THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvanias Most Zealous and Energetic Governor Copyright, 1917, by Public Ledger Company,

consisted of two large rooms on the ground floor. No one else had yet arrived. Securing a book I selected a large and comfortable chair, drew it to the front window, and began my studies. Presently a tall young man with dark whiskers entered and coming over to me said: "It is a custom in this office that the oldest student occupies that chair and I will thank you to give it to me." I surrendered it with due meekness and had received my first lesson in discipline. The young gentleman was named J. Duross O'Brien, an earnest, good-hearted and agreeable fellows His aunt, a prosperous milliner, educated him. The old-time ways still prevailed in the office and the students were expected to run errands and to respond when called upon for any sort of manual assistance. Instead of mailing his letters. Mr. McCall would say in his blandest manner: "Mr. ____, I wish that on your way home this evening you will be good enough to deliver these letters." Once O'Brien said to him by way of protest: "Mr. McCall, is it the custom for students in a lawyer's office to carry letters?" "I think it is, Mr. O'Brien," and thereafter whenever a letter was deliverable at any unusual distance this particular student was pretty sure to get it. Sometimes he stayed away for days to avoid the letters, but these tactics were met by accumulation. Once O'Brien, who was not altogether refined, stood before Mr. McCall, who was the expression of delicate and perfect culture, being instructed upon some subject. In his pocket was a box of matches ready for the after-lunch cigar. In his pocket was also his hand fumbling the matches. Suddenly they were ignited. "Damn It to hell!" ejaculated O'Brien. He afterward went out to New Mexico, where I believe he achieved considerable success.

The Student's Associates

With Edward S. Harlan, student of a different type, I established a warm and lasting friendship. Lame in one foot, nature more than made up for the defect by giving him a handsome, strong face adorned with a graceful mustache. He had a good heart and a nimble wit. Once some one was endeavoring to twit me with being a countryman and inquired: "Do the people live in houses in that section of the State?" "The chiefs do," interjected Harlan. He died only too early of angina pectoris, which he bore with the utmost patience, and left an attractive daughter who' married Samuel Wagner. Charles M. Walton, a scion of one of the Quaker families of the State, fond of literature and appreciating its beauties with correct taste, a friend of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who often visited him, was also reading law at the time. Entirely too gentle and possessing too much sensibility to meet the buffets which he encounters who enters upon the practice of the law, he was beloved by all who knew him and soon died.

Of another mould was S. Davis Page, who harked back to the Byrds of Westover and other noted Virginia families. He had married and gone to Europe to escape the animosities which had to be borne by those of Southern sympathies in the early days of the war, but had returned to complete his studies. His studies had been too much interrupted to enable him to become profoundly learned in the law, but he had no intention of being set aside and life had much in store for him. He secured a fair practice and contended on behalf of his clients pugnaciously. He entered politics on the Democratic side, sat in the City Councils and became City Treasurer. His social success was pronounced, and his son, William Byrd Page, in his day at the University of Pennsylvania held the world's record for high jumping.

A little later John Sword came into the office. He had great aptitude for the law and was besides a close student. Mr. McCall thought so well of him that he took him, after admission to the bar. into some of his cases. Sword, after editing some volumes of reports. abandoned the law and as I have written became a devotee. He went to Oxford University and, entering the ministry, appeared later as the highest of high church Episcopalians. His life thereafter was spent in genuflexions and self-abnegation. Fond of the society of women, he refused marriage. Attracting the attention of Mrs. Paran Stevens, the widow of the Hoboken millionaire, she wanted to do much for him, but he sought work in the slums and among the poor and the lowly. He left the courts literally to fall upon his knees. Life is filled with strange contrasts. Before my time Mr. McCall had a pet student who married well, lived well, held his head high in society and in the end robbed the estates entrusted to him, forged mortgages and ran away to a remote country-disappearing in the darkness.

A Visit From Ingersoll

darkened, and I went on with my reading. The intruder came slowly over to my chair and said: "Will you kindly tell Mr. McCall, when he returns, that Joseph R. Ingersoll called and that no one arose to receive him." Then he turned on his heel. The situation was uncomfortable, for Mr. McCall held him in the highest respect and so had my father, who corresponded with him.

An Irish woman, named Margaret, took care of the offices. She had a son, Willie, about sixteen years of age, an only child, who grieved her heart by hunting up wild companions and getting drunk. Ashenfelter, who had been in the office a short time with me, suddenly concluded to go on a sailing vessel around Cape Horn, and, at the suggestion of Mr. McCall, Willie went with him. Margaret sadly let him go and at the last moment, tying a crucifix around his throat, told him never to take it off. In a storm off the Rio de la Plata, Willie, for some purpose, went to the prow of the vessel and was washed overboard and lost. He had removed the crucifix and it lay on the deck. I still have it, and his poor mother never knew this part of the tragedy.

At that time the method of training lawyers for the work of the profession was to have the student read upon the subject in the office of a practicing attorney and under his direction and to have his progress ascertained by occasional examinations. The reading was confined almost exclusively to dissertations upon the law and text books and there was little or no reference to particular cases. A principle was affirmed and if a case was cited it was as an elucidation of that principle. The judges were presumed to have known it and to have decided accordingly. The modern doctrine of the creation of law by the decisions of courts and the consequent importance of the study of cases had either not arisen or was only in its incipiency. In Mr. McCall's office we learned nothing of cases. and I have many a time wondered what I should do if perchance in the future an actual case should ever come to me.

While I was with him Mr. McCall gave up his home, took his family, or was taken by them, to the western part of the city and removed his offices to a two-story brick building on the cast side of Fourth street. It illustrates the relation of his students to him that they carried in baskets all of his large library and the other necessary articles to the new location. The relation to the client was also quite different from that which we now see, and instead of being a mere matter of business was in part, at least, friendly and paternal. One of Mr. McCall's clients, a little old man, to whom he showed marked attention, called Joseph Andrade, always with each Christmas brought him a turkey. Once I hardily went to him and said: "Mr. McCall, I want to read the works of Spinoza and Descartes and they are not in the Mercantile Library where I have a share; could I get them from the Philadelphia Library on your share?"

He was deeply religious and probably felt that he ought not to encourage a young man in dipping into that sort of philosophy. At all events, he did not assent. I read the books, nevertheless, and added to them Locke, Hamilton, Hobbes, Hume and Spencer.

Getting Acquainted

Through one summer I boarded in a Pennsylvania Dutch hotel on the east side of Third street near Callowhill, patronized alone by the clerks of merchants and by farmers coming into town. It was an interesting experience. I had a little room in the third story with one small window, a bed, a bowl and basin on a rough stand, two Windsor chairs, a strip of rag carpet along the bed and no other furniture, except a jordan. In the dining room we sat on stools at a long table. There were not, however, stools enough for all the guests, and as a result there had to be two services, and those who

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Goven at Camp at Camplaider



A sampler made by Governor Pennypacker's mother in 1824, when she was nine years old.

did not find a stool at the first opportunity must wait until the more fortunate were fed and another outfit made ready. When the gong sounded the doors were thrown open, there was a rush for the stools, in which men were jammed and clothes torn, and when the stools were filled the doors were again closed. I met some young men here who succeeded in life and whose paths again crossed mine. On Sundays I went to Franklin Square, and sitting on a bench there read Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

Ashenfelter, who had graduated at Dickinson College, had come to the city to read law, and together we rented the front room at No. 520 Spruce street from a Mrs. Wilson, the widow of a newspaper editor. It was modest enough, but kept bright and cleanly, and the impression even today is one of luxurious enjoyment. We ate our meals at the boarding house of a Mrs. Lydia Foster, on Sixth street below Locust. We called it the "Foster Home." Into the boarding house had been swept by the tides of misfortune Ann Kittera, a daughter of the noted Congressman, John W. Kittera, and related to the family of Governor Simon Snyder. Her gentility of manner, her faded finery of clothing and the furrows on her withered cheeks all told the same tale, and unconsciously each one of the household showed to her respect and called her "Miss Ann." Three young men from among those who gathered at that inexpensive table, two students of medicine and one of law, met together many years later as pallbearers at the funeral of the famous surgeon, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, -Dr. Roland G. Curtin, Dr. De Forrest Willard and myself. Another boarder was John Thompson Spencer, then a student of law, who later married the only daughter of John William Wallace, one of my predecessors as president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and who now entertains the European nobility when they come to Newport. With a Frenchman at the table I began to talk French, and thereafter our conversations were conducted solely in that language.

About this time I made the acquaintance of J. Granville Leach, he son of a Baptist preacher at Cape May, who was reading law in the office of Byron Woodward. The resources of Leach, like those of the rest of us, were narrow, and he slept in the office. Leach introduced me into the Law Academy and at his suggestion I, while yet a student, in 1865, was elected its assistant secretary. I. therefore, owe to Leach my first professional recognition. Through two winters I attended the law lectures at the University of Pennsylvania by Judge George Sharswood, P. Pemberton Morris and E. Spencer Miller, paying to each of them \$60 for the two terms; of the year. Miller had the reputation of being the least capable lawyer and the best lecturer. A nervous, combative little man, he had a practice which, it was supposed, netted him \$30,000 a year and had made him rich. When he died he left nothing behind him in the way of an estate. Sharswood had one of those kindly dispositions which made everybody fond of him. With young men he was ever gentle, and late in life he afforded the pathetic spectacle of a father watching through the night for the incoming of an only son whose wildness and waywardness he ever condoned. He had no presence, no voice and a troubled utterance. He suffered much from a physical cause, and in the trial of cases paced slowly up and down . behind the bench. Later he became Chief Justice of the Commonwealth and, after a career of great distinction, died universally esteemed and leaving his edition of Blackstone for the instruction of the profession. The lectures were delivered in the building on the west side of Ninth street, north of Chestnut. When I was graduated as a Bachelor of Laws we had no commencement save that I called, with others, and was given my diploma.



Peter McCall, Governor Pennypacker's preceptor, from a sketch in the collection of Hampton L. Carson

CHAPTER V The Philadelphia Bar

WHEN a stranger for the first time met Peter McCall the strongest impression made upon him was that he confronted a man instinctively a gentleman, and this impression grew with each succeeding interview. A descendant of George McCall, a merchant in Philadelphia in the early colonial period who owned McCall's Manor at Manataway, he had a thin, Celtic face, refined by long time and, perhaps, cross breeding, with pronounced lips and chin. Slim, perhaps five feet eight inches in height, he possessed a certain power of oratorical speech and much latent combativeness. He had been Mayor of the City, he had been a professor of law in the University of Pennsylvania. Often nominated for a judgeship in the Court of Common Pleas by the minority party, he each time failed of election. but no man could have been better fitted for the office. When clients were about to leave his inner room, after a closed interview, with the sweetest courtesy of manner he escorted them to the outer door. With timid visitors at his home, he broached one topic of conversation after another until he discovered the subject in which they were interested or informed, and then he sat and silently listened. Coming of a family of social importance, whose members had participated in the dancing Assemblies from their beginning, having inherited what he once described to me as "a little patrimony," holding a position at the bar everywhere recognized as close to the top, he had nevertheless encountered some of the adverse currents of life. He married a Southern woman, a descendant of General Hugh Mercer, who was killed at Princeton. She looked well enough and lived long, but she was either an invalid or a case of jangled nerves. Her closet was filled with bottles of medicines which she continually absorbed. She had one of those jagged wills which often accompany such a physique. On one occasion when I was at their country home she came to me with a pair of scissors and wanted me to cut the legs off a number of "Daddy Longlegs" which had invaded her parlor. To me the proposition seemed horrible and I bluntly refused. The sympathy accorded by a husband to supposed illness is a great leverage and she influenced him in many ways to his disadvantage. She wanted the comparative importance of the Mercers to be conceded. She prevailed upon him to move away from the house in which he had always lived to a more healthful locality. I know of no greater misfortune that can happen to the career of a man of ability than to be out of sympathy with his own people in a fateful

crisis in which they are right. Mr. McCall had been a Whig and had become a Democrat. Throughout the war his wife openly avowed her hope for the success of the Southern cause, and he was frequently denounced as a Copperhead. He never mentioned the subject, but when he failed to be re-elected to the vestry of St. Peter's Church, with which he had long been connected, and when his clients began to drop away and the students who before had striven to enter his office forsook him, intelligent and sensitive he felt the change keenly. At the time I entered his office the warmth of feeling existing at the outset of the war had somewhat abated and the genuine respect for Mr. McCall had begun to revive.

I reached the offices, No. 224 South Fourth street, on the west side of Fourth street below Walnut, in the early morning. They

Among the students I was the only one who had not graduated from some college, but three months had not gone by before they all habitually came to me for help when they were puzzled over the Norman French of Littleton and the Latin citations of the law books. I went to the office sometimes as early as 6 o'clock in the mornings, When the rest went away for their vacations in the summer I had the office to myself. I read the course prescribed, and very much more-the whole of Coke's commentaries on Littleton, the three volumes of Addison on Contracts, Fearne on Remainders, Sugden on Vendors, Sugden on Powers and I dabbled in the Year Books. One hot summer day I sat with a book in a comfortable old Spanish chair at the window of the back room. Presently some one appeared at the door. I thought it was a tramp, the room being somewhat

Walter thing by and this 27 day or light Maghereton Same.

A military order signed by General Washington while encamped at Pennypacker's Mills. It : ays: "Sir-You are hereby authorized to impress all the blankets, shoes, stockings and other articles of clothing that can be spared by the Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster for the use of the Continental Army, p., ying for the same at reasonable rates or giving certificates. Given at camp of Pennypacker's Mills this 27th day of September, 1777. To William Henry, Esq., Lancaster."

I was admitted to the bar in May, 1866. On the board of examiners sat George W. Biddle and William Henry Rawle, among others, and John Cadwalader, Jr., acted as secretary. They made an entry on their minutes that I had passed the best examination which had come before them during their term, much to the delight of Mr. McCall as well as myself. Biddle, long regarded as the leader of the bar, never forgot me and frequently recalled the impression of me then made. In the trial of cases he had a nervous habit of raising one hand and rubbing the back of it with the palm of the other, and he always spoke impressively. He had three sons, all of them lawyers, and it was his sad fate to see them all die in young manhood.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

By REX BEACH A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mys-**RAINBOW'S** END 4 * y × terious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain. Author of "The Spotlers " "The Barrier " "Heart of the Sunset

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

66TT was a hideous story, a story of rape, murder. I wonder that I didn't go mad.

I murder, I wonder that I didn't go mad. It never occurred to me to doubt, and, as never occurred to me to doubt, and, as the never occurred to me to doubt. The method of fact, the fellow was honest enough; he really believed what he told in the sunken road. All the hope, and the desire to live went out of me. You see, I had been more than half expecting bet Rosa it had been with the sickening far that I might never see her again. After the man had finished I felt the desire to be ave Matanzas for new fields and give method to get rid of me, for it meant more for the desire to the case. There we have the messenger to take me along. I was the to me to join our forces in the Orient.

The End of the Story

"That is how you found' me in this province. Lopez's man never delivered those dispatches, for we were taken cross-ing the trocha-at least. I was taken, for Pable was killed. They'd have made an ond of me, too, I dare say, only I was so weak. It seems a century since that night. My memory doesn't serve me very well from that, point for they jailed me, and I grow works.

worse. "I was out of my head a good deal." I seem to remember a stockade somewhere and other prisoners, some of whom nursed me. You say you found me in a cell in San Antonio de los Bance. Well, I don't know how I got there, and I never heard

"It will probably all come back to you in time," said O'Reilly. "No doubt."

and the full set.
and the fails and the

she had brought him back from the very voids. It was quite natural, therefore, that she should take a pride in her work and regard him with a certain jealous and regard him with a certain jealous proprietary interest; it was equally natural that he should claim the greater share of

er attention. "Have you harrowed this poor man's cellings sufficiently for once?" she inquired f o'Reilly.

O'Reilly. 'I have. I'll agree to talk about noth-

"I have. I'll agree to taik about nota-ing unpleasant hereafter." Esteban turned to his nurse, inquiring, abruptly, "Do you think Rosa is alive?" "Why, of course I do! Aren't you alive and—almost well?" Now, as an argument, there was no par-ticular force in this suggestion; neverthe-less, both men felt reassured. Estelian heaved a grateful sigh. After a moment he said: said: There is something I want to tell you

Esteban surrendered his hand with sus-

"You were flat broke when we got you," "You were flat broke when we got you," "Probably, I seem to remember that somebody stole it."

Treasure

"Doubloons: Pieces of eight: Golden guineas" exclaimed Norine. "Why those are pirate coins! They remind me of Treasure Island; of Long John Silver and his wooden leg; of Ben Gunn and all the rest." With a voice made hoarse, doubt-less to imitate the old nut-brown seaman with the saber scar and the tarry pigtail, who sat sipping his rum and water in the Admiral Benbow Inn, she began to chant; .

doubloon gave me the clue to its wherebuts. Pancho Cueto knew my father, helieved the story. He believed in strongly that well-that's why he unced my sister and me as traitors, but he di up our entire premises, but he didn't it," Esteban chuckled. "Don Esteban, father, was cunning: he could hide gs better than a magpie. It remained

find ft." Esteban chuckled. "Don isstenan, my father, was cunning; he could hide things better than a magpie. It remained for me to discover his trick." Norine Evans spoke breathlessly, "On, glory! Treasure! Real treasure! How per-fectly exciting! Tell me how you found it quick! Johnnie, you remember he raved about a doubloon—" "He is raving now." O'Reilly declared, ith a sharp stare at his friend.

with a sharp stare at his friend. The girl turned loyally to her patient. "Til believe you, Mr. Varona. I always be-lieve everything about buried treasure. The heve everything about buried treasure. The bigger tha treasure the more implicitly I believe in it. I simply adore pirates and such things: if I were a man I'd be one. Do you know, I've always been tempted to bury my money and then go look for it."

"You're making fun of me, What?" "You're making fun of me, What?" Esteban eyed the pair doubtfully, "No, no" Norine was indignant. "Johnnie doesn't believe in pirates or treas-ure, or—anything. He doesn't even believe in fairies, and he's Irish, too. But I do. I revel in such things. If you don't go on, I'll blow up."

revel in such things. If you don't go on, I'll blow up." "There is no doubt that my father had a great deal of money at one time." Esteban began: 'he was the richest man in the richest city of Cuba and _____" O'Reilly shook his head dubiously and braced his back against a treetrunk; there was a look of mild disapprobation on his face as he histend to the familar story of Don Esteban and the slave. Sebastian. Vacue Estabase told the table seet! His

Young Esteban told the slave, Sebastian, Young Esteban told the tale well. His wn faith in it lent a certain convincingness , his words and Norine Evans hung upon hem entranced. She was horrified at the count of Don Esteban's death; her eyes rew dark as Esteban told of his and Rosa's hildhood with their avaricious stepmother.

and the second states

tions. If, indeed, there had ever been a doubloon and if Esteban had found it in the dead hand of his stepnother, that, in o'Reilly's opinion, by no means proved the existence of the mythical Varona hoare, nor did it solve the accret of its where-abouts. What he more than half suspected was that some favored famey had found lodgment in Esteban's brain. tions. If, indeed, there had ever been

The Promise

"It's an interesting theory," he admitted, "Anyhow, there is no danger of the treas-ture being uncovered very soon. Cueto had a good look and made himself ridbulous, you'll have ample chance to do likewise when the war is over." "You must help me find it," said Esteban, "We shall all share the fortune equally, you two, Ross and L." "We? Why should we share in it?"

Norine asked.

Northe asked, "I owe it to you, Didn't O Reilly rescue me from a dungeon? Haven't you nursed ine back to health? Don't I owe my life to you both?" "Nonsense! I, for one, shan't take a dollar of it," the girl declared, "All I want to do is help dig. If you'll just prom-ise to let me do that..." "I promise. And you shall have one..."

promise. And you shall have onefourth

"No! No!" "Oh, but you must. I insist. Nursing a noorly paid profession. Wouldn't you "On, but paid profession. "Former sput-is a poorly paid profession." Norine sput-"Profession! Poorly paid ?" Norine sput-"Profession! To all take pay ?"

tered, angrity. "As if I'd take pay?" "As if I would accept a great service and forget it, like some miserable beggar?" Esteban replied, stiffly. O'Reilly laughed out. "Don't let's quarrel over the spoil until we get it." said he. "That's the way with all treasure-hunters. They invariably fall out and go to fighting. To avoid bloodshed. Thi agree to sell my interest cheap for cash. Come: What will you bid? Start it low. Do 7 hear a dollar bid? A dollar! A dollar! A dollar! My share of the famous Varona fortune going for a dollar!"

share of the famous values for a dollar" "There! He doesn't believe a word of it," Esteban said. it," Some

it." Esteban said. Norine gave an impatient shrug. "Some people wouldn't believe they were alive un-less they saw their breath on a looking-glasa. Goodness! How I hate a sneering skeptic, a wet blanket." O'Reilly rose with one arm shielding his face. "In the interest of friendship. I withdraw. A curse on these buried treas-ures, anyhow. We shall yet come to blows." As he walked away he heard Norine say: "Don't pay any attention to him. We'll go and dig it up ourselves, and we won't wait until the war is over."

wait until the war is over." An hour later Esteban and his nurse still had their heads together. They were still talking of golden ingots and pearl from the Caribbean the size of plums when they looked up to see O'Relly running toward them. He was visibly excited; he waved and shouted at them. He was pant-ing when he arrived.

'News! From Matanzas!" he cried.

"News! From Matanzas!" he cried. "Gomez's man has arrived." Esteban struggled to rise, but Norine re-strained him. "Rosa! What does he say? Quick!" "Good news! She left the Pan de Matan-zas with the two negroes. She went into the city before Cobo's ra'd." Esteban collapsed limply. He closed his eyes, his face was very white. He crossed himself weakly. "The letter is definite. It seems they were starving. They obeyed Weyler's bando. They're in Matanzas now." "The you hear, Esteban." Norine shook her patient by the shoulder. "She's alive, Oh, can't you see that it always pays to believe the best." "Alive! Safe." Esteban whispered. His

"Aliyet Safe" Esteban whispered. His eyes, when he opened them, were swim-ning: he clutched Norine's hand tightly; its other hand he extended to O'Reilly. The

his other hand he extended to O'Reilly. The latter was choking i his cheeks, too, were wet. "A reconcentrado! In Matanzas! Weil, that's good. We have friends there--they'll not let her starve. This makes a new man of me. See! I'm strong again. I'll go to her." "You'll go?" quickly cried Miss Evans. "You'll go? You're not strong enough. It would be suicide. You, with a price upon your head! Everybody knows you there. Matanzas is virtually a walled city. There's sickness, too--yellow fever, typhus.-" "Exactly. And hunger, also. Suppose no one has taken Rosa in? Those con-centration camps aren't thic places for a girl."

"But wait ! I have friends in Washing-

But wait: I have triends in Washing-ton. They're influential. They will cable the American consul to look after her. Anyhow, you musin't think of returning to Matanzas." Norine failtered: her voice caught unexpectedly and she turned her face away.

caught unexpectedly and she turned new face away. O'Reily nodded shortly. "You're a sick man," he agreed. "There's no need for both of us to go." Esteban looked up. "Then you..." "I leave at once. The Old Man has given me a commission to General Betan-court, and I'll be on my way in an hour. The moon is young; I must cross the trocha before..."

before—""That trocha!" Esteban was up on his "That trocha!" Esteban was up on his elbow ugain. "Be careful there, O'Reilly. They keep a sharp lookout, and it's guarded with barbed wire. Be sure you cut every strand. Yes, and muffle your horse's hoofs, too, on crossing the railroad track. That's how we were detected. Pablo's horse struck a rail, and they fired at the sound. He fell at the first volley, riddled. Oh, I know that trocha!"

"Damn the trocha !" O'Reilly exclaimed.

"Damn the trocha!" O'fielily exclaimed. "At last I've got a chance to do something. God! How long I've waited." Esteban drew O'Rellly's tense form down and embraced his friend, after the fashion of his people. "She has been waiting, too," he said, buskily. "We Varonas are good waiters, O'Rellly. Ross will never cease waiting until you come. Teil her, for me-" Norine withdrew softly out of earshot.

s. Ar

There were a lump in her throat and a pain in her breast. She had acquired a pecul-iar and affectionate interest in this un-happy girl whom she had never seen, and she had learned to respect O'Reilly's love. The yearning that had pulsed in his voice a moment before had stirred her deeply; it avoke a throb in her own bosom, for O'Reilly was dear to her. She wanted him to go, yet she knew the hagards that hay in his way. If, indeed, the girl were the Matanzas, how, Norine asked herself, was it possible for him to reach her? That O'Reilly had some und design was evident; that he would utterly disregard his own safety she felt sure. But that he would meet with fallure, perhaps worse, seemed equally certain. Matanzas was a beleag-ured city, and strangers could not enter or self behind prison walls, if she were still in biding somewhere on the island it would be There were a lump in her throat and a pain

leave it at will. If Rosa had not put her-self behind prison walls, if she were still in hiding somewhere on the island, it would be a simple matter to seek her out. But Ma-tanzas, of a 1 places :

tantas, of a l places: Then, too, the pacificos, according to all reports, were dying like flies in the prison camps. Norine wondered if there might not be a terrible heartache at the end of O'Relly's quest? Her face was grave and worried when, hearing him speak to her, she turned to take his outstretched hand. "You will be careful, won't you" she im-plored. "And you'll be stout of heart, no matter what occurs?" He nodded. "it's a long way back here to Cubitas. You may not see or hear from me again."

"I understand." She choked miserably, "You mean you may not come back. Oh,

Johnnie ?" "Tut, tut! We O'Reillys have more lives than a litter of cats. I mean I may not see you until the war is over and we meet in New York. Well, we've been good pals, and—I'm glad you came to Cuba." His grasp upon her two hands was painful.

"You must go. I know, and I wouldn't try to keep you, but — "Norine faitered, then impulsively she drew him down and kissed him full upon the lips. "For Rosa." she whispered. Her eyes were shining as she watched him pass swiftly out of sight.

CHAPTER XXII

THE TROCHA

THE TROCHA Of ALL the military measures employed by the Spaniards in their wars against Cubins independence, perhaps the most unique was the trocha-itench or traverses warbuilt the first trocha just west of tu-bitas Mountains, where the waist of the similar is narrowest. It was Campos's hope by means of this artificial barrier, to con-plement of Cuba but in that he failed as thewise he failed in the results gained is the operations of the insurgents to the easter end of Cuba. Sut in that he failed as thewise he failed in the results gained by the off the cities. Not unit Weylers these two methods of pacifica-tions where the concentration campi

developed to their fullest extent. Under the rule of the Butcher several trochas were constructed at selected points, and he carried to its logical conclusion the polley of concentration, with results sufficiently frightful to shock the world and to satisfy even Weyler's monstrous appetite for cruei-ty. Although his trochas hindered the free movement of Cuban troops and his prison camps decimated the peaceful population of several provinces, the Spanish crues gained little. Both tronches and prison camps became Spanish graveyards.

Complete Preparations

Weyler's intrenchments cost millions and were elaborately constructed, beited with arbed wire, bristling with blockhouses and forts. In both the digging and the ning, however, they cost uncounted lives, Spanish spades turned up fevers with the soil, and, so long as raw Spanish troops soil, and, so long as raw Spanish troops were compelled to to'l in the steaming mo-rasses or to he inactive under the sun and the rain, those trainor generals—June, July and Augusi—continued to pile up the bodies in rotting heaps and to timber the trenches with their hones. So long as the cities were overcrowded with pacificos and the rain, those trainor is so long as the didness with their hones. So long as the didness were overcrowded with pacificos and the rain, these parts arrisons sloken and did the Spanish garrisons sloken and the as files perish upon poisoned carrier. Our on the cool, clean hills and the windy savannas where the Insurrectos were keen on a barren raine. But they were hadded, gaunt, these insurrots were keep over the there was health. Poorly a remed, and inder-belied, could not keep in. At the time Johnnis O'Relly set out for he east, where the Insurrectos were virto-the east, where the Insurrector and rains and beyond the Jucaro-Moron trocha—the old one of Cronos's building—the country while the site virto of it, in the district which the Cubars called Las Villay, beyond the Jucaro-Moron trocha—the is the state of Matanzas, Habana and Pinar de book were compelled to to'l in the steaming mo-

statetons, picked bare of flexb by Weyler bar. The Jucaro-Moron trocha had be freadly strengthened since Campos a fit followed the line of the transmission along the grade were little forts connects by telephone and relearant lines. For these fortinas were sentry stations of the fraids were fund to be the or raincad ties. The jungte on either of the regain of way had been cleared from the remaining stumps and post of the strength which a man could be relieve were ready, challenges more study of the ducaro-Moron trocha