

**Come to our store,**  
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and be convinced that, cheap at  
regular price, it is irresistible at  
one-third off.



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Hotpoint Week is our Annual Sale. Each year the latest Hotpoint electric household appliance is offered, FOR THAT WEEK ONLY, at a reduction from the regular price.

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**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.

**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 mother's home and helps to nurse him. He recovers, and he and the girl become fast friends.

O'Connell when well is sent to jail, 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, sending 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.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

Peg laughed.  
"Lady? Me? Sure now?"  
"You must do everything she tells you. Try to please her in all things. On the first day of every month I will



The Butler Took Michael; Peg Asked Him Not to Hurt the Dog.

call and find out what progress you're making. And now I must take my leave." He picked up his hat and came from the table.

Peg sprang up breathlessly and frightenedly. Now that Mr. Hawkes was going she felt deserted. He had at least been gentle and considerate to her. She tugged at his sleeve and looked straight up into his face with her big blue eyes wide open and pleaded:

"Please, sir, take me with ye and send me back to New York. I'd rather go home. Indade I would. I don't want to be a lady. I want me father. Please take me with ye."

"Oh, come, come!"—Mr. Hawkes began.

"I want to go back to me father. Indade I do." Her eyes filled with tears. "He mightn't like me to stay here now that me uncle's dead."

"Why, it was your uncle's last wish that you should come here. Your father will be delighted at your good fortune." He gently pressed her back into the chair and smiled pleasantly and reassuringly down at her.

Just when he had negotiated everything most satisfactorily to have Peg endeavor to upset it all was most disturbing. He went on again:

"Your aunt will do everything in her

power to make you feel at home. Won't you, Mrs. Chichester?"

"Everything!" said Mrs. Chichester, as if she were walking over her own grave.

Peg looked at her aunt ruefully (her expression was most forbidding); at Ethel's expressive back; lastly at Alaric fitting a cigarette into a gold mounted holder. Her whole nature cried out against them. She made one last appeal to Mr. Hawkes:

"Do send me back to me father!"  
"Nonsense, my dear Miss O'Connell. You would not disappoint your father in that way, would you? Wait for a month. I'll call on the 1st, and I expect to hear only the most charming things about you. Now, goodbye." And he took her hand.

She looked up wistfully at him.  
"Goodby, sir. An' thank ye very much for bein' so kind to me."

Hawkes bowed to Mrs. Chichester and Ethel and went to the door.  
"Have a cab?" asked Alaric.

"No; thank you," replied the lawyer. "I have no luggage. Like the walk. Good day." And Peg's only friend in England passed out and left her to face this terrible English family alone.

"Your name is Margaret," said Mrs. Chichester as the door closed on Mr. Hawkes.

"No, ma'am," Peg began, but immediately corrected herself; "no, aunt—I beg your pardon—no, aunt—my name is Peg!" cried she earnestly.

"That is only a corruption. We will call you Margaret," insisted Mrs. Chichester, dismissing the subject once and for all.

But Peg was not to be turned so lightly aside. She stuck to her point.

"I wouldn't know myself as Margaret—indade I wouldn't. I might forget to answer to the name of Margaret." She stopped her pleading tone and said determinedly, "My name is Peg." Then a little softer and more plaintively she added: "Me father always calls me Peg. It would put me in mind of me father if you'd let me be called Peg, aunt." She ended her plea with a little yearning cry.

"Kindly leave your father out of the conversation," snapped the old lady severely.

"Then it's all I will have him out of!" cried Peg, springing up and confronting the stately lady of the house.

Mrs. Chichester regarded her in astonishment and anger.

"No temper, if you please," and she motioned Peg to resume her seat.

Poor Peg sat down, breathing hard, her fingers locking and unlocking, her stanch little heart aching for the one human being she was told not to refer to.

This house was not going to hold her a prisoner if her father's name was to be slighted or ignored. On that point she was determined. Back to America she would go if her father's name was ever insulted before her.

Mrs. Chichester's voice broke the silence.

"You must take my daughter as your model in all things."

Peg looked at Ethel, and all her anger vanished temporarily. The idea of taking that young lady as a model appealed to her as being irresistibly amusing. She smiled broadly at Ethel.

Mrs. Chichester went on:

"Everything my daughter does you must try to imitate. You could not have a better example. Mold yourself from her."

"Imitate her, is it?" asked Peg innocently, with a twinkle in her eye and the suggestion of impishness in her manner.

"So far as lies in your power," replied Mrs. Chichester.

A picture of Ethel struggling in Brent's arms suddenly flashed across Peg, and before she could restrain herself she had said in exact imitation of her cousin:

"Please don't! It is so hot this morning!"

Then Peg laughed loudly to Ethel's horror and Mrs. Chichester's disgust.

"How dare you!" cried her aunt.

Peg looked at her a moment; all the mirth died away.

"Mustn't I laugh in this house?" she asked.

"You have a great deal to learn. Your education will begin tomorrow."

"Sure, that will be foine," and she chuckled.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

**Peg's New Surroundings.**

Peg's little heart was craving for some show of kindness. If she were going to stay there she would make some friendly advances to them. She held her hand out to Mrs. Chichester.

"I'm sure I'm very grateful to you for takin' me to live with ye here. An' me father will be too. But, ye see, it's all so strange to me here, an' I'm so far away—an' I miss me father so much."

Mrs. Chichester, ignoring the outstretched hand, stopped her peremptorily:

"Go with him!" And she pointed up the stairs, on the first landing of which stood the portly Jarvis waiting to conduct Peg out of the family's sight.

Peg dropped a little courtesy to Mrs. Chichester, smiled at Ethel, looked loftily at Alaric, then ran up the stairs and, following the footman's index finger pointing the way, she disappeared from Mrs. Chichester's unhappy gaze.

The three looked at each other.

"Awful!" said Alaric.

"Terrible!" agreed Mrs. Chichester.

"One thing is absolutely necessary," Mrs. Chichester went on to say—"she must be kept away from every one for the present."

"I should say so!" cried Alaric energetically. Suddenly he ejaculated:

"Good Lord! Jerry—he mustn't see her. He'd laugh his head off at the idea of my having a relation like her.

He'll probably run in to lunch."

"Then she must remain in her room until he's gone," said Mrs. Chichester determinedly. "I'll go into town now and order some things for her and see about tutors. She must be taught and at once."

"Why put up with this annoyance at all?" asked Ethel.

Mrs. Chichester put her arm around Ethel as she said:

"One thousand pounds a year, that is the reason."

"Wait a minute, mater," put in Alaric, "and I'll go with you as far as the station road and see if I can head Jerry off. His train is almost due if it's punctual."



Peg Followed Jarvis Up the Stairs.

He was genuinely concerned that his old chum should not meet that impossible little red headed Irish heathen whom an unkind fate had dropped down in their midst.

At the hall door Mrs. Chichester told Jarvis that her niece was not to leave her room without permission.

As Mrs. Chichester and Alaric passed out they little dreamed that the same relentless fate was planning still further humiliations for the unfortunate family and through the new and un welcome addition to it.

Peg was shown by the maid, Bennett, into a charming old world room overlooking the rose garden. Every thing about it was in the most exquisite taste. The furniture was of white and gold, the vases of Sevres, a few admirable prints on the walls and roses everywhere.

Left to her reflections, poor Peg found herself wondering how people with so much that was beautiful around them could live and act as the Chichester family apparently did. They seemed to borrow nothing from their once illustrious and prosperous dead. They were, it would appear, only concerned with a particularly near present.

The splendor of the house awed—the narrowness of the people irritated her. What an unequal condition of things where such people were endowed with so much of the world's goods while her father had to struggle all his life for the bare necessities!

Very much comforted by the reflection and having exhausted all the curious things in the little mauve room, she determined to see the rest of the house. First she changed to another dress.

At the top of the stairs she met the maid Bennett.

"Mrs. Chichester left word that you were not to leave your room without permission. I was just going to tell you," said Bennett.

All Peg's independent Irish blood flared up. What would she be doing shut up in a little white and gold room all day? She answered the maid excitedly:

"Tell Mrs. Chichester I am not goin' to do anything of the kind. As long as I stay in this house I'll see every bit of it" and she swept past the maid down the stairs into the same room for the third time.

"You'll only get me into trouble," cried the maid.

"No, I won't. I wouldn't get you into trouble for the wurril. I'll get all the trouble, an' I'll get it now."

Peg ran across, opened the door connecting with the hall and called out:

"Aunt! Cousins! Aunt! Come here; I want to tell ye about meself!"

"They've all gone out," said the maid quickly.

"Then what are ye makin' such a fuss about? You go out too."

She watched the disappointed Bennett leave the room and then began a tour of inspection. She had never seen so many strange things outside of a museum.

Fierce men in armor glared at her out of massive frames; old gentlemen in powdered wigs smiled pleasantly at her; haughty ladies in breath beaving collures stared superciliously right through her. She felt most uncomfortable in such strange company.

On the piano she found a perfectly carved bronze statuette of Cupid. She gave a little elfish cry of delight, took the statuette in her arms and kissed it.

"Cupid, me darlin'! Faith, it's you that causes all the mischief in the wurril, ye divil ye!" she cried.

All her depression vanished. She was like a child again. She sat down at the piano and played the simple refrain and sang in her little girlish tremulous voice one of her father's favorite songs, her eyes on Cupid:

(To be Continued Next Week)

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7:30 a. m.	9:30 a. m.
9:30 a. m.	10:00 a. m.
1:15 p. m.	12:50 p. m.
2:00 p. m.	1:30 p. m.
4:15 p. m.	4:00 p. m.
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