



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

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SYNOPSIS.

Frank O'Connell, young Irish patriot, is shot and wounded by British soldiers while making a home rule speech. He is aided by Angela Kingsnorth, an English society girl, who defends him.

Angela takes O'Connell to her brother's home and helps to nurse him. He recovers, and she and the girl become fast friends.

O'Connell when well is sent to jail for disturbing the peace. He finally writes Angela that he has finished his sentence.

O'Connell and Angela wed. She has espoused the Irish cause. Her brother, a member of parliament, is very angry.

The happy couple come to America to live. A daughter is born to them. Angela's brother refuses to help the couple in any way. Angela dies.

O'Connell names his daughter Margaret and calls her "Peg." O'Connell receives a most important letter from England, which perplexes him.

O'Connell allows Peg to visit England at her uncle's request. The elder Kingsnorth's heart had finally softened toward his dead sister's little girl.

Peg goes to the home of the Chichester family in England at the direction of Mr. Hawkes, Kingsnorth's attorney, as Kingsnorth suddenly dies.

She first meets Ethel Chichester and Brent, a married man in love with Ethel. She interrupts them by accident in a secret meeting.

Ethel is enraged at Peg and haughtily dismisses her from the drawing room, lending her to the servants' quarters. The Chichesters have lost their money in a bank failure.

Hawkes arrives and reads the Kingsnorth will. It leaves most of the fortune to Peg and offers liberal pay to any one who will undertake her education and social training.

Mrs. Chichester finally agrees to bring up Peg in return for the money promised, although she openly despises the shabby young girl.

Peg is heartbroken at the cold reception given her by the Chichester family. She is much impressed, however, by the luxury of her surroundings.

Peg meets Jerry Adair, who takes a lively interest in her. She finds in him a real friend. She tells him about her father. He's a farmer, he says.

Peg decides to return home, but on Jerry's plea she decides to remain in England a month. Brent and Ethel have another meeting. Both are unhappy.

Ethel and Peg have a violent disagreement, and Brent's attentions to the former are the cause of the dispute, which is interrupted by Jerry.

Jerry takes Peg to a fashionable dance without Mrs. Chichester's knowledge. Peg haunts Ethel in a mad escapade with Brent.

Peg prevents Ethel from eloping with Brent, but falls downstairs at midnight, alarming the house. Mrs. Chichester abuses Peg for going to the dance.

Mrs. Chichester endeavors to persuade Alario to propose marriage to Peg in order to keep the girl's fortune in the poverty stricken family. Peg refuses him.

Mr. Hawkes also proposes to Peg and is refused. She asks for money to buy a passage back to America to her father.

Peg learns that she is an heiress and that her income until she becomes twenty-one years old is £5,000 a year, which must be spent on education and general training. Jerry is really Sir Gerald Adair.

Peg returns to her father in New York. Sir Gerald later follows her, and they marry after O'Connell gives his consent.

CHAPTER III.

The Irish Patriot.

SO far no man in the little walled zone she had lived in had ever stirred Angela to an even momentary enthusiasm. They were all so fatuously contented with their environment. Sheltered from birth, their anxiety was chiefly how to make life pass the pleasantest. They occasionally showed a spasmodic excitement over the progress of a cricket or polo match. Their achievements were largely those of the stay at home warriors who fought with the quill what others faced death with the sword for. Their inertia disgusted her. Their self satisfaction spurred her to resentment.

Here was a man in the real heart of life. He was engaged in a struggle that makes existence worth while—the effort to bring a message to his people.

Then arose a picture of her sister, Monica, with her puny social pretensions—recognition of those in a higher grade, bread and meat and drink to her; adulation and gross flattery, the very breath of her nostrils; her brother's cheap, narrow platitudes about the rights of rank and wealth.

The memory of her mother was the only link that bound her to her childhood—the gentle, uncomplaining spirit of her, the unselfish abnegation of her, the soul's tragedy of her, giving up her life at the altar of duty at the bidding of a hardened despot.

She was roused from her self searching thoughts by the doctor's voice and the touch of his hand.

"Goodby for the present, Miss Kingsnorth. Sure it's in good hands I'm leaving him. But for you he'd be lying in the black jail with old Dr. Costello glaring down at him with his gimlet eyes."

Angela sat down at a little distance from the sickbed and watched the wounded man. His face was drawn with pain. His eyes were closed. But he was not sleeping. His fingers locked and unlocked. His lips moved. He opened his eyes and looked at her.

"You need not stay here," he said. "Would you rather I didn't?"

"Why did you bring me here?"

"To make sure your wounds were attended to."

"Your brother is a landlord—Kingsnorth, the absentee landlord, we used to call your father as children. And I'm in his son's house. I'd better be in jail than here."

"You mustn't think that."

"You've brought me here to humiliate me—to humiliate me?"

"No. To care for you, to protect you."

"Protect me?"

"If I can."

"That's strange."

"I heard you speak today." She paused. "You mustn't go to prison."

"It's the lot of every Irishman today who says what he thinks."

"It mustn't be yours! It mustn't!" Angela's voice rose in her distress. She repeated: "It mustn't! I'll appeal to my brother to stop it."

"If he's anything like his father it's small heed he'll pay to your pleading. The poor wretches here appealed to old Kingsnorth in famine and sickness—not for help, mind ye. Just for a little time to pay their rents—and the only answer they ever got from him was 'Pay or go!'"

"I know, I know!" Angela replied. "And many a time when I was a child my mother and I cried over it."

He looked at her curiously. "You and yer mother cried over us?"

"We did. Indeed we did."

"They say the heart of England is in its womankind. But they have nothing to do with her laws."

"They will have some day."

"It'll be a long time comin', I'm thinkin'. If they take so long to free a whole country how long do ye suppose it'll take them to free a whole sex—and the female one at that?"

"It will come!" she said resolutely.

"And you cried over Ireland's sorrows?"

"As a child and as a woman," said Angela.

"And ye've gone about here tryin' to help them, too, haven't ye?"

"I could do very little."

"Well, the spirit is there—and the heart is there. If they hadn't liked you it's the sorry time maybe your brother would have."

He paused again, looking at her intently, while his fingers clutched the coverlet convulsively as if to stifle a cry of pain.

"May I ask ye yer name?" he gasped.

"Angela," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Angela," he repeated. "Angela! It's well named ye are. It's the ministerin' angel ye've been down here—to the people—and—to me."

"Don't talk any more now. Rest."

"Rest, is it, with all the trouble in the wurld beatin' in me brain and throbbin' in me heart?"

"Try to sleep until the doctor comes tonight."

He lay back and closed his eyes. Angela sat perfectly still.

In a few minutes he opened them again. There was a new light in his eyes and a smile on his lips.

"Ye heard me speak, did ye?"

"Yes."

"Where were ye?"

"Above you, behind a bank of trees."

A playful smile played around his lips as he said, "It was a good speech, wasn't it?"

"I thought it wonderful," Angela answered.

"And what were yer feelin's listenin' to a man urgin' the people against yer own country?"

"I felt I wanted to stand beside you and echo everything you said."

"Did you?" And his eyes blazed and his voice rose.

"You spoke as some prophet speakin' in a wilderness of sorrow trying to bring them comfort."

He smiled whimsically as he said in a weary voice:

"I tried to bring them comfort, and I got them broken heads and bucksbot."

"It's only through suffering every great cause triumphs," said Angela.

"Then the Irish should triumph some day. They've suffered enough, God knows."

"How will," said Angela eagerly.

"Oh, how I wish I'd been born a man to throw in my lot with the weak, to bring comfort to sorrow, freedom to the oppressed, joy to wretchedness! That is your mission. How I envy you! I glory in what the future has in store for you. Live for it! Live for it!"

"I will!" cried O'Connell. "Some day the yoke will be lifted from us. God grant that mine will be the hand to help to do it. God grant I am alive to see it done. That day'll be worth livin' for—to writin' recognition from our enemies, to—to—to"—He sank back weakly on the pillow, his voice falling to a whisper.

Angela brought him some water and helped him up while he drank it. She

smoothed back the shining hair—red, shot through gold—from his forehead. He thanked her with a look. Suddenly he burst into tears. The strain of the



O'Connell Had Endured Months of Torture.

day had snapped his self control at last. The floodgates were opened. He sobbed and sobbed like some tired, hurt child. Angela tried to comfort him. In a moment she was crying too. He took her hand and kissed it repeatedly, the tears falling on it as he did so. "God bless ye! God bless ye!" he cried.

In that moment of self revelation their hearts went out to each other. Neither had known happiness nor love nor faith in mankind.

In that one enlightening moment of emotion their hearts were laid bare to each other. The great comedy of life between man and woman had begun.

Three days afterward O'Connell was able to dress and move about his room. He was weak from loss of blood and the confinement that an active man resents. But his brain was clear and vivid. They had been three wonderful days.

Angela had made them the most amazing in his life. The memory of those hours spent with her he would carry to his grave.

She read to him and talked to him and lectured him and comforted him.

And in a little while he must leave it all. He must stand his trial under the "crimes act" for speaking at a "proclaimed" meeting.

Well, whatever his torture, he knew he would come out better equipped for the struggle. He had learned something of himself he had so far never dreamed of in his bitter struggle with the handicap of his life. He had something to live for now besides the call of his country—the call of the heart—the cry of beauty and truth and reverence.

Angela inspired him with all these. In the three days she ministered to him she had opened up a vista he had hitherto never known. And now he had to leave it and face his accusers and be hectorated and jeered at in the mockery they called "trials." From the courthouse he would go to the prison, and thence he would be sent back into the world with the brand of the prison cell upon him.

And back of it all the yearning that at the end she would be waiting and watching for his return to the conflict for the great "cause" to which he had dedicated his life.

On the morning of the third day Mr. Roche, the resident magistrate, was sent for by Nathaniel Kingsnorth. Mr. Roche found him firm and determined, his back to the fireplace, in which a bright fire was burning, although the month was July.

"I've sent for you to remove this man O'Connell," added Nathaniel after a pause.

"Certainly—if he is well enough to be moved."

"The doctor, I understand, says that he is."

"Very well. I'll drive him down to the courthouse. The court is sitting now," said Roche, rising.

(To be continued.)

SAMUEL J. NICHOLLS.

Spartanburg Lawyer Weds Lady From Wisconsin.

Spartanburg, March 9.—Special: Capt. Samuel J. Nicholls, of this city and Miss Eloise Margaret Clark, of Green Bay, Wis., were married in Greenville Sunday night, the ceremony being performed by Rev. E. P. Davis, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, at the parsonage.

The wedding is said to be the culmination of a love-at-first-sight romance which had its beginning in Spartanburg, only a few weeks ago when Mrs. Nicholls, as Miss Clark, came to this city as a representative of the international lyceum bureau, engaged to put on a benefit concert for the Good Samaritan Hospital. Finishing her work here she went to Greenville. Capt. Nicholls called on her there Sunday and the wedding followed. Capt. Nicholls is prominent socially and politically throughout the State. He is an announced candidate for Congress. The wedding was a complete surprise to his friends and relatives here.

Lace Sale

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

March 18, 19 and 20

Store opens eight o'clock a. m. Some startling values in Lace.

7,000 yards of Lace, worth up to 16c a yard 5 cents to go at, per yard.....

5,000 yards of Lace, worth up to 35c a yard 10 cts. to go at, per yard.....

This is for SPOT CASH

Positively No Lace Charged at These Prices

See Window Display

Mrs. Jas. S. Cochran

THE WOMEN OF THE SIXTIES

Their Hardships and Makeshifts.

(From the State.)

By Mrs. J. W. Mixon, William Wallace, Chapter U. D. C., Union.

For four years the women of the South not only lived through the anguish of the terrible strife but showed themselves self-sacrificing heroines.

The daily life of these women was one of trial, privation and sorrow, but it was borne with patience and fortitude.

The customary pursuits of life were interrupted. As time went on and there was no market for the cotton, the desolation of the fields was widespread. Many of the slaves left and the destitution in the Southern homes increased each year. All resources were cut off and then it was that our mothers wits were tested.

Spinning wheels, looms and dye pots were brought into requisition. Delicately nurtured women, unaccustomed to labor, had to perform the most menial tasks.

The women vied with each other in working for the soldiers. "Fairy fingers" used to toy with the delicate embroidery boldly seized and made the coarse garments sent to the army. Wool of home production was speedily converted by loving hands into warm flannels. Every available material was used.

Blankets and carpets were given, wool mattresses ripped, recarded and woven into clothing and coverings. Bits of woollen fabrics left over from other garments were raveled and mixed with cotton and knit into socks. Even rabbit fur was used to make gloves.

Every woman and girl learned to knit. Young ladies carried their knitting with them when they went visiting or even strolling in the moonlight.

Supplied Home Needs. But while the women worked for the soldiers, they did not disregard the needs at home. Every man and boy was taken to keep up the ranks of the army, and the women and girls were obliged to look after home matters. But the Southern women met the stern duties, increased cares and sad privations with unflinching bravery.

Household linen was hopelessly short and the family larder down to the lowest. Deprived of materials for dress and the usual luxuries of the culinary department the Southern maid and matron resorted to devices which would now seem most ludicrous. Ingenuity and invention played an important part. Worn dresses were replaced with homespun, the colors being intermingled with professional skill. The woods were searched for barks and roots to dye pleasing colors. A

beautiful red was made from poke berries the color being set with vinegar. Ivy and laurel made a nice gray and red oak bark and walnut root a rich dark brown and black.

Silk stockings of ante-bellum days were unraveled and transformed into neat fitting gloves. One writer mentioned having a trim pair of boots made of the tanned skins of squirrels.

A calico dress, if one were fortunate enough to be able to find the material, cost \$100 or more and thread was \$10 or even \$20 a spool. Buttons were often made from a gourd, cut in sizes required, and covered with cloth.

On children's clothes persimmon seeds in their natural state with two holes drilled through them were found neat and durable. Confederate money got so cheap it was hard to purchase anything with it. Ladies who took in weaving required something more valuable than money for their work. One lady had 30 yards of cloth woven for half a pint of castor oil.

War Styles. Hats were made of palmetto and rye straw.

Mrs. Bleckley, of Anderson, says, "We had but one milliner in our village and we all looked upon her as a genius. She ripped up old hats and bonnets, dyed them and made them over. She had but two styles—a "droop" or a "boulevard," so we had to accept one or the other. The "droop" was a wide brimmed hat, strapped down with colored ribbon, or scraps of old silk dresses. A "boulevard" was a small round hat that turned over the head like a soup plate or a bowl and was usually trimmed in rosettes made from the native palmetto bark or leaf."

Cloaks were made of gray or brown jeans. Pins and needles were scarce. One-half dozen pins did duty for a year or two and were stuck carefully away in a secret hiding place. The ladies borrowed needles from each other. One old lady had but one needle and she kept it carefully hid away in the clock "from meddlesome busy-bodies," she said.

Shoe blacking was made from elder berries cooked and strained with a little sorghum molasses stirred in the mixture to make it a "glossy" black.

Housekeepers felt the want of many of the simplest articles of domestic use. Then began the lessons of shift, makeshift and invention which developed so wonderfully through the four years of struggle. Even girls became adept in all house hold arts, first making their own vinegar and putting up their pickles. In fact, the Southern matron learned to evolve something out of nothing and from the slimmest materials to fashion the greatest comforts.

All commodities went up in price and such things as coffee and tea were put away for sickness or some State occasion and substitutes were used. Coco was made of dried and parched grain or sweet potatoes, sweetened if at all with sorghum or honey. Sassafras roots or dried

blackberry or green pepper leaves were used for tea.

"Delicacies" and Necessities. Fruit cake was made of dried apples, cherries, pears or plums without spices. For medicines the woods were searched for roots and herbs. Ladies learned to make their own toilet soaps and a coarser kind for the laundry. They used mistletoe berries to make wax for their fancy work and myrtle berries were made into candles fit for the candelabra of a king. Mustard seeds were raised and old muslin dresses were saved to make bolting cloths for the mustard, after the seeds were pounded.

Corn cobs were burned to make soda; the dirt of old smoke houses was dug up, boiled and drained off to get salt. A favorite night's employment was found in making envelopes. No bits of white paper suitable pen and ink could be wasted for envelopes. So wall paper or sheets of paper with pictures on one side taken from "United States explorations" served to make envelopes. These were stuck together with gum from peach trees. The geese supplied the quills for pens. Ink was made from ink balls or oak bark or walnut juice or green persimmons colored with rusty nails instead of coppers.

In spite of all sorts of contrivances and the use of substitutes it was wonderful how the war time women made ends meet.

A few luxuries were procured by running the blockade, but these were only used on special occasions. Cow peas was one of the principal articles of diet and sorghum pies were used for dessert.

High Cost of Living. Flour cost \$500 a sack and one lady was ingenious enough to hide two sacks by slipping them into a pair of pillow cases on the bed when her house was raided. She saved her watch by hiding it inside the ball of knitting cotton that she was using.

As an example of the "high cost of living" in 1865, we are told of a whortleberry pie that cost \$30, and a pound cake that cost \$25.

Even when groceries could be purchased the difficulties of transportation were great, particularly on account of the fear of confiscation. One housekeeper tells us that she had lard sent to her in a band box!

And so the years passed—four years of hardships endured and sorrows borne.

There has never been a more heroic or self-sacrificing people on the face of the globe than the men and women of our South—

Whole Family Dependent Mr. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ohio, writes: "Our whole family depend on Pine-Tar-Honey." Maybe someone in your family has a severe Cold—perhaps it is the baby. The original Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is an ever ready household remedy—it gives immediate relief. Pine-Tar-Honey penetrates the linings of the Throat and Lungs, destroys the Germs, and allows Nature to act. At your Druggist, 25c