THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvanias Most Zealous

and Energetic Governor

CHAPTER IV-Continued

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THE political feeling became intense, for the reason that the issues had been swept away from questions of mere sordid interest and now appealed to the underlying human sympathies. John Hickman, the member of Congress from Chester County, a lifelong Democrat, no doubt somewhat influenced by the Quaker sentiment surrounding him, abandoned Buchanan when the President supported the Lecompton Constitution maintaining slavery in Kansas and established a national reputation. He was a slim, dark-eyed man with a power for vigorous, sarcastic and even vindictive eloquence. When he made a speech something or somebody was rended. A story whispered around over the country at the time said he had inherited some of his characteristics from Indian ancestors, and only within the last two years I have discovered original contemporary evidence that one of the Lenni Lenape, employed about the ironworks at Coventry in Chester County in 1726, bore the name of "Indian John Hickman." Whatever may have been the truth or want of truth of this story, the bit of romance detracted nothing from his influence. We were all proud of him and of the reputation he had won, and when we saw a reference to him in a journal published so far away as New York, or mayhap Boston, we felt a sense of reflected importance. More than once the thought came to me that if ever I could be of consequence enough to be sent to Congress the ambitions of life would be sated. At the next congressional election there were three candidates-a Lecompton Democrat, Hickman, the anti-Lecompton Democrat, and John M. Broomall, the regular Republican. Most of the Republicans supported Hickman and he was re-elected. The contest grew very bitter. On one occasion the Democrats of Tunnel Hill concluded to erect a pole on the south side of the creek, near the "eight-square schoolhouse." It was regarded as a sort of invasion. The pole, of huge proportions, consisting of a heavy tree for a butt and a long sappling for a top, lay on the ground ready to be spliced and erected the next morning. Suspicious of trouble, a selected squad of those interested came to keep watch. The night turned out to be dark. cold and wet and the watchmen sought the shelter of the schoolhouse, where, perhaps, they had something to provide for warmth and comfort. When morning dawned the top of the pole had disappeared entirely and the butt was found bored through with auger holes. The top had been carried to the Schuylkill and thrown into the river. So far as I know, no contemporary whisper hinted at those who indulged in this escapade, but among the participants were Richard Denithorne, Ashenfelter and myself.

Just Before the Civil War

In the presidential campaign of 1860 another ominous event occurred. At the political meetings held by the Republicans, clubs called "Wide Awakes," never before known, wearing oilcloth caps and capes as a sort of uniform, carrying torches upon the end of long staffs often used as bludgeons, drilled to march and go through the maneuvers of the manual of arms in a semimilitary way, appeared all over the North and were everywhere greeted with enthusiastic approval. I do not know that their significance was recog-



General Galusha Pennypacker, who at twenty-two was in command of a brigade of the Union armies. He was the youngest general commander on either side during the

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CHAPTER XIX

THAT SICK MAN FROM

SAN ANTONIO

several people connected witis, perhaps, worth relating.

San Antonio

nized, but a philosophical observer could well have forecasted that when men instinctively turned to military organization war was approaching.

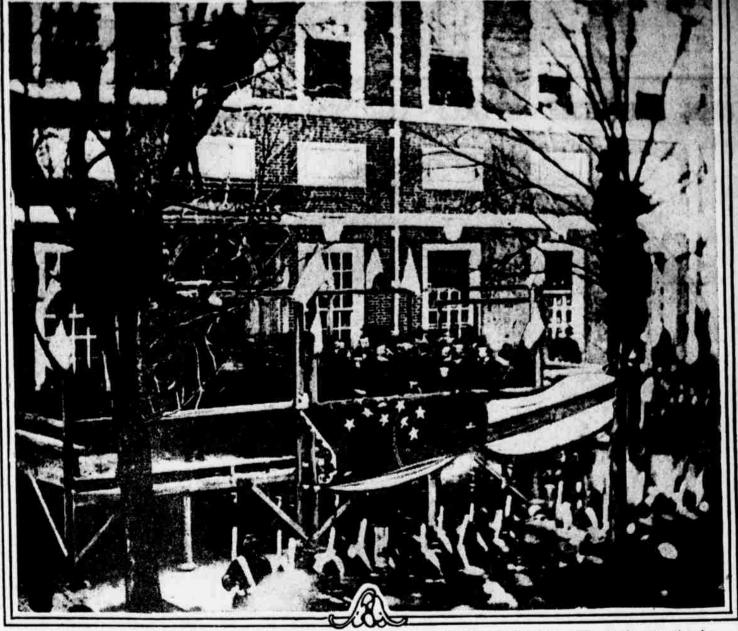
When Lincoln came to Philadelphia on his way to Washington to be inaugurated my grandfather and I went to the city, and from a second-story window watched him as he passed in a barouche, bowing to the crowds, anxious but earnest, who lined the streets. The next morning we heard him make his speech in which he alluded to the possibility of assassination and saw him raise the flag over Independence Hall. He took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and pulled at the rope, hand over hand, in a way which led my grandfather to ejaculate, "I think he will do."

The rebels opened fire upon Fort Sumter on the twelfth of April, 1861. That event put an end to uncertainty. Everybody knew what it meant. The great North, untrained in the handling of arms, without an organized militia, intent upon the gainful pursuits of life. had a new task to perform. In the earlier days some generous person had gives the field at Paoli to the militia and there they had annual encampatents. I could remember that once, when a child, my father took me there to see the soldiers. Some drunken fellows in the course of the day undertook to pull Colonel William F. Small from his horse. He drew his sword, sliced the ear off of one of them and established the reputation of a hero which has remained with me even unto this day. Doctor Walker, a handsome, companionable young fellow, who read medicine with my father, had become the major of one of the regiments. We had heard that Levi P. Knerr, born in Phoenixville, had been a lieutenant in the war with Mexico.

But all of this activity had disappeared for years. Paoli was overrun with mullein and jimson (Jamestown) weeds, and military affairs had fallen into desuetude. Prior to the firing upon Sumter the North was dull, inert and waiting only. It hoped, even expected, that some way would be found to avoid the difficulty. There had been threats before, but the danger had been postponed, if not averted. There had been a Missouri Compromise. Later Daniel Webster, who spoke well enough against Hayne, had lain down and consented to be trampled upon. Something like it might be done again. As a psychological phenomenon, the effect of the firing upon Fort Sumter was most impressive. The torpor disappeared at the instant. No one any longer thought of yielding or compromise. The Union, whether or not, was to be preserved. The rebels, if they resisted, were to be shot. The copperheads, as those of the North who opposed the war were called, were to be silenced by use of such force as might be necessary, and in the meantime they must fly the flag from the windows and chimney tops of their houses. In their hearts many men resolved that slavery, that vile institution which had brought all of this trouble upon us, should be driven from the earth. Every man began to brace himself and set his teeth. He hunted up and polished the old fowling piece which had been rusting in the garret. The young girls looked through their music books for the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail, Columbia." Red, white and blue neckties were tied around their throats. They sent letters to their lovers in envelopes which displayed the same colors and other patriotic devices. Recruiting stations appeared in the taverns and corner groceries and every young man was expected to bear his part in the struggle. The sounds of the drum and fife were heard everywhere in the streets. Instead of hammers and tacks, weapons were displayed in the vindows of the hardware stores. From the pulpits preachers told the stories of Joshua and of Judith. The women organized themselves into societies, the object of which was to make uniforms and to pick lint and to prepare for nursing.

Through the Confederate Lines

At this time my uncle, Joseph R. Whitaker, lived at Mount Pleasant, in Maryland, about a mile and a half from Havre de Grace, and my uncle, William P. C. Whitaker, with a family of five daughters, lived in Havre de Grace. It looked for a time as though Maryland would follow the other States of the South into the maelstrom of secession, and the clouds gathered darkly up to the very border of Pennsylvania. My grandfather, anxious to communicate with his sons and grandchildren there and to make some provision for them, on the twenty-second of April went to Philadelphia, intending to go by train to Havre de Grace, and he took me with him. At the depot of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad in Philadelphia we learned that the bridges over the Gunpowder and Bush Rivers, emptying into the Chesapeake Bay, had been burned in an uprising of secessionists and that the train could go no further Wilmington, Del. Returning home with additional cause for excitement and uncertainty, we held a council. It was determined that Michael Weldon, the hired man, with Bridget, his wife, should drive with the two-horse carriage across Chester and Lancaster Counties to the Conowingo bridge over the Susquehanna and thence across Harford County in Maryland to Havre de Grace. I was to be the agent of communication. The journey down occupied two days. On our way, in Lancaster County, Mike and I dropped the reins, chased a raccoon across two fields, captured him and put him in the carriage box and brought him safely back to Mont Clare, where he was finally killed by the dogs. The secessionists of Maryland had contemplated burning the Conowingo bridge, but finally concluded to station a party of horsemen at the northern end to prevent the passage of all who were objectionable and burn it if necessary. We were halted by this party, who, guns in hand, surrounded the carriage. It was the first hostile force I had ever confronted and I was curious as well as uneasy. My story, however, had been already concocted. I had been at school at Nottingham, in Chester County. The troubles of the time had made my parents uneasy, and they had sent the servants for me to take me home to Havre de Grace. The tale was plausible enough, and we were permitted to cross the



President Abraham Lincoln delivering an address in Independence Square on Washington's birthday, 1861. At the same time he raised a flag commemorating the entry of Kansas as the thirty-fourth State in the Union. Samuel W. Pennypacker and his grandfather were present, and the latter was particularly impressed by the fact that the President took off his jacket and pulled at the rope hand over hand.

bridge. We reached Uncle Joseph at Mount Pleasant without any further adventure. The events occurring around were sufficiently stirring. The Union men and the secessionists were both aroused and bitter in their antagonism and were about evenly divided. Uncle George P. Whitaker, of Principio, was a resolute Union man; his son-in-law, Joseph Coudon, was a determined secessionist. They quarreled and severed relations, and the latter, on one occasion, only escaped some infuriated opponents by the help of a back window. Another uncle, Washington Pennypacker, living on the Deer Creek, in Harford County, raised the Stars and Stripes over his barn and, as I have written before, was driven out of the State.

On the eighteenth of April five companies from Pennsylvania, the advance of a mighty host, had gone through to Washington. The next day Colonel Small, to whom I have referred in connection with Paoli, at the head of the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, and the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment were attacked in Baltimore. Among the wounded was Henry C. Dodge, a printer in the office of the Weekly Phoenix, the Phoenixville newspaper, who returned home with a cut across the hand and established his reputation as a hero. The immediate danger at Havre de Grace soon disappeared. When we reached there a camp had already been established at Perryville, on the opposite side of the Susquehanna, and Union troops were collecting there in great numbers. Among those I remember seeing were Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Schall, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Pagiment, and John F. Hartranft, later to become famous as a major general, the organizer of the National Guard of Pennsylvania and Governor of the Commonwealth. So dark in complexion that he was at times called "black Jack Hartranft," with piercing black eyes, erect and vigorous, an exceptional horseman, taciturn, endowed with courage and great executive capacity, he ought to have been President of the United States at the time Hayes was elected, and would have been had not the bad Pennsylvania habit of opposing her own

The destruction of the railroad bridges had separated Washington from the North, and Perryville has the honor of being the earliest outpost of the war. A great outcry ran through the camp about the poor quality of the "shoddy" clothing, and there was much denunciation of the civil authorities. In the hurry of the time clothing had to be secured in every possible way, and at the outset it was very imperfect; but ere long it came to be of the most durable texture, and a workman who could secure a pair of old army blue pantaloons felt that he was fortunate indeed.

Brigadier General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, came to take command of the camp. At that time the railroad trains ran on to the top of a huge steamboat, and it carried them across the river between Perryville and Havre de Grace. One morning when the hoat was about to leave the wharf. Butler, complying with orders sent him by Major General Patterson, the department commander. with a part of his force, marched on board and the boat started for the opposite shore. In midstream he ordered the captain to take his boat down the Chesapeake. The captain objected strengously

and gave many reasons why such a move would be impossible, but in the end was compelled to succumb. Butler landed at Annapolis, opened communication with Washington, cut off Baltimore from the south and, working backward, soon had possession of that city, and the secession movement in Maryland failed.

At the end of my mission I took the raccoon and returned to Mont Clare, having seen the opening phases of the war in its nearest approach to our own homes.

General Galusha Pennypacker

When I was a child about seven years of age my father one day took me to a house on Nutt's road, on the south side, about a half mile from Phoenixville and within a short distance of the Corner Stores. In the house was a modest, diffident boy, perhaps a little larger than myself. My father said to me: "Sam, this is your cousin, Galusha Pennypacker," and we played together about the yard. As he grew toward manhood he found employment in the printing office of the Village Record at West Chester. At the very beginning of the war he enlisted as a private, having declined the position of first lieutenant because he felt himself incompetent. When the company left West Chester a wise bystander said to his friend: "There is one man in that company who will never fight." Who is it ?"

"That young Pennypacker."

At the close of the war he returned a brigadier general and brevet major general of volunteers, at twenty-two years of age, the youngest man who had ever held such high rank since the organization of the Government. He had been shot seven times in eight months. Commanding a brigade in the assault upon Fort Fisher, the only fortification taken by storm during the war, when the colorbearer of the regiment, of which he had been the colonel, had been killed, he seized the flag and planted it upon a traverse of At this moment a rebel placed a rifle at his thigh and fired. He was supposed to be dead. The main nerve had been severed. He lay at Fortress Monroe for a year and has never recovered. [From the wound then received General Pennypacker, on October 1, 1916, nearly fifty-two years afterward, bled to death, within a month after the death of Governor Pennypacker. | He was made a colonel, brigadier general and brevet major general in the regular army-likewise the youngest man who ever held those ranks. For a time he commanded the Department of the South. He was in command at New Orleans at the time that a commission was sent to investigate the conditions which led to the Hayes-Tilden electoral dispute. Grant refers to him in his memoirs, and no history of the war is written which does not tell of his heroic services. He is one of three of his family and name who have been suggested for the governorship. He represented the American army at Berlin at the review of the German army at the close of the war with France and received much attention from the Emperor and Count Bismarck. Tall, big-boned, with much courtesy of manner, with native intelligence and great power of will, he is a remarkable character.

CONTINUED TOMORROWS

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

fended only by a couple of blockhouses. Therefore the colonel left his artillery be-

hind.

Perhaps its name was the most impressive thing about San Antonio de los Banos. Its streets were narrow and steep and stony, and its flinty little plaza was flanked by stores of the customary sort, the fronts of which were open so that mounted customers from the country might ride in to make their purchases. Crowning two commanding eminences just outside the village limits were the loopholed fortinas, where for months past the Spanish garrison had been dozing.

The Raid

CERTAIN histories of the Cuban War for Independence speak of "The Rattle of San Antonio de los Banos." They relate how 1600 patriots captured the village after a gallant and sangulnary resistance by its Spanish gartison: how they released the prisoners in the local jail, replenished their ewn supplies, and then retired in the face of enemy re-enforcements. It is quite a stirring story to read and it has but one fault, a fault, by the way, not uncommon in histories—it is mainly untrue.

In the first place, the engagement was in no sense a battle, but merely a raid. The number of troops engaged was, perhaps, one-fifth of the generous total ascribed by the historians, and as a military manuver it served no purpose whatsoever. That the Cubans delivered a spirited attack there is no denying. As a matter of fact, the engagement was characterized by an abandon, by a lack of caution, truly sensational, the reason being that the Insurfectos were half starved and stormed the fown much as hungry hoboes attack a lunch counter. Nevertheless, since the affair had a direct bearing upon the fortunes of several people connected with this story, it is, perhaps, worth relating. The Raid

Lopez and his troop approached the town in the early morning. As they deployed for the attack the colonel issued private instructions to certain members of his command.

"O'Reilly, you and Senor Branch will enter one grocery store after another. You will purchase that Jam, those sardines and whatever else you think Miss Evans would like. Captain Judson, you and Major Ramos will go to the apothecary shop—I understand there is a very good one—and look for tooth powder and candy and the like. I shall see that the streets are cleared, then I shall endeavor to discover some pickles; but as God is my judge, I doubt if there is such a thing this side of Habana."

Habana."

Leslie Branch, whose temper had not improved with the long night ride, inquired caustically: "Do you expect us to buy groceries? Well, I'm broke, and so is O'Reilly." Have you no money?" asked the colonel,

The Baths of St. Anthony consisted of a ulphur spring which for many years had een held in high regard by gouty and heumatic Camagueyans; around this spring village had arisen which boasted rather etter shops than the ordinary country own. "Have you no money" asked the colonel, vastly surprised.
"I haven't tipped my hat to a dollar since I quit newspaper work. What's more, I want to do a little shopping for myself." O'Rellly agreed: "If you don't give us some change, Colonel, we'll have to open a charge account in your name." Intended to borrow from you gentlemen. Well, never mind, we'll commandeer what we wish in the name of the Republic." better shops than the ordinary country town.

It was this fact which had induced the saliant and obliging Colonel Lopez to attack it, for, as he explained to his American friends, if any place outside of Habana was likely to contain pickles, jam, sardines, candy, tooth powder and such other deficacies as appeared necessary to the contentment of a visiting American lady, San Antonio de los Banos was the one. Colonel Lopez did not believe in hay measures; once he had determined to prove his devotion to Norine Evans he would have sacrificed himself and the flower of his command; he would have wasted his at Dreclous three-pound shell in breaching the walls of San Antonio de los Banos salher than fait. But as a matter of fact the same of the sam

The Surprise Attack

Lopez's attack proved a complete sur-prise, both to the citizens and to the gar-rison of the town. The rebel bugic gave the first warning of what was afoot, and before the Castilian troops who were loiter-ing off duty could regain their quarters, before the citizens could take cover or the shopkeepers close and bar their heavy

wooden shutters, 200 ragged horsemen were yelling down the streets.

There followed a typical Cuban engagement—ten shouts to one shot. There was a mad charge on the heels of the scurrya mad charge on the heels of the scurrying populace, a scattering pop-pop of rifles, cheers, cries, shrieks of deflance and farflung insults directed at the forthas.

Bugles blew on the hilltops; the defenders armed themselves and began to fire into the village. But since the insurrectos were now well sheltered by the houses and only a portion of certain streets could be raked from the forts, the Spanish builets did no harm.

Obedient to orders, a number of Lopez's men dismounted and took positions whence they could guard against a sally, thus leaving the rest of the command free to raid the stores. In the outskirts of the town Mausers spoke, the dust leaped, and leaden messengers whined through the air.

A Windfall

As locusts settle upon a standing crop, so did the army of liberators descend upon the shops of San Antonio de los Banos. It was great fun, great excitement, while it lasted, for the town was distracted and its citizens had neither time nor inclination to resist. Some of the shopkeepers, indeed, to prove their loyalty, openly welcomed the invaders. Others, however, lacking time to close up. fled incontinently, leaving their goods unguarded.

O'Relliy with Branch and Jacket close

to close up, hed incontinently, leaving their goods unguarded.

O'Reilly, with Branch and Jacket close at his heels, whirled his horse into the first bodega he came to. The store was stocked with general merchandise, but its owner, evidently a Spaniard, did not tarry to set a price upon any of it. As the three horsemen came clattering in at the front he went flying out at the rear, and, although O'Reilly called reassuringly after him, his only answer was the slamming of a back door, followed by swiftly diminishing cries of fright. Plainly, that rush of ragged men, those shots, those feroclous shouts from the plaza, were too muca for the peaceful shopkeeps; and his family, and they had taken refuge in some neighbor's garden.

they had taken refuge in some headers garden.

There was no time to waste. Johnnie dismounted and, walking to the shelves where some imported canned goods were displayed, he began to select those delications of the control of the cursular than th

By REX BEACH

"Take the whole string, but get us something to wrap up this grub in. Hurry!"
Spurred by O'Reilly's tone and by a lively
rattle of rifle-shots cutside, Leslie disappeared into the living quarters at the back
of the store. A moment later he emerged
with a huge armful of bedclothes, evidently
snatched at random. Trailing behind him,
like a bridal veil, was a mosquito-net, which
in his haste he had torn from its fastenings.

in his haste he had forn from its fasterings.

"I guess this is poor!" he exulted. "Bedding! Pillows! Mosquito-net! I'll sleep comfortable after this."

From somewhere came the faint smothered wailing of a baby—eloquent testimony of the precipitate haste with which the terrified storekeeper and his wife had fled. Dumping his burden of sheets, blankets, and brilliantly colored cotton quilts upon the floor. Branch selected two of the stoutest and began to knot the corners together.

The Prison

Author of "The Spoilers." "The Barrier." "Heart of the Sunset. flamed savagely and he swept the shelves hare as he went.

"Hey, Leslie! Get something is carry this stuff in." O'Reilly directed over his shoulder. Receiving only a muttered reply, he turned to find that his fellow country man had cut down a string of perhaps two dozen large straw sombiseros and was attempting to select one that fitted his head. "Oh, look." Branch murmured "Forty dollars" worth of lids, but—all loo small. They must have been made on the head of a cane."

"Take the whole string, but get us something to wrap up this grub in. Hurry!" Spurred by O'Reilly's tone and by a lively rattle of rifle-shots cutside, Leslie disappeared into the living quarters at the back of the store. A moment later he emerged with a huge armful of hedciothes, evidently and store on any punished for their was called enough to convince them that no matter how guilty the prisoners might be whad been amply punished for their crimes.

But Still No Pickles

ther upon. discharging their files into the air, shricking defiance at their invisible foes, and voicing insulting invitations to combut. This ferocity, however, served only to terrify further the civilian population and to close the shutters of San Antonio the tighter. Meanwhile, the loyal troops remained safely in the r blockhouses, pouring a steady fire into the town. And despite this admirable display of courage the visitors showed a deep respect for their enemies markinanship, taking advantage of whatever shelter there was.

Leslie Furnishes Thrills

Leslie Branch, of course, proved the soli-tary exception, as usual, he exposed him-self recklessly and rode the middle of the streets, regardless of those sudden ex-plosions of dust beneath his hors, s feet or those unexpected showers of plaster from above.

This, too, was swift work. The building echoed to rushing, yelling men, while outside a fifful accompaniment of gunshots urged the rescuers to greater haste. While the Americans smashed lock after lock, their comrades dragged the astonished in metes from their kennels, hustled them into the street, and took them up behind their saddles.

The raid was over, "retreat" was sounding, when Judson and O'Reilly ran out of the prison, remounted, and joined their comrades, who were streaming back toward the plaza.

"Whew!" Judson wiped the sweat out of his eyes. "No chance to ask these fellows what they were in for."

"No need to ask them," said Johnnie. "A month in there would be too much for a murderer."

"The druggist said most of 'em are just patriots, and every holiday the Spaniard shoot one or two. There's no cockfighting, so it's the only Sunday amusement they have. Did you notice that sick guy?"

The dam fool wants to get shot. The sick man's bravado roused in O'Reilly a feeling of mingled resentment. He had spent his time assiduously ran-

The Prison

He had scarcely finished when Judson reined in at the doce and called to O'Reilly in the drugstore. Better get a move on you, for we may have to true any minute. I've just hear about some Cuban prisoners in the calaboose. Gimmer a hand and we'll let 'em out."

"Sure'. O'Reilly quickly remounted, meanwhile directing Jacket to load the canned goods upon his horse and ride for the open country. He looked back a few moments later, to see his asistente emerge if from the bodegas perched between two queer-looking improvised saddlebags bulging with plunder.

The pony was overloaded, but in the pony was overloaded. But I failed Pickles? Caramba! Nobody ever heard one."

Yes, sir, and a lot mose, eatables, eh?:

Yes, sir, and a lot mose, eatables, eh?:

Yes, sir, and a lot mose quarters with solved plants of the bedding done up in a gaudy quilt.

Sharing in the general consternation at the attack, the jail guards had disappeared, leaving Lopes's men free to break

The retreating Cubans still maintained before the reined in his horse of much for a murderer.

The drugsist said most of 'em are scaped injury, Branch reined in his horse, examined the speaker with particles of lards when the overly holiday the Spant was particles of lards when the open country. He looked back a few moments later, to see his asistente emerge if from the bodegas perched between two queer-looking improvised saddlebags bulging with plunder.

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Nobody ever heard one."

Yes, sir, and a lot more provided to me like he was plain to a shambiling trot. Branch reinged in his horse and sprinkled the speaker with pounts and every holiday the Spant was provided. The drugsing and sprinkled the speaker with pounts and every holiday the Spant sprinkled the speaker with pounts and every holiday the Spant sprinkled the speaker

of the camino real which followed the river bank. This road for a short distance was exposed to the fire from one fort; then it was sheitered by a bit of rieng ground. O'Reilly among the last to cross the zone of fire, was just congratulating himself upon the fortunate outcome of the skirmish when he saw Colonel Lopez ride to the crest of a knoll, rise in his stirrups and, lifting his cupped hands to his lips, direct a loud shout back toward the town Lopez was followed by several of his men, who likewise began to yell and to wave their arms excitedly.

Johnnie turned to discover that Lesile Branch had lagged far behind, and now, as if to cap his fantastic performances, had dismounted and was descending the river bank to a place where a large washing had been epread upon the stones to dry. He was quite exposed, and a spiteful crackle from the nearest b ockhouse showed that the Spaniard: were determind to bring him down. Mauser builets ricocheted among the rocks—even from this distance their sharp explosions were audible—others broke the surface of the stream into little geysers, as if a school of fish wre leaping.

He Gets Some New Clothes

He Gets Some New Clothes

While Johnnie looked on in breathless apprehension Branch appropriated several suits that promised to fit him; then he climbed up the bank, remounted his horse, and ambled slowly out of range.

Now this was precisely the sort of harebrained exploit which delights a Cuban audience. When besile rejoined his comrades, therefore ne was greeted with shouts and cheers.

"Caramba! He would risk his life for a clean shirt."

"A There's a fellow for you! He enjoys the hum of these Spanish bees! " Brave! Tell us what the builets said to you." they cried, crowding around him in an admiring circle.

O'Relily, unable to contain-himself, burst forth in a rage: "You infernal foo!! Do you want to be shot robbling a clothesiline?"

"Rats!" ejaculated Leslie, sourly. "I told you I had to have some clothes."

"Lopez ought to court-martial you. What are you going to do with that Junk, now that you have lif? You can't take it with you on the march."

"You wait and see." said the other. """

you on the march."
"You wait and see," said the other, "?'m
going to be comfortable, if——" He pauses
with a peculiar, startled expression on be
face. "Did you hear anything?" he queries