THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous

and Energetic Governor

CHAPTER IV-Continued

A COMPANY of Irishmen from Tunnel Hill enlisted in the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers and were with Webb at the bloody angle at Gettysburg. A company from the south side of the town became Company G of the First Pennsylvania Reserves, Among the first to enlist was Josiah White, a bright, lively and muscular young fellow, engaged to be married to Kate Vanderslice, and he became orderly sergeant of Company G. When his body was brought to Phoenixville, from the Wilderness battlefield, where he was killed, in accordance with a custom which still lingered, Lloyd, Ashenfelter and I watched over it all night, and we carried him to his grave in the Dunkard graveyard, at the Green Tree. Kate Vanderslice, his fiancee, soon died, and in a gloomy and somber poem, which I wrote in early life, I endeavored to tell the tale of their misfortunes.

The pretty young woman who later became my wife, along with ther girls of her age, made in the hall of the Young Men's Literary Union the uniforms which Company G were to the front, My mother made rusk and sent it in boxes to the army and the hospitale, and my Aunt Mary A. Pennypacker, a proud and good woman, after the battle of Gettysburg, went to the field to nurse the wounded and spent weeks amid the miseries there. The spirit of willingness to sacrifice self, which was everywhere developed, was one of the compensations for the struggle. The flag floated over almost every household. If a man dared to give utterance to hostility to the Government he did it at the risk of physical violence then and there. Currency became scarce. As a means of overcoming this difficulty postage stamps were put up in small envelopes, labeled on the outside with the amount, and this led to the gradual evolution of the fractional postal currency, which for years was the only kind seen. Coin entirely disappeared. Prices of all commodities soon began to advance. At home we occasionally used rye as a substitute for coffee, without much success. The Phoenix Iron Company adapted its mill to the manufacture of a cannon, invented by John Griffen, its manager, made of layers of twisted metal. These guns, before being sent to the Government, were tested by firing shells across the Schuylkill into the hillside north of Mont Clare, on the top of which now quietly stands a graveyard. From this source of supply, gathering balls and slugs, with an old fowling piece of large bore I practiced marksmanship. The military impulse had arisen and I wanted to enlist, but I was my mother's dependence, and she persuaded me to wait. She consented to my going to West Point. The vacancy controlled by our Congressman, William Morris Davis, had been filled, but he offered me the appointment to Annapolis, which I declined. To that vacancy he then appointed a young friend of mine, who is now Rear Admiral Stockton, of the navy, who has been president of the Naval War College and of the George Washington University. Mr. Davis suggested that I might obtain a West Point cadetship by securing one of the appointmentsat-large in the control of Mr. Lincoln. The Congressman from Harford County, Maryland (I think his name was Howard), came to his help, and Richard Yates, the Governor of Illinois, who was under obligations to my grandfather, used his influence. On the day of the battle of Bull Run I was again at Mount Pleasant, to go, with my Uncle Joseph, grandfather and Uncle George P. Whitaker, to Washington to meet the President. The time was



Knapsack and shoes used by Governor Pennypacker in the Gettysburg campaign, June and July, 1863.

nost inopportune for the purpose we had in view, but rich in opportunities it gave for reminiscence. In Havre de Grace I saw a soldier shot and killed. A regiment of Maine lumbermen on their way to the South halted in the town and threw out their guards. One of the men tried to force his way across the line, and the guard, on the point of being overcome, fired his musket. The ball did not touch the offender, but passed through the lungs of another member of the regiment, through two sides of a car and buried itself in a stone wall. The stricken man bled to death. Hardly had this occurrence ended when great excitement arose through the efforts of the soldiers to hang a German baker in the town accused of having sold them cakes filled with ground glass. With difficulty he escaped, getting over a fence in the rear of his garden and being hidden by some of the townsmen. The charge was probably entirely unfounded.

Washington at the Start of the War

In Washing, a we stopped at Willard's Hotel and found the city in a state of the utmost excitement and confusion, expecting the approach of the rebels. The army was scattered about the streets of the city, the men of different regiments mingling together just as they happened to meet. Aids and messengers in uniform were galloping hither and yon, and indicating by their acts and manner the tense state of their nerves. I saw one who, in his haste and excitement, ran his horse directly upon the tongue of an artillery carriage coming the other way, and the horse, with penetrated breast, fell dead.

Around the floors of Willard's lay a number of the New York Fire Zouaves, who told us rather highly colored narratives of their encounter with the Black Horse Cavalry. Around each narrator gathered a knot of eager listeners, whose interest was heightened by the consciousness each possessed of the surrounding uncertainties. General Winfield Scott, whom we saw upon horseback, seemed both too old and too corpulent for responsibility in such a crisis. My grandfather and his brother were both concerned for the fortunes of General McDowell, for the personal reason that he had married a daughter of Burden, of Troy, N. Y., of whom they were the business representatives in Philadelphia. We had influence enough to get from Drake De Kay, whose autograph was apparently made with a pair of tongs, a pass to enter the various fortifications which were being rapidly constructed for the defense of the city. We likewise drove across the Long Bridge and to Arlington, which was then not a cemetery, and to Alexandria, where we saw the house in which the rebel tavernkeeper, Jackson, had shot Colonel Ellsworth and had himself fallen a few minutes later. It is difficult for those of the present day to understand what a wave of intense emotion spread over the land when Ellsworth was killed, but they can secure some idea of it by observing what a number of living men bear the name Elmer E. He was young, courageous and attractive, and became one of the earliest sacrifices offered up to the moloch of slavery. At the Capitol I was introduced to Emerson Etheridge, one of the Congressmen from Tennessee, who remained loyally at his post, notwithstanding the action of his State. Darkeyed, slight in build and voluble, he spat tobacco juice, right and left, over the beautiful marble which adorned the fireplace of the committee room. I also met Potter, of Wisconsin-short, chunky and muscular-who was then in great repute because, when Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, a cadaverous fire-eater, challenged him to a duel, he accepted and selected bowie knives as the weapons. Thereupon Pryor withdrew, upon the theory that they were not the weapons of a gentleman. It was the general opinion that Potter would have cut Pryor, who had more assertiveness than strength, into pieces. In the Senate, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who maintained the ethically indefensible attitude of participating in the legislation of the Government while making his arrangements for command in the rebel army to fight against it, attracted much attention. Tall and of good proportions, handsome, dark as an Indian, with straight hair, he walked up and down the chamber with slow step and with his hands clasped behind him, giving to all a good view of his imposing person. Later he became a major general in the rebel service, and in a number of defeats was still conspicuous, and, I believe, a brave soldier. I also met John C. Crittenden, of Kentucky, then old, thin and a little withered and wrinkled, who had made an earnest effort to avert the inevitable struggle. Much of the conversation about the Capitol concerned those Congressmen who had gone in a barouche to view the battle and had faller into the hands of the enemy.

An "Emergency" Recruit

We returned home, having failed in the object of our visit, but I had been in the midst of the most trying and critical situation of the entire war. If the rebels had advanced upon Washington after their success at Bull Run, the whole history of the world might have been changed. The prevalent feeling in Washington at the time was that we were in immediate danger and that the final outcome was in grave doubt.

In 1863 I was a private in Company F, of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Emergency Regiment, which met Early's division of Lee's army as it advanced upon Gettysburg before the coming of the Army of the Potomac under Meade. I do not intend to give here the details and incidents of that campaign, for the reason that I wrote at the time a full description of it, afterward published in my "Historical and Biographical Sketches," and for the further



Dedication of the monument at Gettysburg of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Emergency Infantry. Governor Pennsylvania standing in back of the chair at the left, suggested to the sculptor that the trousers of the figure be inside of the boots to indicate the sudden charge from civil to military life.

reason that in my address at the dedication of the monument erected on the field I made a thorough study of the contemporary orders relating to it showing its unique importance. The address may be found in the two volumes of "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," published by the State. It is my purpose here only to fill in a few additional features and to make some comments rather philosophical than historical. I went as a sergeant with a company from Phoenixville to Harrisburg in June. I had never been in that city before, and that night I slept on the stone steps of the Capitol wrapped in a red horse blanket. In view of my election to the governorship of the State, this incident has certain dramatic features, of which the Hon. Hampton L. Carson made good use in the nominating convention. When it was discovered that the men were required to be sworn into the service of the United States the company with which I had come, composed of my friends, declined to be so sworn, and returned to their homes. I went as a private into the Pottstown company, among strangers.

It is certainly remarkable that a boy should leave his quiet country home and within a few days march, as it were, direct to Gettysburg, not only the pivotal point of that tremendous conflict, but the scene of the most important events in all American history.

The Gettysburg Campaign

It seems almost as though there were a fatality which determined that affairs should so be shaped. If my own company had not gone home I should not have been in the regiment which went to Gettysburg, and I would have experienced nothing of consequence. The Pottstown company had decided to connect itself with another regiment in the camp, and only after much persuasion and considerable delay was prevailed upon by Colonel Jennings to change its association and unite with him. Had it not made this change I should not have gone to Gettysburg. The delay was likewise essential. The regiments were sent forward as organized, each going further to the southward than its predecessor. If Colonel Jennings had succeeded with the Pottstown company at the outset his regiment would have been filled and he would have taken the place part way up the valley to which Colonel Thomas's regiment was sent. We constituted the first and one of eight regiments sworn into the service of the United States for the existing emergency. We were the only body of troops during the entire war which entered the military service of the Government for a period of uncertain duration, and, with Lee invading the State, that period might well have extended into the indefinite future.

When we arrived at Gettysburg we found Major Granville O. Haller, of the United States army, in command there, and the only force at his disposal was our regiment. On the other side of the mountain, in the Cumberland Valley, not ten miles away, was Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia. Rodes, being in the advance, marched toward Harrisburg to carry the war into the heart of the State, and possibly to Philadelphia. Early, with a divisionartillery, cavalry and infantry-was sent over the mountain by the Chambersburg pike to Gettysburg. On the twenty-sixth of June, in the early morning, in obedience to the order of Major Haller, we marched out the Chambersburg pike to confront the approaching host. To this regiment of 732 men, who had left their homes only a few days before, unacquainted with their officers and comrades and unfamiliar with the ways of warfare, was assigned the task of stopping the

progress of the army of Lee. The order has often been criticized, but it was absolutely correct. The occasion required that what they were capable of doing, whether much or little, should be done. The reports of Early show that they held back his division an entire day. On the Hunterstown road we had an engagement with the rebels lasting over half an hour, in which we lost some wounded and 176 men captured. The rebel general, John B. Gordon, in his reminiscences of the Civil War, calls it a "diminutive battle," and claims that because of it he gained knowledge of great value to him and his cause in the coming contest. After encountering the enemy on the Chambersburg pike and again at Dillsburg, and after escaping threatened capture, the regiment, by hard marches across a country filled with foes, found its way to Harrisburg. The men had lost all of their baggage and equipments. From Friday morning until Saturday night they had been without food, and until Sunday afternoon almost without rest. They had fired the first shots and drawn the first blood upon the battlefield of Gettysburg. Students of the history of the war have been attracted by the unique relation of the regiment to that decisive battle, and some of them have regarded it as an essential factor. Circular No. 8, series of 1894, of the Loyal Legion of the United States says: "It was the only emergency regiment which participated in that decisive battle of the war, and it is an historical fact that, owing to the advance movement of Colonel Jennings's regiment, Gettysburg became the battleground."

Spear, in his "The North and the South," after pointing out that the coming of a scout with news of the approach of Meade did not lead to the concentration of Lee's army, as Lee wrote, for the reason that the order was given at 7:30 a. m. on June 28, and the scout did not arrive until the night of that day, declares that the concentration was the result of our combat on the twenty-sixth of June. He says, page 97: "It was the beginning of a series of events which colored and determined all the issues of this campaign in a military sense. This regiment was as unconscious of the resultant consequences of its action as was Lee himself. It was one of those insignificant events that so often are the important factors in great

On the wall at Pennypacker's Mills there hang together the knapsack I carried, the shoes I wore, a broken carbine made in Richmond in 1862 and picked up at the scene of our conflict and a ramrod I found in a rebel camp a few days later at Chambersburg on our way to join Meade.

The bronze figure of a young man clutching a musket, who has just run up upon the top of a native boulder, stands at the point where the Chambershurg pike leaves the town of Gettysburg to commemorate the service of the regiment. [It was Governor Pennypacker who suggested that the statue should show the trousers tucked into the bootlegs to indicate the sudden change from peaceful life to the battlefield .- Editor's note.] The names of those enrolled on it, cut in the bronze tablet, will be placed in the Pennsylvania memorial on the battlefield before the close of the present year.

When I returned home I was at once drafted. I had no idea of returning to the service in this way and my grandfather, who was much pleased with the outcome of my military experience, paid \$300 for a substitute at Norristown only too willing to go to the front in my stead. I do not know of his name or his fate.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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.

Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros CHAPTER XIX (Continued)

OH, nothing." The two mea rode on in silence for a time, then Leslie bid: "Queer thing happened back there while those Ronces were pop, ing at me. I heard a baby crying."

"A happen"

"A baby?"
"Sure. I suppose it was the washeroman's kid. When we flushed her she
probably vamped out and left it in the
grass. Anyhow, it let up an awful hol-

Jacket and the other loot-laden soldiers Jacket and the other loot-laden soldiers had been sent on ahead, tegether with those troopers who were sharing mounts with the rescued prisoners; they were now writing perhaps two miles from town for their companions to overtake them. As The column came up and halted, O'licilly ad-ressed a remark to Leslie Branch, but in the middle of it the faint, unmistakable complaint of a child came to his cars.

The Mysterious Sound

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "What on

The Mysterious Sound

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "What on earth—"

"I've been hearing it right along." Branch said. "I—I thought I had the willies."

The nearest riders abruptly ceased their chatter: they questioned one another mutely, doubting their own ears.

Again came that thin, mufile! wall, whereupon O'Reilly cried in astoni. ment:

"Lesit.' Why, R—it's in your bundle!"

He pointed to the formless roll of bedding which hung twon his friend's saddle-horn.

"G'wan! You've cruzy!" Branch slipped to the ground, seized the bundle in his arras, and bore it to the readside. With shaking hands he tugged at the knotted corners of the comforter. "Pure imagination!" So muttered, testily, "There's nothing in here but bedclothes. I just grabbed an armful—" The last word ended in a yell. Lossie sprang into the air as if his exploring fingers had encountered a colled serpent. "Oh, my God!" He poised as If upon the point of flight. "Johnme! Lock! It's alive!"

"What's affve? What is it?"

With a sudden desperate courage Branch bent forward and spread out the bedding. There, exposed to the bulging eyes of the onlookers, was a very tiny, very brown baby. It was a young baby; it was quite naked. Its eyes, exposed to the sudden giare of the morning sun, closed tightly; one small hand all but lost itself in the wide, toothless cavity that served as a mouth. Its jen ridiculous toes curled and uncurled in a most amazing fashion.

"Oh, my God!" Branch repeated, aghast. "It's just beborn! Its eyes aren't open."

The Cubans, who had momentarily been stricken dumb with amazement, suddenly broke into voluble speech. The clamor arrived to attract Colonel Lopez, who was integrated.

"What's the matter here?" he demanded, forcing his horse through the ring which had formed about El Demonto and his bundle. One startled look and the colonel flung himself out of his saddle, "Whose baby is that?" he demanded.

the child in horrified fascination. He choked and stammered and waved his hands impotently.

something."

He was right; the baby showed every sign of firm determination to voice her indignation at the outrage sie had suffered. Her hand stole out of her mouth, her flats closed, her face puckersed ominously Lojiez stooped, wrapped her in a sheet, then took her awkwarsiy in his arms. He bent a blazing glance upon the kidnapper, but he had no chance to speak before the storm of wallings broke. wailings broke.

News of Leslie's exploit was spreading.

wallings broke.

News of Leslie's exploit was spreading.

Men were shouting and gesticulating to their
comrades to come and see El Demonio's
spoils. There was a great chattering and
crowding and no little smothered laughter.

Meanwhile. Colonel Lopez was using every
desperate device to soothe the infant, but
without success. At last he strode up to
Leslie and extended his burden.

"Here." he said, harshiy, "she's yours. I
surrender her."

Leslie diew back. "No, you don't! I
wouldn't touch her for a thousand dollars!"
he cried.

But Lopez was firm. He spoke in a tone
of command: "Do as I tell you. Take her.
A fine outrage, to steal a baby! What
are we going to do with her? We can't
send her back.—the town is crazy. I've no
doubt I shall hear from this."
In spite of Leslie's choking protests, in
spite of his feeble resistance, Lopez pressed
the noisy stranger into his arms, then turned
to his men and directed them to be off.

The Quandary

The Quandary

Branch remained motionless. He was stupefied; he held the baby gingerly, not daring to put it down, dreading to keep it; his eyes were rolling, he began to perspire freely; Stretching a timid, detaining hand toward Lopez, he inquired, huskily, "What shall I do with her?"

"God knows, I don't," snapped the officer. "I shall have to think, but meanwhile I hold you responsible for her. Come now, we must be going."

Leslie swallowed hard; his face became overspread with a sicklier pailor. "What'll I do—when she gets hungry?"

Lopez could not restrain a smile. "You should have thought about that, compadre. Well, I know where there is a milk cow

that?" he demanded.

— Why, it's mine. I mean.

Branch's eyes were glued upon alid in horrifled fascination. He and stammered and waved his impotently.

Branch turned his head from side to side in desperation. He wet his lips. "It's the youngest one I ever had anything to do with. Maybe it ben't used to cow's milk."

"Come, come! Speak up! What does this sean," Lopez's voice grew stern.
"She must have besteen asleep. I just rabbed-you know. I — Branch's face exame suddenly stricken. "Look out" he housed hearsely. "She's going to cry, or mething."
He was right; the baby showed every sign of firm determination to voice her indignation at the outrage she had suffered. Her and stole out of her mouth, her flats lessed, her face puckered ominously Lopez tooped, wrapped her in a sheet, then took and no chance to speak before the storm of

The Sick Man

sick. I suppose it's that damned dungeon fever."

"Then we'd better look after him oursolves. These Cubans are mighty careless, you know. We can swing him between our horses, and—"

Judson looked up to discover that Johnnie was poised rigidly, his mouth open, his hands ha ted in midair. The sick man's voice had risen, and O'Reilly, with a peculiar expression of amazement upon his face, was straining his ears to hear what he said. ? What's the matter?" Judson inguired.

For a moment O'Reilly remained frozen in his attitude, then without a word he strode to the sufferer. He bent forward, staring into the vacant, upturned face. A cry burst from his throat, a cry that was like a sob, and, kneeling, he gathered the frail, filthy figure into his arms.

"Serves him right," Judson chuckled. "We'll make him sit up nights with it. Maybe it'll improve his disposition." More seriously he explained: "This chap here is all in. I'm afraid we aren't going to get him through."

Fo lowing Judson's glance, O'Reilly beheld an emaclated figure lying in the shade of a nearby guava-bush. The man was clad in filthy rags, his face was dirty and overgrown with a month's beard: a pair of reatless eyes stared unblinkingly at the brazen sky. His lips were moving: from them issued a steady patter of words, but otherwise he showed no sign of life.

"You said he was starving." Johnnie dismounted and lent Judson a hand with his task.

"That's what I thought at first, but he's sick. I suppose it's that damned dungeon fever," "The we'd better look after him oursolves. These Cubans are mighty careless, you know. We can swing him between our horses, and—"

Judson looked up to discover that Johnnie

CHAPTED VV

Judson had heard something of O'Reilly's stery; he had heard mention of Estelan and Rosa Varona; he stood, therefore, in silent wonderment, listening to the incoherent words that poured from his friend's lips. O'Reilly held the boy tenderly in his arms; tears roled down his checks as he implored Esteban to hear and to heed him.

"Try to hear me! Try!" There was fierce agony in the cry. "Where is Rosa?—Rosa?—You're safe now: you can tell me—You're safe with O'Reilly—I came back—I cume back for you and Rosa—Where is she?—Is she—dead?"

Other men were assembling now. The column was ready to move, but Judson

CHAPTER XX

EL DEMONIO'S CHILD

DURING the next few days O'Relly had Dreing the next few days o'Relly had reason to bless the happy chance which had brought Norine Evans to Cuba. During the return journey from San Antonio de los Banos he had discovered how really ill Estaban Varona was, how weak his hold on life. The young man showed the marks of wasting illness and of cruel abuse; starvation, neglect, and disease had all but done for him. After listening to his

"Esteban!" he cried. "Esteban! This is C'Relliy. O'Rail-ye! Don't you know me? poor fellow's mind was permanently affect-offelliy, your friend, your brother! For ed. It was an appalling possibility, one to God's sake, tel! me what they've done to which he could not reconcile himself. To you! Look at me. Esteban! Look at me! Oh, Esteban!" think that somewhere in that feverish brain was perhaps locked the truth about Rosa's fate, if not the secret of her where-abouts, and yet to be unable to wring an intelligent assets of the secret of her where-abouts, and yet to be unable to wring an intelligent assets. Such eagerness, such thankfulness, such passionate pity were in his friend's hoarse voice that Judson drew closer. He noticed that the faintest flame of teason flickered for an instant in the sick man's hollow eyes; then they began to rove again, and the name rusting whisper recommenced. Judson had heard something of Ollelly's story; he had heard something of Ollelly's

intelligent answer to a single question was intolerable. The hours of that ride were ans g the longest O'Reilly had ever passed iourse officed of the longest O'Reilly had ever passed of the six content of low hard served. She took complete charge of the sick man upon his arrival in camp; then in her brisk, matter-of-fact way she directed O'Reilly to go and get some much-needed rest. Esteban was ill, very ill, she admitted; there was no competent dector near and her own facilities for nursing were primitive indeed; nevertheless, she expressed confidence that she could cure him and reminded O'Reilly that nature has a blessed way of building as he is the could cure him and reminded O'Reilly in an aged to enjoy a night's sleep.

Levie and the Roby.

Leslie and the Baby

Leslie Branch was later than the others in arriving, for the baby proved to be a trial and a handicap. His comrades had refused him any assistance on the homeward journey. They expressed a deep, hearse condemnation of his conduct, and pretended to consider that he had sacrificed all claims to their friendship and regard. all claims to their, friendship and regard.

Branch took this seriously, and he was in a state bordering upon desperation when he reached camp. In the hope of unloading his unwelcome burden upon Norine Evans he hurried directly to her tent. But Norine had heard the story; Lopez had warned her; therefore she waved him away.

"Don't ask me to mother your stolen child," she said.

"Oh but you've got to" he declared in

"Oh, but you've got to," he declared in banic. "You've just got to," "Well, I won't. In the first place. I have a sick man in my tent."

"Well, I won't. In the first place. I have a sick man in my tent."

"But look! Listen! This baby dislikes me. I've nearly dropped it a dozen times. I—I'm going to leave it, anyhow."

But Norine remained firm in her refusal. "You shan't leave your foundling at my door. If you intend to steal bables you should make up your mind to take care of them." She was itching to seize the hungry little mite, but she restrained the impulse. "Go ahead and keep it amused until the cow arrives," she told him.

"Keep it amused! Amuse a starving brat!" tragically cried the man. "In Heaven's name, how?"

"Why, play with it, cuddle it, give it your watch—anything! But don't allow it to cry—it may injure itself."

Branch glared resentfully; then he changed his tactics and began to plead. "Oh, Norine!" he implored. "I—just can't do it. I'm all fagged out now, and, besides, T've sot the only watch in camp that

keeps time. I didn't sleep any last night, and it'll keep me awake all tonight. It's a nice baby, really. It needs a woman—"Norine parted the flaps of her tent and pointed inside, where Esteban Varona lay upon her cot. His eyes were staring; his lips were moving. "Mrs. Ruiz and I will have our hands full with that poor chap. For all we know, he may have some contagious disease."

can't."
"It'll die on me." Branch protested.
"Nonsense! It's the healthiest little
thing I ever saw. Wait until it has its
supper. You'll see." She disappeared into
her tent and Branch reluctantly turned

her tent and Branch reluctantly turned away.

Next he bore the infant to Judson and O'Reilly in turn; but both gruffly refused to assume the least responsibility for it. In the matter of advice concerning its wolfare, however, they were more oblighing. They were willing to discuss the theory of child-rearing with him as long as he would listen, but their advice merely caused him to glare halefully and to curse them. Nor odd he resard it as a mark of friendship on their part when they collected an audience that evening to watch him milk the c.w.—a procedure, by the way, not devoid of excitement and hazard, inasmuch as Franch's knowledge of cows was even more theoretical than his knowledge of bables.

The Conspiracy

Leslie had begun by this time to realize that there existed a general conspiracy against him; he net it with sullen resent ment.

He deeply regretted his ignorance of the Spanish language, however, for a thousand epithels and insults clamored for transla-tion.

Now there are cows which an amateur can milk, and there are other kinds. This particular cow was shy, apprehensive, peevish; Branch's unpracticed fumbing irritated her. Being herself a nomad of the savannas, she was accustomed to firm, masterful men, therefore when Leslie attempted courteously, applogetically, to separate her from her milk, she turned and hooked him.

El Demonio's audience, who had been

looking on with rapt attention, applauded this show of spirit. Branch was unwontedly meek. He acknowledged his tota inexperience, and begged his friends, almost politely, to call for a substitute.

Judson explained, gravely, "These Cubans don't know any more about cows than you do."

have our hands full with that poor chap. For all we know, he may have some contagious disease."

Anybody Want a Baby?

Branch was utterly shameless, utterly self-tich and uncompassionate. "I'm sick, too-sicker than he is. Have a heart? Remember. I risked my life to get you something nice to cat—"

"Yes! The most ridiculous procedure! ever heard of. What ever made you do such a crazy thing?" Norine was honestly indignant now.

"I'did it for you. It seems to me that the least you can do in return—"
"The least, and the most. I can do is to try to save this poor mains iffe," she firmly reasserted. "Now run along. I'd take the baby if I could, but I simply can't."

"Strangely enough, the animal stood color."

Strangely enough, the animal stood color.

Strangely enough, the animal stood color.

Strangely enough, the animal stood color.

Strangely enough, the animal stood quist for a time—lost in amazement, perhaps—and Leslie managed to cover the bottom of his big tin cup with milk. But at last the outrage proved too much for her; she slowly lifted one hind foot and poised it jerkily. She seemed to consider the next move for a moment; then she kicked forward and sent Branch flying.

"Can you beat that?" O'Rei ly exclaimed in apparent wonderment. "Why, she wall loped you with the back of her hand."

Judson, too, affected great amazement.

Judson, too, affected great amazement. "Most cows are left-handed," he declared. "Try her on the other side."

Branch dried the milk from his face, then in a shaking volce cried. "Have a good time with me. It's your last chance."

It seemed for a while that the entering was doomed to failure; but at last a ploor more of milk was secured, and this Less proceeded to dilute with warm water from a nearby campfire. Even then, however, his difficu ties were not over. He has son posed that any heby knew enough to dripk. It took him half an hour to discover his hope of any active assistance from his addince, he doggedly set to work to failure a nursing bottle. He succeeded in due time after making use of a flask, the stem of unused cigarette holder and a handled chief.