

My Lady Peggy Goes to Town

By FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS

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(Continued from last week)

"A foul lie! My errand in town, Sir Robin McTart, is to try to drown my sorrows as I may, because the only lady that ever I loved set me the pace to the devil by a refusing of my suit come Easter day, three months to an hour ago."

Lady Peggy flushes under the coffee stains, her arm trembles, but she is valiantly happy and confident, and her heart goes beating the joyfulest sort of a time beneath the brodered waistcoat she'd made for her twin.

"And her name," cries Sir Percy, with a glance of imperious, aggressive temper shot right into Peggy's very face—"her name's not Lady Diana Weston, but 'tis Lady Peggy Burgoyne!"

Now Chock's whole head slips leath, and she bends with bated breath and hearing breast to listen closer.

Lady Peggy starts, but, waving her rapier over her head, laughs loud, long and derisively.

"Lady Peggy Burgoyne, sir," shaking the hilt of his weapon under Peggy's nose, repeats Sir Percy. "And until you, sir, with your damnable arts and silly bumpkin ways, when she encountered you in Kent, had turned her from me, she was to me the kindest of ladies and of loves. Your servant, Sir Robin McTart," concludes Percy, with a low bow, sticking the floor with his rapier point, "when and where you please."

"Here and now!" cries Peg, her heart a-thumping for joy, but so pleased and, alas, so puzzled with the getting out of a scrape which she has found so little difficulty in getting into that she is fawn on, and make the best cut she can with her cloth.

"Here and now," repeats her ladyship, "for I do throw back into your lordship's teeth the lie"—Peg bows low to her opponent—"you gave me whiles, and affirm that for these many years, or ever you, sir, set eyes upon her, Lady Peggy Burgoyne's been mine, heart and soul, sir."

"Zounds, sir!" interrupts Percy hotly, unable to contain his cholera, "to so defame the noblest lady that ever was born!"

"I repeat," cries Peggy, glowing with suppressed delight at her lover's fidelity and eager for as much more as he may have to vent. "Lady Peggy's eyes are glued fast of this face of mine. Peggy's hands are my hands. Peggy's lips are my lips. Peggy's kisses have ever been my kisses."

At this Sir Percy tears off his coat, waistcoat, cravat, flings them into the corner, rolls up his sleeves, while a confused murmur circulates amid the gallants.

"Peggy's heart beats in my breast," continues her ladyship, ranting and swashing up and down the room, upsetting a couple of candles in her path and now all unrecking of her womanish shoes. "Gentlemen," panting, smiling, triumphant, saluting her companions with her weapon, "Lady Peggy and I do so adore, love and worship one another that we are not two, but one!"

"Here and now!" shouts Sir Percy.



Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I can conscientiously recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness, and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains, and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."

—Miss GUILA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Mich., Secretary Amateur Art Association. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

When one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of the countless hundreds which we are continually publishing in the newspapers of this country, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.



BRITISH TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

Your indulgence for my absence, I'm be with you in ten minutes."

"No, no, no!" cry they all save De Bohun, who is counting his cards, and Sir Wyatt, who exclaims:

"Yes, an it be a messenger on business for a fair lady; no, an it be otherwise. Gadzooks, Sir Robin, make a half clean breast of it. Comes Mercury from Phyllis or from a mere man?"

Peg answers: "I swear to you, sir, I go down on business of the gravest import to a lady," and makes for the door.

"Pledge her, pledge her! A bumper, a bumper!" cry they all in one voice, with much pleasant laughter.

"Here's to Sir Robin's nameless fair Zounds, but for so little yearned a personage to have two strings to his bow!"

CHAPTER V.

AND much more of a like nature reaches Lady Peggy as she plunges down the stairs and presently finds herself by the light of the lamp of his chair confronting Sir Robin McTart himself.

"Nay, nay, sir; I am not Kennaston of Kennaston," responds Peg, looking grave and making excellent show of her blood stained, linen bound wrist.

"This here he dwells, and, as I know well by reputation, you are a peaceful, law abiding man, I'd counsel you not to mount; such a company of cut-throats, cutpurse brawlers, sir, as would not leave a farthing in your pocket or lace upon your shirt."

Sir Robin, as her ladyship had shrewdly guessed, drew back and shivered at this lively description.

"Trust me, Sir Robin. Hist!" Peg's voice sinks to a mere whisper. "I am Lady Peggy's best friend and neighbor at home. 'Twould be her will, an she stood here, that you should not adventure your precious life in the unseemly crowd with which her brother hath seen fit to surround himself."

"Lud, sir! Who are you," chatters Sir Robin, trembling betwixt delight and terror, "that knows so well the temper of Lady Peggy Burgoyne's disposition? What's your name, sir?"

"No matter for my name, sir. I have Lady Peggy's best interests at heart, and yours. She bade me, did ever I encounter you in evil neighborhood, tell you for her sake eschew it. Hark ye, Sir Robin, out of this hole as fast as your men's legs can carry you. Above yonder is one who's sworn to kill you."

"Who's he?" demands Sir Robin, one foot now in his sedan, his little eyes twinkling both ways with fright.

"Sir Percy de Bohun," replies Peg in a hollow whisper. "Look you, sir," showing her bloody wrist; "there's a taste of his quality. I warn you—'tis from Peggy's own self—get back to



To the Weary Dyspeptic. We Ask this Question:

Why don't you remove that weight at the pit of the Stomach?

Why don't you regulate that variable appetite, and condition the digestive organs so that it will not be necessary to starve the stomach to avoid distress after eating.

The first step is to regulate the bowels.

For this purpose Burdock Blood Bitters has no Equal.

It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion. It cures Dyspepsia and the primary causes leading to it.

Kent, whence you came, and tarry not, for your life's at yonder desperado's mercy while you linger in town."

"Is my Lady Peggy returned to Kent to her godmother?" quavers Sir Robin, now well inside his chair.

"Nay, sir. As her brother supposes, she's at home at Kennaston."

"I'll seek her there!" cries Sir Robin, tendering his hand. "And, sir, my humble duty and gratitude to you for your admirable condescension. I would I knew your name and station."

"I'm up in town incognito, sir, for a lady's sake," smiles the mix.

"When I return, sir, I'll seek you out at White's or Will's. I dare be sworn so fine a gentleman must needs be a buck of the first order."

"Seek me, sir, and godspeed you down to Kennaston or Kent."

At the word Sir Robin in his chair sets forth a-swinging round the corner, light of heart and bright of hope, while the subject and object of his thoughts and passion stands for a moment leaning, sighing, betwixt laughter and tears, against the door frame.

My Lady Peggy's first impulse is to cut and run. Indeed her slim legs are so stretched to begin, when the remembrance of poor Chock in her garret cage comes to her mind, and, with a grimace, she turns in, jumps up the stairs and is in the midst of the group, now well on in their cups and more hilarious than orderly in their conversation.

Peg was not her father's girl for naught that night. To the tune of £300 14s. 6d. was she the richer, and rewarded for the many dreary evenings she had spent at Kennaston a-watching her father win and lose with the vicar and the bishop whenever the latter came on his visits.

By dint of spilling her wine deftly under the table she had emptied as many mugs as the best bibber among 'em, and at 4 in the morning found herself the only one who was sober or even awake.

'Twas not a beautiful sight thus to behold in the pale pink of the dawn a dozen or so of merry gentlemen a-sprawling about on floor, tables, chairs—a snoring and a-tossing in their sleep, but 'twas the fashion of the times when, to be a fine gentleman, one must be drunk, at the least, once in the twenty-four hours.

All save Sir Percy. Almost at sword's points he had quitted the company hours before, a little in his cups, but steady withal, murmuring to himself as he fumbled on the rickety stairs.

Peg leaning over the rail, unseen in the darkness, womanlike to watch lest he trip and fall, heard him:

"Sdeath! An what that popinjay say be true, I'll marry Lady Diana out of hand, and show the mix I'm not to be cut out of a wife by such a flea-bitten rotten rod as Sir Robin McTart!"

"So easy taken then is my loss!" says Peggy, with a renewed fire of jealousy burning at her heart as she returns to the scene of her winnings.

Sick at heart, for a single instant she surveys the room, and then, finger on lip, it does not take her long to signal up to Chockey, motion her down with the cutskin box, and to begin, with shamed face, in the darkest corner to strip off her man's attire.

Lady Peggy has laid aside the yellow wig; Chockey, weeping, praying that they may get away in safety, is spreading out the Levantine fit for her mistress to jump into it, when for the second time within the twelve hours her ladyship's heart stands still to the patter and thump of footsteps climbing the last flight.

"Hold, Check!" cries she, clapping on the wig. "Bundle up my duds, tie 'em tight; so give me it; pick up the box, put on your cloak and bonnet and a bold face; follow and ape me. An you love me, Chock, an I thrust, thrust, too; an I knock 'em down, follow suit. I'd sooner die, Chock, than be caught now."

With which my Lady Peggy flung wide the door, pushed out the abigail, drew her weapon, and, with a rush, the two of them tumbled down the stairs, taking on their way a giant of a man who struggled and struck out and dropped fruits and flowers and curses and yet gave in to the splendid tweeks and pinches which the lusty Chockey dealt him on his arms and legs and, falling headlong on the lower stairs, darted up the street crying "Watch!" at the top of his lungs, nor getting any answer, for "Watch" was snoring in the tavern and the sun now shining broad.

"Chock," said her mistress, "go you on before me to the King's Arms, where we alighted, engage the seats in the coach and, hark ye, child, an aught betide I come not, get you home without me and tell his lordship I'm gone to Kent on a sick call from my godmother. Lud, it's lies all the way to being a man! I'll not walk with you, lass. 'Tis not seemly, and when I reach the inn I'll pretend I know you not, hire a room, change my clothes and slip down to you unseen if I can. Now, off with you quickly, for I ache to follow. Would to God I could doff these garments and into my petticoats again!"

added Lady Peggy ruefully, glancing at her hastily tied up bundle and at the same moment with the broad of her sword pushing Chock into the street with a will that sent her a-spinning on her way.

Indifferent, then, as though the outgoing damsel were no concern of hers, presently, with a swagger, yet ill concealing the anxiety she felt afresh as now sobs and female voices assailed

her ears, the mock Sir Robin McTart emerged upon the street.

There halted a chair between the posts. In the chair sat Lady Diana Weston accompanied by her woman. Both wept and trembled, while still afar the stout lungs of the terrified giant shouted:

"Watch!"

Peg stood still and stared. All the jealous blood in her burned in her cheeks. "Lady Diana here! And wherefore, and at such an untoward hour?—well displaced, eyes red, but still most undeniably handsome—nay, beautiful."

"Oh, sir!" cried Lady Diana beseechingly, raising two imploring hands outside the chair door toward Lady Peggy.

"I pray of your honor," whimpered the abigail in concert.

"I implore your protection, sir, as you are a gentleman and man of honor, as your men disposes me. I came here but now and sent my footman up to the rooms of a—a friend, who is ill, sir, with a token of regard in the shape of fruit and flowers, when the man must have been set upon by thieves and beaten, for he—"

"I heard him," finishes Peg, stepping nearer to the chair. "And I assure you, madam, I put the varlet who attacked him to his pace with a prick. If I can serve you further, command me."

As my lady bows low she is conscious that it now behooves her to state concisely her name and station, and, loathing and hating the deception more than she could express, she still adds (her motive not unmixed with the natural curiosity to discover who is the object of Lady Diana's morning call):

"Sir Robin McTart of Robinswood, Kent, at your ladyship's service."

Diana bows, blushes, almost ogles, mix that she is, noting well the fine eyes and beautiful mouth of the gallant at her side.

"Lady Diana Weston, Sir Robin, daughter to the Earl of Brookwood, at your service."

Peg bows, hat in hand, bundle under arm. Swift as youth's impulse ever is, says she, taking lightning-like measure of her chance and determined to probe matters to their core:

"Your ladyship's name was on the lips above," nodding up at Kennaston's windows. "I drank the toast with a will, I do assure you, and would double it now. Surely, if you'll allow me to say so, Sir Percy de Bohun's a gentleman of a rare good taste, likewise Lord Kennaston, Sir Wyatt Lovell, half a dozen more a-pledging your ladyship to the tune of nonpareil all the night long."

"You flatter, sir, I do protest!" cried the lady in the chair, blushing like the reddest rose that grows, but who might say for whose sake, since Peg had named so many?

"Oh, sir," Lady Diana's voice now lowered. "Your countenance is one to inspire confidence. I pray you judge me not harshly if I venture to inquire, since you were of their company, how fares poor Sir Percy de Bohun?"

The fruits and flowers I fetched were for him, since I am informed he pines, eats nothing, droops, mopes and no longer is to be enticed among the fair. Can you give me news of him—or of—Lord Kennaston?" adds Lady Diana willy and with another magnificent accession of color. Thus did Slyboots pursue inquiry on that lame horse which is named Subterfuge.

"Aye, madam, that can I. 'Tis as you say, but as you yourself, if report speak true, be the cause of his distemper, methinks you should know how to effect the cure. I see your ladyship's man returning. There is no more danger. I take my leave of you, madam," hand to heart, bundle sticking out under other arm. "It is to me one of the most fortunate chances of life to have had this encounter, bending sweet eyes, which Diana returns with a will. 'Fear nothing. The

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These be town fashions and morals, I'll be glad to get home. No; I won't! No; I won't!" spake out Lady Peggy's heart fit to burst bonds. "Percy's here, and my soul's here, and 'tain't no use to talk about having a spirit and a stopping loving when you ain't loved! You can't do it!"

Peggy, reeking not of her path, eyes glued to ground, paced on, having forgotten the whole world else in the misery of her discovery of Lady Diana's passion for Sir Percy.

There were few abroad at that early hour—some market wagons leisuring to the city, an occasional chariot full of gallants getting home after the night's frolic, and just now at the cross of two streets a handsome coach thrown open windowed, with a gentleman the very pink and model of all elegance lolling back amid the cushions.

By the lead of his eyes 'twas plainly to be seen he had not slept for forty-eight hours or so, but otherwise his aspect was as if newly out of a perfumed bandbox. Suddenly his gaze caught Peggy at the crossing, fixed itself upon the lace cravat at her throat, and then, with a sprat as alert as that of any monkey throwing himself out of a tree by his tall this mirror of fashion thrust his head out at window, jerked his coachman's arm, said in a voice not loud, but piercing:

"Worthing, run down the young gentleman at the crossing. Don't hurt him, but run him down, an' I'll give you 20 shillings! He then sank back again amid the pillows.

No sooner said than done. Just at the instant when Peggy recalled her position and was bewilderedly wondering where she had wandered to, clutching her bundle and all of a muddle, click! creaked coach wheels against her, shins, coked went her hat into the puddle; but, heaven be praised, her wig clung, and she clung to her bundle. Out of coach the pink broadsword gentleman, down from the rumble his footman, pick up Lady Peggy, hat and all, rubbing the mud out of her silk stockings, clapping her hands; yet re- tenced she not from the bundle, and all a-breathe the loiterer cries:

"Into my coach, sir. I do humbly crave pardon, sir; I do indeed. I'll not take no for an answer, sir, not by my oath. Such a damage from one gentleman to another, sir, demands all the reparation possible, sir." And forthwith Peggy is lifted into the splendid coach, and the splendid gentleman springs in after her, and the footmen jump up, and the whip cracks, and off they whirl before she can open her mouth.

"Mr. Brummel, at your service, sir," continues he, feeling of Peggy's palm, noting the wound at her wrist and the pallor of her face which shines even through the coffee stains. "We're en route to Peter's Court, where my surgeon shall attend you. 'Slike, sir, you're not hurt, I'm sure! I told Worthing not to endanger a hair of your head, and it's impossible he should have disobeyed me."

Peggy hears this singular string of speeches, and, although stunned a bit and not a little alarmed in her mind, she has country breeding at her back and such a robust constitution as rallies on the spot.

"I'd be obliged, Mr. Brummel, if you'd set me down at once, sir. I'm none the worse, and I've business of import calling me far hence and with dispatch."

"Never, sir, never!" returns Beau Brummel, with an impressive wave of his jeweled hand. "Zounds, sir, I had you spilled to get me the pattern and fashion of tying your cravat from you, and split me if I let you go until I've mastered that adorable knot! I've my reputation at stake, sir, for the tying of 'em. You've outdone me at your throat, sir, and 'tis Beau Brummel, the best dressed and worst imitated man in Europe, that has the honor of telling you so. Come, come, sir," continues this nonesuch, famed alike at court and brawl for his finery and drollery, "out with your name, sir, I beg, and render me your eternally grateful."

Lady Peggy's gaze falls inadvertently on the bundle across her knees. It begins to bulge and burst the paper and string; indeed, a tape of her petticoat is oozing out even now as she pokes it back, hiding its telltale under the skirt of her coat.

"'Slike!" says Peggy to herself in a terrible heat. "An I must stop a man, I must. God's will—or the devil's, as dad says—be done!" And forthwith she tucks up her knee, lays hand on sword hilt, laughs quite merrily and answers:

"Sir Robin McTart of Robinswood, Kent, at your service, Mr. Brummel. I do protest, upon my oath, 'twas a marvelous device to spill me to borrow my tie! 'Tis yours, sir, and the fashion of it, an you'll do me the honor to accept a lesson."

"Sir Robin McTart!" echoes the Beau delightedly. "My old friend Sir Hector's son and heir? I swear, boy, you favor not your sire. Peace to his soul, 'twas an ugly gentleman, while you, sir—zounds! The ladies 'll make hay for you, I promise you. Where do you stop? Are you up in town long? What letters do you bring?"

"The King's Arms, sir, in the Strand," replies Peg glibly, while the Beau frowns. "I'm arrived but yesterday. I brought not a letter, sir. There you have my history."

"No King's Arms for Sir Hector's son. You'll home with me, lad, and I'll show you what town life is. I'll put you up at the best club, introduce you to the prince, present you to court, dine, wine, mount you—gadzooks, Sir Robin, the man that invented that tie of the lace," tipping his finger at Lady Peggy's homemade cravat, "deserves all and more than Brummel can do for him!"

(Continued next week)

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