

In the Days of Poor Richard

By IRVING BACHELLER

CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

It was, no doubt, a deliberate lie calculated to inspire frankness in a possible foe. That was the moment for Andre to have produced his passports, which would have opened the road for him. Instead he committed a fatal error, the like of which it would be hard to find in all the records of human action.

"I am a British officer," he declared. "Please take me to your post."

They were keen-minded men who quickly surrounded him. A British officer? Why was he in the woods, a Yankee farmer? The pass could not save him now from these rough, strong handed fellows. The die was cast. They demanded the right of search. He saw his error and changed his plan.

"I am only a citizen of New York returning from family business in the country," he said.

He drew his pouch from his pocket—but not falling sign of the gentleman of fortune—and looked at his dial.

"You can see I am no common fellow," he added. "Let me go on about my business."

They firmly insisted on their right to search him. He began to be frightened. He offered them his watch and a purse full of gold and any amount of British goods to be allowed to go on his way.

Now here is the wonder and the mystery in this remarkable proceeding. These men were seeking plunder and here! was a handsome prospect. Why did they not make the most of it and be content? The "skinner" were plunderers, but first of all and above all they were patriots. The spirit brooding over the highlands of the Hudson and the hills of New England had entered their hearts. The man who called himself John Anderson was compelled to dismount and empty his pockets and take off his boots, in one of which was the damning evidence of Arnold's perfidy. His fortune was then within the reach of these three hard-working men of the hills, but straightaway they took their prisoner and the papers, found in his boot, to the outpost commanded by Colonel Jameson.

This negotiation for the sale of the United States had met with unexpected difficulties. The "skinner" had been as hard to buy as the learned diplomat.

ret asked her lover. "I'll get on be-
lud you."

Solomon took off the saddle and
lightened the blanket girth.

"That, 'tain't over clean, but now
ye kin both ride," said he.

Soon the two were riding, she in
front, as they had ridden long before
through the Shady, malloped bush in
Troyon camp.

They dismounted at Arnold's door.
"For a time I shall have much to
do, but soon I hope for great promo-
tion and more leisure," he said.

"I expect to be the happiest man
in the army, and the master of this house
and your husband."

"And you and I shall be as one," she
answered. "God speed the day when that
may be true also of your people
and my people."

He kissed her and bade her good-
night and returned to his many tasks
which he had to do before he
had visited the forts and batteries.

He had communicated with every out-
post. His plan was complete. About
midnight, when he and Solomon were
lying down to rest, two horsemen
came up the road at a gallop and
stopped at his door. They were aides
of Washington. They reported that
the general was spending the night at
the house of Henry Jasper near the
ferry, and would reach camp about
noon next day.

"Thank God for that news," said the
young man. "Solomon, I think that
we can sleep better tonight."

Jack was awake for an hour, think-
ing of the great happenings and the
future in the midst of his troubles and
of Thornhill and his message. He

surveyed the river. Only one boatman
was at the dock.

"Colonel Blinks, will you help this
man to take me down to the British
ship?" Arnold asked. "I have an en-
gagement with his commander and an
hour to lose."

Solomon had much curiosity
about that ship. He wished to see the
man who had gone into the bush and
then to Smith's with Arnold.

"Sartin," Solomon answered.
"They gave him a small, burly with
the general in the cushioned rear seat,
his flag in hand."

They came up to the Vulture and
made fast at his landing stage where
an officer waited to receive the gen-
eral. The latter ascended to the deck.
In a moment a voice called from
above:

"General Arnold's boatmen may
come aboard."

A British warship was a thing of
great interest to Solomon. Once
aboard he began to look about him at
the shining guns and their gear and
the tackle and the men. He looked for
Arnold, but he was not in sight.

Among the crew, then busy on the
deck, Solomon saw the Tory desper-
ado "Stops," one time of the Ohio
river country, with his black pipe in
his mouth. Stops paused in his hand
at the water, some ten feet below
Solomon. They were hearing the an-
chor. The sails were running up.
The ship had begun to move. What was
the meaning of this? Solomon stepped
to the ship's side. The star had been
hoisted up and made fast. The barge was
not to be seen.

"They will put you all ashore be-
low," an officer said to him.

Solomon knew too much about Ar-
nold to like the look of this. The
officer went forward. Solomon stepped
to the opening in the deck rail, not
yet closed, through which he had come
aboard. While he was looking down
at the water, some ten feet below,
a group of sailors came to fill in. His
arm was roughly seized. Solomon,
stepped back. Before him stood the
man Stops. An insulting word from
the latter, a quick blow from Solomon,
and Stops went through the gate out
into the air and downward. The scout
knew it was no time to tarry.

"A night hawk couldn't dive no
quicker ner what I done," said his
words to the man who picked him up.
He was speaking of that half second
of the twenty-fourth of September,
1780. His brief account of it was care-
fully put down by an officer: "I struck
him twice over the head with my
cut-throat razor, which I
see him 'er' comin' up when I took
water. This 'ere of sloop that had
overhauled us goin' down were nigh.
Hadt' no more'n come up than I felt
Stops' knife pier into my leg. I never
had no practice in that 'ere knife work.
'Tain't fer decent folks, but my ol'
Dan Skinner is allus on my belt. He'd
chase the weapons and so I fetched 'er
out. Had to die. We fit a minute
in the water. All the while he
had that d—n black pipe in his mouth.
I were hacked up a little, but he got
a big leak in him an' all of a sudden
he wasn't 'thar. He'd gone. I struck
out with ol' Dan Skinner 'erist my
death. Then I see your line and I
grabbed it. Whar's the British ship
now?"

"Way below Stony Point an' a fair
wind in her galls," the skipper an-
swered.

"Bound fer New York," said Solom-
on sorrowfully. "They'd a' took me
with 'em if I hadn't a' jumped. Put
me over to Jasper's dock. I got to see
Washington quick."

"Washington has gone up the river,"
"Then take me to quarters soon as
ye kin. I'll give ye ten pounds, good
English gold, My God, boys! My ol'
hide is leakin' bad."

He turned to the man who had been
washing and binding his wounds.

"Sodder me up best ye kin. I got
to last till I see the Father."

Solomon and other men in the old
boats had often used the word "Fa-
ther" in speaking of the commander
in chief. It served as no other could,
to express their affection for him.

The wind was unfavorable and the
sloop found it difficult to reach the
quarters as Solomon came staggering
up the slope at a run and threw his
body, bleeding from a dozen wounds,
at the feet of his beloved chief.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEY
DISMOUNTED AT
ARNOLD'S DOOR.



CHAPTER XXIX

Solomon's Last Fight.
Margaret and her
mother had come up the river in a
barge with General and Mrs. Arnold
to the house of the latter. Jack had
gone out on a tour of inspection. He
had left headquarters after the noon
meal with a curious message in his
pocket and a feeling of great relief.
The message had been delivered to
him by the mother of a captain in one
of the regiments. She said that it had
been given to her by a man whom she
did not know. Jack had been busy
when it came and did not open it
until she had gone away. It was an
astonishing and most welcome mes-
sage in the flowing script of a man
of letters, but clearly legible. It was
without date and very brief. These
were the cheering words in it:

"My dear friend: I have good news
from down the river. The danger is
passed. HENRY THORNHILL.

Jack being out of camp, Margaret
found Solomon. Toward the
day's end he had gone out on the
south road with the young lady and
her mother and Mrs. Arnold.

Jack was riding into camp from an
outpost of the army. The day was in
its twilight. He had been riding fast.
He pulled up his horse as he ap-
proached a sentry post. Three figures
were standing in the dusky road.

"Halt! Who comes there?" one of
them sang out.

It was the voice of Margaret. Its
challenge was more like a phrase of
music than a demand. He dismounted.
"I am one of the great army of
lovers," said he.

"Advance and give the countersign,"
she commanded.

A moment he held her in his em-
brace and whispered: "I love you."

"The countersign is correct, but be-
fore I let you pass, give me one more
look into your heart."

"As many as you like—but why?"
"So I may be sure that you do not
blame England for the folly of her
king."

"I swear it."

"Then I shall enlist with you
against the tyrant. He has never been
my king."

Lady Hare stood with Mrs. Arnold
near the lovers.

"I too demand the countersign," said
the latter.

"And much goes with it," said the
young man as he kissed her, and then
he embraced the mother of his sweet-
heart and added:

"I hope that you are also to enlist
with us."

"No, I am to return to New York
with you and leave to New York."

"Will you give me a ride?" Marg-

heard the two aides going to their
quarters. Then a deep silence fell
upon the camp, broken only by the
rattle of distant thunder in the moun-
tains and the feet of someone pacing
up and down between his tent and
house of the general. He put on his
long coat and slippers and went out of
doors.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Arnold," was the answer. "Taking
a little walk before I turn in."

There was a weary, pathetic note of
trouble in that voice, long remembered
by the young man, who immediately
returned to his bed. He knew not that
those restless feet of Arnold were
walking in the forest of hills.

There was some remembrance of what
had been going on down the river come
to him? Could he hear the feet of
that horse, now galloping northward
through the valleys and over the hills
towards him with evil tidings? No
more for this man was the comfort
of restful sleep or the joys of home
and friendship and affection. Now the
touch of his wife's hand, the sym-
pathetic look in her eyes and all her
words that he had been his enemy
were torture to him. He could not
endure it. Worst of all, he was in a
way where there is no turning. He
must go on. He had begun to know
that he was expected. The conduct
of the scout, Solomon Blinks, had
suggested that he knew what was
passing. Arnold had seen the aides of
Washington as they came into the
chief could not be far behind them. He
dreaded to stand before him. Com-
pared to the torture now beginning for
this man, the fate of Bill Scott on
Rock creek in the wilderness, had
been a mercy.

Soon after sunrise came a solitary
horseman, weary by long travel, with
a message from Colonel Jameson to
Arnold. A man had been captured
near Turrytown with important docu-
ments in his person. He had been
found that he was Adjutant General
Aide worst of all come to pass. Now
treason disgraced the gibe!

Arnold was sitting at breakfast. He
saw, put in confusion "Garry on," he
laughed at the price. "I quite con-
tent to be called a gentleman."

He Was Satisfied

The price of Wales at an informal
dinner was behaving so naturally that
some of these present forgot the dis-
tinguished company they were in. Pres-
iding speaker arose and began an
oration. "Gentlemen," he started.
Then he paused and his face colored.
"I beg your royal highness pardon,
sir, but in confusion "Garry on," he
laughed at the price. "I quite con-
tent to be called a gentleman."

Tigers' Large Appetites

An Arizona Wonder
The Palo Verde, those wonders of
Arizona, are like nothing we have in
the East, unless one could imagine an
asparagus plant twenty feet or more
in height, writes Anna Botsford Com-
stock in Nature Magazine. The trunk
usually divides rather low into two or
three large, spreading branches which
to turn divide into several irregular,
rather crooked limbs that bear masses
of intricate branichlets and twigs, and
which in acuties carry the bare
rachises—midribs of the fallen leaflets
—that give the tree a resemblance to
the long-leaved pine. There it stands,
an object of beauty because of its
vivid greenness and fringiness which
softens its outline so that the eastern-
er classes it mentally as to loveliness
with the ferns and lurches.

Easy to Perceive
"There," said Sherlock Holmes,
"with the lonnetest man in the world.
Unmarried, unloved; no brothers or
sisters, no little children to call him
lady; not even a landlady's child to
smile at his return."

"Wonderful," gasped Doctor Wat-
son. "How do you know all this?"

"Elementary, my dear Watson," re-
plied the great detective; "he opened
a package of cigarettes and threw
the picture card away!"

Genuine
ASPIRIN
Say "Bayer" - Insist!

For Pain Headache
Neuralgia Rheumatism
Lumbago Colds

Safe Accept only a
Bayer package

which contains proven directions
Hardly "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manu-
facture of Monach-Koenigsberg of Kaiserreich

Wowie!
He-I married you thinking you
were a clinging vine—and got poison
ivy.

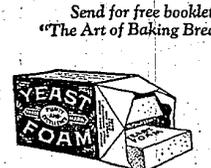
She-I made a slight mistake, too.
I thought you were the sturdy oak—but
it was all in your head.—Life.

A brother's sufferings claim a
brother's pity.

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good bread

Bread making
is easy to learn
and is an
education in
other cooking.

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No Time to Stop
A woman, who lives near Sullivan,
was reading from a magazine an ar-
ticle on the proper way to rear boys
to make good husbands. She gave a
little sigh "I've spoiled my boys for
husbands," she said. "I've kept their
socks darned, their shirts laid out,
cooked the kind of food they like best,
and done everything like that."

Her oldest son looked up with mild
interest. "Well, mother," he said,
"surely you're not going to stop it now,
are you?"—Indianapolis News.

Strawberry's History
The cultivated strawberries now
grown in Europe and America—were
their size to ancestors in Chile. Up
to 1714 large-fruited strawberries
were not known in Europe, the native
berries being small, but of good flavor.
In that year a Frenchman brought
plants from Chile. These were crossed
with native sorts and with the Vir-
ginia strawberry introduced into Eu-
rope early in the previous century.
By this crossing plants were developed
which combined large size, with deli-
cate flavor.

Woman Novelist Led
Marin Edgeworth is regarded as the
inventor of the novel with a purpose,
of which kind "Castle Rackrent,"
which sent her name into immediate
fame in 1800, is a typical example.
Her success with her Irish novel, had
much to do with turning Sir Walter
Scott to the writing of prose fiction.

All the world's a stage and all the
actors want to tackle star parts.

Don't hesitate

Dress burns, bruises, wounds and
cuts, rashes and sores with such
quick relief—Vaseline Petroleum Jelly.
It keeps the dirt and oil and has
no stinging. For cuts and sores
it keeps them from becoming serious
things. It keeps the skin soft and
absolutely healthy.

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FOR THE FINEST AND MOST
EFFECTIVE SKIN PREPARATION.

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they are gentlemen fail to remember
that there are others.

Shave With Cuticura Soap
And double your razor efficiency as
well as remove skin purity, skin com-
fort and skin health. No mug, no
silly soap, no germs, no waste, no irri-
tation even when shaved twice daily.
One soap for all uses—shaving, bath-
ing and shampooing.—Advertisement.

The confession of evil works the
first beginning of good works.

New Money Maker For Business Men!

5c **5c**

\$15 in Two Days
"The O. K. Vender you
sent us took in \$15.00 in
two days." Enclosed
find deposit for \$35.00.
Please send me another
machine."
F. R. Bond, Minnesota."

**\$1,600 From One
Machine**
"I have Vending Machines
which I purchased of you
last summer. I have taken
from this machine \$1,600
\$1,600.00 since I received it.
It has given absolute satis-
faction."
Austrie Ingram, Illinois."

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livery direct from our factory to wide-awake proprietors of hotels, restaurants, con-
fectioneries, drug stores, billiard halls, soft
drink parlors, general stores and summer
resorts.

This new F. O. K. Vender has many new
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but helps stimulate trade and moves stag-
nant stock.

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FIVE-CENT PACKAGES OF MINTS will be sent
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making possibility of this new Mint Vender, we
offer you a SEVEN-DAY TRIAL OF SATISFAC-
TION OR MONEY BACK. If after seven days you
are not entirely satisfied, return the machine and
mints and we will refund your money at once.
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representatives in your territory. If your
territory is as anxious to increase its profits
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promise to pay \$100.00 upon receipt of my money at once.
If after 7 days I am not satisfied, I will return my money
full payment, upon return of vender and mints.

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Town _____