took fire and their prudence and my reputation have been seriously damaged, I fear. The contents of those letters are now probably known to you."

"Are they the Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver letters?"

"The same."

"I think they are known to every one in America that reads. We are indignant that these men born and raised among us should have said that a colony ought not to enjoy all the liberties of a parent state and that we should be subjected to coercive measures. They had expressed no such opinion save in these private letters. It looked like a base effort to curry favor with the English government."

"Yes, they were overworking the curry comb," said Franklin. "I had been protesting against an armed force in Boston. The government declared that our own best people were in favor of it. I, knowing better, denied the statement. To prove their claim, a distinguished baronet put the letters in my hands. He gave me leave to send them to America on condition that they should not be published. Of course, they proved nothing but the treachery of Hutchinson, Rogers and Oliver. Now I seem to be tarred by the same stick."

Jack told him of his prospects and especially of the generosity of his friend Solomon—Binkus and of the plight the latter was in.

"He must be a remarkable man," said Franklin. "With Preston's help he will be coming on to London in a day or so. If necessary you and I will go down there. We shall not neglect him. Have you any dinner clothes? They will be important to you."

"I thought, sir, that I should best wait until I had arrived here."

"You thought wisely. I shall introduce you to a good cloth merchant. Go to him at once and get one suit for dinner and perhaps two for the street. It costs money to be a gentleman here. It's a fine art. While you are in London you'll have to get the uniform and fall in line and go through the evolutions or you will be a 'North American savage.' You shall meet the Hares in my house as soon as your clothes are ready. Ask the tailor to hurry up. They must be finished by Wednesday noon. You had better have lodgings near me. I will attend to that for you."

The Doctor sat down and wrote on a number of cards. "These will provide for cloth, linen, leather and hats."



he said: "Let the bills be sent to me. Then you'll not be cheated. Come in tomorrow at half after two."

Jack bade the Doctor good night and drove to The Spread Eagle where, before he went to bed, he wrote to his parents and a long letter to the Pennsylvania Gazette, describing his voyage and his arrival subsequently as the facts are here recorded. Next morning he ordered every detail in his "uniforms" for morning and evening wear and returning again to the inn found Solomon waiting in the lobby.

"Here I be," said the scout and trapper.

"What happened to you?"

"S'arched an' shoved me into a dark hole in the wall. Ye-know, Jack, with you an' me, if allus 'pears to be workin'."

"What?"

"Good luck. Cur'us thing the papers was on you 'stid of me—eyes, sir, 'twas. Did ye hand 'em over safe?"

"Last night I put 'em in Franklin's hands."

"Hunkidory! I'm ready fer to go hum."

"Doctor Franklin wants to see you," said Jack. "Put on your Sunday clothes an' we'll go over to his house. I think I can lead you there. If we get lost we'll jump into a cab."

When they set out Solomon was dressed in fine shoes and brown wool stockings and drab trousers, a buttoned jacket and blue coat, and a big, black three-cornered hat. His slouching gait and large body and weathered face and the variety of colors in his costume began at once to attract the attention of the crowd. A half-drunk haridan surveyed him, from top to toe, and made a profound bow as

he passed. A number of small boys scurried along with them, curiously staring into the face of Solomon.

"Ain't this like comin' into a savage tribe that ain't seen no civilized human bein' fer years?"

"Wot is it?" a voice shouted.

"E's a blasted hush wacker from North Hamericia, 'e is," another answered.

Jack stopped a cab and they got into it.

"Show us some of the great buildings and land us in an hour at 10 Bloomsbury square, East," he said.

With a sense of relief they were whisked away in the stream of traffic.

They passed the king's palace and the great town houses of the duke of Bedford and Lord Balcarras, each of which was pointed out by the driver.

Suddenly every vehicle near them stopped, while their male occupants sat with bared heads. Jack observed a curious procession on the sidewalk passing between two lines of halted people.

"Hit's their majesties!" the driver whispered under his breath.

The king—a stout, red-nosed, blue-jowled man, with big, gray, staring eyes—was in a sedan chair surmounted by a crown. He was dressed in light cloth with silver buttons. Queen Charlotte, also in a chair, was dressed in lemon colored silk ornamented with brocaded flowers. The two were smiling and bowing as they passed. In a moment the procession entered a great gate. Then there was a crack of whips and the traffic resumed its hurried pace.

When they had been conducted to the presence of Doctor Franklin he took Solomon's hand and said:

"Mr. Binkus, I am glad to bid you welcome."

He looked down at the slinky, big-boned, right hand of the scout, still holding it.

"Will you step over to the window a moment and give me a look at your hands?" he asked.

They went to the window and the Doctor put on his spectacles and examined them closely.

"I have never seen such an able Samsonian fist," he went on. "I think the look of those hands would let you into Paradise. What a record of human service is writ upon them! Hands like that have laid the foundations of America. They have been generous hands. They tell me all I need to know of your spirit, your lungs, your heart and your stomach."

"They're purty heavy—that's why I gen'ally carry 'em in my pockets when I ain't busy," said Solomon.

"I saw Sir Jeffrey Amherst this morning and told him you were in London. He is fond of you and paid you many compliments and made me promise to bring you to his home."

"I'd like to smoke a pipe with ol' Jeff," Solomon answered. "They ain't no nonsense 'bout him. I learnt him how to talk Injun an' read rapids an' build a fire with tinder an' elbow grease. He knows me plenty. He staked his life on me a dozen times in the Injun war."

"How is Major Washington?" the Doctor asked.

"Stout as a pot o' ginger," Solomon answered. "I rassed with him one evenin' down in Virginny an' I'll never tackle him ag'in, you hear to me. His right flipper is as big as mine an' when it takes hold ye'd think it were goin' to strip the shuck off yer soul."

"He's in every way a big man," said the Doctor. "On the whole, he's about our biggest man. An officer who came out of the ambulance at Fort Duquesne with thirty living men out of three companies and four shot holes in his coat must have an engagement with Destiny. Evidently his work was not finished. You have traveled about some. What is the feeling over there toward England?"

"They're like a b'lin' pot everywhere. England has got to step careful now."

"Tell Sir Jeffrey that, if you see him, just that. Don't mince matters. Jack, I'll send my man with you and Mr. Binkus to show you the new lodgings. We found them this morning."

"I kissed her lips and she kissed mine, and for a few moments—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### His Excuse

A newsboy took a handful of peanuts from a peanut stand and was arrested for it.

"Well, what are you here for?" the magistrate demanded.

"I don't know, your honor," the culprit replied, "unless it's 'impersonating an officer.'"

### Truthful

"You've been out with worse-looking fellows than I am, haven't you?" (No answer.)

"I say, you've been out with worse-looking fellows than I, haven't you?"

"I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think."

## The Kitchen Cabinet

(Copyright, Western Newspaper Union.)

Red as the wine of ages  
Yellow as gold from sunbeams spun,  
Pink as the gown of Aurora's pages,  
White as the robe of the sinless one,  
Sweet as the winds from Araby blow,  
Roses, roses, I love you so."

### DISHES SAVORY AND SWEET

Curried dishes are so well liked by those who do like them that a few suggestions may be of interest.

When making curry the unvarying foundation is one medium-sized onion, fried a light brown in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir in two teaspoonfuls of curry and add one cupful of stock, stir and add one pint of any kind of uncooked material and simmer slowly until done. A sour apple diced is a pleasing addition. Hard-cooked eggs, new potatoes, peas, beans and carrots are curried. Fresh fish are curried whole. Cover with the sauce and simmer until the fish is tender.

**Pepper Cross Sandwiches.**—Take one cupful of cress minced, add one-half cupful of cream cheese, one tablespoonful each of minced onion and a tablespoonful of catsup.

**Saffron Bread.**—Take two cupfuls of flour, four tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of saffron tea, one-third of a cupful of chopped nuts, one-half cupful of seeded raisins, one egg and two-thirds of a cupful of milk. Mix and bake forty-five minutes.

**Bread Pudding.**—Take two cupfuls of bread crumbs, one quart of scalded milk, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-fourth cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of raisins. Soak the bread in the milk, cool and add sugar, butter, egg yolks well beaten, the salt, and vanilla and raisins. Bake until firm, cover with the egg whites and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in a hot oven.

**Hungarian Cauliflower.**—Cook a whole cauliflower in boiling salted water until tender. Take out, carefully place in a deep dish, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and pour over a cupful of rich sour cream. Bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are brown.

Lettuce, spinach and green leaves are rich in vitamins and should be eaten freely. Orange juice, grapefruit and lemon juice all are rich in these health and growth-producing elements.

If you've found a task worth doing, do it now.

In delay there's danger brewing. Do it now.

Don't you be a 'by and byer' and a sluggish patience trayer. If there's ought you would acquire, do it now.

### HOME-MADE CAKES

A box of home-made cakes and cookies is always a gift enjoyed by the children away at school as well as the older ones away from home.

**Seed Cakes.**—The old-fashioned seed cakes which were a favorite in our grandmothers' day are just as well enjoyed to day when we are fortunate enough to get them. Wash one cupful of butter in one-half cupful of rose water, then cream it and add two cupfuls of sugar. Beat four eggs and add to the first mixture with three teaspoonfuls of caraway seed and three drops of the oil of cinnamon; add one-half cupful of boiling water with one teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add four cupfuls of flour and, if needed, a little milk. Drop on buttered paper or baking sheets in balls the size of a nutmeg and bake in a moderate oven.

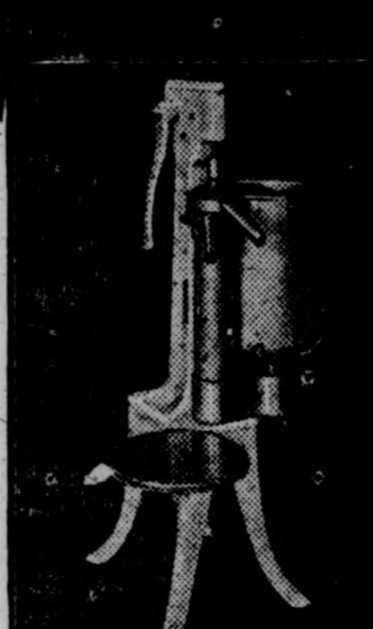
**Cider Cake.**—Cream one cupful of butter, add two cupfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and all spice mixed; add three well-beaten eggs, one cupful of cider and one teaspoonful of soda. Mix with three cupfuls of flour and bake in a loaf in a moderate oven. Cover with brown sugar frosting.

**Little Plum Cakes.**—Measure four cupfuls of flour, one cupful each of sugar and butter, one teaspoonful of mixed spices and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat the butter to a cream, add three well-beaten eggs, one-half pound of raisins, the seedless kind, and one-half pound of currants. Add to the flour mixture and beat for ten minutes. This will form a stiff paste. Dredge flour on tin baking sheets and drop the cake in spoonfuls the size of a walnut. Bake in a hot oven.

**Creamed Lobster on Toast.**—Make a well-seasoned white sauce, using thin cream and plenty of butter; add flaked lobster, with cayenne for seasoning. Serve on rounds of buttered toast.

Chestnut croquettes are not difficult to make and are a delicious variety to serve. Use the paste, adding egg and such seasoning as one likes.

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