

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

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

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Nov. 19, 1917. There is appearing in the EVENING LEDGER an autobiography of the late Hon. Samuel Pennypacker...

night and the next day Daniel Webster was the guest of my father. Among several letters written to my father by Clay, the following comment upon that campaign is of interest:

Dear Sir—I received and thank you for your friendly letter; communicating some of the causes which occasioned the recent most unexpected defeat of the Whigs in Pennsylvania...

CHAPTER II (Continued)

WHEN I was about four years of age the "Buckeye Blacksmith" came to the town. It had just been discovered that the sun could be made to paint portraits, and the common people who could not afford to employ an artist with brush and canvas might yet hope to have their features preserved for the enlightenment of posterity...

Washington, July 1st, 1852. My Dear Sir—I am quite obliged to you for your very friendly letter, for the cordial sentiments which it contains, and the hospitality which you proffer me...



The modest buildings above at the left is the birthplace of Bayard Taylor; the other his home, Cedarcroft, which he built near Kennett Square.

Charles H. Stratton, "Tom Thumb," on exhibition by Barnum, came to the house, was carried to the roof and told us in a feeble voice with sprightly manner the details of his kindly treatment by Queen Victoria...

in the use of wine, but he drank five or six cups of tea at a meal. Nevertheless, he lived to be ninety-four years of age. When I was a very little child I found in the garden a white flint of unusual shape and took it to my father, who explained to me that it was an Indian arrow head...

Dear Sir—I have just received yours of the 23d forwarded from Portland, and am very much obliged. It would have given me great pleasure to have seen you at Philadelphia, for my visit at your house and my trip with you to the memorable scene of our fathers' trials and sufferings at Valley Forge are among the pleasant memories of my life...

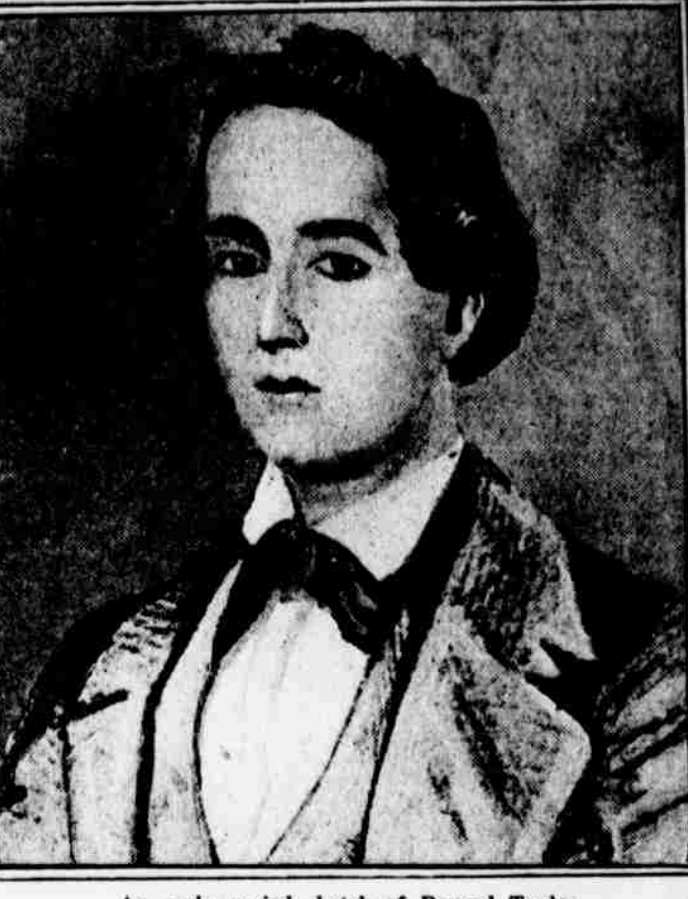
Washington, December 25, 1852. Dear Sir—I regret that all my copies of the eulogies on Mr. Clay were exhausted a month and more ago...

Dr. A. A. Pennypacker, Phoenixville, Pa. Being an earnest Whig, my father had little sympathy with the Abolitionists, whom he blamed for causing the defeat of Clay by nominating Birney for the presidency...

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An early period sketch of Bayard Taylor

grandfather, Joseph Whitaker, and his partners, Benjamin and David Reeves, composing the firm of Reeves & Whitaker, and managed by him very successfully from 1829 to 1847. It was a dirty town. The streets were unpaved and were cut into deep ruts by the huge six-horse teams which hauled the iron ore from the Chester Springs to the works...

Two bruisers, Bradley and Sloan, anticipating the modern achievements of the negro Johnson, representing the two cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, came to town, followed by the plugs who were financially interested, and fought a prizefight on the grounds of Nathan Pennypacker to the north of the borough...

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 XVI—Continued. IT TOOK O'Reilly but a short time to collect the few articles necessary for the trip; indeed, his bundle was so small that Norine was dismayed.

THE STORY THUS FAR. JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen in love with ROSA VARGAS, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARGAS, a wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba...

Facing O'Reilly, she man painted: "There! You saw her! She wouldn't listen to my wife—" "Oh, I warned her!" wailed the woman, "but it was too late."

her retreat and sat down among them. "Senorita! This is suicide!" they implored. Then, as she ignored them and helped herself liberally to the food, their own appetites vanished and they pushed themselves away from the table.

The First Stop. There were three other members of the traveling party, men who knew something of the country round about; they were good fighters, doubtless, but in spite of their shiny new weapons they resembled soldiers even less than did their major...

was excited; his eyes were ringed with white; his expression bespoke the liveliest alarm. Loud voices came from the rear of the bohio. "What's the matter? Spaniards?" Johnnie was on his feet in an instant.

She Refuses to Die. "They have set their minds on seeing me expire, and they're such nice people I'm almost ashamed to disappoint them," she confided to O'Reilly. "But really I'm too hungry to die. Now don't forget to call me when dinner is ready."

The Rebel Capital. It was a strange seat of government—no nation ever had a stranger—for the state buildings were huts of bark and leaves, the army was uniformed in rags.

It was a charming little rancho. The plainstatched house was set in a grove of mango and mango trees, all heavily laden with fruit; there was a viandavanda and wonder of wonders, there were half dozen cows dozing in the shade...

No Spaniards Around. "We'd never see them here, if it were not for these tin venganzas—may a bad lightning split them—who take money to show them the bridle paths, the countryman explained. "I'd like to guide them once. I'd lead them into a swamp and leave them to sink in the mud, then I'd go back and cut off their heads. Ha! That would be a satisfaction, now, wouldn't it?"

The "Aching Void". "Oh, missy! Those fruit is skill you." "I don't believe it," Miss Evans declared. "It kill you, all right. Maybe you got a headache here, eh?" The speaker laid a hand upon his abdomen and leaned forward expectantly.

Cuban Scenery. The party had penetrated to the foothills of the Sierra de Cubitas now, and as they ascended the scenery changed. Rarely is the Cuban landscape anything but pleasing. For the most part green pastures sown with stately palm trees and laid out as if for a picnic alternate with low rolling hills, and in but few places are the altitudes at all impressive.