

Chest belonging to Hendrick Pannebacker, surveyor for the Penns, bearing the name of the grandson. The evolution of the Pennypacker name from Pannebacker to Pannebecker and then Pennypacker is interesting.

CHAPTER VI (Continued)

[Yesterday the first of a number of poems written by Governor Pennypacker was quoted in the autobiography. The others are given today.—Editor's note.]

MY MOTHER

THE Spartan mothers in the days of old. Bo runs the story, were entire content To see their sons who forth to battle went Return with maims and wounds, were they but bold: Or slain, if that no mark of shame they bore To show they faltered when they met the foe; Such gifts these Grecian mothers could bestow-Such sacrifices as a crown they wore. My mother wears a crown of greener bay, And offers better gifts by far than they, For that herself is her whole sacrifice. In all her life of one and seventy years No act of hers has caused another fears, No word of hers has dimmed another's eyes. From off the crest I peer adown the vale Toward which her feebler footsteps now descend, Toward which my own path must henceforward trend, And try through shadows to forecast the tale; Or, looking backward to that further time . When I was but a child and she in prime, Recall her tender touch and soft caress. And all her gentle ways and kindliness. In that long journey (may it lengthen yet) She e'er has kept within the narrow way. No thought of self has tempted her to stray, There's nothing she would have her sons forget. Oh, mother! if I, too, should reach thy age. Like unto thine may my then written page Be clean and pure-may virtue be instilled, And every duty be as thine fulfilled.

LLOYD MIFFLIN

The sceptre once with dread to man was fraught, That day has gone-the kings have lost their sway-The priest no longer rules, but kneels to pray, And o'er the earth the mightiest power is thought. A sylvan poet bends to touch his lyre Where Susquehanna's waters woo the isles, Where fields of dawn grow green with nature's smiles He sweeps the strings that glow with more than fire. In busy marts the trader stays his gain. The shepherd drops his crook in Arno's vales Miletus waits to hear forgotten tales, While listening Sorrow hides her inmost pain: The harp long mute by Scio's haunted leas Is swept again by classic melodies.

HYMN

A beautiful spiritual hymn concerning Haslibacher-how he was led from life to death.

In tone, "Warum betruebst du dich mein Hertz."

From the archaic German in the Ausband, a Mennonite hymn book published in Switzerland about 1629 and in Pennsylvania reproduced Translated into English verse by Samuel W. Pennypacker, March

We sing in such way as we can The fate which happened an old man. He came from Haslibach. Haslibacher was he called, Out of Kilchori Summiswald.

The dear Lord suffered it to be That he was punished grievously Because of his belief. They caught him at his home, I learn, And took him to the town of Berne.

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



And there in prison he was cast, In pain and torture was held fast, Because of his belief. Dut pain and torture did not scathe And steadfast kept he to his faith.

On Friday, as I understand, The learned priests who ruled the land Went to his prison cell, Degan to argue that he ought To yield the faith he had been taught.

The Haslibacher listened long While they disputed hard and strong. Then made this quick response: "I will not my belief resign. While life is in this body mine."

Cpon a Saturday again Appeared anew these learned men And angrily they spoke: 'If now this faith you do not doff You soon will have your head cut off."

The answer came both short and quick: "To my belief I mean to stick, I hold it steadfastly, if God approves, naught can alarm And He will save me from all harm."

And that same Saturday at night An Angel of the Lord with might To Hashbacher came: And said: "The Lord me here did send To strengthen you to meet your end.

To give you help that will avail If in your faith you do not fail, But stand both fast and firm, That faith is pleasing to the Lord. He holds your soul in good accord.

"Although you will be driven hard And then must perish by the sword. Be not thereat alarmed, There I shall be right at your side And all the pain you may abide."

BIBLIA,

Mifes und Meues

Westaments,

Dach ber Deutschen Heberfestung

D. Martin Suther 8,

Dit jebes Capitels furgen Summarien, and

bergefügten bielen und richnigen Parallelen:

Rebft bem gewöhnlichen Anhang

Des britten und vierten Buche Gfra und bes

bruten Buche ber Marcabaer.

Gebrudt ben Ehriftoph Saur, 1743.

Title page of the first American Bible. It was printed in

1743 in the German language.

While Menday's hours were passing o'er The learned men came still once more To Haslibacher's cell, And what they wanted was in brief He should surrender his belief.

"If not," said they with the same breath, "Tomorrow you will suffer death." Then Haslibucher said: "Before my own belief I scoff You may indeed cut my head off."

That Monday night in darkness deep The Hastibacher lay asleep, About the midnight hour He dreamed it was all light, and they Had come to take his head away.

The Hashbacher then arose,

A brilliant light did all disclose, A book before him lay-An Angel of the Lord then spoke: "Read what you find in this dread book." He found as then he turned to look This marvel writ within the book,

To show the wrong done unto you." And after he had read it all, Again the night did 'round him fall, Again be fell mdeep, And never did he wake once more

Until they oped his prison door,

"When they cut off your head

Three signs will God disclose to view,

They hade to him a pleasant morn, He thanked them with no touch of scorn. And then to him they said: You first the Godly word shall hear Then cut a meal, the last while here."

"From my belief I do not part. The Godly word is in my heart, My cause I give to God. My soul is darkened by no lie And innocent I wish to die."

Then to an inn they took their way. Good meat and drink before him lay, The headsman by his side; That he should be in serest dread And from his faith be thus misled.

The Mennist to the headsman spoke: "Your meat and drink my courage woke. You will upon this day Four out an innocent man's blood. But that is for my soul's great good."

He further said: "God will you show Three signs that you may easily know And every man can see, My head cut off will lie awhile Then leap into my hat and smile.

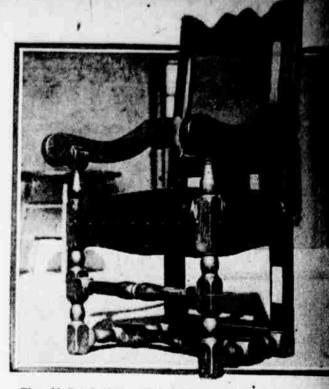
The second sign will be as clear And on the sun itself appear. Now to the third give heed. The sun will be us red as blood, The Studel Erun be a red flood."

The judge turned to the lords, indeed: "Do you to these three signs give heed And see if they occur. If all of this should happen so Your souls may yet encounter woe."

The meal had now an end at last. They wished to bind his two hands fast, The Haslibacher spoke: "I pray you Master Lorentz so You me permit unbound to go,

"Prepared and ready I can be My death in truth rejoices me And I am full content, On those themselves who mercy show,

As he was to the scaffold led He took his hat from off his head. Right there before the crowd. "I pray you, Master Lorentz, that You let me here out down my hat "



The old Dutch chair which belonged to Hendrick Pennebacker, the immigrant,

Then down he fell upon his knee And offered prayers up two or three. And longer yet he prayed, "What cause is mine the good God sees, Do with me now whate'er you please."

The headsman then cut off his head, It leaped into his hat and bled. he signs could all men see. The sun became as red as blood, The Stadel Brun ran a red flood.

Then said an aged man thereat: "The Mennist's mouth laughs in his hat." Then said an old gray man: "If you had let the Mennist live It would you lasting welfare give."

The lords together whispered then "No Mennist will we judge again." An old man spoke aloud: "If as I wished it had been done, The Mennist had been left alone."

The headsman said in saddest mood, "Today have I shed guiltless blood." Again an old man spoke: "The Mennist's mouth laughed in the hat, God's punishment will follow the.

He who this little hymn has made Is for his life in prison laid, To sinners sends he love, A man brought pen and ink to write He sends to you a last good night.

I never had any instruction in German. After I had been admitted to the bar Dr. Oswald Seidensticker, of the University of Pennsylvania, one day told me that George M. Wagner, a hardware merchant on Callowhill street, near Fifth street, had the manuscript account book of Francis Daniel Pastorius kept in 1702 and in it was an account with Hendrick Pannebecker. Eager to know what it contained, I went to examine the book, but being written in German script I was unable to read it. At Mrs. Foster's boarding house I had an old German friend named C. Louis Scherer. I led him up to the hardware store, but the script was two centuries old, he was matter of fact and absolutely devoid of imagination and he could not read it I, determined not to be baffled in that way, bought a German grammar and dictionary and went to work, and at the end of about a year I went to the store and made a copy of the entry. With like material I began the study of Dutch and I have carried both languages with me through my later life. When in Holland, in 1897, I spent a day with a citizen of Utrecht who ac companied me to Gorcum. He did not know a word of English and I had the satisfaction of hearing a Dutchman say of myself on the train, "If he were here for three months he could talk Dutch." When Ashenfelter returned from an abode of sixteen months Guayaquil, where he became secretary to the United States Consul, had the yellow fever, smuggled cocoa, and secured, together with a profit of \$1500, a knife cut across the chin and a bullet wound in the leg, I began to study Spanish and to use it in conversation with him. I proceeded so far as to read Don Quixote and other Spanish literature, and it caused me very little difficulty.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

RAINBOW'S END

Germantown:

By REX BEACH

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

CHAPTER XXIV (Continued) JACKET nodded listlessly; his optimism too, was gone. "They must all be dead or we would have found them before this," said he. When O Reilly made no answer he continued, "It is time we thought of getting away from here, eh?"

way from here, eh?"

Johnnie was sitting with his face in his hands. Without lirting his head he inquired: "How are we going to get away? It is easy enough to get into Matanzas, but—" He shrugged hopelessly.

From where the two sat they could see on the opposite hillside a section of the dich and the high barbed-wire fence which girdled the cit, and made of it a huge corral. Spaced at regular intervals along the intrenchments were slow-moving diminutive figures, sentries on their well-worn paths.

To the Quinta

Jacket brightened at the thought of escape. "Ho! I'll bet we can find a hole somewhere," he said. "We're not like these others. They haven't the spirit to try." There was a moment of silence, and then. "Caramba! You remember those jutias we ate? They were strong, but I would enjoy the smell of one now. Er? Another week of this and we shall be living on garbage like the rest of these poor people."

Leaving Jacket to take his time, Johnnie completed the climb alone, meditating upon the boy's words, "The spirit to try!" Where had his spirit gone, he wondered, Perhaps it had been crushed beneath the weight of misery he had behi?!'s strley he had seen enough. Hourly contact with sickness and misfortune on such a gigantle scale was enough to chill any one's hopes, and although his sensibilities had been dulled, his apprehensions had been quickened hour by hour. Now that he looked the matter squarely in the face, it seemed absurd to believe that a tender girl like Rosa Varona could long have withstood, the hardships of this hideous place; stronger people than she had succumbed, by the hundreds, Even now the hospitals were full, the sick lay untended in their hovels. No one, so far as O'Rellly knew, had undertaken to estimate how fast they were dying or the number of dead which had already ridden out of Matanzas in those rumbling wagons, but there were many. What chance was there that Rosa had not been among the latter? Setter by far had she remained among the empty fields and the barren slopes of the Fan de Matanzas for there at least the soll seld roots and the trees bore fruits or berries, while here was nothing but gaunt samine and gnawing disease.

As he breasted the summit of La Cumbre, O'Rellig beheld at some distance a bent figure of want. It was a negro woman, grubing in the earth with a sharpened stick. After a suspicious scrutility of him she resumed her digging.

Nothing but a heap of stones and plaster remained of the Varona home. The grounds once besuiful. even when neglected as in Dom. Imbel's time, were

no fruit and the odor of their blooms was a trial mockery to the hungry visitor. The evidences of Cueto's vandalism affected o'Reilly deeply; they brought him memories more painful than he had antehpated. Although the place was well-nigh unrecognizable, nevertheless it cried aloud of Rosa, and the unhappy lover could barely control the emotions it awakened. It was indeed a morbid impulse which had brought him thither, but now that he was here he could not leave. Unconsciously his feet turned toward the ancient quarry which had formed the sunken garden—his and Rosa's trysting-place.

O'Reilly desired above all things to be alone at this moment, and so he was annoyed to discover that another person was before him—a womant, evidently some miserable pacifico like himself. She, too, appeared to be looking for roots, and he almost stumbled over her as he brushed through the guava-bushes fringing the depression.

His sudden appearance alarmed the crea-

through the guava-bushes tringing the de-pression.

His sudden appearance alarmed the crea-ture and she struggled, panic-stricken, out of his path. Her rags could not conceal the fact that she was deformed, that her back was crooked, so he muttered a reasuring word to her.

This place was more as he had left it— there was the stone bench where he had

This place was more as he had left ilthere was the stone bench where he had
raid good-by to Rosa; yonder was the well"Senor" Johnnie heard himself aldress al by the hunda-backed woman. Her
voice was thin, tremulous, eager, but his
thous its were busy and he paid no heed.
"Senor! Do you look for something—some
one—"

"Sence! Do you look for something—some one—"
"New Yes—" he answered, abstractedly. "Yes, I am looking for something—
some one."
"Samething you have lost?"
"Something I have lost!" The question came to him faintly; but it was so in tune with his unhappy mood that it affected him strangely. He found that his eyes were blurring and that an aching lump had risen into his throat. This was the breaking point.

. "O'Rail-ye!"

"O'Rail-ye!"

O'Reilly's hearing, too, was going wrong, for he imagined that some one whispered his name. God! This place was not dead—it was alive—terribly alive with memories, voices, a presence unseen yet real. Fe laid hold of the near-st bush to steady himself, he closed his eyes, only to hear his name spoken louder
"O'Rail-ye!"

Johnnie brushed the tears from his lashes. He turned, he listened, but there was no one to be seen, no one, that is, except the dusky cripple who had straightened herself and was facing him, noised uncertainly. He looked at her a second time, then the world began to spin dizzily and he groped his way toward her. He peered again, closer, for everything before his eyes was swimming. The woman was thin—little more than a skeleton—and so frail that the wind appeared to sway her, but her face uplitted to the sum, was glorified. O'Reilly stood rooted, staring at her until she opened her eyes, then he voiced a great cry:
"Rosa" What more he said he never kney."

strength had flown and she lay inert in his embrace, scarcely breathing. Tears stole down her cheeks and very faintly her fingers fluttered over his bearded cheeks. Dazed, doubting, astounded, it was some time before Johnnie would convince himself of the reality of this moment, and even then words did not come to him, for his mind was in turmoil. Jey, thanksgiving, compassion—a thousand emotions—mingled in a sort of delirium, too wild for coherent thought or speech.

thought or speech.

Fear finally brought him to his senses, for he became aware that Rosa had collapsed and that his endearments left her untirilled. Quickly he bore her to the bench and laid her upon it. After a time she smiled up into his eyes and her words were scarcely more than a murnur:

"Itied heard my propers and send you to the propers and send you have the scarce of the send were scarcely more than a murnur: "God heard my prayers and sent you to me."

"Rosa! You are ill, you are weak—"

"Rosa! You are ill, you are weak—"

Her eyelids fluttered. "I am dying,
O'Rail-ye I only waited to see you."

No, no." In agony he gathered her
once more into his arms.

"Oh, yes." Her bloodless fingers touched
his face again, then his thin, worn rags.

"You, too, have suffered. How came you
to be so poor and hungry, O'Rail-ye?"

"I'm not poor, I'm rich. See." He Jingled
the coins in his pocket. "That's money;
money for you, sweetheart. It will buy you
food and medicine, it will make you weil
and strong again. Rosa, dear, I have looked
for you so long, so long—"His voice broke
wretchedly and he bowed his head. "I—I
was afraid—"
"I waited as long as I had strength to

for you so long, so long—"His voice broke wretchedly and he bowed his head "I—I was afraid—"I waited as long as I had strength to wait." she told him. "It is too bad you came so late."

Once again she lapsed into the lethargy of utter weakness, whereupon he fell to stroking her hands, cailing upon her to come back to him. He was beside himself now; a terrible feeling of impotence and despair overcame him.

Hearing some one spesk, he raised his eyes and discovered at his side that figure of want which he had seen digging on the siope below. It was Evangelina. The negress was little more than skin and bones, her face had grown ape-like, but he recognized here and she him.

"You are Rosa's man."

"You are Rosa's man."

"Yea. But what is wrong with her? Look! She is ill—"

"She is often like that. It is the hunger. We have nothing to eat, senor. I, too, am ill—dying; and Asensio—Oh, you don't know how they made us suffer."

"We must get Rosa home. Where do you live?"

Evangelina turned her death's head toward the city. "Down yonder. But what's the use? There is no food in our house and floss is afraid of those wagons. You know—the ones with the corpses. She made me bring her here to die."

The girl was not wholly unconscious, it seemed, for she stirred and murmured, faintly: "Those wagons! Don't let them put me in there with the other dead. They yolled her.

ORBITION. A strong her bestered and murmured, faintly: "Those wagons! Don't let them put me in there with the other dead. They yolled her.

ORBITION. A strong a strong de-stranged her.

ORBITION. A weak shudder convulsed her.

ORBITION. A weak shudder convulsed her.

ORBITION.

to die. I have money for food. Rouse yourself, Rosa, rouse yourself."

"She prayed for you every night," the highest volunteered "Such faith! Such trust! She never doubted that you would forme and flud her. Sometimes she cried, but that was because of her brother. Esteban, you know, is dead. Yes, dead, like all the rest."

"Esteban is not dead," O'Reilly asserted.
"He is alive, Rosa, do you hear that? Esteban is alive and well. I left him with Gomez in the Orient. I have come to take you to him."

Gomez in the Orient. I have come to take you to him."

"Esteban alive? Ha! You are fooling us." Evangelina wagged her head wisely. "We know better than that."

"I tell you he is alive," O'Reilly insisted. He heard Jacket calling to him at that moment, so he hallooed to the boy; then when the latter had arrived he explained briefly, without allowing Jacket time in which to express his amasement:

"Our search is over; we have found them. But they won't believe that Esteban is alive. Tell them the truth."

"Yes, he is alive. We found him rotting in a prison and we rescued him." Jacket corroborated. He stared curiously at the recumbent figure on the bench, then at O'belly. He puckered his lips and gave vent to a low whistle of amazement. "So. This is your pretty one, eh? I— She—Well, I don't think much of her. But then, you?"

Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she late a skinny claw upon O'Reiliy's shoulder.

you are not so handsome yourself, are you?"

Evangelina seemed to be stupid, a trifle touched, perhaps, from suffering, for she laid a skinny claw upon O'Reilly's shoulder and warned him earnestly "Look out for Cobo. You have heard about him, ch? Well, he is the cause of all our misery. He hunted us from place to place, and it was for him that I put that hump on her back. Understand me, she is straight—straight and pretty enough for any American. Her skin is like milk, too, and her hair—she used to put flowers in it for you, and then we would play games. But you never came. You will make allowances for her looks, will you not?"

"Poor Rosa! You two poor creatures!" O'Reilly choked: he hid his face upon his sweetheart's breast.

Rosa responded: her fingers caressed him and she sighed contentedly.

O'Reilly's ascent of the hill had been slow, but his descent was infinitely slower, for Rosa was so feeble that she could help herself but little and he lacked the strength to carry her far at a time. Finally, however, they reached the wretched hovel where Asensio lay, then leaving her there, Johnnie sped on alone into the city. He returned soon with several small bundles concealed about his person, and with Evangelina's help he set about preparing food.

Neither Rosa nor the two negroes had any appetite—their hunger had long since passed the point at which they were conscious of it—and O'Reilly was compelled to force them to eat. When he had given them all that he dared he offered what food was left to Jacket.

The boy moistened his lips and his fingers twitched, but she shook his head.

"Oh. I'm not so hungry," he declared, indifferently. "I have a friend in the market-place! I will so down there and steal."

O'Reilly patted him on the shoulder, saying: "You are a good hid, and you understand, don't you? These sick neople will need more food than we can buy for them, so we will have to draw our helts tight."
"Of course. Eating is a habit, anyhow, and we men know how to get along without it. I will manage to find something for you and me, for I'm a prodigious thief. I can steal the hair from a man's head when I try." With a nod he set off to find his benefactor's supper.

Jacket whistled heroically until he was out of O'Reilly's hearing, then his bearing changed. His mouth drew down, and moisture came into his eyes. He rubbed a grimy hand over his stomach, murmuring, faintly: "Cristo! It is hard to be a man when you smeil things cooking."

CHAPTER XXV THE HAUNTED GARDEN

THE HAUNTED GARDEN

ROSA VARONA did not die. On the contrary, under her lover's care signade so amazingly swift a recovery that improvement was visible from hour to hour; she rathed like a wilted flower under a refreshing rain. It was o'Reilly's presence as much as the nourishing diet provided by his meney which effected this marvel, although the certainty that Esteban was alive and safe nut added force into her determination to live. Rosa found hope springing up in her's breast, and one duy she caught herself laughing. The marvel of it was unhellevable. O'Reilly was sitting beside her bed of leaves at the time; impulsively she pressed his hand to her lips, repeating a question she had asked him many times. Bo you love me?

For answer he bent and klassed her. What he raid was of no consequence.

Rosa heid his hand against her cheek, at a loss for words with which to voice her gladness.

"Such happiness as mine belongs in heaved," she managed to tell him "Sometimes it frightens me. With you by my side this prixon is a paradise and I want for nothing. War, suffering, distress—I can't magine they longer exist."

"Nevertheless, they do, and Matanzas is anything but a paradise," said he, "It is hell, and we must set about quickly to get out of it."

"Secape, do you mean? But that is impossible. Asensio can tell you all about that. The Spaniards used to issue passes for the men to go outside the lines in search of food. It was just a trick. They never came back—all of them were killed. Every one knows better than to try, now."

"Nevertheless, we can't stay here much longer." In answer to the girl's puzzled inquiry he explained: "My money is gone—all but a few cents. This is the lass of our food and there is no chance of getting more. Jacket has some mysterious source of supply and he manages to bring in something every now and then, but there are five of us to feed, and he can't furnish more than enough for himself. No, we must make a move at once, while we have the strength."

"I have been close to death so long tha

to pass us through the lines, but I have spent all that General Betsacourt gave me." He smoothed back Rosa's dark hair and smiled reassuringly at her. "Well, I'll manage somehow; so don't worry your pretty head. I'll find the price, If I have to waylay old Don Mario and rob him. Don't you think I look like a bandit? The very sight of me would terrify that fat rascal."

"To me you are beautiful," breathed the girl. Then she lowered her eyes. "La, la! How I spoil you! I have quite forgotten how to be ladylike. Isabel was right when she called me a bold and forward hussy. "Now, then, please turn your face skide, for I wish to think, and so long as you look at me I cannot—I make love to you brazenly. See! Now, then, that is much better. I shall hold your hand so. When I kiss It, you may look at me again, for a moment." Drawing herself closer to O'Reilly, Rosa began thoughtfully: "Before you came I more than once was on the point of appealing to some of my former friends, but they are all Spaniards and we are no longer—simpatico, you understand."

Rosa paused for his answer.

"Perfectly; I'm in the same fix. Of all the people I lased to know there isn't one but would denomine me if I made myself known. Now that I've been fighting with the Insurrector, I daren't even go to the American consul."

Rosa nodded, then continued, hesitatingly: "Rosa nodded, then continued, hesitatingly: "I had a vivid dream last night. Perhaps it was a portent. Who knows? It was about that stepmother of mine. You remember how she met her death? I wrote you."

"Yes, and Esteban albe told me."

"Yes, and Esteban also told me."

"Yes, and Esteban also told me."

"Yes, and Esteban also told me."

"It was he who recovered her body from the well. One day, while we were in hiding, away up yonder in the Yumuri, he showed me an old coin—"

I know." O'Relliy said, quickly. "He told me the whole story. He thinks that doubloon is a clue to your father's fortune, but—I can't put much faith in it. In fact, I didn't believe until this moment that there was a doubloon at all."

"Oh, indeed there was! I saw it."

"Then it wasn't merely a sick fancy of your brother's?"

"Indeed no, it—" Rosa broke off to exclaim, "O'Relliy, you are looking at me!"

"But you gave me the signal to look," he protested.

"Nothing of the sort; you placed your

exciaim, "O'Reilly, you are looking at me?"

"But you gave me the signal to look," he protested.

"Nothing of the sort; you placed your fingers upon my lips." That was a moment of silence during which the lovers were oblivious to all but each other, then Rosa murmured: "How strange! Sometimes gray, Does that mean that your love, too, can change?"

"Certainly not. But come, what about Esteban and that doubloon?"

With an effort the girl brought herself back to earth. "Well, it occurred to me, in the light of that dream last night, that Isteban may have been right. Of course, nobody outside of our family credits the old story, and yet my father was considered a very rich man at one time. Pancho Cueto believed in the existence of the treasure, and he was in a position to know."

Ross lifted herself upon her cibow, her eyes aparkling. "Woulin't it be wonderful!"

ages of gems. Oh. I've heard Isabel talk about it often enough!"

"Don't forget those pearls from the Caribbean, as large as plums," Johnny smiled, "I could never quite swallow that. A pearl the size of a currant would buy our freedom right now." After a moment he went on, more seriously: "I've a noting to look into that old well this very afternoon. I—I dare say I'm foolish, but—somehow the story doesn't sound so improbable as it did. Perhaps it is worth investigating—" He made up his mind swiftly." I—I'm off this very instant."

Jacket's Weapon

When O'Rellly emerged from the hut he found Jacket industriously at work over a fragment of grindstone which he had some where uncarthed. The boy looked up at his friend's approach and held up for inspection a long, thin file, which he was slowly shaping into a knife blade.

"What do you think of that?" he queried broudly. "It may come in handy when we are ready in clear out of this pesthole.

"Where did you get it?"

"Oh. I stole it. I steal everything I can lay my hands on nowadays. One can never tell when he may have a throat to cut, and a file has good steel in it."

"Since you are such an acceptable for me?" O'Rellly inquired. "A year of rope."

"Rope?" Jacket was puzzled. "Rope is conly good for hanging Spaniards. My triend in the fish-market has a volandra, and perhaps I can rob him of a halyard." Laying aside his task, Jacket arose and made off in the direction of the waterfront. He was back within an hour, and under his shirt he carried a coil of worn, but service, able, rope. Without waiting to explain his need for this unusual article. O'Relly linked arms with the boy and set out is climb La Cumbre. When at last they stock in the unused quarry and Johnnie mad known his intention to explore the old was lacket regarded him with undismit amazement.

"What do you expect to find down there?"

What do you expect to find down th

amazement.

"What do you expect to find down they the latter inquired.

"To tell you the truth, I don't really pect to find anything." the man confession, it is not to find anything. The man confession is nevertheless. I'm going to he look for the hidden treasure of the roms."

"Hidden treasure!" From Jacket's pression it was pain that be farrefriend was mildly med. Even after O' had told him something about old Esteban's missing riches, he scentistory. He pacped inquisitively into the opening of the well, then he shook his "Caramba! What an idea! Was it man crazy, to throw his money away "He—he had more than he knaw to do with, and he winsed to gave it the Spaniards." O'Reilly explained.

"Humph! Nolledy ever had man than he wanted. The boy's discuss out that he wanted to the product of the product of