

Isaac Anderson, Governor Pennypacker's paternal great-grandfather, was one of America's pioneers. His name heads the list of those in Congress who voted for the Louisiana purchase against the wishes of New England. The other photograph shows the snuffbox which he used in Congress. On the lid is a bucolic scene, barely discernible because of its age.

CHAPTER II (Continued)

DR. BENJAMIN A. ANDERSON, a first cousin of my father, with whom he had read medicine, and with whose father mine had read medicine, had recently purchased a drug store at the southwest corner of Frankford road and Wood street, in Kensington, Philadelphia. He wanted a boy. I went to him upon an agreement that I should receive my board with \$30 for the first year and \$50 for the second year. My services began in the summer of 1857. His wife, also somewhat related to me, though more distantly, never approved of his leaving his practice to start a drug store. and she displayed her disapproval by refusing to fit up the house. In my room a basin and pitcher stood on a washstand; there were a bed and two chairs, but no other furniture and no carpet. I opened the store at 6 o'clock in the morning and swept it out and my hours ended at half-after ten at night, when the store was closed, except on Saturday night, when they were extended to halfafter eleven. We sold glass as well as drogs, cutting it to the required size with a diamond, and mixed paints and varnishes. I learned the business, even to putting up the prescriptions of the doctors. Hydrarg, chlor, mit, is firmly fixed in my mind and the information there acquired has proved to be of value to me through my whole life.

Experiences as a Drug Clerk

Quinine cost 87 an ounce; arsenic, bought at the rate of tencents a pound, was sold by the grain at the rate of \$2 per ounce. I cleaned the bottles. I furnished the transportation for the supplies secured at the wholesale stores of Ziegier & Smith, at the corner of Second and Green streets, and John M. Collins, on Fifth street above Market, and often I carried home twenty pounds of putty. Generally I rode with the driver of the omnibus, a lumbering affair with two horses and with steps leading up to the door in the rear. A strap fastened to the leg of the driver gave the signal to stop. About this time the first railway cars drawn by horses were started on Fifth and Sixth streets and were regarded as very wonderful.

On one occasion I went to the cellar at night with a fluid lamp to mix some paint for a customer, and while I was busy at my task the lamp exploded and the flame ran around. I well knew the danger. The cellar was full of paint, varnish and hay which came around the glass. I pulled the fragments of the lamp away, threw them behind me and succeeded in putting out the fire in front, burning my hands considerably. Then, on turning around, I found that I had thrown the lamp into a pile of hay and the fire was spreading over the cellar. That disturbed me and I called for help. The kitchen girl came to the top of the stairs and, seeing the trouble, concluded it was safer to stay where she stood. It was a closed cellar with no means of exit save by a narrow stairway. I succeeded in fighting the fire, finally got it stamped out and

A door opened from the rear of the store into the dining-room and another door from the dining-room into the kitchen. One afternoon I was tending the store, the girl in the diningroom was cleaning off the table, while the baby lay in the cradle beside her, and on the stove in the kitchen the doctor was trying a dubious experiment in the way of boiling some varnish to reduce its consistency. Suddenly the girl threw open the door from the dining-room and came rushing through the store holding in one hand a napkin and in the other a knife and fork, followed by a volume of black smoke. In her terror she ran across Wood street and took refuge behind a long box which there stood on the payement. A moment later the doctor appeared at the door, his red hair and beard blackened and scorched. Suddenly the thought of the baby, abandoned by the girl, occurred to him and turning back he rescued it from its dangerous berth. The varnish had taken fire. Everything in the kitchen was burned up, but the fire engines and hose soon coming, upon the alarm, put out the fire before greater harm had been done. For two weeks the doctor remained unable to attend to business and I had entire charge of and responsibility for the store. At the end of the year his wife had her way and he sold the store to a man named Rex. I remained with him two weeks to enable him to learn the locations of the drugs and to introduce him to the customers, and then having taken care of myself for a year and earned \$30. I returned to

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvanias Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

Mont Clare. My entering the store was not altogether a wise movement, but, like most of the unwisdom of life, had its compensations in added experience and in ways we are not always able to

At this time Rev. Joel E. Bradley, a preacher of the Baptist Church, had opened a school for beys and girls in my old home, the house built by Wernwag in Phoenixville, now called the Grovemont Seminary; a man of extensive acquirements, he aided in the translation of a revised version of the Scriptures from the Hebrew and Greek, and he had had long experience in teaching. It was a good school in the sense that those pupils who wanted to learn had the opportunity presented to them. On the other hand, he had a very kindly disposition and exercised little impelling force or restraint over those who were idle or indifferent. Under the tuition of Mr. Bradley I began preparation for the Sophomore Class at Yale College and continued in the school for about two years. He told my mother that I was the most apt pupil he had ever known in his long experience. The ablest boy in the school was Samuel Sower, a descendant of the famous Germantown printer. He had the power to reason analytically and constructively and, moreover, had an unusual gift of speech. I expected for him a brilliant

We worked together, and together solved rebuses and enigmas and were very intimate, but one day we had a personal combat, ending in ill-feeling, and never renewed our relations. His life was without result and closed in failure. Every man, I take it, has certain sensations which verge upon the superstitious, and in fact we none of us know to what extent traces yet remain in our mental processes of what with our ancestors, in the dark ages, were fixed beliefs. So many men who have stood in my way in life have perished from before me, three of them having committed suicide, that I am at least able to understand why generations ago there was faith in and dread of the "evil eye." When years afterward a friend of both quietly said to me, in commenting upon the career of Sower, "He never seemed to do any good after his quarrel with you," it made me selemn and sad. Another boy, Singleton M. Ashenfelter, a little in the rough, but with vital energies and good-hearted, afterward the United States District Attorney



When the Pennynacker family moved back to Phoenixville. Samuel took an active interest in public affairs. At the Young Men's Literary Union topics of the day were discussed. The daguerreotype reproduced here was taken about the time he became president of the society. The future Governor is seated at the right, and next to him is Richard Denithorne. Standing, left to right, are Horace Lloyd and Irvin J. Brower.

for New Mexico, became my closest associate. The principal had two sons in the school. Joel, whom everybody liked, was killed in the Wilderness, A wounded comrade cried aloud for water and Joel went back and was shot while standing over him holding a canteen as he drank. The other son, William H. Bradley, studied medicine, became the editor of a paper in Wilkes-Barre, was influential and then for some years was employed in the business department of the Weekly Press in Philadelphia. Quarreling with Cooke, the general manager, he was charged with embezzlement and convicted. I always doubted the justice of the result. Two of my first cousins, Benjamin R. and Andrew R. Whitaker, were also among the pupils. Benjamin, now dead, served throughout the war in the 104th Pennsylvania Regiment, and then studying medicine was surgeon to the ill-fated Collins expedition to Brazil. Andrew has ever been not only a relative but a staunch friend, and is now, by my appointment, a member of the Pennsylvania

Virginia Earl Broomall

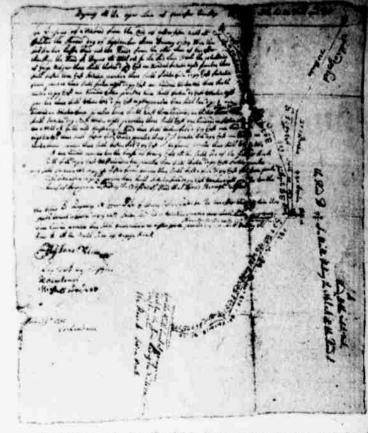
Among the girls a sly little dark-eyed mins, named Annie M. Taylor, pretty to look upon, caught the fancy of all of the boys, and another girl, with dark eyes and red blood to color her lips and cheeks, more sedate, but with a piece cut away from the top of her dress, as was then a fashion, caught mine. Her name was Virginia Earl Broomall. The games of the boys consisted of handball, cornerball, duck on davy and shindy; those of the girls, jackstones and mumble-the-peg. We had occasional public exercises in the Temperance Hall at which I usually delivered an address in French, which indicated the erudition of the school, but did very little good to the audience. I continued my French at Grovemont, and so far progressed that I not only read the facile Telemaque of Fenelon, but also a French translation of Cooper's Pioneers, a much more difficult matter. In Latin I read a reader made up of Aesop's Fables and other materials, Caesar's De Bello Gallico, the Aeneid, Virgil's Georgies and Bucolies, Sallust, Horace and Livy, The classes were required to read, scan and translate fifteen lines of the Aeneid as a daily task. I read a hundred lines, because interested. Four books were all we were expected to complete and all that were demanded at Yale. I lay flat on the floor in the garret at Mont Clare and finished the whole twelve books and likewise all of the Georgies and Bucolies. I read, in Greek, a reader, the Anabasis, the Testament, Herodotus and four books of Homer. The strength and precision of the Latin pleased me and it has never been forgotten. The elaboration of the Greek with its detail and profusion of form and dialects seemed to me to indicate a lace. of force, and Greek has meant little in my life but a recognition of scientific terms. In my fancies Homer fell far below Virgil. It may be unorthodox, but I am of the same opinion still. In mathematics I finished Euclid and Greenleaf's Algebra and went along with philosophy, chemistry, history, grammar and English

In 1859, at the age of seventeen, I had finished my education so far as schools were to give it to me, but the door to the learning of the world, as it is contained in printed books, had been opened to me and I have never permitted it to be closed. A college is a great opportunity, but after all it is only the beaten path. Where the journey ends depends upon the traveler. With the ending of my school days I consider that my youth ended, and at a period in life where many men are only beginning I had for years felt the responsibility of a burden.

CHAPTER III Que Faire?

THOUGH entirely prepared for the sophomore class at Yale, and, in fact, having progressed much further in my studies than the requirements, the proposition had to be abandoned for the very prosaic reason that the necessary money could not be secured.

Most persons look back to their youth as a time of enjoyment, free from the sense of responsibility. With me the approach to manhood was a period filled with anxieties and uncertainties. I was about five feet ten inches in height, slim and anemic, and weighed about 127 pounds. The mental attitude of those around me had a tendency to depress rather than to encourage. My uncle, Dr. Samuel A. Whitaker, once told somebody that I would probably live to be about eighteen years of age, and in some way the diagnosis or propiecy had come to me. He did not stand alone; others of my relatives, more blunt than discreet, had indicated by word or many what similar opinion, and I had come to regard such a result as probable. I hoped to be able to last until thirty-five, so that I might have the opportunity to see whether I could not do some useful thing in life. Remembering these moods now. I can see that they were entirely unreal because they were always accompanied with a determination to take hold somewhere and a sense that I would succeed. This is not the feeling of a moribund or weakling. Nevertheless, I must have approached a condition not then recognized, but which I have since come to know as nervous prostration. Once after going with my mother to the railroad station to take a train some ill-



A survey made by Hendrick l'annebacker in his own hand-

genned sensation compelled a return home. I could not lift a spoon or hold a pen to write or do many little things in the presence of other persons. All of the while I felt the necessity of getting started in some occupation in which I could earn enough to take care of myself and perhaps be helpful to the rest; but to find the opening was the problem. I knew that finally I should reach the law and in the meantime was ready to do whatever happened to be within reach. I made an application for a clerkship in the office of the Phoenix Iron Company. I asked for a place in the general store of Reeves & Cornett, a close-fisted firm doing business in Phoenixville. I tried to get my uncle, George W. Whitaker, to give me a place at he Durham Iron Works, but he pursued the cautious and safe policy of not having any of the family around him.

The Young Men's Literary Union

In the early days of the war there was a great gathering of pauler, about 20,000 of them, in a camp of the commissary department at Perryville, Md., and having reason to believe that I could exert some influence upon Colonel Charles G. Sawtelle, in command there, I asked for some sort of a position in connection with the handling of these mules. Happily for me, all of these efforts ended in failure. So often the disappointments of life turn out for our benefit. Twice during each week I arose at daylight and trudged across the long bridge to the town market, and, returning, carried buck in a large basket perhaps twenty-five pounds of beef to my mother. Connected with the house was a large garden in which grapes grew over an arbor, and therein my good old grandmother had rows of gooseberry bushes and current bushes-red, black and white-and planted hollyhocks and dahlias to her delight. I dug the garden, all with a spade, and cultivated it, raising radishes, peas, beans, asparagus, cabbage, turnips, beets, corn and potatoes.

In Phoenixville the Young Men's Literary Union had a room over the store of Reeves & Cornett, at the corner of Bridge and Main streets, and there subscribed not only for the daily newspapers of Philadelphia and New York and the magazines, but even for the London Punch and Times and the London Art Journal and Harper's Weekly, Vanity Fair and the Scientific Monthly. It wise had a fair library of romance, history and science. On certain evenings topics of the day were discussed in formal debate. The debating societies of my youth certainly helped me very much to gain selfpossession and to develop the capacity for public speech which I have been called upon to exercise all through life. Among the members were the two lawyers then in the town-William H. Peck, who had studied both medicine and law, subsequently becoming a surgeon in one of the regiments during the war, a fluent man of some attainments and perhaps for this reason looked upon with disfavor, and Charles Armitage, slouchy, ill-trained, ignorant and good-natured, who was always a favorite and was later killed while fighting the sattles of his country. Among the other members were Asher before referred to; Horace Lloyd, an opright, narrow and methodical clerk in the bank, and Josiah White White had force of character. Ashenfelter annoyed him and White emptied a bottle of ink over the light coat of his termenter. Lloyd occupied two chairs, one with his heels, absorbing the Tribune, which he had held on to during the greater part of the evening. White interrupted this serenity by setting fire to the paper. A lieutenant in Company G, of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, he was wounded at Antietam and killed in the Wilderness. I became president of the Literary Union.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

RAINBOW'S EN

The lad smiled gently and drew on his

O'Reilly's Major-Domo

foud of him. He was a pretty, graceful

There were many of these immature

soldiers among the Insurrectos, and most

of them were in some way distinguished

not that he himself had never suffered-

his spirit was the spirit of his country.

oure, exalted, undefiled. He stood for

inordinately proud-Jacket had volun-

he made a practice of wearing only one.

On chilly nights, or on formal occasions,

at other times he dispensed entirely with

what the others fought for.

This Camagueyan boy was a character,

"You beteined life: Timt -

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

Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros. CHAPTER XVIII (Continued)

THERE had been, at first, some doubt of Branch's fitness to take the field at all-he had suffered a severe hemorrhage shortly after his arrival at Cubitas-and It was only after a hysterical demonstration on his part that he had been accepted as a soldier. He simply would not be left behind. At first the Cubans regarded him with mingled contempt and pity, for certainly no less promising vol-

The "Bullet-Eater"

His conduct in the face of this general admiration was no less unexpected than his behavior under fire: Branch gruffly refused to accept any tribute whatever, he snarled, he fairly barked at those of his comrades who tried to express their appreciation of his conduct—a demeanor which, of course, awakened even greater admiration among the Cubans. He was uniformly surly and sour; he sneered, he scoffed, he found fault. He had the tongue of a common scold, and he used it with malevolent abandon.

O'Reilly alone understood the reason for the fellow's morbid irritability, his suicidal recklessness; but when he privately remonstrated he was gruffly told to mind his own business. Branch flatly refused to modify his conduct; he seemed really bent upon cheating the disease that made his life a misery.

But, as usual, Fate was perverse; she refused to humor the sick man's hope, When, after blindly inviting death, Leslie had emerged from several engagements unscathed, his surprise-and perhaps a natural relief at finding himself whole— ears at the mention of Branch's name became tinged with a certain apprehension and now edged closer, exclaiming: lest he survive those deliberately courted dangers, only to succumb to the ills and

privations of camp life. The fellow's tongue grew ever sharper: ing, the column went into camp for a short rest, O'Reilly decided that he would try to throw off the burden of Leslie's warwhelming dejection, and, if possible,

shift a portion of it upon the shoulders ing at the edge of a playing eard. Annie of Captain Judson.

what was in his mind.

The Preferable Death

"I'm getting about fed up on Lestie." unteer had ever taken service with them. he declared. "He's the world's champion crepe hanger, and he's painted the whole world such a deep, despondent blue that I'm completely dismal. You've got to take

him off my hands." Judson grunted. "What ails him?" "Well, he wears a wreath of immortelles day and night. Haven't you guessed why he runs such desperate chances? He's sick-thinks he's going to die, anyhow, and wants to finish the job quick. I'm the one who has to endure him."

"Suicide?" "It amounts to that."

"The devil!" Judson pondered for a moment. "Can't you cheer him up?" "I?" O'Reilly lifted his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "When I try he gets sore at my heartless indifference; when I sympathize he declares I'm nudg; ing him closer to his grave-says I'm kicking the crutches out from under him. He's just plain vitriol. I-I'd rather live eyes rested upon the youth. Then he

with an adder." O'Reilly's youthful asistente, who at self, for a half-portion." the moment was painstakingly manufacturing a huge black cigar for himself out not quite sure that he understood." of some purloined tobacco, pricked up his

"Caramba! There's a hero for you. Meester Branch is the bravest man I ever seen. Our people call him 'El Demonio'?"

O'Reilly jerked his head toward the his society became intolerable, his gloom Cuban. "You see? He's made the hit of oppressive and irresistibly contagious, his life, and yet he resents it. The Cubans When, after several weeks of campaign- are beginning to think he carries a rab-

bit's foot." "No rabbit's foot about it," the captain asserted. "He's just so blamed thin the Spaniards can't hit him; it's like shoot-

· Oakley is the only one who can do that." longe clear. On the day after their arrival O'Reilly "Well, my nerves are frayed out. I've

and the big artilleryman took advantage argued myself hearse, but he misconstrues spanned would spit me out quick of a pleasant stream to bathe and wash everything I say. I wish you'd convince enough." their clothes; then, while they lay in their him that he has a chance to get well; it hammocks, enjoying the luxury of a tat- might after his disposition. If something tered offsolds shelter and waiting for the doesn't after it I'll be const-martialed for He was perhaps sixteen, and small for his sun to dry their garments, O'Reilly spoke shooting a man in his sleep and I'll hit page a mere child, in fact. Nevertheless, him, right in the middle, no matter how he was a seasoned veteran, and his Amersiim he is." O'Reilly compressed his lips can camp-mates had grown exceedingly firmly.

The asistence who had finished rolling youngster his eyes were large and soft his eigar, now lighted it and repeated; and dark, his face was as sensitive and "Yes, sir, Meester Branch is the bravest mobile as that of a girl; and yet, despite man I ever seen. You remember that his youth, he had won a reputation for first battle, eh? Those Spaniards seen daring and ferocity quite as notable in him comin' and threw down their guns its way as was the renown of Lexie and beat it. Jesus Cristo! I laugh to Branch, skill myself that day."

"Jacket"

"Jacket" was at once the youngest and for valor. the most profane member of Colonel Lo- Jacket was one of these, and he was peg's entire command. The most shock- perhaps the truest parriet of any soldier ing oaths fell from his beardless lips in Miguel Lopez's band; for liberty, to whenever he opened them to speak Eng- him, was not a mere abstraction or a lish, and O'Reilly's efforts to break the principle, but something real, tangible, boy of the habit proved quite unavailing. alive-something worthy of the highest

say if he's got a hunnerd sick men like El Demonio he'll march to Habana. God! What do you think of that?" Judson rolled in his hammeck until his

said, "You're quite a man of arms your-"Eh?" The object of this remark was

"I mean you're a pretty good fighter, for a little fellow." "Hell, yes?" agreed the youth "I can

"Better look out that some big Spanjard doesn't carry you off in his pocket and eat you." O'Reilly warned; at which the boy grinned and shook his head. He was just becoming accustomed to the American habit of banter, and was beginning to like it.

"Jacket would make a bitter mouthgiant cheroot. ful," Judson ventured.

By REX BEACH

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has faller in love with ROSA VARONA, one of the originals of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a wealthy shave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a vast spins he or the states, non Spanish rooms and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a vell. He was assisted in building this well by Sebastian, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret. Don Esteban married a second time, and the DONA ISABEL, the successful woman, had become his wife in the hopes of inheriting the farture. But when Sebastian turned upon his master and killed him, running wild until a buffet through his black brain hald him low, the machinations of Isabel scaled the secret of the

treasure's hiding place forever. Later Isabel, her mind turned as a result of broading over the treasure, was killed by falling into the well. At this time the Culmas were rising in revolt sgainst Spain. Johnnie, who represented a New York firm to Cuba, had returned to New York temporarily before Isahet's death. ESTEBAN, Resa's brother, was a rebe-my and the two orphans were compelled to five into the wilderness. They obtained refuge in the but of EVANGELINA, Sebastian's daughter. PANCHO CUETO, Don Esteban's old manager, is now in complete control of the property and leads several parties in a valu attempt to do away with the two young people who still stand in his path. Esteban falls to return from a raid, and Ross is compelled to go to the conce

tion camp at Matanzas to keep from starying.

Meanwhile, O'Reilly has made a vain effort to get to the rebel lines. His
first trip to Cuba failed, and now be has joined a junta under command of Major
Ramos. With him are LESLIE BRANCH, a consumptive newspaper correspondent, and NORINE EVANS, a rich young woman in sympathy with the rebels, who mad

the junta possible. The expedition lands safely on a secluded part of the Cuban shore, and O'Reilly, with Miss Evans heads a small party carrying news to General Gomez of the junta's safe arrival. At Cubitas O'Reilly is met by HDSON, and American captain of artillery who tries to obtain Johnnie as a recruit.

O'Reilly sees Colonel Lopez, who tells him of the fate that has befollen Esteban and Kosa. The American then deckies to fight the Spaniards to the finish. Branch enlists with him.

Cuba burned perpetually. It mattered a time he continued:

"Yes, I bet I don't taste good to no right. Muy malo" Spaniard. Did I told you about that battle of Pino Bravo? Eh?" He turned his blg brown eyes upward to O'Reilly. Judson continued: "Funny thing hap with Major Ramos and Colonel Lopes In order to expand his knowledge of "Cristo! I skill mor'n a dozen men that pened afterward, though. Jacket had and Leslie Branch and all the rest, English-of which, by the way, he was day!"

teered to serve as O'Reilly's striker, and "You monstrous little liar!" commented him squalling and screamingthe result had been a fast friendship. O'Reilly.

"Si, senors," the boy went on, com-It was O'Reilly who had given the boy his nickname-a name prompted by a placenth, "That day I skill more'n six not scared of no dark." marked eccentricity, for although Jacket men. It was this way; we came on them possessed the two garments which con- from behind and they don't see us. Phui! whole camp?" stituted the ordinary Insurrecto uniform We skill plenty, all right."

tested. "Some of Luque's niggers, those had suddenly vanished. he wore both waistcoat and trousers, but tall, lean, hungry fellows from Santiago, managed to back their way through the lad nodded reluctantly. the latter, and his legs went naked. They a wire fence and get behind a detachment were naked now, as, with the modesty of the enemy who had made a stand of complete unconschousness, he squatted under a hill. They charged, and for a the whole camp in an uproar," in the shade, puffing thoughtfully at his wonder they got close enough to use their machetes. It was bloody work-the kind

"Colonel Miguel," continued Jacket, "he sacrifice. In his person all the wrongs or any subject, it remained there, and after Jacket managed to be right in the middle

Jacket Explains

to do his turn at picket duty that night. Well, it was to be expected. Before he "Oh, Jacket" the Americans cried, and he got scared of the dark. We heard had been a week in Cuba O'Reilly had

dam' lie," he exclaimed, resentfully. "I'm met.

"Didn't you holler till you woke the

"I sin't scared of no dark," the boy "It was a hot scrimmage." Judson at repeated; but his pride, his complacency, "Did you cry?" O'Reilly smiled; and

> "Did he cry?" Judson echoed. "Why. we thought we were attacked. He put ever heard of," said he. "The idea

"What was the trouble, Jacket?" "1-1 was--" The boy's smooth

brown cheeks paled, and his moist eyes dilated at the memory, "I ain't scared - Spaniard when he's of any --alive, but-it's different when he's dead. i could see dead ones everywhere!" He shuddered involuntarily. "They fetched me to General Gomez and Caramba! he's mad. But after I tell him what I see in the dark he say I don't have to go back there no more. He let me go to sleep Tongside of his hammock, and bimeby I nuit cryin'. I ain't never stood no picket duty since that night. I won't do it,"

Norine Under Discussion

It was plain that discussion of this unhappy subject was deeply distasteful to the youthful hero of Pino Bravo, for he edged away, and a moment later disappeared.

"There's no end of yellow-jack among the Spaniards," said Judson. "Speaking of that, what do you think of Miss Evans's work in the field hospitals?"

"I don't think much of it," O'Reilly con

O'Reilly smiled, understanding now the reason for his companion's reckless, al-Once Jacket's mind was fastened upon you read about no quarter. Somehow most frenzied use of soap and water that morning, and his cheerful stoicism its of the butchery. He's a brave kid, all the hands of a volunteer barber more accustomed to the uses of a machete

than a razor. There was a moment's silence, then Evidently Judson had fallen, too-along noticed that Miss Evans was a mystery Jacket started to his feet. "That's a and a delight to nearly every man she

> "So you've got it, ch?" he inquired. "Got what?" Judson did not turn his

> "It? If you can't talk English, talk

Spanish. O'Reilly was not perturbed by gruffness. "I think her presence h the silliest, the most scandalous girl of her accomplishments, l alone in Cuba! Why; it's car