

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CHAPTER XI—Continued.

He saw the plan now—an admirable plan. They were to meet near the port of sailing and be married and go aboard the ship and away. It was the plan of Margaret and much better than any he could have made, for he knew little of London and its ports.

"Should I not take my baggage with me?"

"There is not time for that," the veiled lady answered. "We must make haste. I have some clothes for you in a bag."

She pointed to a leather case under the front seat.

From that time forward they rode in a silence broken only by the creaking of the coach and the sound of the horses' hoofs. Darkness had fallen when they reached the little city of Gravesend. The Ship and Anchor stood by the water's edge.

"You will please wait here," said the stern lady in a milder voice than she had used before, as the coach drew up at the inn door. "I shall see if she has come."

His strange companion entered the inn and returned presently, saying: "She has not yet arrived. Delayed by the fog. We will have our dinner, if you please."

From this point the scene at the inn is described in the diary of the American.

"She drew off her hat and veil and a young woman about twenty-eight years of age and of astonishing beauty stood before me."

"There, now, I am out of business," she remarked in a pleasant voice as she sat down at the table which had been spread before the fireplace. "I will do my best to be a companion to you until Margaret arrives."

"She looked into my eyes and smiled. Her sheath of ice had fallen from her."

"The waiter came with a tray containing soup, glasses and a bottle of sherry. We sat down at the table and our waiter filled two glasses with the sherry."

"Thank you, but self-denial is another duty of mine," she remarked when I offered her a glass of the wine. "I live in a tipsy world and drink—water. I live in a merry world and keep a stern face. It is a vile world and yet I am unpolled."

"I drank my glass of wine and had begun to eat my soup when a strange feeling came over me. My plate seemed to be sinking through the table. The wall and fireplace were receding into dim distance. I knew then that I had tasted the cup of Circe. My hands fell through my lap and suddenly the day ended. It was like sawing off a board. The end had fallen. There is nothing more to be said of it because my brain had ceased to receive and record impressions. I was as totally out of business as a man in his grave. When I came to, I was in a berth on the ship King William bound for New York. As soon as I knew anything, I knew that I had been tricked. My clothes had been removed and were lying on a chair near me. My watch and money were undisturbed. I had a severe pain in my head. I dressed and went up on deck. The captain was there."

"You must have had a night of it in Gravesend," he said. "You were like a dead man when they brought you aboard."

"Where am I going?" I asked.

"To New York," he answered with a laugh. "You must have had a time!"

"How much is the fare?"

"Young man, that need not concern you," said the captain. "Your fare has been paid in full. I saw them put a letter in your pocket. Have you read it?"

Jack found the letter and read:

"Dear Sir—When you see this you will be well out of danger and, it is hoped, none the worse for your displacement. This from one who admires your skill and courage and who advises you to keep out of England for at least a year."

"A WELL WISHER."

He looked back over the stern of the ship. The shore had fallen out of sight. The sky was clear. The sun shined. The wind was blowing from the east.

He stood for a long time looking toward the land he had left.

"Oh, ye wings of the wind! take my love to her and give her news of me and bid her to be steadfast in her faith and hope," he whispered.

CHAPTER XII

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

After Jack had been whirled out of London, Franklin called at his lodgings and learned that he had not been seen for a day. The wise philosopher entertained no doubt that the young man had taken ship agreeably with the advice given him. A report had been running through the clubs of London that Lionel Clarke had succumbed. In fact he had had a bad turn, but had rallied. Jack must have heard the false report and taken ship suddenly.

Doctor Franklin went that day to the meeting of the privy council, whither he had been sternly summoned for examination in the matter of the letters of Hutchinson et al. For an hour he had stood unmoved while Alexander Wedderburn, the wit-fest barrister in the kingdom, poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Even the judges, against all traditions of

decorum in the high courts of Britain, laughed at the cleverness of the assault. That was the speech of which Charles James Fox declared that it was the most expensive bit of oratory which had been heard in England, since it had cost the kingdom its colonies.

It was alleged that in some manner Franklin had stolen the letters and violated their sacred privacy. It is known now that an English nobleman had put them in his hands to read and that he was in no way responsible for their publication. The truth, if it could have been told, would have bent the proud heads of Wedderburn and the judges to whom he appealed, in confusion. But Franklin held his peace, as a man of honor was bound to do. He stood erect and dignified with a face like one carved in wood.

The counsel for the colonies made a weak defense. The triumph was complete. The venerable man was convicted of conduct inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and deprived of his office as postmaster general of the colonies.

But he had two friends in court. They were the Lady Hare and her daughter. They followed him out of the chamber. In the great hallway, Margaret, her eyes wet with tears, embraced and kissed the philosopher.

"I want you to know that I am your friend and that I love America," she said.

"My daughter, it has been a hard hour, but I am sixty-eight years old and have learned many things," he answered. "Time is the only avenger I need. It will lay the dust."

The girl embraced and kissed him again and said in a voice shaking with emotion:

"I wish my father and all Englishmen to know that I am your friend and that I have a love that cannot be turned aside or destroyed and that I will have my right as a human being."

"Come let us go and talk together—we three," he proposed.

They took a cab and drove away.

"You will think all this a singular proceeding," Lady Hare remarked. "I must tell you that rebellion has



started in our home. Its peace is quite destroyed. Margaret has declared her right to the use of her own mind."

"Well, if she is to use any mind it will have to be that one," Franklin answered. "I do not see why women should not be entitled to use their minds as well as their hands and feet."

"I was kept at home yesterday by force," said Margaret. "Every door locked and guarded! It was brutal tyranny."

"The poor child has my sympathy, but what can I do?" Lady Hare inquired.

"Being an American, you can expect but one answer from me," said the philosopher. "To us tyranny in home or state is intolerable. They tried it on me when I was a boy and I ran away."

"That is what I shall do if necessary," said Margaret.

"Oh, my child! How would you live?" her mother asked.

"I will answer that question for her, if you will let me," said Franklin.

"If she needs it, she shall have an allowance out of my purse."

"Thank you, but that would raise a scandal," said the woman.

"Oh, your ladyship, I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"I wish to go with Jack, if you know where he is," Margaret declared, looking up into the face of the philosopher.

"I think he is pushing toward America," Franklin answered. "Being alarmed at the condition of his adversary, I advised him to slip away. A ship went yesterday. Probably he's on it. He had no chance to see me or pick up his baggage."

"I shall follow him soon," the girl declared.

"If you will only contain yourself, you will get along with your father very well," said Lady Hare. "I know him better than you. He has promised to take you to America in December. You must wait and be patient. After all, your father has a large claim upon you."

"I think you will do well to wait, my child," said the philosopher. "Jack will keep and you are both young. Fathers are like other children. They make mistakes—they even do wrong

now and then. They have to be forgiven and allowed a chance to repent and improve their conduct. Your father is a good man. Try to win him to your cause."

"And die a maiden," said the girl with a sigh.

"Impossible!" Franklin exclaimed. "I shall marry Jack or never marry. I would rather be his wife than the queen of England."

"This is surely the age of romance," said the smiling philosopher, as the ladies alighted at their door. "I wish I were young again."

CHAPTER XIII

The Ferment.

On his voyage to New York, Jack wrote long letters to Margaret and to Doctor Franklin, which were deposited in the post office on his arrival, the tenth of March. He observed a great change in the spirit of the people. They were no longer content with words. The ferment was showing itself in acts of open and violent disorder. The statue of George III, near the battery, was treated to a volley of decayed eggs, in the evening of his arrival. This hot blood was due to the effort to prevent free speech in the colonies and the proposal to send political prisoners to England for trial.

Jack took the first boat to Albany and found Solomon working on the Irons farm. In his diary he tells of the delightful days of rest he enjoyed with his family. Solomon had told them of the great adventure but Jack would have little to say of it, having no pride in that achievement.

Soon the scout left on a mission for the committee of safety to distant settlements in the great north west.

"I'll be spending the hull moon in the wilderness," he said to Jack. "Goin' to Virginy when I get back, an' I'll look fer ye on the way down."

Jack set out for Philadelphia the day after Solomon left. He stopped at Kinderhook on his way down the river and addressed his people on conditions in England. A young Tory interrupted his remarks. At the barbecue, which followed, this young man was seized and punished by a number of stalwart girls who removed his collar and jacket by force and covered his head and neck with molasses and the fuzziest of cat tails. Jack interceded for the Tory and stopped the proceeding.

"My friends, we must control our anger," he said. "Let us not try to subdue tyranny by using it ourselves."

Everywhere he found the people in such a temper that Tories had to hold their peace or suffer punishment. At the office he learned that his most important letters had failed to pass the hidden censorship of mail in England. He began, at once, to write a series of articles which hastened the crisis. The first of them was a talk with Franklin, which told how his mail had been tampered with; that no letter had come to his hand through the post office which had not been opened with apparent indifference as to the evidence of its violation. The Doctor's words regarding free speech in America and the proposal to try the bolder critics for treason were read and discussed in every household from the sea to the mountains and from Maine to Florida.

The young man's work had set the bells ringing and they were the bells of revolt. The arrival of General Gage at Boston in May, to be civil governor and commander-in-chief for the continent, and the blockade of the port twenty days later, compelling its population who had been fed by the sea to starve or subsist on the bounty of others, drove the most conservative citizens into the open. Parties went out Tory hunting. Every suspected man was compelled to declare himself and if incorrigible, was sent away. Town meetings were held even under the eyes of the king's soldiers and no tribunal was allowed to sit in any court house. At Salem, a meeting was held behind locked doors with the governor and his secretary shouting a proclamation through its keyhole, declaring it to be dissolved. The meeting proceeded to its end, and when the citizens filed out, they had invited the thirteen colonies to a general congress in Philadelphia.

It was Solomon Binkus who conveyed the invitation to Pennsylvania and Virginia. He had gone on a second mission to Springfield and Boston and had been in the meeting at Salem with General Ward. Another man carried that historic call to the colonies farther south. In five weeks, delegates were chosen, and early in August, they were traveling on many different roads toward the Quaker city. Crowds gathered in every town and village they passed. Solomon, who rode with the Virginia delegation, told Jack that he hadn't heard so much noise since the Injun war.

"They was poundin' the bells, an' shootin' cannons everywhere," he declared. "Men, women and children crowded 'round us an' split their lungs yellin'. They's a streak o' sore throats all the way from Alexandry to here."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poppy Tea Had a Kick

The government won the first case of the kind and ruined the prospects for a thriving opium business when Soba Singh, a Hindu, was convicted in Federal Judge Bean's court in Portland, Ore., after the jury had deliberated only 20 minutes, says the Los Angeles Times.

Soba Singh had discovered the cheapest method of extracting opium, that of boiling the poppy down to a thick tea, which was a favorite beverage with the Hindus of the city. Negroes in the north end were selling the tea as moonshine, government agents discovered, and patrons of these bootleggers were becoming addicts without knowing it.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D.D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

Lesson for June 1

THE BABYLONIAN EXILE OF JUDAH

LESSON TEXT—II Chron. 36:11-21. GOLDEN TEXT—"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people."—Prov. 14:34.

PRIMARY TOPIC—What a Boy King Did.

JUNIOR TOPIC—The Destruction of Jerusalem.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—The Last Days of Jerusalem.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—A Nation in Ruins.

I. The Sins of the Nation (vv. 11-16).

1. Zedekiah, the King (vv. 11-13).

(1) Insubordination to God's prophet (v. 12). In the theocratic government of Israel God's prophet occupied a higher place than the king himself. The prophet was God's messenger. Instead of receiving Jeremiah as God's messenger and conforming his life to God's will, as made known by the prophet he refused to humble himself before God.

(2) Rebellion against Nebuchadnezzar (v. 13). Zedekiah was made king of Judah by the king of Babylon but, in spite of this kindness and the word of the Lord spoken to him by Jeremiah (Jer. 38:17, 18; 52:3), he rebelled against the king of Babylon.

(3) He stiffened his neck and hardened his heart against God (v. 13). Those who rebel against rightly constituted authority soon are resisting the will and grace of God.

2. The Priests and People (vv. 14-16).

(1) They followed the heathen (v. 14). Even the priests who ministered in the house of God were practicing the sins of the heathen nations surrounding them.

(2) They polluted the house of the Lord (v. 14). The house of the Lord was sacred, having been dedicated to the Lord and consecrated to His service. For priests to officiate while living lives of impurity was pollution to God's house.

(3) They mocked God's messengers (v. 16). Instead of receiving them as from God, they mocked them.

(4) They despised God's word (v. 16). To set at naught God's counsel is to despise His word (Prov. 1:25).

(5) Misused God's prophets (v. 16). They not only mocked them but imprisoned some and slew others. This persisted in until God could no longer restrain His wrath.

3. The Judgment Falls (vv. 17-21).

1. Slaughter by the Sword (v. 17). So severe did this judgment fall that the King of the Chaldees slew young men even in the house of the sanctuary and "had no compassion upon young man or maiden, old man or him that stooped for age."

2. The Treasures and Sacred Vessels Carried to Babylon (v. 18). This included, not only the treasures of the house of the Lord, but of the king and his princes.

3. Burned the House of God (v. 19). This was the sacred temple built by Solomon with certain additions and modifications.

4. Broke Down the Walls of Jerusalem (v. 19). The aim in this was to render the walls useless as a means of defense.

5. Burned the Palaces (v. 19). It would seem that the common houses were left for the poor people who remained in the land.

6. Destroyed All the Goodly Vessels (v. 19). This would mean that the palaces were plundered of all that was valuable.

7. Carried the People into Captivity and Made Slaves of Them (v. 20). Those who had escaped the sword were now carried away and enslaved. It would seem that a number of people had deserted to the Babylonians. From II Kings 25:12 we learn that the poorest of the people were left in the land. Those who would not like to make any trouble were left as vine-dressers and husbandmen. Since the custom was to colonize conquered territory by foreign peoples, the object in leaving the poor people was that the country might be ready and over these people Gedaliah was appointed with headquarters at Mizpah. When the walls were broken Zedekiah fled by night, his object being doubtless to cross the Jordan at Jericho and hide in the mountains east of Jordan. He was overtaken in the plains of Jericho (II Kings 25:5) by the Chaldean army. He was captured and taken to the king of Babylon who was at Riblah, a town north of Damascus. Zedekiah was tried before Nebuchadnezzar, his eyes were put out, he was bound with fetters of brass, and carried away to Babylon, where he remained a prisoner until the day of his death (Jer. 52:11).

Duty to Your Neighbor

Your "duty" to your neighbor will have to be looked at in the light of a pleasure if it is to do either you or him much good.

Learning From Others

You can learn a hundred things from others where you learn one from your own experience.

Culture

Culture is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

The golden poppy is God's gold. The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down. The gold that knows no miser's hold. The gold that banks not, in the town. But singing, laughing, freely spills. Far up the happy hills; Far up, far down, at every turn—What beggar has not gold to burn.

—Joaquin Miller

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Even in small homes with simple furnishings, and equipment it is always wise to keep a small note book with the contents of every closet, drawer and store-room inventoried. In case of sudden illness, when strangers must handle one's possessions, it is a source of much comfort. Even the most active memory will not always recall in a hurry the exact article wanted. Piece tags that have lists of contents, or a label will save rummaging for priceless minutes for something not there.

At this time of the year, when we overhaul the household goods, many of us harken our hearts and put aside things saved for years and pass them on to someone who can use and enjoy them.

Children of today are so surfeited with toys that one hesitates to add to the general chaos; but often the little bits of leftover laces, silks and knickknacks which have been cast aside will prove a great pleasure to some little child who loves to dress her doll. Keep a box for such accumulations and pass them on when the occasion presents.

Another household convenience is a card index. One may use this for the inventory and another for recipes. Have a set for leftovers. For example, what may be done with tomato in varying quantities; it will surprise you how many delightful dishes you can prepare with even one-half cupful, and other things.

An index of this kind will grow with the years and be something of inestimable value, one that may be handed down to one's grandchildren with pride.

Potatoes boiled in their jackets at home and then fried in butter will be eaten to the last slice.

The sauce for croquettes is in proportion of one to four, using the same proportion of liquid and four tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter. This sauce is used with an equal measure of food, cooled and rolled into croquettes. These are fried in deep fat.

It's fun to dare in the face of despair, when the last lone chance seems gone. And to see hope rise in the angry skies like a promise of foggy dawn; For victory's sweet when it crowns defeat, and you learn this much is true: It's fun to fight when you know you're right, and your heart is in it too."

THE TENDER PEAS

Peas are one of our most valuable vegetable proteins. They take the place of meat in the diet, and when dressed with cream and butter are sufficiently nourishing to be served as a main dish.

Green Pea Soup.—Take one pint of green peas, a quart of chicken stock, six small onions, parsley, a small bunch of mint, a handful of spinach, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a teaspoonful of salt. Wash the spinach, parsley and mint, add the peas to the stock with the other vegetables and cook until soft. Put all through a sieve and reheat. Season well with butter and serve hot.

Peas and Peanuts Salad.—Take two cupfuls of cooked green peas, one cupful of peanuts coarsely chopped, one-half cupful of olives, finely minced, a bit of onion and mayonnaise. Season with salt and cayenne pepper and serve on lettuce.

Pea Souffle.—Cook a pint of peas until soft; if they are not sweet add a teaspoonful of sugar as they cook. Put through a sieve, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, a pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs and seasoning to taste. Mix all together and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a buttered baking dish and bake twenty minutes. Canned green peas seasoned and swimming in cream make a most appetizing dish which is especially filling and nutritious. These may be carried hot in the thermos if desired, or reheated just before serving.

Nothing to Work On

"Did you hear that Mrs. Jones won a vacuum cleaner in a competition?"

"No; did she?"

"Yes, but she says it ain't no good to her. She ain't got no vacuums."—London Answers.

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" is powerful, but safe. On does well expel Worms or Tape-worm; no castor oil needed. Adv.

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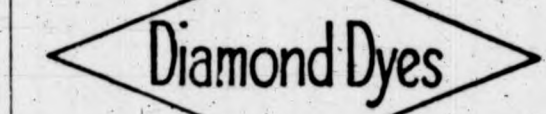
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The cinchona forest in Java covers about 25,000 acres. The larger part of the world's supply of quinine comes from that country.

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Greek Chronology

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