

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor



A photograph of Judge Pennypacker taken shortly after his return from Europe in 1891

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

THE Alps, glistening in the sunlight for fifty miles, to us who had never before seen snow in the summertime, were wonderful. We had an uncomfortable hotel at Geneva. I could find no one in the town who could tell me where Michael Servetus was buried...

to him: Je n'aime pas les Mauvaises Pas. Qu'est que c'est? He replied that it would be no worse than to go back over the Mer de Glace and that after getting to the other end we would have a good road back to Chamounix.

"Bad Path" was, as may well be imagined, not a very enticing or comfortable route. It was a narrow and irregular ledge running across the face of an almost perpendicular mountain. It hung over the Mer de Glace, far below, and was perhaps three hundred yards in length.

At Villeneuve we saw the Castle Chillon, with its dancing halls above and its dungeons below, and the little island of Childe Harold in the lake, and, getting on a boat, crossed Lake Geneva lengthwise to Geneva.

"Pouvez-vous me dire ou est l'Eiffel Tower?" emphasizing the first syllable in Eiffel. He looked at me in blank amazement. After a long conversation he said: "Vous pensez au tour Eiffel?"

willed. Thrusting my hand into my overcoat pocket to warm it up I found there, occupying the space, a packet of confectionery bought in Paris to eat on the voyage. I threw it with disgust into the sea.

England and Home

We stayed in London about a week and put up at the Charing Cross. We rode on top of the omnibus and watched with interest the tangle of cabs in Threadneedle street.

On one slab is only the name "Charles Dickens." No more is needed. We went through Windsor Castle, saw the Burnham Beeches and the yew of Gray's Elegy at Stoke Pogis.

From London we went to Coventry, where we found the Craven Arms, a real old-fashioned inland English inn. Intending to remain but a few days, I sent my trunk through to Liverpool, where we intended to take the City of New York for our return home.

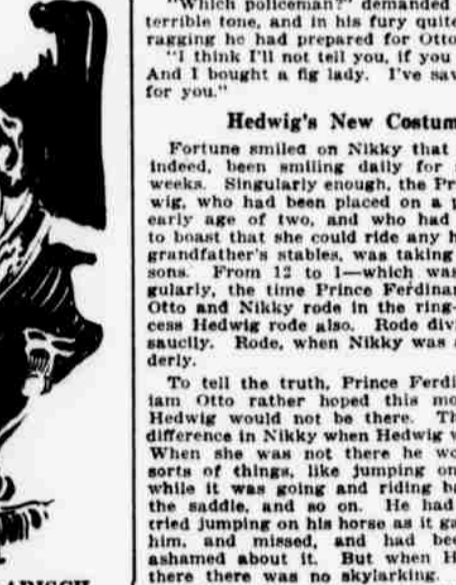
Coventry is a most interesting old town, though Americans go to Lenington in preference, redolent with the memories of the Lady Godiva, mystery plays, tournaments in which knights-errant in the days of chivalry fought for the favor of fair women.

"LONG LIVE THE KING"

CHAPTER V—Continued

IT WAS rather an awful book. On Saturdays the King looked it over and demanded explanations: "For uptidy nails, five marks. A gentleman never has untidy nails, Otto."

doors. A stray dog that had wandered into the courtyard watched them gravely. "I wish," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, "that I might have a dog."



LIEUTENANT NIKKY LARISCH

Fortune smiled on Nikky that day. Had, indeed, been smiling daily for some three weeks. Singularly enough, the Princess Hedwig, who had been placed on a pony at the early age of two, and who had been wont to boast that she could ride any horse in her father's stables, was taking riding lessons.

Hedwig's New Costume

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The Carriage Workers

In one corner, black and gold and forbidding, was the imposing hearse in which the public admitted. But on that morning taken to their long sleep in the vaults under the cathedral. Good, bad and indifferent, one after the other, as their hour came, they had taken with them the old cat-falque and had joined their forefathers.

A Human Story of Child-Desire, Court Intrigue and Love, the Latest Novel

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

THE STORY THUS FAR

FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO, Crown Prince of Livonia, tired of suffering in the royal box at the grand opera, decides with all the cunning of his eight royal years to escape. Past the ARCHDUCHESS ANNUCIATA, his aunt, and under the encouraging glance of his cousin HEDWIG the heir to the throne doorways and into the crowded street.

CHAPTER VI

THE CHANCELLOR PAYS A VISIT

"The Archduchess was having tea. Her maid had once observed confidentially to Miss Braithwaite that it was exactly like her—all hung and furnished with things that were not needed. The Archduchess liked it because it was warm. The palace rooms were mostly large and chilly. She had a fire there on the warmest days in spring and liked to put the coals on herself. She wrapped them in pieces of paper so she would not soil her hands."



SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER

One of Governor Pennypacker's bookplates. It represents a tile. Pannebakker means, literally, "tile baker," with the motto, "My seal is a tile," which in German makes a good pun.

church was being repaired and I secured a bit of old worm-eaten wood which had been removed from above the famous inscription. At Liverpool I went to the man in charge of the baggage room and sought my trunk.

"You must find it," I said, with some indignation. "We leave in the boat for America tomorrow and I must have my trunk." "Perhaps it is in the lost department," said he. "Perhaps it is," I responded.

Another time he said to me: "I like your man, Quay. I would met him but I think he must be a man." One of the most agreeable features of the European trip is the return. After having been fed upon sole and vegetable marrow to find yourself again where you may eat lima beans, corn, sweet potatoes and tomatoes has its satisfactions.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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His Excellency, General Mettlich

"His Excellency, General Mettlich," said the maid. The Archduchess nodded her august head and the maid retired. "Go away, Olga," said the Archduchess. "And you might," she suggested grimly, "argue your throat."

Evidences of renewed activity on the part of the Terrorists

Evidences of renewed activity on the part of the Terrorists were many. In the past month two of his best secret agents had disappeared. One had been found the day before stabbed in the back. The Chancellor had seen the body—no unpleasant sight, but it was not of the dead man that General Mettlich thought. It was of the other. The dead tell nothing. But the living under torture tell many things. And this man Haeckel, young as he was, knew much that was vital. He was the working of the secret service, the names of the outer circle of twelve, knew the codes and passwords, knew, too, the ways of the palace, the hidden rooms always reserved for emergency, even the passage that led by devious ways, underground, to a distant part of the great park.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)