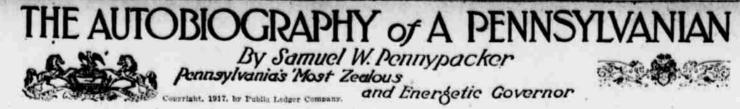


By 1871, when Governor Pennypacker was twenty-eight years old, he had become prominent in civic and political affairs. This smooth-shaven young man was a frequent visitor at important meetings.

CHAPTER VII Reformer

THE provailing sentiment in Chester County during the time of my early life there was that it was the duty of all men to show an interest and even to participate in the management of public affairs. Mray of the youths about to enter upon the struggles that confronted them had some ambition in the direction of seeking public station. In any event they had a real concern for, and earnestly , discussed, the acts and the merits of officials, whether executive or representative. As one of them I saw or thought that I saw much that meeded improvement, and I was altogether ready to take hold somewhere and make an effort to have the evils which afflicted the administration of public affairs corrected. My experience had not been sufficient, nor was my philosophy subtle enough, to enable me to see that while there is much in the conduct of men that is imperfect, such imperfection is at least as great among those who narrate and comment as among those who do the work of the world. What appeared in print was accepted as the truth, and there my reasoning began. It needed to go much deeper. The feeling in the county was very antagonistic to Simon Cameron, who was then a controlling factor in the Republican party in the State, and with that feeling the members of my own family, which for over half a century had been active in county affairs, were in entire accord. I regarded him as a malign influence which was, through the efforts of those imbued with a due regard for the public welfare, to be in some way or other overcome. The entire line of political thought was that a Democrat was an obnoxious person who had been helping his friends in a wicked attempt to destroy the Government, and in order that he might be continuously and forever repressed it was necessary to purify the Republican party by the climination of Cameron and those in combination with him.

Later I went to the city. In the boarding house on the north nut, below Fifth street, there boarded a man named



arrived from Ohio, barefooted and penniless, and by doing little chores around the house of a fire engine company had found there a place to sleep. Later he acquired a fortune, bought an expensive house on North Broad street, secured extensive contracts for sewers and reservoirs, developed into a power in the politics of the city and State, and became a member of the State Senate.

Charles H. T. Collis had just returned from the war. An office boy in the office of John M. Read, who became Chief Justice, that influential gentleman made a pet of him and advanced his fortunes. Collis took a regiment of Zouaves into the war and became a brigadier general. Such a condition of things always arouses envy and opposition and Collis was ever followed by the stories of incapacity and even lack of courage. I do not believe any of them. He suffered from the disadvantages of a man who pursues fortune too cagerly and he was not always equipped, but he had energy and alertness and I have seen him display a brave spirit where it was required. He became City Solicitor for Philadelphia, married a beautiful woman and removed to New York. I wrote the pronunciamentos, served on the election board, became a member of the executive committee for the ward, went to the Judicial Convention and voted for the nomination of James T. Mitchell when first he became a judge. and in 1868 I was elected a member of the school board.

Political Growth

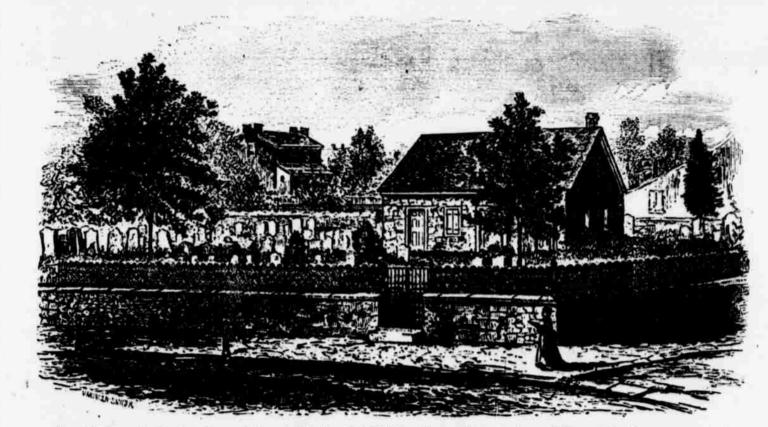
Turbulence very often marked the political struggles. On one occasion a contest arose at the primary election over the selection of delegates to the nominating conventions, the chief controversy being over the naming of a Sheriff. Collis was on the regular ticket as a delegate to this convention, and it was arranged that I should go to the convention to nominate a City Solicitor. Just before the polls closed a man came up to the window to vote; while the clerk was looking up his name, he reached in through the window, seized the ballotbox and ran with it down the street and scattered the ballots in the gutters for two squares. It was done very suddenly; his friend: stood in the way to block pursuit and he succeeded in escaping. He left an angry lot of politicians around the polls. We went to a neighboring tavern, I drew up a lot of affidavits to the effect that in our judgment we had a large majority of the votes cast, and upon these credentials we secured our seats in the conventions. A little fellow, hardly larger than a dwarf, with a squeaky voice, named Robert Renshaw, and who was always called the "Colonel," had a room in the Press Building where he slept. His appearance, claiming the right to vote, was always the signal for an outbreak, but he had more pluck than strength and could not be driven away.

In 1875, whith my mother, wife and two children, I went to live at 1540 North Fifteenth street, in the Twenty-ninth Ward, and this continued to le my home for the next twenty-seven years. At this time the ward leader was Hamilton Disston, and a young man named William U. Moyer represented him in all active movements. Again I went to the executive committee. Once I broached the subject of going to Councils and Moyer said it would suit him very well, but I would have to arrange the matter with Disston. This did not suit me, since I had no thought of belonging to anybody there. I dropped the subject and every day grew more independent. Nelson F Evans, a very worthy man with Calvinistic tendencies, president of a bank, who a few years later went to prison for the technical violation of some statute; Major William II. Lambert, the Philadelphia representative of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, with myself and some others, undertook to revolutionize the precinct. We hired a hall, notified every Republican, held a meet-

ing, which was largely attended, and selected a ticket. For a time it looked as though we would succeed, but we failed at the last moment through the better discipline of our opponents and the superior prac-tical knowledge which comes with it. The evening of the primary election turned out to be cold and blasts of snow filled the air. The well-to-do citizens upon whom we relied sat at home by their fires in comfort. Their servants rode in carriages, hired by the more shrewd regulars, to the polls and voted against us. However, we caused anxiety and almost won.

About this time the preliminary symptoms were disclosed of a concerted effort upon the part of those in control of the Republican party to continue General Grant in the Presidency after the expiration of his eight years of service in that office. I had never been very enthusiastic in my admiration for Grant, although recognizing his great force of character; as a general his campaigns displayed more resolution than military skill. His ultimate great success depended upon the fact that Meade had delivered the crushing blow to the main army of the rebels at Gettysburg. His unjust use of the power of the Presidency to elevate Sheridan. with much less achievement, to the head of the army over Meade, was probably influenced by his recognition of that fact. His conduct of the presidential office was coarse and it seemed to me that with his temperament and the hold which his military achievement gave him upon the minds of the people and his willingness to continue in the office indefinitely, he was dangerous to the institutions of the country. In February, 1880, there was organized in Philadelphia a movement with the imposing title of "The National Republican League." William Rotch Wister, a distinguished lawyer, was chairman; Charles Wheeler, of the wealthy iron firm of Morris, Wheeler & Co., whose daughter later married a Japanese and went to Japan to live, was the treasurer, and Hampton L. Carson, later Attorney General for the Commonwealth, was the secretary. Wharton Barker, a banker, then supposed to be worth a million dollars; John McLaughlin, Henry C. Lea, the famous historian; Samuel W. Pennypacker, T. Morris Perot, Wayne MacVeagh, who reaped reward from the movement; Joseph G. Rosengarten, a man of letters, whose family gathered a fortune from quinine; E. Dunbar Lockwood, a worthy man in a chronic attitude of criticism, and J. Lapsley Wilson constituted the executive committee. They sent an address signed by about one hundred and fifty influential citizens to the State Convention, which contained this patent threat: "We, therefore, beg of you so to act that the influence of the great State of Pennsylvania may be thrown in favor of one who can be conscientiously supported and against those whom the honest voter may feel himself obliged to oppose at the polls." There was wide comment upon this address and attitude over the country. So faras I know all of these men had burned their bridges and would have voted against Grant had he been nominated for a third term. In a second circular the demand of the league was expressed in the phrase, "No third term, a party without a master, and a candidate without a stain"-language due to MacVeagh. In a third circular the name of McManes, of Philadelphia, was mentioned in association with that of Tweed, of New York, who not long before hall been sent to prison.

James McManes, a thrifty, capable and vigorous Irishman, who accumulated a large fortune in street railways, was then at the head of the Republican organization in Philadelphia. He was an absolute autocrat, who tolerated no difference in opinion in the ranks. The use of the word "boss," which has since become so prevalent in America, began with this circular and was the dis-





Wayne MacVeagh, former Attorney General of the United States and prominent in Pennsylvania and national politics

covery of Henry C. Lea. McManes was the leading characteristics a book entitled "Solid for Mulhooly," which was widely reran through several editions. McManes, who naturally did appreciate this notoriety, meeting with E. Dunbar Lock the Union League a few days after the issue of the circula ceeded to give him a thrashing, upon the theory that he w author. It was a case, however, of vicarious sacrifice. The was written by Henry C. Lea, with some emendations by me. the reference to McManes was the work of Lea.

Ready for the Convention

In May, a few weeks later, the league, becoming more as time passed, determined that they "will not vote under any cumstances for General Grant, but will support any other r of the convention," and that a delegation should be sent to nominating convention in Chicago. Those selected were Wh Barker, Wayne MacVeagh, T. Morris Perot, John McLaughlin, ward R. Wood, Stuart Wood, Hampton L. Carson, Samuel W. P. packer, Henry Reed and Rudolph Blankenburg. Though they in dead earnest, with the possible exception of MacVeagh, the directive force was Barker, a not altogether wise, but sincere vigorous personality, up to that time in every way successful ambitious to do some broad and important work. He had been responding for several years with James A. Garfield, of Ohio, the tariff, had often told me that Garfield was the man to be elected to the Presidency, and he started out with the exce and determined purpose to use every effort in this direction. this view MacVeagh was not in accord. At this time there banking firm in Hazleton, Pa., doing business as Pardee, Mar Grier, in which Ario Pardee, the millionaire, supplied most of capital and W. A. M. Grier was the active partner. Through advice of Barker, with whom his firm had many transactions, had become a client of mine. He had been elected a delegate national convention, and we both did all we could to persu to vote for Garfield. We went to Chicago in a style likely to some impression. We had a special car, and all of the cor Others on their way to Chicago, learning that we were co

O. G. Hempstead, who had been appointed from some interior county to a position in the custom house, nearly opposite. Later he grew into a large business connected with importations, and his sons are prosperous. On one occasion Hempstead had me appainted a clerk of a precinct election board, at which I earned five dollars, and started me on my official career. Afterward, taking a room on Eighth street, below Walnut, and becoming a resident of the first division of the Eighth Ward of the city, I sought the opportunity to participate in its local affairs. John C. Martin, member of Common Council, a native of Maryland, partially paralyzed, keen, bright and active, was the ward leader of the Republican party and he lived in the same precinct. I was fortunate enough to get into his good graces, although he had a superabundant supply of ambition and capacity. Among those taking an active part were A. E. Smith, a small contractor, whose sons, I believe, have made a fortune out of the business as it extended, and Charles A. Porter lately

The old Mennonite Meeting Hous, at Phoenixville, in which Matthias Pennypacker, great-grandfather of the Governor, preached and in whose yard his great-grandfather, grandfather and father were buried.

By REX BEACH

of "The l

rs." "The Barrier." "Heart of the Suns

came into our car to spend their time in our company a us to proselyte. Among them were Robert G. Ingersoll, bighearted and jovial, and Stewart L. Woodford, then District ney for New York and afterward Minister to Spain. In was opposed to a third term, but Woodford necessarily fa the nomination of Grant. Woodford being in the camp of the end was inclined to be silent.

"Come, cheer up man," said Ingersoll. "Don't be so

"I am not all the while making a noise," was the reply. "Oh." said Ingersoll, "you remind me of the old farmer loaded up a pig and a sheep to take to market. The went along quietly, but the pig kept up such a squealing that farmer got angry. Finally he said to the pig, "Look at that see how nicely he goes along." "Yes," said the pig, "but the di fool doesn't know where he is going."

The application to Woodford's course was pointed. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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

RAINBOW'S END Copyright. 1917. Harper & Bros.

CHAPTER XXVII (Continued)

"WELL we are going back to fight. We are going to escape and join Gomez once more !" Jacket made the announce ment calmly. "S-sh! What talk!" Morin was in a

rvous panic lost they be overifeard. if anybody could escape from Matanzas ! What made you come here if you are so eager to fight ?"

"I'll tell you." O'Reilly assumed direc-tion of the conversation. "There are three of us brothers, we two and Esteban, a pretty little fellow. He was captured by Cobo's men and driven in, and we came to find him."

You came here-here to Matanzas?" Old Morin was incredulous. He muttered an eath "That was a very nice thing to do. And did you find him." "Oh yes! That was easy enough, for the lad is deformed." "Tee! Twe! What a pity!" "But he is sick-dying-" Old

Gaining Morin's Aid

Gaining Morin's Aid "Of course. They're all dying—the poor people! It is terrible." "We_____" O'Relliy faitered slightly, so much hung upon the manner in which Morin would take whith he was about to say. "We want to so him out of here—we must do nee or we'll loss hhm." Bansing some hidden significance, some obscure purpose behind this confession, the braniar looked sharply at the speaker. His leathery countenance darkened. "Why are you telling me this" he in-guired. "What makes you think I won't betray you?" "Something tells me you won't. You have a good heart and you have kent Narcheo from starving, for the sake of your own bo." "Well?"

"Will you help us?" "Will you help us?" "It? In heaven's name, how?" "By taking us away in your charcoal

schooner." "You're mad !" Morin cast another ap-prehensive loos over his shoulder. "I'm a poor man. All I have is my two boats the Vivers, which bringe fish, and the Volandra, which suffs with charcoal. The you think H forfait Dans and any life for strangers."

O'Reilly leaned closer. "You say you're a poor man. I will pay you well." Morin eyed the ragged speaker scorn-fully it was plain that he put no faith in such a promise, and so O'Reilly took a plece of gold from his pocket, at sight of which the faherman, started.

"What kind of pacificos are you?" Morin ueried. His mouth had fallen open, his queried.

"I. too, am a poor man, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself." eyes protruded.

"Loo, am a poor man, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself."
"How many coins like that have you?"
"How many coins like that have you?"
"Um-monore than one: onough to pay you for severa, cargoes of coal."
"And I have given you fish to eat?" Morin rolled his eyes at Jacket. He pondered the marvel of what he had seen, he muttered something to himself.
"For the sake of Miguelito," Jacket urged.
"Caramba! What a hard-heacted father begot that boy?"
"Huch?" The fisherman was scowling. To O'Reilly he said. "You do wrong to tempt a poor man."
"My brother Esteban is sick. He is a frail fittle iad with a crooked back. God will reward you."
"Perhas'! Buthow much will you pay?"
"The Snahlsh sovereigns like this - all that have."
"No?! It is not enough."
"Come back former hald he. "I wish I might alter you more." He had taken several offer you upre." He had taken several they brother will try to taik like semily poppies."
"Tome back formerow." the fisherman reise trossly. "We will try to taik like semily poppies."
The back formerow." the fisherman fried prossly. "We will try to taik like semily poppies."
The brothers Villar were back at Morin's fish stand on the following afternoon, and they purchases, a cont have, a shirt there, a pair of trousers in another place, until they had assembled a complete boy's outilt to following. Afternoon and they had assemble a complete boy's outil to to take like semily purchases, a cont hare, a shirt here.

they had assembled a complete boy's outfit of clothing At first Rosa refused absolutely to desert her two faithful near a transis, and O'Relliy won her consent to consider his plan of escape only after he had nut the militer squarely up to Assemble and his wife and after both had refused to enter into it. Assemble des area that he was too sick to be removed, and asserted that he would in-finitely prefer to remain where he was previded he was supplied with sufficient money to cover ple needs. Evangeline trans with him.

Evangelina cut her hair, a sacrilege that wrung sighs and tears and houd lamenta-tions from the black woman, after which she altered the suit of boy's clothing to fit her figure, or rather to conceal H.

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When at last she put it on or o'Reilly's approval she was very shy, very self-con-scious, and so altogether unloylike that he shock his head positively.

*

"Ny dear, you'll never do." he told her. "You are altogether too pretty." .

Ready for the Ordeal

"But wait until I put that hideous hump upon my back and stain my face, then you will see how ug y I can look."

"Perhaps," he said, doubtfully. A moment, then his frown lightened. "You give me a thought," said he. "You shall wear the jewels."

"Wear them? How?" "On your back, in that very hump. It will be the safest possible way to conceal them."

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terve had weakened at the eleventh hour when they beheld a skiff approaching the shore. It glided closer, entered the shade of the batthiouse, then a voice cried: "Pet! You are there?" it was Morin binsed?

Hastly the three piled aboard. Morin est to his oars and the skiff shot out. You were not observed?" he inquired. "No."

Morin rowed in allence for a time, then

Morin rowsel in science for a time, then confersed: "This business is not to my liciting. There is too much risk. Think of me putting my neek in peril-" "Ho!" Jochet chuckled. "It is just the sort of thing that I enjoy. If alligue its was captain of his father's boat we'd been in Cardenas by daybreak." "When do you call?" of Belly needed

in Cardenas by daybreak." "When do you sail?" O'Reilly asked. "At dawn, God permitting. You will have to remain hidden and you musin't even breathe. I have told my men that you are nembers of my wife's family-good Span-iards, but I doubt if they will believe it." "Then you are to be my uncle?" Jacket inquired from his seat in the bow. "Ca-ramba! That's more than I can stand! To be considered a Spaniard is bad enough, but to be known as the nephew of an old miser who smells of flah! It's too much?" Badinage of this sort did not displease

Badinage of this sort did not displease the fisherman. "It is not often they board us nowadaya." he said, more hopefully, "but, of course, one never can tell. Per-haps we will sail out under their very noses."

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Now that they had actually embarked upon this enterprise and the girl had given berself entirely into his bands, now that an soon this enterprise and the girl had given herself entirely hits his bands, now that an huminent peril encompassed them both, Johnnie felt that Ross belonged to him more absolutely, more completely, than at any time hereinfore, so he held her close. He caressed her gently, he volced these tender, intimate, foolish thoughts which he had never dared express. This velvet darkness, this utter isolation, seemed to unite them : to feel the girl's heart beating against his own and her breath warm upon his cheek was intensely tirliling. An exquisite ardor infamed bin, and Ross responded to it. They remisted briefly, protonging the de-lights of this noment, then her arms crept about him, her lips met his in absolute sur-render.

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A

The Challenge

They began to whisper, cautiously, so as

not to disturb the sleeping boy; they be the to disturb the sheeping doy they be-came upconncious of the fight of time. Rosa-lay relaxed against her lovers shoulder and in haiting nurpure, interrupted many times by caresses, she told O'Reilly of her need for him, and her utter happiness. It was the fullest hour of their happiness. It was

Sometimes he thought she must be doz-lug, but he was never sure, for she answered to his lightest touch and awoke to the faintest pressure of his lips. The night wore swiftly on, and it was not long enough for either of them. With daylight, Morin routed out his men. There was a sizen muttering the potter

There of them. The daylight. Morin routed out his men. There was a sisery muttering, the patter for the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the source of the source of the source of the pattern of the source of the sou

shot for the rebels, of course, Will you look" —No "---Then a cup of coffee perimans." O'Relly papped through a dirtsmained vas shown and saw that the volandra was shown and saw that the volandra is he withdrew his head quickly. In splite of his non-pitchle invitation, Cap-taia Morin unde no move to come about, but instead held his schemer on its course, meanwhile exchanging shouts with the un-seen speaker. It seemed incredible that Spanish discipling could be so hay, text

Spanish discipling could be so lak, that the schoner would be allowed to depart, even for a countwise run, without some formali-ties of clearance, but as it seemed. Evi-dently the Spaniards had tred of examin-ting these small craft. It was typical of their carclessaces. Of course, this was but one danger past and there were many more alread, for Morin's vehooner was hable to be stopped by any of the numerous patrolloads on daty to the castward. Nevertheless, when an anxious hour had gone by and she was well out toward the harbor mouth, the refugees told one another they were usite. March and thrust a grinning face into view. "Ho, there," my lazy little apousing " he cried. "Wale up, for 1 smell Pancho's coffee bolling"

CHAPTER XXVIII

THREE TRAVELERS COME HOME ESTEBAN VARONA made now progress

toward recovery. In the weeks follow-

ing O'Rellly's departure from Cubitas his

Ang O'Reilly's departure from Cubitas his gain was steady, but beyond a certain point is secured unable to go. Then he began to be streagth. Norther was the first to represent the security of the secure of the fore showed acknowledge it, even to her-fore showed acknowledge it, even to her-be abuse, the neglect he had suffered in space would acknowledge it. Stream face, the abuse, the neglect he had suffered in space still lingered in his system and had but quenched him out, or she some drogs of disease still lingered in his system and which, but quenched him elastice stark which. Tatebaan too, awoke to the fact that he she had a spectrum day had he disease into the source of a begin the heat come into his life and he spect mitch of his time in the intermediate those dynams by or mailting and transists those dynams by a sufficiency by a stark to a stark when he would an another transiste those dynams by a sufficiency by a stark to a stark a stark the the stark transiste those dynams by a sufficiency by a sufficiency of the begin when he would be starked in him that he stark a bar to be the by a stark to be dynams by a sufficiency by a sufficiency of the begin when he would be starked in him that he stark a bar to be the by a stark to be dynams by a sufficiency by a sufficiency of the begin when he would be starked in him that he stark a bar to be the by a stark to be the stark a stark to be the by a stark to be the stark a stark to be the by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark by a stark to be the stark a stark a stark a stark by a stark a stark a stark a stark a stark a stark a st

sained its clarity, for he had come a his delivious wanderings with his love proves. There had been no consider in the sain of the sain of the sain the sain of the sain of the sain of the backward did he attempt to set a backward did he attempt to back a backward did he attempt to back a backward he attempt to back a backward did he attempt to back a ba

"Let's be honest," he said, "You and I know that I tan't get well."

Norme was engaged in straighter the interior of the bark hut in wh matter was fastalled; she coased he to inquire with lifted brows: "Tut! Tut! Pray what do yo by that?"

"There's' something desperately with me and I realized it long a did you, but your good heart won

Norine crossed quickly to the and hald her cool hand upon the a forehead.

"You musth't be discouraged." in carriedty. "Remember this climate and we have nothing the Even the food is wretche

with. Even the food is wretches Batebairs solide because winth int why my fever hats. If there life, any health left in me you kindle it. No, there's something -by wrong, and we're wanting the "You simply must it take the trace. Then at the look in his failered for the briefs issuant, undo all that we've done. Oh, you where I could this propa-you. If we were any where but i are."

ay grat