



Two men who influenced Governor Pennypacker were his grandfather, Joseph Whitaker, on the left, and Joseph R. Whitaker, his mother's brother.

CHAPTER II (Continued)

VERY early in life I began to wander. In Rhoades's woods along the French Creek could be found in the spring the hepatica, the anemone, the spring beauty, the saxifrage, the American spicewood, the sassafras and the slippery elm. At Black Rock, a bluff along the Schuylkill, more than a mile away, grew the columbine. Alone I strayed through the woods getting a quiet and unanalyzed enjoyment from the beauties of form and color, while learning to seek the taste of the spice and the sassafras and to avoid that of the smartweed and the Indian turnip. In the fall, rising at daybreak, I always gathered, hulled, dried and put away in the loft a store of walnuts and such butternuts and shellbarks as could be secured. When my younger brother, Henry C., was three years old and I was seven he had a dangerous attack of fever and I did harm by dropping a bag of walnuts which I was lugging up the steps from the garret to the loft. I learned to skate on a pair of skates which cost fifty cents at Samuel Moses's store, and made great progress forward and backward and in cutting rings on the ice by throwing one foot across the other. Thereupon a generous uncle, Joseph R. Whitaker, gave me a handsome and expensive pair of skates bought in Philadelphia, but the metal was soft. I could not discard them, and I never skated so well afterward. We made sleds with the staves of rejected barrels and when a painted sled came from the city with iron on the runners it was a wonder and I was envied by all of the boys. In the summer we went to the "Gut," which ran between an island in the French Creek and the mainland, to swim. It was the fashion to go barefoot, and the boy who did not was rather despised as a weakling. I hid my shoes and stockings behind an oak tree and followed the flock. Along the bank of the creek it went well enough with a little care, but when we crossed a field of wheat stubble there was a boy in trouble. On an occasion when playing "ticky benders" on the thin ice of the canal the ice gave way and I fell into the water and was wetted from head to foot. Scrambling out, I went to the furnaces of the Chester County Iron Works, stepped off my clothes and danced about naked in front of a furnace until they were dried. At home the mishap was not reported.

An Alling Child

When very young I was frequently ill and had sores around my mouth. I was dosed with flowers of sulphur mixed in molasses, with Husband's sulphate of magnesia, recommended as tasteless, with jalap mixed in currant jelly to make it palatable, and occasionally with castor oil. With the measles I had a high fever and in one night was bled three times, the cicatrices remaining upon my arms.

Common sense is as important a quality in nursing as in all the other affairs of life. If some one of my attendants had been wise enough to remove the parti-colored counterpane from the bed it would have meant much. These colors coiled up into serpents. How important is the soothing voice of a motherly woman! Aunt Ann, the wife of my uncle, James Pennypacker, herself a Pennypacker and one of the sweetest souled women who ever lived, gathered me into her arms, crooned over me with soft song, succeeded in putting me to sleep and perhaps saved me. When I was eight years of age my brother John died at the age of eleven. He was an intelligent boy who had read much and was doing mensuration and

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

bookkeeping. The event had one permanent effect upon me. I had been in the habit of using profanity and then determined to cease. I grew accustomed to expressing feeling without expletives and have never since upon any occasion given utterance to them. About the same time, during a time of excitement over the temperance question, I signed perhaps twenty pledges, carried around by the children, never to use any intoxicating liquor. This, too, became a habit unbroken until I was thirty-five years of age, but which finally yielded to the dinner customs of the city.

While not robust, I must have been endowed with vitality, because energy was always exhibited and the obstacles to which many children yielded were not sufficient to deter me from doing what I had undertaken. I planted the peas in the garden and my mother depended upon me to gather the pods. My father brought to me from my Grandfather Pennypacker a cabbage plant and I watered it every night. He brought me later four chickens and at the end of the second summer I had more than 200, let no nest escape me and gathered the eggs. I found my way to a seemingly inaccessible tree, which bore black cherries, by getting on to the rail of a pale fence, clambering into another tree, one of whose limbs crossed over from the tree I wanted to reach, and then by following this natural bridge.

At School

When what was called the hen fever, a wild speculation in fancy chickens, spread over the country, an uncle, George W. Whitaker, paid \$20 for a dozen Shanghai eggs, and not knowing what to do with them gave them to me. Four chickens were hatched. As they grew their enormous size and feathered legs were an astonishing thing. As the fever abated I sold the eggs for \$2 a dozen.

Every fruit tree and nut tree within a mile, with its comparative merit and the way to reach its store, was known to me. I raised broods of white rabbits.

The school kept by Mrs. Heilig had only a brief existence and I was then sent to the public school in a stone building since converted

into dwellings upon Tunnel Hill. Among the teachers were John Sherman, who made of me a pet, and a man named English. It was a rough experience. The vacant lot adjoining was called "Bully's Acre" and on it the toughs of the town settled their personal controversies. The pupils were the sons of the Irish workmen, who puddled iron and drove carts about the mills, and they were divided into two factions—the "Clinkers" and the "Bleeders," who fought pitched battles with each other with stones and other missiles. I belonged to the "Bleeders." I fought three fist fights with a stock boy named John Bradley, and I think had rather the worst of it, though officially the battles were decided to be a draw. Years later I gave him a license to sell liquor in Philadelphia. More than one of these boys in later life went to prison and others have won substantial successes. Among them were Mickey McQuade, Johnnie McCulloch, Barney Green, the Sullivans and the Mullins, among whom the last two families reached respectable social standing. Green had a pretty sister, Annie, with a taste for vocal music, who became a teacher and married in Chicago. Tunnel Hill was naturally the prettiest part of the town, being on the high ground between the French Creek and the Schuylkill River. When the village was small a butcher from near Kimberton named John Vandarslice bought it as a farm. He was hard, coarse and selfish. On it he built little houses and sold them to the laborers for such cash as they could pay, taking mortgages for the balance. Every few years the iron trade became dull and the mills closed. Then he foreclosed the mortgages. When trade revived he sold the houses to another set of Irishmen. By repeating the process he grew rich. His boys went barefoot and worked at day labor. His wife and daughters did the washing. He made a trip around the world and left them at home. He paid the expense of printing a book of his travels, mainly the names of the towns and the dates when he reached them. Before he died, not trusting the regard of those around him, he bought a monument and had it properly inscribed and erected in the cemetery. It was among the sons of the tenants and purchasers from John Vandarslice that I



Governor Pennypacker's mother, Anna Maria Whitaker Pennypacker. This is a reproduction of the sketch made by Williams, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, for a large painting.

was now thrown into daily companionship. It did me no harm, but on the contrary was beneficial. Every child is helped by playing for a part of the day in the mud. Every man ought to increase his experiences and grow to the extent of his capabilities, but he ought ever to have his feet upon the ground. Those people on Tunnel Hill had great regard for my father, and they have always been staunch friends of mine. When I was a candidate for the Governorship Tunnel Hill, for the first time in its history, voted with the Republicans, and an old Irish woman living there still keeps the cradle in which I was rocked.

At this school I learned all of the rules of Smith's Grammar and I find firmly imbedded in my mind the propositions that "a noun is the name of a person, place or thing," "a pronoun is a word used instead of a noun," "prepositions govern the objective case," "active transitive verbs govern the objective case" and the like. I committed to memory the geography of the world from Mitchell's Atlas and could not be overcome by Cape Severo Vostochnoi (now called Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of Siberia) or the Yang-tse-Kiang River. On one occasion, when there was an examination and none of the boys except myself appeared, I gave, before an audience, the bounds of each of the United States, named its capital, two principal towns and two principal rivers. I learned to cipher in Vogdes's arithmetic as far as cube root. Among the brightest boys in the school were John H. Mullen, who afterward studied medicine, and Andrew J. Sullivan, a hunchback. Among the pupils about this period were some Indian boys and girls. A tribe came from Canada and encamped along the Pickering Creek in Schuylkill township, and there the boys, who were very skillful, shot with bows and arrows at a dime fixed in a pole and the girls made very neat baskets. When the weather grew too cold for tent life they rented a house on Tunnel Hill and both boys and girls came to school.

At ten years of age I went to school in the Presbyterian Church on the south side of the creek to a Miss Agnes McClure, who afterward married a clerk named Hughes in the office of the iron company and became the mother of Dr. William E. Hughes, of Philadelphia, and to a Mrs. Wallace, and there made a beginning in the study of French.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



Wernwag's iron bridge over the Pickering at Moore Hall, Chester County, Pa.

RAINBOW'S END

By REX BEACH Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

CHAPTER XV (Continued)

RAMOS led his three charges to the railroad station and into the rear coach of a south-bound train, where the other members of the expedition had already found seats. As they climbed aboard, a Secret Service agent essayed to follow them, but he was stopped by a brakeman, who said:

"You can't ride in here; this is a special car. Some sort of a picnic party. They're wops or Greeks or something."

Other detectives who attempted to invade the privacy of that rear coach after the train had gotten under way were also denied. Meanwhile the filibusters cast restraint aside and for the first time intermingled freely.

The Start

Evening came, then night, and still the party was jerked along at the tail of the train without a hint as to its destination. About midnight those who were not dozing noted that they had stopped at an obscure pine-woods junction, and that when the train got under way once more their own car did not move. The ruse was now apparent; owing to the lateness of the hour it was doubtful if any one in the forward coaches was aware that the train was lighter by one car.

There was a brief delay; then a locomotive crept out from a siding, coupled up to the standing car, and drew it off upon another track. Soon the "excursion party" was being rushed swiftly toward the coast, some twenty miles away.

Major Ramos came down the aisle laughing and spoke to his American proteges.

"Well, what do you think of that, eh? Imagine the feelings of those good deputy marshals when they wake up. I bet they'll rub their eyes."

Miss Evans bounced excitedly in her seat; she clapped her hands.

"You must have friends in high places," O'Reilly grinned, and the Cuban agreed.

"Yes, I purposely drew attention to us in Charleston while our ship was loading. She's ready and waiting for us now; and by daylight we ought to be safely out to sea. Meanwhile the Dauntless has weighed anchor and is steaming north; followed, I hope, by all the revenue cutters hereabouts."

At Sea

It was the darkest time of the night when the special train came to a stop at a bridge spanning one of the deep southern rivers. In the stream below, dimly outlined in the gloom, lay the Fair Play, a small tramp steamer; her crew were up and awake. The new arrivals were hurried aboard, and within a half hour she was feeling her way seaward.

With daylight, caution gave way to haste, and the rusty little tramp began to drive forward for all she was worth. She cleared the three-mile limit safely and then turned south. Not a craft was in sight; not a smudge of smoke discolored the skyline.

It had been a trying night for the filibusters, and when the low coastline was dropped astern they began to think of sleep. Breakfast of a sort was served on deck, after which those favored ones who had berths sought them, while their less fortunate companions stretched out wherever they could find a place.

Cuba

Johnnie O'Reilly was not one of those who slept; he was too much elated. Already he could see the hills of Cuba doing behind their purple veils; in fancy he felt the fierce white heat from close-walled streets, and scented the odors of "mangly" swamps. He heard the ceaseless sighing of royal palms. How he had hungered for it all; how he had raged at his delay! Cuba's spell was upon him; he knew now that he loved the island, and that he would never feel at rest on other soil.

It had seemed so small a matter to return; it had seemed so easy to seek out Rosa and to save her! Yet the days had grown into weeks; the weeks had aged into months. Well, he had done his best; he had never rested from the moment of Rosa's first appeal. Her enemies had felled him once, but there would be no turning back this time—rather a fring-squad or a dungeon in Cabanas than that.

O'Reilly had taken his bitter medicine as becomes a man—he had maintained a calm, if not a cheerful, front; but now that every throb of the propeller bore him closer to his heart's desire he felt a growing jubilation, a mounting restlessness that was hard to master. His pulse was pounding; his breath swelled in his lungs. Sleep? That was for those who merely risked their lives for Cuba, Hunger? No food could satisfy a starving soul. Rest? He would never rest until he held Rosa Varona in his arms. This rusty, sluggish tub was standing still!

Preparing for the Spaniards

Into the midst of his preoccupation Norine Evans forced herself, announcing, breathlessly:

"Oh, but I'm excited! They're hoisting a cannon out of the hold and putting it together, so that we can fight if we have to."

"Now don't you wish you'd stayed at home?" O'Reilly smiled at her.

"Good heavens, no! I'm having the time of my life. I nearly died of curiosity at first—until I found Major Ramos's tongue."

"Hm-m! You found it, all right. He appears to be completely conquered."

"I'm afraid so," the girl acknowledged, with a little grimace. "You'd think he'd never seen a woman before. He's very—intense. Very?"

"You don't expect me, as your chap-eron, to approve of your behavior? Why, you've been flirting outrageously."

"I had to flirt a little; I simply had to know what was going on. But—I fixed him."

"Indeed?"

"I couldn't let him spoil my fun, could I? Of course not. Well, I put a damper on him. I told him about you—about us."

O'Reilly was puzzled. "What do you mean?" he inquired.

"You won't be angry, will you? When he waxed romantic I told him he had come into my life too late. I confessed that I was in love with another man—with you." As her hearer drew back in dismay Miss Evans added, quickly, "Oh, don't be frightened; that isn't half—"

"Of course you're joking," Johnnie stammered.

Engaged!

"Indeed I'm not. I thought it would discourage him, but—it didn't. So I told him a whopper. I said we were engaged." The speaker giggled. She was delighted with herself.

"Engaged? To be married?"

"Certainly! People aren't engaged—to go fishing, are they? I had to tell him something; he was getting positively feverish. If he'd kept it up I'd have told him we were secretly married."

"This may be funny," the young man said stiffly, "but I don't see it."

"Oh, don't look so glum! I'm not going to hold you to it, you know. Why?" Miss Evans's bantering manner ceased and she said earnestly: "Doctor Alvarado told me your story, and I think it's splendid. I'm going to help you find that little Rosa, if you'll let me. You were thinking about her when I came up, weren't you?"

Johnnie nodded.

"You—might talk to me about her, if you care to."

Norine's voice was husky and low as he said: "I daren't trust myself. I'm afraid. She's so young, so sweet, so beautiful—and these are wartimes. I'm almost afraid to think—"

Norine saw her companion's cheeks blanch slowly, saw his laughing eyes grow grave, saw the muscular brown hand upon the rail tighten until the knuckles were white; impulsively she laid her palm over his.

"Don't let yourself worry," she said. "If money would buy her safety you could have all that I have. Just be brave and true and patient and you'll find her."

I'm sure you will. And in the meantime don't mind my frivolity; it's just my way. You see, this is my first taste of life, and it has gone to my head."

CHAPTER XVI

THE CITY AMONG THE LEAVES

THE night was moonless and warm. An impalpable haze dimmed the star-glow; only the diffused illumination of the open sea enabled the passengers of the Fair Play to identify that blacker darkness on the horizon ahead of them as land. The ship herself was no more than a formless blot stealing through the gloom, and save for the phosphorescence at bow and stern no light betrayed her presence, not even so much as the flare of a match or the coal from a cigar or cigarette. Orders of the strictest had been issued and the expeditionaries gathered along the rails were not inclined to disregard them, for only two nights before the Fair Play, in spite of every precaution, had shoved her nose fairly into a hornet's nest and had managed to escape only by virtue of the darkness and the speed of her engines.

She had approached within a mile or two of the prearranged landing place when over the mangroves had flared the blinding white light of a Spanish patrol boat; like a thief surprised at his work the tramp had turned tail and fled, never pausing until she lay safe among the Bahama Banks.

Seeking the Channel

Now she was feeling her way back, some distance to the westward. Major Ramos was on the bridge with the captain. Two men were taking soundings in a blind search for that steep wall which forms the side of the old Bahama Channel.

When the lead finally gave them warning, the Fair Play lost her headway and came to a stop, rolling lazily; in the silence that ensued Leslie Branch's recurrent cough barked loudly.

"They're afraid to go closer, on account of the reef," O'Reilly explained to his companions.

"That must be it that I hear," Norine ventured. "Or maybe it's just the roaring in my ears."

"Probably the latter," said Branch. "I'm scared stiff. I don't like reefs. Are there any sharks in these waters?"

"Plenty."

"Well, I'm glad I'm thin," the sick man murmured.

Major Ramos spoke in a low tone from the darkness above, calling for a volunteer boat's crew to reconnoiter and to look for an opening through the reef. Before the words were out of his mouth O'Reilly had offered himself.

Ten minutes later he found himself at the steering oar of one of the ship's life-boats, heading shoreward. A hundred

yards, and the Fair Play was lost to view; but, keeping his face set toward that inky horizon, O'Reilly guided his boat perhaps a half-mile nearer before ordering his crew to cease rowing. Now through the stillness came a low, slow, pulsating whisper, the voice of the barrier reef.

The trade-winds had died with the sun, and only the gentlest ground-swell was running; nevertheless, when the boat drew farther in the sound increased alarmingly, and soon a white breaker streak showed dimly where the coral teeth of the reef bit through.

There was a long night's work ahead; time pressed, and so O'Reilly altered his course and cruised along outside the white water, urging his crew to lustier strokes. It was haphazard work, this search for an opening, and every hour of delay increased the danger of discovery.

A mile—two miles—it seemed like ten to the taut oarsmen, and then a black hiatus of still water showed in the phosphorescent foam. O'Reilly explored it briefly; then he turned back toward the ship. When he had gone as far as he dared, he lit a lantern and, shielding its rays from the shore with his coat, flashed it seaward. After a short interval a dim red eye winked out of the blackness. O'Reilly steered for it.

Soon he and his crew were aboard and the ship was groping her way toward the break in the reef. Meanwhile, her deck became a scene of feverish activity; out from her hold came cases of ammunition and medical supplies; the field-piece on the bow was hurriedly dismantled; the small boats, of which there were an extra number, were swung out, with the result that when the Fair Play had maneuvered as close as she dared everything was in readiness.

Many of these expeditionaries were

professional men, clerks, cigarmakers, and the like; few of them had ever done hard manual labor; yet they fell to their tasks willingly enough. While they worked a close watch with night glasses was maintained from the bridge.

Safely Landed

O'Reilly took the first load through the reef, and discharged it upon a sandy beach. No one seemed to know positively whether this was the mainland or some key; and there was no time for exploration; in other event, there was no choice of action. Every man tumbled overboard and waded ashore with a packing case; he dropped this in the sand above high-tide mark, and then ran back for another. It was swift, hot work. From the darkness on each side came the sounds of other boat crews similarly engaged.

Johnnie was back alongside the ship and ready for a second cargo before the last tender had set out upon its first trip, and then for several hours this slavish activity continued. Some crews lost themselves in the gloom, fetched up on the reef, and were forced to dump their freight into the foam, trusting to salvage it when daylight came.

Every one was wet to the skin; bodies steamed in the heat; men who had pulled at oars until their hands were raw and bleeding cursed and groaned at their own fatigue. But there was little shirking; those whose strength completely failed them dropped in the sand and rested until they could resume their labors.

Daylight was coming when the last boat cast off and the Fair Play, with a hoarse triumphant blast of her whistle, faded into the north, her part in the expedition at an end.

O'Reilly bore Norine Evans ashore in his arms, and when he placed her feet upon Cuban soil she hugged him, crying: "We fooled them, Johnnie! But if it

hadn't been for you we'd have turned back. The captain was afraid of the reef."

"I don't mind telling you I was afraid, too," he sighed wearily. "Now then, about all we have to fear are Spanish coast guards."

The Alarm

Dawn showed the voyagers that they were indeed fortunate, for they were upon the mainland of Cuba, and as far as they could see, both east and west, the reef was unbroken. There was still some uncertainty as to their precise position, for the jungle at their backs shut off their view of the interior; but that gave them little concern. Men were lolling about, exhausted, but Major Ramos allowed them no time for rest; he roused them and kept them on the go until the priceless supplies had been collected within the shelter of the brush. Then he broke open certain packages and distributed arms among his followers.

Even while this was going on there came an alarm; over the low promontory that cut off the eastern coast line a streamer of smoke was seen. There was a scurry for cover; the little band lay low and watched while a Spanish cruiser steamed past, not more than a mile outside the line of froth.

The three Americans, who were munching a tasteless breakfast of pilot bread, were joined by Major Ramos. He was no longer the immaculate personage he had been; he was barefooted; his clothes were torn; his trousers were rolled up to the knee and whitened by sea water, while the revolver at his hip and the bandolier of cartridges over his shoulder lent him an inconspicuously ferocious appearance. Ever since Norine had so rudely shattered his romantic fancies the Major had treated both her and O'Reilly with a stiff and distant formality. He began now by saying:

"I am dispatching a message to General Gomez's headquarters, asking him to send a pack train and an escort for these supplies. There is danger here; perhaps you would like to go on with the couriers?"

O'Reilly accepted eagerly; then thinking of the girl, he said doubtfully: "I'm afraid Miss Evans isn't equal to the trip."

Norine Goes on a Journey

"Nonsense! I'm equal to anything," Norine declared. And indeed she looked capable enough as she stood there in her short walking suit and stout boots.

Branch alone declined the invitation, vowing that he was too weak to budge. If there was the faintest prospect of riding to the interior he infinitely preferred to await the opportunity, he said, even at the risk of an attack by Spanish soldiers in the meantime.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)