

## A BOTTLE OF PEACHES

By H. M. Egbert.

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People said that old Rogers was a miser, but that statement was incorrect. Rogers had been a miser. He had scraped and hoarded during thirty years of labor, so that now, though he was



It Was Just Such a Place as He Would Have Imagined.

barely fifty years of age, he looked older. But Rogers had retired three months before, thanks to some wisely made investments, and now, with fifteen thousand dollars at his disposal, he was still living on in his little two-room flat on the East Side of New York and trying to stretch his cramp-

ed imagination and plan his life anew.

Bitterly he regretted that he was an old bachelor without a friend or wife, sweetheart or child. His few acquaintances were men whom he had known casually in business, and the district tradesmen and sundry old fellows whom he met twice a week at his chess club over the delicatessen store on Thirteenth street. But Rogers had lived his life exactly as he had planned it, and that is an incredible misfortune which deserves the utmost sympathy.

When Rogers was twenty, a young man newly arrived in the city from the little up-country village, where he had been born, he had made his resolution.

"I shall save every penny I can put by," he said to himself. "I shall save for seven years. And then I shall go home and marry some sweet girl.

But the seven years crept by and found Rogers with the fixed habit of his own creation, which he could not shake off. And long before the seven years were ended Rogers had made a second resolution.

"I shall work seven years longer," he said. "Then I shall go home to Egan. I shall be thirty-four then. That will not be too old to marry. Until I am rich I will not tie any woman down to the hardships of married life on a tiny salary."

The second seven years lengthened into fifteen, twenty, then thirty. And long before they