



THE RISE OF PEGGY.

PEGGY knew, when she saw her father hurrying up the path, that he was coming to get her to bug potatoes.

This knowledge caused her heart to swell in fierce rebellion. If there was any one thing Peggy disliked more than another it was bugging potatoes. She sighed and began to read, with intense interest, where she had left off a moment before.

"Lady Alfreda's beautiful golden hair was crowned with a tiara of sparkling diamonds. Her slender white wrists were—"

"Peggy, Peggy," called Mr. Hibbard, peremptorily.

"Her slender white wrists," resumed Peggy, "were clasped with many bracelets, each of which was set with precious stones amounting in value to many thousands of dollars. Her taper fingers were—"

"Peggy, do you hear?" called her father again.

Peggy gave one more regretful glance at the paper, with its half-page illustration, then arose and stalked out into the yard with sullen slowness. Mr. Hibbard went around behind the smokehouse, whence he presently returned with two old tin pails and two narrow wooden paddles, which he set down at her feet.

"I guess you'll have to help me a little while again to-day, Peggy," he said, "but it won't be very hard on you. The sun's gone under a cloud and I don't b'leave the bugs is very thick."

Peggy looked disconsolately at the pail and the paddle. Her father took up his own implements of potato bug torture and began to retrace his steps toward the potato patch. But Peggy did not follow.

"I don't think," she called out bitterly, "that you've got a right to ask me to do such work as this."

He turned and looked at her in unbounded surprise. "She don't think," he repeated, blankly, "that I've got a right to ask her. Now, who," he continued, addressing his remarks to some invisible third person, "do you think has got a right to ask her if I ain't?"

"For an instant Peggy lunged her head, guiltily. Then, being highly incensed by the painful contrast between her own hard lot and that of Lady Alfreda, she looked up and said, with considerable spirit:

"My own father, sir."

There was a moment's silence. "Her own father," echoed Mr. Hibbard, at length, still directing his conversation to the invisible third person. "Now, will you kindly tell me who is her own father, if I ain't?"

The invisible third person evidently did not feel equal to an explanation of the matter and Peggy took it upon herself to answer.

"I do not know, sir," she returned, firmly, "but I shall soon find out. You are not he, I am sure. Where you found me, or how you obtained possession of me I cannot tell, but of this much I am positive: you are doing me a great injustice by grinding me down in this manner, and it will not be long until I will be restored to my—my—"

Peggy paused then in some confusion. She was not quite sure whether these were the exact words Lady Alfreda had used when declaring to her captors her intuitive knowledge of her noble birth. Peggy had long thought that when she proclaimed her identity to the people with whom she lived and who claimed to be her relatives, she would repeat Lady Alfreda's declaration of independence verbatim, and it flustered her to think that she might have failed to do so. Still, even though she might have made a mistake, she felt that she had put it pretty strong. And she certainly had. At least, so it seemed to Mr. Hibbard.

He hurried forward and laid his hand tremblingly on her shoulder.

"Peggy," he said, anxiously, "I'm afraid you're a losin' your wits, ain't you? Don't yo' feel a little queer in your head? Think a minute. Now, don't yo'?"

Had not Peggy's heart been steeled to an extraordinary degree, it would have been melted by the tender solicitude in his voice and manner. As it was, she drew back unresponsive and regarded him coldly.

"No," she said, "I'm not at all sick-father, and I'm ready to help you. Come on."

She gathered up the paddle and pail allotted to her, and led the way to the nearby corner lot, where the hard-shelled black and yellow potato destroyers were making a morning meal off the tender, juicy leaves. Mr. Hibbard followed, as one in a trance. Neither Peggy nor her father referred to the momentous subject again that day. Mr. Hibbard's heart and head were filled with many speculations on the newly-revealed side of his little daughter's nature. He was laboriously revolving her words in his somewhat dull mind, and striving to comprehend their meaning. Until he arrived at a solution of the problem he would have nothing to say.

As for Peggy, she was too busy with day dreams to talk. She felt confident she was in reality the child of wealthy parents and that the time was near at hand when she should come into possession of her rightful property. That was what happened to Lady Alfreda

and other lovely heroines of whom she had read in the weekly illustrated papers, and it was but a natural conclusion that she was destined to enjoy the same good fortune. To be sure, there were many striking differences between herself and Lady Alfreda. For instance, it would require a lively stretch of the imagination to transform Peggy's scant ragged locks into the luxuriant tresses of which Lady Alfreda boasted, and the fancy that could see in Peggy's red, bony hands any resemblance to Lady Alfreda's "slender white wrists" and "taper fingers" would have to be still more elastic.

Peggy unceremoniously dropped her pail, much to the discomfiture of the caged colony of potato bugs, when she realized this and struck her unprepossessing hands in her pockets and blushed for very shame.

II.

Before breakfast next morning Peggy finished reading the adventures of Lady Alfreda. She had grown quite bold by that time, in consequence of her talk with Mr. Hibbard on the preceding day, and when washing the breakfast dishes she enlarged on the subject with enthusiasm to her cousin George.

"Never mind," she said, with grandiloquent air, when he refused to empty the coffee grounds as requested, "I won't be here long for you to quarrel with."

"I'm going away," she returned blandly. "I'm going to have a rise in the world. My name is not Peggy Hibbard, at all. Bah, what an ugly name! I've tried my best to hit into something pretty and interesting, but I can't do it. It always remains just plain Peggy. I don't know what my last name is, but I'm sure I was christened Queenie or Edith or Elaine or something like that. My own parents are coming for me soon."

"Huh!" said George, in derision. But he emptied the coffee grounds and was quite obedient for almost an hour afterward, all of which Peggy regarded as unmistakable evidence that he had more or less faith in what she had told him.

Peggy was kept unusually busy in those days. She and her aunt, Mrs. Morrison, did all the housework, and as a sick neighbor, who had been a lifelong friend of the family, required a great deal of her aunt's attention, many new duties devolved upon Peggy. This additional work was not exactly relished, but in one sense the situation was delightful. Peggy was left alone more than she had been heretofore, and the unusual solitude gave her ample opportunity to converse with her relatives undisturbed when they should come to claim her.

III.

The next day, when carrying in an armful of stovewood, with which to cook the noontide meal, she heard the sound of wheels on the white turnpike. They stopped at the front gate, and Peggy, peeping furtively around the corner of the house, beheld a sight which drove every drop of blood in her veins with a rush to her heart, and made her arms so limp and lifeless that the load of wood fell with a crash on her bare toes.

A carriage had been driven into the shade of the apple tree that grew near the roadside. Undoubtedly it was the carriage. It was not exactly what she had expected, for there were only two horses instead of four, and the harness was not made of gold, but it was a very stylish turnout withal, and Peggy thought she could be satisfied with it.

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been able to find out what the name of my father really is. I hoped, sir, that you were he. Are you not, and have you not come to give me a rise in the world and take me home to your palace?"

Peggy spoke with great earnestness, for she had dreamed over this phase of her life so much that she had come to believe in its reality. The lady and gentleman stared at her in bewilderment.

"I don't understand what you mean," said the lady, sadly. "We have no little girl. Our granddaughter died, too, a few weeks ago. But we will think over what you have said, and make further inquiries about you. After we have seen Mr. Hibbard perhaps you will hear from us again."

They drove away down the dusty turnpike and Peggy threw herself down on the garden mold and wept bitterly. "Even they have gone back on me," she sobbed. "They have left me here and I'll have to go back into that hateful kitchen and cook something for father and the boys. I can't do it, so there."

But she did, and her father praised her effort by saying that he had never sat down to a better meal.

In the meantime the lady and gentleman, all unconscious of the grief their visit had occasioned, were wending their way thoughtfully back to Squire Hooper's house, whence they had started out an hour before.

"I don't see what you sent us over there for," said the gentleman, as soon as they entered the sitting-room. When we told you that our errand in this neighborhood is to pick out a bright little girl whose parents are poor and unable to educate her as she deserves and wishes we were in earnest, and ex-

pected you to recommend somebody who is worthy. But that Hibbard girl is a regular little lunatic. She said her name is not Hibbard; that she is the child of wealthy parents who will give her a rise in the world, and all that sort of tommy-rot. We were so surprised we came away without seeing Mr. Hibbard."

"I don't know what to make of it," sighed Mrs. Hooper. "Here comes her aunt, Hannah Morrison, down the road, now. I'll call her in and consult her."

"It's the very thing that's been worrying her father to death yesterday and to-day," said Mrs. Morrison, when the quest of the middle-aged couple had been explained to her. "I'm afraid her mind's upset by reading so many impossible, sensational stories. I can't watch her all the time, having so much to do, and she will borrow those papers and read them when I'm not looking. I'm sure I'm obliged to you all for your kind intentions toward Peggy. She's sharp as a whip. It's a shame we can't afford to give her more advantages. I hope you'll overlook her crazy notions and give her a trial."

But the middle-aged couple were extremely matter-of-fact people. They felt rather dubious about taking under their protection a child who talked in riddles, and after due deliberation they returned to their home without having made any arrangements for the education of a bright little girl who was unable to help herself.

IV.

But they came again a year later. "We are looking for Peggy Hibbard," said the old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his gray eyes.

Peggy had learned many things during those twelve months. She had come to realize that a "rise" had come in her way, which, although not the kind she was looking for, was the best "rise" that can come to a person in this world, and she deeply regretted having lost it. In view of all this, she answered, modestly, "I am she."

When they went away Peggy accompanied them. They did not startle the neighbors with gold harness and "an unlimited wardrobe," but for all that Peggy was very happy. The next summer, when she was home during vacation, she voluntarily hunted a tin pail and a wooden paddle, and went with her father to the potato patch.

"I don't really like this kind of work," she said, "but I've come to the conclusion that I can't have everything my own way, as did Lady Alfreda. Somehow I've lost all interest in her golden hair and slender white wrists."

When they returned to the house her father brought out the big family Bible and opened it at the record of births. "See," he said, pointing to the top line. "Peggy, daughter of Hiram and Alice Hibbard. Born December 12, 1881. There it is as plain as life every-day, commonplace 'Peggy.' Have yo' given up tryin' to make somethin' flowery out of it?"

Peggy blushed to the roots of her hair, which was still carotiny and stringy. "Long ago," she said, meekly. "An' yo' b'leave the record in the Bible, now, don't you, dear child?" he asked, anxiously. "Yo' b'leave that 'm your sure enough father, an' yo' ain't expectin' any great rise, are yo'? Yo' ain't ashamed o' me an' my name?"

"Father, dear father," she said, softly.—Omaha Bee.



DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

There is a lively family row going on among the Republicans in Ohio.

This suggests that divisions also exist among the Republicans of New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois. This is not going to be a good year for bosses. Even the great Czar of the House, Thomas B. Reed, is under a cloud, and his own constituents in Maine have ignored him in their resolutions of approval. Platt and anti-Platt factions are fighting like cats and dogs in New York. Quay and anti-Quay partisans are having a fierce contest in Pennsylvania. Hanna and anti-Hanna followers are engaged in a deadly encounter in Ohio. In Illinois the machine and the anti-machine advocates are having a merry war. Republicans are counting greatly on the war to help them secure victories at the polls in the elections of next fall, but the disagreements in their own ranks will probably result in discounting the influence of war feeling on the voters.

Democrats have every reason to feel encouraged. The Democrats were in favor of the war, are still earnestly advocating its prosecution, and cannot, therefore, be placed in the opposition. On the whole, the outlook for Democracy is good, which should encourage an active and aggressive campaign.—Chicago Dispatch.

New Issues.

Out of the war with Spain new political issues in the United States will spring. There will be a realignment of parties. Traditional policies will be put to the test in the face of new issues. The building of an isthmian canal connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific; the annexation of Hawaii; the seizure of Porto Rico, the Philippines, the Carolines, the Canaries; the establishing of American colonies; the effect of such measures on the tariff policy of this country—these are all new questions brought to the front by the exigencies of war. It is too early in the progress of events to dogmatize on these matters. The ownership of the Philippines is still a mooted question. What the result of such ownership would be cannot as yet be told.

There is little doubt that the leaders of the Republican party are getting into line in favor of an "imperial" policy. Indications are to the effect that Democratic leaders will oppose such a policy. On the whole, it would perhaps be wise to await developments. What the arguments are for and against an expansion of territory time alone can decide. Under such circumstances a great party having the interests of the people at heart, can show wisdom by withholding for a time its commitment on these questions.

Contracts and Chinese.

Messrs. Hoffman, Rothschild & Co. have a contract for making 30,000 uniforms, and have given much of the work to Chinese, claiming the whites want more for their work than they get themselves. This shows the essential iniquity of the contract system. First the bidders cut the price and then they have to cut the workers to meet the price. The Government would gain by doing its own work in this line, as the British government has done for more than a generation. But the Washington Government is a back-number concern anyhow. The States should uniform their own troops. Probably the uniforms will be bad and misfits and flimsy, and it would have been cheaper in the long run to have paid white tailors by the day. We don't believe in any excuse on this matter. If there were the public spirit here now that there was before poverty had eaten the heart out of our people, the troops would be induced to burn every one of Hoffman, Rothschild & Co.'s uniforms made by aliens, our people replacing them by a volunteer made article of superior quality and fit. We think the States to which the volunteers belong should take similar action. What say the Governors of Kansas and Nebraska?—San Francisco Star.

Democrats Are Loyal.

Will the administration newspapers have the justice to give the Democrats in Congress credit for patriotism in aiding the passage of the war revenue bill? There are many features in this bill which, under ordinary circumstances, could never have passed the Senate, but this is no time for strictly party legislation, and opposition was silent in the presence of a great national emergency. In commenting on the passage of this bill the Washington Times justly says: "Democrats and other late opponents of the administration in matters connected with the current situation have evinced a patriotic spirit and a willingness to sink partisan interests that we hope will not escape the President and his advisers. It is fitting that he and they should realize and recognize the sturdy Americanism of opponents in domestic politics, who are ready to sacrifice everything, even to the immediate future of the national organizations they represent, in order that there shall be nothing done or successfully attempted to shackle the hands of an administration charged with the conduct of war."

The New Financial Legislation.

The Republicans in Congress have figured out that the war will be likely to cost a half billion of dollars over and above the ordinary expenses appropriated for the army and navy, and for the purpose of raising this amount they have authorized the increase of the in-

terest bearing debt by \$400,000,000 and the collection of the other \$100,000,000 in extra taxes. The Democrats in Congress tried to raise a larger sum than the Republicans would agree to by extra taxation—to be imposed chiefly on the wealthy corporations and manufacturers—and to cut down the bond issue by coining the silver seigniorage lying idle in the treasury, and make another issue of greenbacks to keep pace with the growth and the needs of the country. They were voted down, of course, and in order to put the administration promptly in possession of the sinews of war they made no further opposition, thus showing themselves to be true patriots.

Municipal Ownership.

When the war closed 58 per cent. of all the water works in the United States were private properties. No one now thinks of objecting to municipal ownership of water works that it is socialistic or obnoxious to American principles of government, but twenty years ago the objection was raised, exactly as it is now, against the municipal ownership of gas, electric or street railway services. Massachusetts leads all other States in her preference for public over private ownership of water supply plants. There remain in that State now thirty-one private against 113 public works. Not a single water supply plant in Massachusetts built by a city has ever been turned over to a private company.—New York World.

Press Opinions.

If the American people could conquer the gold bugs and interest-eating sharks as they can the Spaniards, what a proud, happy and free people we would be.—Pittsburg Kansan.

The doctor who does not know what ails the patient may do harm instead of good. So the people, if they know not the cause of their trouble, may injure themselves in their struggles to be free.—Seattle Call.

Reforms languish in the supreme moment of national passion stirred by war. But out of the war is often born a new national spirit, a new fund of enthusiasm for humanity is created, that makes real reform possible. Emancipation was not even an issue at the beginning of the civil war.—Duluth Labor World.

The great delay in sending succor to the starving reconcentrados in Cuba, for whom the war was inaugurated, has undoubtedly caused the death of nearly all of them. The administration will have the burden of proving itself innocent for not rescuing these poor people from such a miserable death when it had the opportunity before Blanco fortified Havana and before the Spanish fleet crossed the Atlantic.—Silver Knight Watchman.

The same variety of patriotism which impelled certain St. Louis business men to coerce their employes into parading against Bryan, now impels them against paying war taxes to support the government of their country in a struggle with a foreign foe. This is incident number one. There will be others. "Justice," remarks the tragic poet, "justice, though she have a leaden heel, gets there finally, and when she does, the club she uses has no stuff in it."—Journal of Agriculture.

An Annex of America.

One of the "fads" of the French at present is the "motor-cycle"—a tricycle fitted up with an electric battery. These machines are built to get over ground very quietly, and they dart through the thoroughfares of the city like an arrow shot from a bow. Many of the big business houses are using them for small delivery wagons, as a man rides one of them all day and experiences little fatigue. In Germany the wheels used are very much like the English make—that is to say, they are heavy and very cumbersome. Switzerland is a splendid place for wheeling. The valley of Lauterbrunnen is a favorite resort. Indeed, the little republic is crowded with cyclists during the summer months, and seems like an annex of America. This is especially true of Lucerne, where Americans congregate by the thousands. And the American wheel is seen at every turn. Italy is not an ideal country for the cyclist. The roads are by no means the best, and one meets with fewer wheelmen here than anywhere else in the world. Here, too, one fails to see pretty costumes.

Log Cabin Philosophy.

Save up de dollars. Long life doan bring happiness ef you got ter end it in de po'house.

Ef de sayin' is true dat de good die young, dese heah gray head people must be a hard lot er sinners.

It takes trouble ter give some people sense. Dey never thinks er stringin' a lightning rod till de lightning sets fire ter de house.

Ef dey wuz a elevator fum dis worl' ter heven some folks would say dat ridin' on a elevator makes dey head swim.

Dey's some talk 'bout dis worl' not bein' made in six days; but all I got ter say is dis: Anybody dat kiu make a worl' like dis in two weeks is doin' mighty well.

Train up de child in de way he shall go, but be sho' ter hang de lights in front er him.

The walnut library and bedroom sets of furniture in Jefferson Davis' old home in Beauvoir, Miss., have been shipped to Richmond, Va., for preservation in the Confederate museum.

SHORT SPANISH DICTIONARY.

What the Words in the War News Dispatches Mean.

The war has introduced to the newspaper readers of the land a host of unfamiliar words—the names of Cuban towns and Spanish naval vessels. The meaning and pronunciation of some of them are already familiar, but in order that the casual reader may better understand that which he reads we here present the meaning of a number of the Spanish words oftenest found in the dispatches. As to the pronunciation of Spanish words the following general rules apply:

Every letter in the Spanish language is given its full value. There are no silent letters.

The double l is given a liquid, slurring sound. For instance, the word Callao is pronounced Kah-yah-o. Castellar is pronounced Cas-tay-yar.

The letter a takes the broad pronunciation as in far; e takes the sound of the English long a; i is pronounced like the English e, as is, also, y; ch is sounded as in the English word church.

Following is a short dictionary of Spanish words and phrases for newspaper readers:

ALAMEDA—A grove of trees.
ALHIRANTE—Admiral.
ARLETE—A battering ram.
ARMADA—Fleet.
ARROYO—A small river.
AUDAZ—Bold, audacious.
AZOR—Goshawk, a bird.
BAHIA HONDA—Deep bay.
BANCO—Bank.
BANDO—Proclamation.
BENITA—A Benedictine nun.
BLANCO—White.
BOCACICO—Little mouth.
BOCA DEL TORO—Mouth of the bull.
BOCA DEL RIO—Mouth of the river.
BUENA—Good.
BUENA AYRES—Good air.
BUENA VENTURA—Good luck.
CABANAS—Cabins or huts.
CARDENAS—Of a purple color.
CAMPOS—Fields.
CAMARONES—Shrimps.
CAPE VERDE—Green cape.
CASTELLAR—Fortified by a castle.
CASA—House.
CALLE—Street.
CASTILLO—Castle.
CATALINA—Catherine.
CEBALLOS—Onions.
CIENFUEGOS—A hundred fires.
CIUDAD—City.
CONCHA—Shell.
CONTRA COSTA—Opposite the coast.
COSTA RICO—Rich coast.
CORTES—Parliament.
CUBA—A cask, such as is used for wine or oil.
DEL (D)—Of the.
DEL LA (F)—Of the.
DON—Gentleman, equivalent to the English Mr.
DOS RIOS—Two rivers.
EL (M)—The.
EL CANO—The prudent.
EL DIARIO DE LA MARINA—The daily of the navy.
ENGRACIA—Grace.
ENSENADA—Learned.
ESMERALDA—Emerald.
ESTRECHOS—Straits.
FARO—Lighthouse.
FOSOS—Ditches.
FUERTE—Fort.
FUOR—Rage.
FUERTICICO—Block house.
IMPARCIAL—Imperial.
ISLA—Island.
JUNTA—Congress.
LA (F)—The.
LA LUCHA—The light or torch.
LAS PALMAS—The palms.
LEGUA—League.
MANILLA—Little hand, bracelet.
MANZANILLO—A little apple tree.
MATANZAS—Slaughter.
MONTSERRAT—A serrated mountain.

MORO—Moorish.
MORRO—Anything that is round.
NEGRILLO—A little negro.
NUEVA—New.
PINZON—Pinch.
PLAZA DES ARMAS—The place of arms.

PINAR DEL RIO—Pine grove of the river.
PINTO—Colored.
PUERTO PRINCIPE—First port.
PUNTA—Point.
POLO—Pole.
PALMERITO—Little palm tree.
PUNTA ARENAS—Sandy point.
PUNTA GORDA—Fat point.
PUNTA COLORADO—Rich port.
KEY—King.
RECONCENTRADO—The concentrated.

RIENA—Queen.
RIO—River.
RAYO—Thunderbolt.
SALA—Hall.
SANTIAGO DE CUBA—St. James of Cuba.
SANTA (F)—Saint.
SOLEDADE—Solitude.
TEMERARIO—Daring.
TORTUGA—Turtle.
TRINIDAD—Trinity.
TROCHA—A narrow path across a high road.
VISCAYA—Biscay.
VITA—A crossbeam.
VUELTA ABAJO—Turned down.
Y—And.
ZAPATA—Shoe.

Averted by Vigilance.

"That," exclaimed the Spanish general, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, "is one of the narrowest escapes I have had for some time."

"What is the matter?" inquired his aid.

"See this typewritten page? I said in dictation that I was 'seeking light,' and the amanuensis got it 'seeking fight'!"—Washington Star.

Wouldn't Eat His Own Kind.

"She—If you had to take your choice, which would you rather do, eat donkey meat in Havana or dog meat in the Klondike?"

He—Oh, I think I'd go to the dogs.

She—Where, I told Maud Ripley she was wrong when she said you had all the characteristics of a cannibal.

Reputation.

He—Why is it that you always laugh at everything I say, whether I am serious or not?

She—All the girls say you're the wisest man in town.

True friendship between women is a matter of doubt to most men.