



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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CHAPTER IV. Angela in Distress.

KINGSNORTH went on: "The attitude of the people, their views, their conduct, is deplorable—hopeless. I came here to see what I could do for them. I even thought of spending a certain portion of each year here. But from what I've heard it would be a waste of time and money."

"It is discouraging at first sight, but we'll have a better state of affairs presently. We must first stamp out the agitator. He is the most potent hand-cap."

"Could it be done?"
"It would take time—every big movement takes time." Roche paused, looked shrewdly at Kingsnorth and asked him:

"What do you intend doing with this estate?"
"I am in a quandary. I'm almost determined to put it in the market—sell it, be rid of it. It has always been a source of annoyance to our family. However, I'll settle nothing until I return to London. I'll go in a few days—much sooner than I intended. This man being brought into my house has annoyed and upset me."

"I'm sorry," said the magistrate. "Miss Kingsnorth was so insistent, and the fellow seemed in a bad way, otherwise I would never have allowed it."
A servant came in response to Kingsnorth's ring and was sent with a message to have the man O'Connell ready to accompany the magistrate as quickly as possible.

Over a glass of sherry and a clear the two men resumed their discussion about the estate.
"I wouldn't decide too hastily about disposing of the land. Although there's always a good deal of discontent, there is really very little trouble here. In fact, until agitators like O'Connell came among us we had everything pretty peaceful. We'll dispose of him in short order."

"Do, do. Make an example of him by all means."
"Trust us to do that," said Roche. After a moment he added: "To refer again to selling the estate, you would get very little for it. It can't depreciate much more, and there is always the chance it may improve. Some of the people are quite willing to work."

"Are they? They've not shown any willingness to me."
"Oh, no. They wouldn't."
"What? Not to their landlord?"
"You'd be the last they'd show it to. They're strange people in many ways until you get to know them. Now there are many natural resources that might be developed if some capital were put into them."
"My new steward discouraged me about doing that. He said it might be ten years before I got a penny out of the property."
"Your new steward?"
"Andrew McPherson, the prominent lawyer."
"He's a hard man, sir."
"The estate needs one."
"Burlie understands the nature of the people."
"He sympathizes with them. I don't want a man like that working for me. I want loyalty to my interests. The makeshift policy of Burke during my father's lifetime helped to bring about this pretty state of things. We'll see what firmness will do—new broom, sweep the place clean, rid of slovenly, ungrateful tenants, clear away the tap room ornments. I have a definite plan in my mind. If I decide not to sell I'll perfect my plan in London and begin operations as soon as I'm satisfied it is feasible and can be put upon a proper business basis. There's too much sentiment in Ireland. That's been their ruin. I am going to bring a little common sense into play." Kingsnorth walked restlessly around the room as he spoke. He stopped by the windows and beckoned the magistrate.

"Don't do this. I entreat you—don't do it."
"But I have no choice, Miss Kingsnorth."
"The man can scarcely walk," she pleaded.
"He will receive every attention, believe me, Miss Kingsnorth," Roche replied.
Angela faced her brother again.
"If you let that wounded man go from this house today you will regret it to the end of your life." Her face was dead white. Her breath was coming thickly. Her eyes were fastened in hatred on her brother's face.

"Kindly try to control yourself, Angela," Kingsnorth said sternly. "You should consider my position a little more."
"Your position? And what is his? You with everything you want in life—that man with nothing. He is being hounded to prison for what? Pleading for his country? Is that a crime? He was shot down by soldiers—for what? For showing something we English are always boasting of feeling ourselves and resent any other nation feeling it—patriotism?"

"Stop!" commanded Kingsnorth. "If you take that sick, wretched man out of this house it will be a crime!" began Angela.
Kingsnorth stopped her. He turned to the magistrate, "Kindly take the man away."
Roche moved to the window.
Angela's heart sank. All her pleading was in vain. Her voice faltered and broke.

"Very well, then, take him. Sentence him for doing something his own countrymen will one day build a monument to him for doing. The moment the prison door closes behind him a thousand voices will cry 'Shame!' on you and your government and a thousand new patriots will be enrolled. And when he comes out from his torture he'll carry on the work of hatred and vengeance against his tyrants. He will fight you to the last ditch. You may torture his body, but you cannot break his heart or wither his spirit. They're beyond you. They're—they're—she stopped suddenly as her voice rose to the breaking point and left the room.

The magistrate went down the drive. In a few moments O'Connell was on his way to the courthouse, a closely guarded prisoner.
Angela, from her window, watched the men disappear. She buried her face in her hands and moaned as she had not done since her mother left her just a few years before. The girlhood in her was dead. She was a woman. The one great note had come to her, transforming her whole nature—love. And the man she loved was being carried away to the misery and degradation of a convict.

Gradually the moans died away. The convulsive heaving of her breast subsided.
A little later, when her sister, Monica, came in search of her, she found Angela in a dead faint.
By night she was in a fever.

One day in November Angela received the following letter:
Dublin, Ireland, Nov. 18, 18—
Dear Lady of Mercy—I have served my sentence. I am free. At first the horrible humiliation of my treatment, of my surroundings, of the depths I had to sink to, burned into me. Then the thought of you sustained me. Your gentle voice, your beauty, your pity, your unbounded faith in me, strengthened my soul. All the degradation fell from me. They were but ignoble means to a noble end. I was tortured that others might never know sorrow. I was imprisoned that my countrymen might know liberty. And so the load was lighter.

The memory of those three wonderful days was so marvelous, so vivid, that it shone like a star through the blackness of those terrible days.
You seem to have taken hold of my heart and my soul and my life.
Forgive me for writing this to you, but it seems that you are the only one I've ever known who understands the main-springs of my nature, of my hopes and my ambitions—indeed, of my very thoughts.
Today I met the leader of my party. He greeted me warmly. At last I have proved myself a worthy follower. They think it best I should leave Ireland for awhile. If I take active part at once I shall be arrested again and sent for a longer sentence.

They have offered me the position of one of the speakers in a campaign in America to raise funds for the "cause." I must first see the chief in London. He sent a message, writing in the highest terms of my work and expressing a wish to meet me. I wonder if it would be possible to see you in London?
If I am sent to America it would speed my going to speak to you again. If you feel that I ask too much do not answer this and I will understand.
Out of the fullness of my heart, from the depths of my soul and with the whole fervor of my being, I ask you to accept all the gratitude of a heart filled to overflowing.
God bless and keep you. Yours in homage and gratitude,
FRANK OWEN O'CONNELL.
Her answer:
London, Nov. 18, 18—
My Dear Mr. O'Connell—I am glad in-

deed to have your letter and to know you are free again. I have often thought of your misery during all these months and longed to do something to assuage it. It is only when a friend is in need and all avenues of help are closed to him that a woman realizes how helpless she is.
But they have not crushed your spirit, does not surprise me. I was as sure of that as I am that the sun is shining to-day. That you do not work actively in Ireland at once is, I am sure, wise. Foolhardiness is not courage.

In a little while the English government may realize how hopeless it is to try to conquer a people who have liberty in their hearts. Then they will abate the rigor of their unjust laws.
When that day comes you must return and take up the mission with renewed strength and hope and stimulated by the added experience of bitter suffering.
I should most certainly like to see you in London. I am staying with a distant connection of the family. We go to the south of France in a few weeks. I have been very ill—another reproach to the weakness of woman. I am almost recovered now, but far from strong. I have to lie still all day. My only companions are my books and my thoughts.
Let me know when you expect to arrive in London. Come straight here. I have so much to tell you, but the words halt as they come to my pen.
Looking forward to seeing you, in all sincerity,
ANGELA KINGSNORTH.

CHAPTER V.
O'Connell Visits Angela.
NATHANIEL KINGSNORTH stayed only long enough in Ireland to permit of Angela's recovery. He went into the sick-room only once. When Angela saw him she turned her back on him and refused to speak to him.
For a moment a flush of pity for his young sister gave him a pang at his heart. She looked so frail and worn, so desperately ill. After all she was his sister, and again, and she had not been punished? He was willing to forget the foolish things she had done and the bitter things she had said.
Let bygones be bygones. He realized that he had neglected her. He would do so no longer. Far from it. When he returned to London all that would be remedied. He would take care of her in every possible way. He felt a genuine thrill course through him as he thought of his generosity.

To all of this Angela made no answer.
Stung by her silence, he left the room and sent for his other sister. When Monica came he told her that whenever Angela wished to recognize his magnanimity she could send for him. She would not find him unforgetting.
To this Angela sent no reply.
When the fever had passed and she was stronger arrangements were made for the journey to London.

As Angela walked unsteadily to the carriage, leaning on the arm of the nurse, Nathaniel came forward to assist her. She passed him without a word. Nor did she speak to him once nor answer any remark of his during the long journey on the train.
When they reached London she refused to go to the Kingsnorth house, where her brother lived, but went at once to a distant cousin of her mother's, Mrs. Wrexford, and made her home with her, as she had often done before. She refused to hold any further communication with her brother, despite the ministrations of her sister, Monica, and Mrs. Wrexford.

Mrs. Wrexford was a gentle little white capped widow, whose only happiness in life seemed to be in worrying over others' misfortunes. She was on the board of various charitable organizations and was a busy helper in the field of mercy. She worshipped Angela, as she had her mother before her. That something serious had occurred between Angela and her brother, Mrs. Wrexford realized, but she could find out nothing by questioning Angela. Every time she asked her anything relative to her attitude, Angela was silent.

One day she begged Mrs. Wrexford never to speak of her brother again. Mrs. Wrexford respected her wishes and watched her and nursed her through her convalescence with a tender solicitude.
When O'Connell's letter came Angela showed it to Mrs. Wrexford, together with her reply.
"Do you mind if I see him here?" Angela asked.
"What kind of man is he?"
"The kind that heroes are made of."
"He writes so strangely—may one say unreservedly? Is he a gentleman?"
"In the real meaning of the word—yes."
"Of good family?"
"Not as we estimate goodness. His family were just simple peasants."
"Do you think it wise to see him?"
"I don't consider the wisdom. I only listen to my heart."
"You—do you love him?"
"So much of love as I can give is his."
"Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Wrexford, thoroughly alarmed.
"Don't be afraid," said Angela quietly. "Our ways lie wide apart. He is working for the biggest thing in life. His work is his life. I am nothing."
"But don't you think it would be indiscreet, dear, to have such a man come here?"
"Why indiscreet?"
"A man who has been in prison!" and Mrs. Wrexford shuddered at the thought. She had seen and helped so many poor victims of the cruel laws, and the memory of their drawn faces and evil eyes and coarse speech flashed across her mind. She could not reconcile one coming into her little home.

Angela answered her:
"Yes, he has been in prison, but the shame was for his persecutors, not for him. Still, if you would rather I saw him somewhere else—"
"Oh, no, my dear child. If you wish it—"
"I do. I just want to see him again, as he writes he does me. I want to hear him speak again. I want to wish him godspeed on his journey."

"Very well, Angela," said the old lady. "As you wish."
A week afterward O'Connell arrived in London. They met in Mrs. Wrexford's little drawing room in Mayfair.
They looked at each other for some moments without speaking. Both noted the fresh tones of suffering in each other's face. They had been through the long valley of the shadow of sorrow since they had last met.

But O'Connell thought as he looked at her that all the suffering he had gone through passed from him as some hideous dream. It was worth it—these months of torture—just to be looking at her now; worth the long black nights, the labors in the heat of the day with life's outcasts around him, the taunts of his jailers; worth all the infancy of it just to stand there looking at her.
She had taken his life in her two little hands.

He had bathed his soul all these months in the thought of her. He had prayed night and day that he might see her standing near him just as she was then, see the droop of her eye and the silk of her hair and feel the touch of her hand and hear the exquisite tenderness of her voice. He stood mute before her.
She held out her hand and said simply:
"Thank you for coming."
"It was good of you to let me," he answered hoarsely.

"They have not broken your spirit or your courage?"
"No," he replied tensely; "they are the stronger."
"I thought they would be," she said proudly.
All the while he was looking at the pale face and the thin transparency of her hands.
"But you have suffered too. You have been ill. Were you in—danger?" His voice had a catch of fear in it as he asked it, to him, terrible question.
"No. It was just a fever. It is past. I am a little weak—a little tired. That will pass too."

"If anything had happened to you—or ever should happen?" He buried his face in his hands and moaned:
"Oh, my God! Oh, my God!"
His body shook with the sobs he tried vainly to check. Angela put her hand gently on his shoulder.
"Don't do that," she whispered.
He controlled himself with an effort. "It will be over in a moment. Just a moment. I am sorry."
He suddenly knelt at her feet, his head bowed in reverence. "God help me!" he cried faintly. "I love you, I love you!"
She looked down at him, her face transfixed.

He loved her!
The best of her heart spoke it. "He loves you!" The throbbing of her brain shouted it. "He loves you!" The cry of her soul whispered it. "He loves you!"
She stretched out her hands to him: "My love is yours, just as yours is mine. Let us join our lives and give them to the suffering and the oppressed."
He looked up at her in wonder. "I daren't. Think what I am!"
"You are the best that is in me. We are mates."
"A peasant! A beggar!"
"You are the noblest of the noble."
"A convict."
"Our Saviour was crucified so that his people should be redeemed. You have given the pain of your body so that your people may be free."
"It wouldn't be fair to you," he pleaded.
"If you leave me it will be unfair to us both."
"Oh, my dear one! My dear one!" He folded her in his arms.
"I'll give the best of my days to guard you and protect you and bring you happiness."
"I am happy now," and her voice died to a whisper.

Three days afterward Nathaniel Kingsnorth returned late at night from a political banquet.
It had been a great evening. At last it seemed that life was about to give him what he most wished for. His dearest ambitions were, apparently, about to be realized.
He had been called on as a staunch Conservative to add his quota to the already wonderful array of brilliant perorations of seasoned statesmen and admirable speakers. Kingsnorth had excelled himself. Never had he spoken so powerfully. Being one of the only men at the banquet who had enjoyed even a brief glimpse of Ireland, he made the solution of the Irish question the main topic of his speech. Speaking lucidly and earnestly, he placed before them his panacea for Irish ills. His hearers were enthralled.
When he sat down the cheering was prolonged.

When he left the gathering he was in a condition of ecstasy. Lying back amid the cushions during his long drive home, he closed his eyes and pictured the future. His imagination ran riot. It took wings and flew from height to height. He saw himself the leader of a party—"the Kingsnorth party"—controlling his followers with a hand of iron and driving them to vote according to his judgment and his desire.

By the time he had reached home he had entered the cabinet and was being spoken of as the probable prime minister.
He poured out a liquor and stood sipping it as he turned over the letters brought by the night's post. One arrested him. It had been delivered by hand and was marked "Most Urgent." As he read the letter every vestige of color left his face.

(To Be Continued.)

END OF SESSION IS NOW IN SIGHT

Lawmakers Expect to Finish Labors Within a Week.

SATISFIED WITH THEIR WORK.

Members Willing to Compare Their Record With That of Any Previous Legislature—Governor Morehead Signs Chiropractic Bill.

Lincoln—The end is now in sight and the members of the Thirty-fourth session of the legislature of this state have only a few more days in which to crowd their labors into history.
It is probable that this time next week will see everything wound up and all of the lawmakers on their way home or else located there and busy at the tasks which they left first of the year to come down here.

The session has been one of considerable moment. This is true from several angles. In the first place the members have not willfully put their hands out and impeded the progress of any pending corporation. They have let business strictly alone. They have not sought to destroy any of the rights of existing businesses in any particular, not even when they have been spurred on by members of their bodies.
The members themselves feel well satisfied with their work. While admitting that that might not necessarily carry prestige as far as their constituents are concerned, they feel quite jubilant over the results of the sessions and they are ready to point out, session for session, their record as compared with that of any previous legislature.

The Omaha light bill has gone through the legislature and there attaches to it a most unusual story, according to members, that has been told in some time. It is not so much of the details of the bill itself as of the influences which were intended to bring about its death. These influences, it so happened, were lost in the offing and the men who had planned to enjoy themselves at the hands of the lawmakers and the men who were behind the bill have not now the opportunity of doing anything.

The bill provided simply and wholesomely, according to its friends, for the embarkation of the city of Omaha into the lighting field. It did this just as a hundred or two hundred towns of the state have come into the lighting field. The plan was to make it a people-owned plant, built for the purpose of reducing the exceedingly high light rates at Omaha. Principal backers of the move were a large number of both Republicans and Democrats of that city. C. W. Bryan of this city also favored the plan and told some of his friends in the legislature that they should vote for the measure. In this he was opposed by Governor Morehead and other local Democrats, who thought that R. B. Howell would be elevated by the affair and on that account it should be cut off. They also considered it a plan for the confiscation of the property of the Omaha Electric Light and Power company—although that company had paid fat dividends on \$7,000,000 worth of stock and a \$2,000,000 actual property valuation for the past several years.

One of the most potent Omaha questions to be settled during the closing hours—one which its friends claim interests the entire state in a measure—relates to the coming city election there. While the primaries were held there Tuesday, it is figured that the general election should not be held on May 6, as would be required, but that it should be stayed off until after the cities have voted on the consolidation question. Then, they maintain, men from South Omaha, Dundee, Benson and Florence could be pressed into the commission-ship race and could very easily be pitted against the Omaha men for some of the positions there. It is claimed on behalf of several of the lawmakers that James C. Dahlman is very much opposed to this and that he fears to take the race on in the larger territory. He fears that new opponents would rise up. It is said, and that powers which he never before dreamed of would take away the position he has held in the old boundaries for so long.

The county officials who counted so fondly on getting their terms extended have found that all is not gold that glitters. The easy sliding they had at first in the senate has not been duplicated in the house. That, too, despite a most powerful lobby which they have been maintaining for some time past.

The attitude of the enemies of the measure is that it would be unfair for the 133 men acting here as lawmakers to virtually elect the county officers for every county in the state for the two year period, beginning with January, 1917. That way, they reason, the Custer county representatives have a vote in electing the present set of officials in Douglas county, while the Adams county senators would have a say in the virtual re-election of Knox county officials for the coming two years.

The county officials made the plea that the short ballot demands such a change and that there will be so many political kites in the air in 1916 that it would be unfair to ask the people of the state at that time to elect their county officials. They want an evening up of such dimensions that the officials will be elected during the off year rather than when the president and United States senators are to be elected.

With the signature of the governor to the chiropractic bill the members of that professional school of healing may now operate legally in this state. The fact that so many people of the state appeared here while the bill was on passage and urged often and ardently that they had been helped by this form of treatment was responsible for its passage and then for its signature by the chief executive of this state.

The fact that "jail feeding" is said by some people to be profitable and said most earnestly by others to be worth little or nothing as a side issue to the sheriff's office was responsible for one of the big closing day fights in the legislature. The members discussed this pro and con, both with reference to Douglas and all other counties of the state. The price, as fixed finally, was reduced from 50 cents, as provided in the original bill, to 32 cents, according to the Noyes amendment. The rate quoted refers to the charge allowed per day per prisoner.

The measure providing for the recount of the ballots on the three constitutional amendments voted on by the people of the state at the late election has gone into the discard and with it the chance of getting a rebash of that vote. Friends of the bill contended that the straight ballots in many instances had not been counted for the amendments. Enemies of the bill said if the count had not been correct, then the election boards of the state were responsible. They were inclined to think the cost too prohibitive to take up at this time.

Several bills sorely needed by Election Commissioner H. G. Moorhead and urged by both him and Governor Morehead for the uplift of the voters at Omaha—and of so much consequence to the state—have gone into the discard. One of these was the bill amending the corrupt practices act in length, and the other is the bill amending the election commissioner with enough power to make him the kind of an officer he thinks he should be in order to properly enforce the law in Douglas county. Both bills were frowned upon because they were too drastic, according to the senate's ideas.

In the annals of Sarpy county in years to come there will probably be no legislative feat referred to more often than that of Jacob Sass and Senator Gates in securing the passage of the bill reimbursing that county for some \$2,012 expended in the legal tangles that followed the convict chase there.

These men were told when they came down here that they couldn't get such a bill through "in a hundred years." Their neighbors laughed good naturedly when they heard Mr. Sass had introduced such a measure. They knew he was in dead earnest, but they thought he was up against a stone wall in trying to persuade fifty other men that his county should get back the money it spent.

Jake plodded along and with Senator Gates as his aide-de-camp kept persistently at the thing. Sometimes they talked about it—at other times they helped other members with measures. In the end they had friends galore and when their measure—the one measure in their minds—came up it was passed. The house tale was repeated in the senate—and the last chapter was written when the measure was approved on third reading by the upper chamber.

In a brief period of committee work the house sent ahead the measure providing for the creation of paving districts in the rural sections of Douglas, Lancaster and Gage counties. The bill takes the place of a more comprehensive one killed earlier in the session. Both measures are of executive office origin. This has been a matter of some importance to Governor Morehead since last year when he rode over the state in his campaign tour and himself saw the necessity for taking some firm steps in the direction of ultimate construction of permanent good roads.

The house has refused to accept the senate amendments to a bill increasing Food Commissioner Harman's salary from \$2,250 to \$2,500 and providing increases in the salaries of men working under him. It is likely that the conference committee which has been appointed will adjust the matter in a satisfactory shape and that both houses will meet upon common ground in the matter.

Form of the Douglas county jury commissioner bill has finally been agreed to. The measure as it will go to the governor allows a majority of the district judges to name a commissioner, who may be the election commissioner, among others. If the latter official serves he is to receive \$5 a day for actual time put in. If another citizen serves the pay will be \$10 a day with a yearly maximum of \$1,200.

Representative Bert Miner of Douglas county was called to the chair and being a railroad man, railroaded business through in a lively manner. Mr. Miner is one of the most popular members of the house and, while seldom speaking in debate, has made good along legislative lines.

ROOT AND WAGNER.

Prominent Members of Both Parties Delegates to N. Y. Constitutional Convention.



USE GALLOWS ROPE TO BREAK FROM PEN

Three Slide Down Hangman's Cord In Vain Dash For Liberty.

Sacramento, Cal., April 8.—Three convicted murderers, two of them under death sentence, are back in Folsom prison dungeon after an ineffectual attempt to escape by sliding down the hangman's rope.

The trio, Frank Creek, Earl Loomis and Zollic Clements, escaped from their cells by a key smuggled to Creek, who got away once before by murdering a sergeant of the guard. They worked their way to the anteroom of the death chamber, which awaits Creek and Loomis, and took from a box the rope used two years ago to hang Jacob Oppenheimer, a convict known as the "human tiger." With this they slid to a window, at the bars of which they were sawing away when discovered.

They submitted without resistance. The source of the saw and key has not been disclosed.
Boy Killed While Driving Team.
Sioux Falls, S. D., April 8.—Chester Olsen, aged twelve, son of O. C. Olsen, member of the board of commissioners of Moody county, was killed when he fell from a manure spreader and one of the wheels passed over his head, crushing the skull. The body was found by the father. The boy had begged his father to be permitted to drive the team and the request was granted with reluctance.

PEACE ENVOYS ARE OFF FOR THE HAGUE

New York, April 8.—Madame Rosika Schwimmer, press secretary of the International Woman Suffrage alliance, takes back to Europe with her eight men and women to organize and attend the peace conference to be held at The Hague, April 28, 29 and 30. The party were passengers on the Scandinavian-American line steamship Frederick VII.

Included in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Hross Lloyd, Mrs. Julius Loeb, Miss Florence Holbrook and Mrs. Eliza Burns of Chicago; Miss Laura Hughes of Toronto and Denmark Lloyd of Boston.
Mrs. Schwimmer has been in this country since September urging Americans to join in a peace conference to protest against the continuance of the war. She has delivered addresses in twenty states. One purpose of her visit was to induce the United States to intercede in the war. Before her departure Mrs. Schwimmer said:
"We have received word that so many women want to attend the conference that there is not a room in the peace palace large enough for them. I will talk in many towns in Norway and Sweden before going to The Hague. We understand the women of Russia will not be allowed to come because they cannot get passports."