



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

CHAPTER VI. A House of Cards.

KINGSNORTH sank into a chair. The letter slipped from his fingers. All his dreams had vanished in a moment. His house of cards had toppled down. His ambitions were surely and positively destroyed at one stroke. He mechanically picked up the letter and reread it. Had it been his death sentence it could not have affected him more cruelly:

Dear Nathaniel—I scarcely know how to write to you about what has happened. I am afraid I am in some small measure to blame. Ten days ago your sister showed me a letter from a man named O'Connell—

Kingsnorth crushed the letter in his hand as he read the hated name—the name of the man who had caused him so much discomfort during that unfortunate visit to his estate in Ireland. How he blamed himself now for having ever gone there! There was indeed a curse on it for the Kingsnorths.

He straightened out the crumpled piece of paper and read on—

—a man named O'Connell—the man she nursed in your house in Ireland after he had been shot by the soldiers. He was coming to England and wished to see her. She asked my permission. I reasoned with her, but she was decided. If I should not permit her to see him in my house she would meet him elsewhere. It seemed better the meeting should be under my roof, so I consented. I bitterly reproach myself now for not acquainting you with the particulars. You might have succeeded in stopping what has happened.

Your sister and O'Connell were married this morning by special license and left this afternoon for Liverpool en route to America.

I cannot begin to tell you how much I deplore the unfortunate affair. It will always be a lasting sorrow to me. I cannot write any more now. My head is aching with the thought of what it will mean to you. Try not to think too hardily of me and believe me, always your affectionate cousin,

MARY CAROLINE WREXFORD.

Kingsnorth's head sank on to his breast. Every bit of life left him, everything about his feet aches, the laughingstock of his friends.

Were Angela there at that moment he could have killed her.

The humiliation of it! The degradation of it! Married to that lawless Irish agitator! The man now a member of his family! A cry of misery broke from him as he realized that the best years of his life were to come and go fruitlessly. His career was ended. Despair lay heavy on his soul.

Standing on the main deck of an Atlantic liner stood Angela and O'Connell.

They were facing the future together.

Their faces were turned to the west. The sun was sinking in a blaze of color.

Their eyes lighted up with the joy of hope.

Love was in their hearts.

A year after the events in the preceding chapter took place O'Connell and his young wife were living in a small apartment in one of the poorer sections of New York city.

The first few months in America had been glorious ones for them. Their characters and natures unfolded to each other as some wonderful paintings, each taking its own hues from the adoration of the other.

In company with a noted Irish organizer O'Connell had spoken in many of the big cities of the United States and was everywhere hailed as a hero and a martyr to English tyranny.

But he had one ever present handicap—a drawback he had never felt during the years of struggle preceding his marriage. His means were indeed

small. "He tried to eke out a meagre income writing articles for the newspapers and magazines. But the recompense was pitiful. He could not bear without a pang to see Angela in the dingy surroundings that he could barely afford to provide for her.



All His Dreams Had Vanished In a Moment.

On her part Angela took nothing with her but a few jewels her mother had left her, some clothes and very little money. The money soon disappeared, and then one by one the keepsakes of her mother were parted with. But they never lost heart. Through it all they were happy. All the poetry of O'Connell's nature came uppermost, leavened, as it was, by the deep faith and veneration of his wife.

This strangely assorted fervent man and gentle woman seemed to have solved the great mystery of happiness between two people.

But the poverty chafed O'Connell—not for himself, but for the frail, loving, uncomplaining woman who had given her life into his care.

His active brain was continually trying to devise new ways of adding to his meager income. He multiplied his duties. He worked far into the night when he could find a demand for his articles. But little by little his sources of revenue failed him.

Some fresh and horrible agrarian crimes in Ireland, for which the home rule party was blamed, for awhile turned the tide of sympathy against his party. The order was sent out to discontinue meetings for the purpose of collecting funds in America—funds the Irish Americans had been so cheerfully and plentifully bestowing on the "cause."

O'Connell was recalled to Ireland. His work was highly commended.

Some day they would send him to the United States again as a special pleader. At present he would be of greater value at home.

He was instructed to apply to the treasurer of the fund and arrangements would be made for his passage back to Ireland.

He brought the news to Angela with a strange feeling of fear and disappointment. He had built so much on making a wonderful career in the great new world and returning home some day to Ireland with the means of relieving some of her misery and with his wife guarded, as she should be, from the possibility of want. And here was he going back to Ireland as poor as he left it, though richer immeasurably in the love of Angela.

She was sitting perfectly still, her eyes on the floor, when he entered the room. He came in so softly that she did not hear him. He lifted her head and looked into her eyes. He noticed with certainty what had been so far only a vague, ill defined dread. Her face was very, very pale and transparent. Her eyes were sunken and had a strange brilliancy. She was much sadder and far more ethereal than on that day when they stood on the deck of the ship and turned their faces so hopefully to the new world.

He felt a knifelike stab through his blood to his heart. His breath caught.

Angela looked up at him radiantly. He kissed her and with mock cheerfulness he said laughingly:

"Such news, me darlin'! Such wonderful news!"

"Good news, dear?"

"The best in the world," and he choked a sob.

"I knew it would come! I knew it would. Tell me, dear."

"We're to go back—back to Ireland. See, here are the orders," and he showed her the official letter.

She took it wonderingly and read it. Her hand dropped to her side. Her head drooped into the same position he had found her in. In a moment he was kneeling at her side.

"What is it, dear?"

"We can't go. Frank."

"We can't go? What are ye sayin' dear?"

"We can't go," she repeated, her body crumpled up limply in the chair.

"And why not, Angela? I know I can't take ye back as I brought ye here, dear, if that's what ye mean. The luck's been against me. It's been cruel hard against me. An' that thought is tearin' at me heart this mornin'."

"It isn't that, Frank," she said faintly.

"Then what is it?"

"Oh," she cried, "I hoped it would be so different—so very different."

"What did ye think would be so different, dear? Our going back? Is that what's troublein' ye?"

"No, Frank, not that. I don't care how we go back so long as you are with me." He pressed her hand. In a moment she went on: "But we can't go. We can't go. Oh, my dear, my dear, can't you guess? Can't you think?" She looked imploringly into his eyes.

A new wonder came into his. Could it be true? Could it? He took both her hands and held them tightly and stood up, towering over her and trembling violently.

"Is it—is it"—he cried and stopped as if afraid to complete the question.

She smiled a wan smile up at him and nodded her head as she answered: "The union of our lives is to be complete. Our love is to be rewarded."

"A child is coming to us?" he whispered.

"It is," and her voice was hushed too.

"Praise be to God! Praise be to his holy name!" And O'Connell clasped his hands in prayer.

In a little while she went on: "It was the telling you I wanted to be so different. I wanted you when you heard it to be free of care—happy. And I've waited from day to day, hoping for the best—that some good fortune would come to you."

He forced one of his old time, hearty laughs, but there was a hollow ring in it.

"What is that ye sayin' at all? Wait for good fortune? Is there any good fortune like what ye've just told me? Sure I'm ten times the happiest man since I came into this room." He put his arm around her and, sitting beside her, drew her closely to him.

"Listen, dear," he said, "listen. We'll go back to the old country. Our child shall be born where we first met. There'll be no danger. No one shall harm us with that little life trembling in the balance—the little precious life. If it's a girl child she'll be the mother of her people, and if it be a man child he shall grow up to carry on his father's work. So there—there, me darlin', we'll go back—we'll go back."

She shook her head feebly. "I can't," she said.

"Why not, dear?"

"I didn't want to tell you, but now you make me. Frank, dear, I am ill."

His heart almost stopped. "Ill? Oh, my darlin', what is it? Is it serious? Tell me it isn't serious!" And his voice rang with a note of agony.

"Oh, no, I don't think so, I saw the doctor today. He said I must be careful, very careful, until—until our baby is born."

"An' ye kept it all to yerself, me brave one, me dear one. All right. We won't go back. We'll stay here. I'll make them find me work. I'm strong. I'm clever, too, and crafty. Angela, I'll wring it from this bustling city. I'll fight it and beat it. Me darlin' shall have everything she wants. My little mother—my precious little mother!"

(To be continued.)

Music Without Charm.

At a party Miss Brown had sung "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and for days after she was singing or humming it to herself.

"It seems to haunt me," she said to a friend who had also been at the party.

"No wonder," said the friend. "Look at the way you murdered it!"

Bad Habits.

"No," exclaimed Richly, "our son will never amount to anything until he marries."

"Why?" asks his wife anxiously.

"He's got to get over the habit of hanging around the house."—Ex.

Making Shoes of Cotton.

Shoes made almost entirely of cotton, are the latest product of an Atlanta shoe factory. The first pair was finished last week. The only thing about the shoes that is not cotton is the heel, which is made of rubber, and a thin leather welt to which the cotton belting sole is attached. The newest thing about the shoe is the cotton belting sole. On records which have been kept of this material it is declared that it will last as a shoe sole longer than leather. The rest of the shoe is made of gray Palm Beach cloth. —News and Press.

More than ninety per cent of the alcohol and alcoholic drinks that are made in the Philippines are derived from the sap of palm trees.

Directions for Cultivating and Canning Pimentos.

The following instructions concerning the Pimento are given by Mrs. Dora Dee Walker, Assistant State Agent Home Demonstration Work. Mrs. Walker has made a special study of this vegetable, having grown it successfully on her farm at Appleton, S. C., for many years. She has furnished seed and instructions to people all over the South, and has charge of several pimento farms this year.

Mrs. Walker read a paper on pimentos at the recent meeting of Home Demonstration Agents at Winthrop College and at that time and since many requests have come for an article on that subject.

Plant seed in hot bed in rows two inches apart, placing seed one inch apart in rows.

When plants are six inches high transplant to plat.

Plat should be in a thoroughly pulverized condition, having been broadcast with lime before being subsoiled.

Lay off rows 2 1-2 feet wide, use 8-4-4 fertilizer at the rate of 1,000 pounds per acre.

Check with rows 2 1-2 feet apart and plant must be set in the check.

Cultivate frequently. When plants are 12 inches high apply Nitrate of Soda at the rate of one teaspoonful to the plant. They respond readily to this treatment. Keep free of weeds and grass.

In July your efforts are awarded with an abundance of luscious pimentos.

Sell as many as possible in the market. Then comes the canning season.

Gather the peppers early in the morning while crisp with dew. Rub all dust off with a towel, being careful not to bruise them.

Cut around stem, with a sharp paring knife, withdraw seed burr with stem, and cut away the walls or partitions on the inside.

You now have the beautiful red hollow pods which you place side by side (never overlap) in a biscuit pan. Introduce this into a very hot stove oven. In ten minutes these pods will blister. Remove from stove and peel immediately. Pack these leathery pulps into No. 1 cans, four pimentos to each can being the commercial pack.

Cap—exhaust 3 minutes. Tip—boil 20 minutes.

Boiling extracts their natural juices. Never use olive oil with them because with age it becomes rancid. The natural oily juice extracted by boiling in the cans is far better than the introduction of olive oil into the can.

Likewise they may be canned in half pint glass jars.

Birds Shun War Countries.

The bulletin of the St. Hubert club of France, reports that the war has brought confusion even among the feathered tribes. Migratory birds have left sooner than usual. Thrushes that come from Germany, and even Sweden and Denmark have not arrived this year, but have gone direct to Italy.

Larks, usually so common in France, have disappeared before the cannon's roar, their passage in October not having taken place. The wrens have imitated them. Sedentary birds that remain in the country live in perpetual terror in the fighting districts, flying about madly day and night.

From Burgundy, bands of wild bears are reported that have evidently come from the Ardennes and Vosges. They are in great numbers and so hungry that they have devoured even the bark of trees. Driven from their haunts by the firing, they have fled by the only accessible route, behind the armies into the forests of the Cote d'Or.

Sure Thing!

"Farm products cost more than they used to." "Yes" replied the farmer. "When a farmer is supposed to know the botanical name of what he's raisin' an' the entomological name of the insect that eats it, an' the pharmaceutical name of the chemical that will kill it, somebody's got to pay."—Anderson (N. C.) Intelligencer.

The Andrew Hamilton chapter of the D. A. R. will meet this (Wednesday) afternoon at 4 o'clock with Mrs. W. S. Cothran. Mrs. J. M. Lawson, Sec.

PICTURE SHOW PROGRAM

For This Week.

—WEDNESDAY—

"The Truth of Fiction,"—2 Reel American, Featuring Winifred Greenwood and a cast of popular Stars.

"Love in Armour,"—Keystone Com. "The Idler,"—Reliance. Four Reels

—THURSDAY—

"The Lucky Transfer,"—Reliance. A good detective story.

"A Newspaper Nemesis,"—Thanhouser. Starring Peggy Burke, the new Thanhouser leading woman.

"A Temperance Lesson,"—Majestic, a clever domestic comedy.

"The Sacrifice,"—Drama. —4 reels. —FRIDAY—

"The Girl Who Might Have Been,"—2-Reel Kay Bee, featuring Leona Heaton an' Frank Horzage.

"Beating Hearts and Carrots,"—Keystone Comedy and a good one "Adrift in a Great City,"—Thanh.

"The Son of Thomas Gray," 5 Reels.—5

—SATURDAY—

"Her Buried Past,"—Majestic, 2-Reels. The Story of a woman's mercy and a woman's mistake, featuring Irene Hunt.

"In Wrong,"—Royal. A side-splitting farce.

"The Girl and the Greaser,"—Western. 4 Reels in all.

Buy a Car.

Miss Eliza Gary has bought a car and is learning to drive it. She is giving her friends much pleasure in the way of rides.

The Man to Avoid.

"What sort of a billiard game do you play?"

"Well," he replied suspiciously, "I can usually hold my own with any ordinary player, except the man who hasn't had a cue in his hands for three years."

The Cow Appreciated.—A simple hearted man who has tasted but few of the drinks of the world, took dinner with a high-toned family, where a glass of milk punch was quietly set down by each plate, says the Kansas City Star.

In silence and happiness the guest quaffed his goblet, and then added: "Madam, you should daily give thanks for such a good cow."

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

What to Eat?

FOR BREAKFAST

Try a pound of our BREAKFAST BACON, sliced thin by our new slicer, a pound - - - 35c

We carry the very best grade of HUDNUT'S HOMINY, machine cleaned, absolutely without specks, a peck - - - 40c

We handle the highest grades of COFFEE, good Maple Syrups for Cakes, and Buckwheat to make the cakes.

A. M. HILL & SONS

Man Takes His Own Medicine Is an Optimist

He has absolute faith in his medicine—he knows when he takes it for certain ailments he gets relief. People who take Dr. King's New Discovery for an irritating Cold are optimists—they know this cough remedy will penetrate the linings of the throat, kill the germs, and open the way for Nature to act. You can't destroy a Cold by superficial treatment—you must go to the cause of the trouble. Be an optimist. Get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery today.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson II.—Second Quarter, For April 11, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, 1 Sam. xvi, 4-13. Memory Verses, 12, 13—Golden Text, 1 Sam. xvi, 7—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

It is certainly restful to be in the hands of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will (Eph. 1, 11) and who says, "I will work, and who shall let it" (hinder, or turn back) (Isa. xliii, 13), provided we have no will of our own in the matter. Even Samuel seems not to have been fully one with the Lord concerning Saul, for he continued to mourn for him after the Lord had rejected him, so that the Lord had to say to him, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?" When we can say, "Even so, Father," "Just and true are thy ways," because we are certain that "As for God, His way is perfect" (Matt. xi, 26; Rev. xv, 3; Ps. viii, 30), we have entered upon a restful life. Then its continuance depends upon our living "In the perfect will of God, moment by moment. Note the messages to Samuel in verses 1-3: "I will send thee to Jesse. I have provided me a king. I will show thee what thou shalt do. Anoint unto Me him whom I name unto thee." This left nothing for Samuel but simple obedience to Him who was managing.

But Samuel had an objection. "If Saul hear it he will kill me." The Lord quieted him, and matters proceeded, and Samuel did that which the Lord spake and came to Bethlehem to meet Jesse and his sons (verses 4, 5). The elders of the town seemed to regard Samuel almost as God Himself or they must have had very guilty consciences, for they trembled at his coming until assured that he came peaceably. Those who are walking with God need have no fear of a visit from a man of God nor of the coming of the Lord Himself, for it is possible so to abide that we shall not be ashamed before Him at His coming (1 John ii, 28). Having called Jesse and his sons, Samuel thought that he saw in Eliab a fit successor to Saul, but the Lord told him not to look on his outward appearance (verses 6, 7). When we consider Eliab's contemptuous and uncalled for treatment of David a little later (xvii, 28) we do not wonder that the Lord refused him, for He knew what was in man (John ii, 25). Seven of Jesse's sons passed before Samuel, all who had come to meet him, but the Lord's choice was not among them, so that Samuel had to ask, "Are here all thy children?" Then he learned that the youngest had been left at home to keep the sheep, and Samuel said, "Send and fetch him, for we will not sit down till he come hither" (verses 8-11).

I am interested to know how David felt that day when left at home and all the other brothers went to meet Samuel, for, knowing what we do of David, we can easily imagine that he would be more desirous to meet Samuel than any of his brothers would, even though there might be nothing especially for him in it. Some day in the kingdom we may talk with him about that particular day. I never read or write this story or think about it that I do not rejoice to see the Lord's way in it. The young man left at home because he was seemingly of no account on this great occasion, and then all the older brothers set aside and compelled to wait till he came, and then to see Samuel take the horn of oil and anoint him in the midst of his brethren.

I think I can hear Eliab say to some of his brothers as they went homeward, "The old prophet must be in his dotage." "There is nothing to it, for they did not hear the Lord say to Samuel, 'Arise, anoint him, for this is he' (verses 12, 13). The comfort I get from it is that the Lord looketh on the heart, not on the outward appearance, and when he wants you for any work He will find you and get you there in spite of all obstacles. It is ours to keep quietly on minding our sheep, like David or Moses; thrashing our wheat, like Gideon; plowing, like Elisha; doing housework, like Mary of Nazareth; mending nets, like Peter and John; or whatever else is our regular occupation. The Spirit of the Lord came upon David, but departed from Saul because of Saul's failure to obey (13, 14). God allows us to choose, and if we choose the evil and not the good we have no one to blame but ourselves.

By the advice of Saul's servants he sought some one to quiet him when the evil spirit was upon him, and they recommended David, the son of Jesse, as a cunning player on the harp, a valiant man of war, a prudent man, a comely man, and they also said that the Lord was with him (verses 15-23). Being sent for, Saul loved him greatly and made him his armor bearer. How strange it all seems! God moves in a mysterious way. What a wonderful chapter! How can we refrain from saying, "Lord, take control of me and all my affairs and work out in and through me all thy good pleasure." It would seem that Jesse was an old man at this time, and his family consisted of eight sons and two daughters (xvii, 12; 1 Chron. ii, 16), but David's mother's name is not given.

The whole story is an illustration of the truth of Eph. ii, 10, that God has the life and service of His redeemed all planned beforehand and will work it out if we will let Him. See Jer. i, 4-9.

MAXWELL'S MARKET

T. H. MAXWELL, Proprietor
—FOR—
ALL PORK SAUSAGE
SMALL HAMS, ROAST PIG,
FRESH FISH and OYSTERS
Highest Cash Prices Paid for
Cattle, Hogs and Sheep,
Green Salted Hides.
PHONE 298
Maxwell's Market

Comparison is the highest form of flattery. All cigars sold in Abbeville are represented to be as good, or better, than Speed's Cincos. There is nothing like them. Stick to them. They keep a good taste in your mouth and a clear head.

The California Car has a limited number of the Lucky Sea Beans which they give away to visitors as souvenirs.