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 Wm. Scott, known in financial circles as an authority on wheat, is dead at Ottawa.
 Knox Booth, former chief of the Government internal revenue district of Tennessee and Alabama was indicted for operating illegal distilleries.
 Although the jury has not finished the inquiry into the death of Geo. Hollinger at Cherrywood the Crown is winding up the estate of the deceased farmer.

PEG O' MY HEART
 By J. Hartley Manners

A Comedy of Youth Founded by Mr. Manners on His Great Play of the Same Title—Illustrations From Photographs of the Play
 Copyright, 1913, by Dodd, Mead & Company



"Let us be honest with each other, Ethel," said Peg.

"Am I to tell him that every tutor I've engaged for her resigned? Not one stays more than a week. Can I tell him that?"
 "You could, mater, dear, but would it be wise?"
 A moment later Peg entered with Michael cradled in her arms. She had a roguish look of triumph in her eyes. Down the front of her charming new dress were the marks of Michael's muddy paws. Peg was also breathing quickly and evidently more than a little excited.
 "Take that animal out of the room!" cried Mrs. Chichester indignantly the moment Peg appeared.
 Peg turned and walked straight out into the garden and began playing with Michael on the grass.
 Mrs. Chichester waited for a few moments, then called out to her, "Margaret!" then more sharply: "Margaret, come here! Do you hear me?"
 Peg went on playing with Michael and just answered, "I hear ye."
 "Come here at once!"
 "Can Michael come in, too?" came from the garden.
 "You come in and leave that brute outside!"
 "If Michael can't come in I don't want to," obstinately insisted Peg.
 "Do as I tell you. Come here!" commanded her aunt.
 Peg tied Michael to one of the French windows and then went slowly into the room and stood facing her aunt.
 "Look at your dress!" suddenly cried Mrs. Chichester as she caught sight of the marks of Michael's playfulness.
 "Michael did that. Sure they'll come off."
 Mrs. Chichester looked at the flushed face of the young girl, at the mass of curly hair that had been carefully dressed by Bennett for dinner and was now hovering around her eyes untidily. The old lady straightened it.
 "Can you not keep your hair out of your eyes? What do you think will become of you?"
 "I hope to go to heaven, like all good people," said Peg.
 Mrs. Chichester turned away with a gesture of despair.
 "What is it?" continued the old lady.
 "I say what is it?"
 "What is what?" asked Peg.
 "Is it that you don't wish to improve? Is it that?"
 "I'll tell you what I think it is," began Peg helpfully, as if anxious to reach some satisfactory explanation. "I think there's a little devil in me lying there, an' every now an' again he jumps out."
 "A devil?" cried Mrs. Chichester, horrified.
 "Yes, aunt," said Peg demurely.
 "How dare you use such a word to me?"
 "I didn't. I used it about meself. I don't know whether you have a devil in ye or not. I think I have."
 Mrs. Chichester silenced her with a gesture.
 "Tomorrow I am to give Mr. Hawkes my first report on you."
 Peg laughed suddenly and then checked herself quickly.
 "And why did you do that?" asked her aunt severely.
 "I had a picture of what ye're goin' to tell him."
 "Why do you constantly disobey me?" pursued the old lady.
 "I suppose it is the original sin in me," replied Peg thoughtfully.
 "What?" cried Mrs. Chichester, again taken completely aback.
 "Oh, I say, you know! That's good! Ha!" And Alaric laughed heartily. Peg

joined in and laughed heartily with him. Alaric immediately stopped.
 Ethel took absolutely no notice of any one.
 Peg sat down beside her aunt and explained to her: "Whenever I did anything willful or disturbin' as a child me father always said it was the 'original sin' in me an' that I wasn't to be punished for it because I couldn't help it."
 "Then he used to punish himself for my fault. An' when I saw it hurt him I usen't to do it again—for awhile at least. I think that was a grand way to bring up a daughter. I've been wonderin' since I've been here if an aunt could bring a niece up the same way." And she looked quizzically at Mrs. Chichester.
 Jarvis came in with a letter on a salver.
 "Well?" asked the old lady.
 "For Miss Chichester, madam." And he handed Ethel the letter. "By hand, miss."
 Ethel took the letter quite unconsciously and opened it.
 "Who is it from?" asked Mrs. Chichester.
 "Mr. Brent," replied Ethel indifferently.
 "Brent?" cried Alaric. "What on earth does he write to you for?"
 "He wants me to do something for him." And she tore the letter up into the smallest pieces and placed them in a receptacle on the desk.
 "Come, Alaric." And Mrs. Chichester left the room after admonishing Peg that an hour would be sufficient to sit up.
 "Let us be honest with each other, Ethel," said Peg when the two girls were left alone. Peg went right over to her and looked at her compassionately.
 "What do you mean?" said Ethel, with a sudden contraction of her breath.
 "You like Mr. Brent, don't ye?"
 So the moment had come. The little spy had been watching her. Well, she would fight this common little Irish nobody to the bitter end. All the anger in her nature surged uppermost as Ethel answered Peg, but she kept her voice under control.
 "Certainly I like Mr. Brent. He is a very old friend of the family!"
 "He's got a wife?"
 "He has!"
 "An' a baby?"
 "Yes—and a baby." Ethel was not going to betray herself. She would just wait to see what course this creature was going to take with her.
 They were now seated together, Ethel holding her little white poodle, at which Peg pointed contemptuously.
 Peg went on:
 "Of course I've never seen the wife or the baby because he never seems to have them with him when he calls here. But I've often heard Alaric ask after them."
 "Well?" asked Ethel coldly.
 "Is it usual for English husbands with babies to kiss other women's hands?" And Peg looked swiftly at her cousin.
 Ethel checked an outburst and said quite calmly:
 "It is a very old and a very respected custom."
 "The devil doubt it but it's old. I'm not so sure about the respect. Why doesn't he kiss me aunt's hand as well?"
 Ethel could not control herself much longer. It was becoming unbearable. As she crossed the room she said with as little heat as possible:
 "You don't understand."
 "Well, but I'm thrivin' to," persisted Peg. "That's why I watch ye all the time."
 Ethel turned. She was now at bay.
 "You watch me?"
 "Aren't ye me model?"
 "It's contemptible!" cried Ethel.
 "Sure I only saw the 'old an' respected custom' by accident—when I came in through there a month ago—an' once since when I came in again by accident—a few days afterward. I couldn't help seein' it both times. An', as for bein' contemptible, I'm not so sure the custom doesn't deserve all the contempt!"
 Ethel was now thoroughly aroused.
 "I suppose it is too much to expect that a child of the common people should understand the customs of decent people."
 "Mebbe it is," replied Peg. "But I don't see why the common people should have all the decency an' the aristocracy none."
 "It is impossible to talk to you. I was foolish to have stayed here. You don't understand. You never could understand!"
 Peg interrupted: "Why, I never saw ye excited before—not a bit of color in yer cheeks till now—except twice! Ye look just as ye did when Mr. Brent followed that 'old an' respected custom on yer hand," cried Peg. The young girl's eyes were ablaze. How

vividly she remembered the eventful scene that confronted her when she first arrived at the Chichester home days before!
 Ethel answered this time, excitedly and indignantly, giving full and free vent to her just anger:
 "Be good enough never to speak to me again as long as you're in this house. If I had my way you'd leave it this moment. As it is—as it is!—Her voice rose almost to a scream. Her rage was unbridled.
 What more she might have said was checked by the door opening and Jarvis showing in Jerry.
 Jerry walked cheerfully and smilingly into the room and was amazed to find the two young ladies glaring at each other and apparently in the midst of a conflict.
 All power of speech left him as he stood looking in amazement at the combatants.

CHAPTER XXII.
The Temple of Friendship.
 I CAME over to ask Mrs. Chichester's permission for you two young ladies to go to a dance to-night. It's just across from here at the Assembly rooms," said Jerry.
 Peg beamed joyfully. It was just what she wanted to do. Ethel viewed the suggestion differently.
 "It's very kind of you," she said "but it's quite impossible."
 "Oh!" ejaculated Peg.
 "Impossible?" ejaculated Jerry.
 "I'm sorry," and Ethel went to the door.
 "So am I," replied Jerry regretfully. "I would have given you longer notice only it was made up on the spur of the moment. Don't you think you could?"
 "I don't care for dancing. Besides my head aches."
 "What a pity!" exclaimed the disappointed young man. Then he said eagerly, "Do you suppose your mother would allow Miss Margaret to go?"
 "I'll ask her," and Ethel left the room.
 Peg ran across, stopped the door from closing and called after Ethel:
 "I didn't mean to hurt ye—indeed I didn't. I wanted to talk to ye—that was all—an' ye made me angry." Ethel disappeared without even turning her head.
 Peg came into the room ruefully and sat down on the sofa. She was thoroughly unhappy.
 Jerry looked at her a moment, walked over to her and asked her, "What's the matter?"
 "One of us girls has been brought up all wrong. I tried to make friends with her just now an' only made her angry, as I do every one in this house whenever I open my mouth."
 "Aren't you friends?"
 "Indeed—indeed—indeed—we're not. None of them are with me."
 "What a shame!"
 "Wait until you hear what me aunt says when ye ask her about the dance!"
 "Don't you think she'll let you go?"
 "No, I do not." She looked at him quizzically for a moment. Then she burst out laughing.
 "Misther Jerry, will ye take me all the same if me aunt doesn't consent?"
 "Why, Peg?"—he began astonishedly.
 "But I haven't got an evenin' dress. Does it matter?"
 "Not in the least, but—"
 "Will this one do?"
 "It's very charming; still—"
 "Stains and all?"
 "My dear Peg!"
 "Perhaps they'll rub out. It's the prettiest one me aunt gave me, an' I put it on tonight—because I thought you—that is, some one might come here tonight. At least I hoped he would, an' ye've come!" Suddenly she broke out passionately: "Oh, ye must take me! Ye must! I haven't had a bit of pleasure since I've been here. It will be wonderful. Besides, I would not rest all night with you dancin' over there an' me a prisoner over here."
 "Now, Peg!"—he tried to begin.
 "It's no use, I tell ye. Ye've got to take me. Are you ashamed of me because I'm ignorant? Are ye?"
 "Not a bit," replied Jerry heartily. "I was just the same at your age. I used to scamp at school and shirk at college until I found myself so far behind fellows I despised that I was ashamed. Then I went after them tooth and nail until I caught them up and passed them."
 "Did ye?" cried Peg eagerly. "I will, too," she said.
 "Will you?"
 She nodded vigorously.
 "I will—indeed I will. From now on I'll do everything they tell me an' learn everything they teach me if it kills me!"
 "I wish you would," he said seriously.
 "An' when I pass everybody else an' know more than any one ever knew—will ye be very proud of me?"
 "Yes, Peg. Even more than I am now."
 "Are ye now?"
 "I am proud to think you are my friend."
 "Ye'd ha' won yer wager. We are friends, aren't we?"
 "I am yours."
 "Sure I'm yours all right." She looked at him, laughed shyly and pressed her cheeks. He was watching her closely.
 "What are you laughing at?" he asked.
 "Do ye know what Tom Moore wrote about friendship?"
 "No. Tell me."
 Peg sat at the piano and played very softly the prelude to an old Irish song. Jerry said surprisedly, "Oh, so you play?"
 "After a fashion. Me father taught me. Me aunt can't hear it. An' the teacher in the house said it was dreadful an' that I must play scales for two years more before I thry a tune. She said I had no ear."
 Jerry laughed as he replied, "I think

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