

PEG O' MY HEART

By J. Hartley Manners

(CONTINUED.)

Jerry stroked her hair and looked into her eyes and smiled down at her lovingly as he asked:

"What will your father say?"

She looked happily up at him and answered:

"Do you know one of the first things my father taught me when I was just a little child?"

"It was from Tom Moore, 'Oh, there's nothin' half so sweet in life—as love's young dream.'"

When O'Connell came into the room later he realized that the great summons had come to his little girl.

The thought came to him that he was about to give to England his daughter in marriage! Well, had he not taken from the English one of her fairest daughters as his wife?

And a silent prayer went up from his heart that happiness would abide with his Peg and her Jerry and that their romance would last longer than had Angela's and his.

AFTERWORD.

AND now the moment has come to take leave of the people I have lived with for so long. Yet, though I say "Adieu!" I feel it is only a temporary leave taking. Their lives are so linked with mine that some day in the future I may be tempted to draw back the curtain and show the passage of years in their various lives.

Some day with O'Connell we will visit Peg in her English home and see the marvels time and love have wrought upon her. But to those who knew her in the old days she is still the same Peg o' My Heart—resolute, loyal, unflinching, mingling the laugh with the tear, truth and honesty her bedrock.

We will also visit Mrs. Chichester and hear of her little grandchild, born in Berlin, where her daughter, Ethel, met and married an attaché at the embassy and has formed a son.

It will be a grateful task to revive old memories of those who formed the foreground of the life story of one whose radiant presence shall always live in my memory, whose steadfastness and courage endeared her to all, whose influence on those who met her and watched her and listened to her was far-reaching, since she epitomized in her small body all that makes woman lovable and man supreme—honor, faith and love!

Adieu, Peg o' My Heart!

THE END.

WORRY

Little Talks on Health and Hygiene By Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health

Worry—to choke or strangle says the dictionary. It is not necessary to seek for the further definition for that is truly the physical manifestation of mental torment.

Worry strangles our mental powers and chokes the bodily functions. There are innumerable instances in which physical decline and death are directly traceable to worry.

It is true that in everyone's life, force of circumstances, bitter experiences and trying problems must be met, considered and conquered. No matter how vital these may be or how much real thought is required in their solution, worry will never aid and it inevitably handicaps all efforts to obtain a clear point of view and the establishment of a true perspective toward life's happenings.

The ancient philosophers deemed worry unworthy of men of true mental attainment. Our physical makeup is so finely adjusted that any distress of mind reacts upon the bodily functions. Excessive anger is often followed by illness and worry with its accompanying morbid thoughts has a like influence.

There is a close relation between our physical and mental selves and a sound body is a reserve force behind the mind. When you are tempted to worry, bestir yourself physically. Exercise in the open air, a long tramp or some similar diversion will oftentimes prove a sufficient stimulant to aid materially any mental effort you may make to cast off the burden.

Another and even more effective measure is to keep busy at one's daily tasks. Occupation, if it be of a nature to require close application, is one of the most effective cures for worry.

TO EVANGELIZE Y. M. C. A.

New Rule Requires Officers and Directors to Be Christians

Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 22.—A rule which was passed by the delegates at the forty-seventh annual State convention of Y. M. C. A. workers, in session in this city, is expected to cause some upheavals among officers and board members in many Pennsylvania associations. This rule insists that all paid officers of the associations and all members of boards of directors must not only be members of evangelical churches, but must also be willing to do earnest personal work among the men and boys of the associations in an effort to have them make a stand for the Christian life.

It is declared that this rule was adopted to rid some boards of directors of men who are hindering the spiritual work of the association movement. It is said that there are men serving as officers and board members in this State who put little stress on the spiritual side of the work. It is thought that the religious revivals of Sunday and Stought throughout the State inspired the originators of the rule.

Three big mass meetings featured yesterday's program. Dr. Howard A. Kelly, the Baltimore surgeon, was the chief speaker of the day. He spoke on the social evil. The convention closed at noon to-day.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of *The Carpet from Bagdad*,
The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

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CHAPTER I.
East is East.

It began somewhere in the middle of the world, at a forlorn landing on the west bank of the muddy, turbulent Irrawaddy, remembered by man only so often as it was necessary for the flotilla boat to call for paddy, a visiting commissioner anxious to get away, or a family homeward bound. On the east side of the river, over there, was a semblance of civilization. That is to say, men wore white linen, avoided murder, and frequently paid their gambling debts. But on this west side stood wilderness, not the kind one reads about as being eventually conquered by white men; no, the real, grim desolation, where the ax cuts but leaves no blaze, where the pioneer disappears and few or none follow. It was not the wilderness of the desert, of the jungle; rather the tragic, hopeless state of a settlement that neither progressed, retarded nor stood still.

Between the landing and the settlement itself there stretched a winding road, arid and treeless, perhaps two miles in length. It announced definitely that its end was futility. The dust hung like a fog above it, not only for this day, but for all days between the big rains. When the gods, or the elements, or Providence, arranged the world as a fit habitation for man, India and Burma were made the dustbins. And as water finds its levels, so will dust, earthly and human, the quick and the dead.

Along the road walked two men, phantomlike. One saw their heads dimly and still more dimly their bodies to the knees; of legs there was nothing visible. Occasionally they stepped aside to permit some bullock cart to pass. One of them swore, not with any evidence of temper, not viciously, but in a kind of mechanical protest, which, from long usage, had become a habit. He directed these epithets never at anything he could by mental or physical contest overcome. He swore at the dust, at the heat, at the wind, at the sun.

The other wayfarer, with the inherent patience of his blood, said nothing and waited, setting down the heavy kit bag and the canvas valise (his own). When the way was free again he would sling the kit bag and the valise over his shoulder and step back into the road. His turban, once white, was brown with dust and sweat. His khaki uniform was rent and the ragged canvas shoes spurred little spirals of dust as he walked. James Hooghly was Eurasian; half European, half Indian, having his face (twixt heaven and hell, which is to say, nowhere). He was faithful, willing and strong; and as a carrier of burdens took unmurmuringly his place beside the tireless bullock and the elephant. He was a Methodist; why, no one could find lucid answer. By dint of inquiry his master had learned that James looked upon his baptism and conversion in Methodism as a corporal would have looked upon the acquisition of a V. C. Twice, during fever and plague, he had saved his master's life. With the guilelessness of the Oriental he considered himself responsible for his master in all future times. Instead of paying off a debt he had acquired one. Treated as he was, kindly but always firmly, he would have surrendered his life cheerfully at the beck of the white man.

Warrington was an American. He was also one of those men who never held misfortune in contempt, whose outlook wherever it roamed was tolerant. He had patience for the weak, resolution for the strong and a fearless amiability toward all. He was like the St. Bernard dog, very difficult to arouse. It is rather the way with all men who are strong mentally and physically. He was tall and broad and deep. Under the battered pitch helmet his face was as dark as the Eurasians'; but the eyes were blue, bright and small pupils, as they are with men who live out of doors, who are compelled of necessity to note things moving at distances. The nose was large and well defined. All framed in a tangle of blond beard and mustache which, if anything, added to the general manliness of his appearance. He, too, wore khaki, but with the addition of tan riding leggings, which had seen anything but rock-horse service. The man was yellow from the top of his helmet to the soles of his shoes—outside. For the rest, he was a mystery, to James, to all who thought they knew him, and most of all to himself. A pariah, an outcast, a fugitive from the bloodless hand of the law; a gentleman born, once upon a time a clubman, college bred; a contradiction, a puzzle for which there was not any solution, not even in the hidden corners of the man's heart. His name wasn't Warrington; and he had rubbed elbows with the dregs of humanity, and still looked you straight in the eye because he had come through inferno without bringing any of the defiling pitch.

From time to time he paused to re-visit his crumbling cheroot. The tobacco was strong and bitter and stung his parched lips; but the craving for the tang of the smoke on his tongue was not to be denied.

Under his arm he carried a small iron cage, patterned something like a rat trap. It contained a Rajputana parakeet, not much larger than a robin, but possessor of a soul as fierce as that of Palladin, minus, however, the smooching influence of chivalry.

He had been born under the eaves of the scarlet palace in Jalpur (so his history ran); but the proximity of Indian princes had left him untouched; he had neither chivalry, politeness, nor diplomacy. He was, in fact, thoroughly and consistently bad. Round and round he went, over and over, top side, down side, restlessly. For at this moment he was hearing those familiar evening sounds which no human ear can discern—the mutterings of the day birds about to seek cover for the night. In the field at the right of the road stood a lonely tree. It was covered with brilliant scarlet leaves and blossoms, and justly the natives call it the Flame of the Jungle. A flock of small birds were gyrating above it.

"Jah, jah, jah! Jah—jah—ja-a-a-h!" cried the parrot, imitating the Burmese bell gong that calls to prayer. Instantly he followed the call with a shriek so piercing as to sting the ear of the man who was carrying him.

"You little son of a gun!" he laughed; "where do you pack away all that noise?"

There was a strange bond between the big yellow man and this little green bird. The bird did not suspect it, but the man knew. The pluck, the pugnacity and the individuality of the feathered comrade had been an object lesson to the man, at a time when he had been on the point of throwing up the fight.

"Jah, jah, jah! Jah—jah—ja-a-a-h!" The bird began its interminable somersaults, pausing only to reach for the tantalizing finger of the man, who laughed again as he withdrew the digit in time.

For six years he had carried the bird with him, through India and Burma and Malacca, and not yet had he won a sign of surrender. There were many scars on his forefingers. It was amazing. With one pressure of his hand he could have crushed out the life of the bird, but over its brave, unconquerable spirit he had no power. And that is why he loved it.

Far away in the past they had met. He remembered the day distinctly and bitterly. He had been on the brink of self-destruction. Fever and poverty and terrible loneliness had battered and beaten him flat into the dust, from which this time he had no wish to rise. He had walked out to the railway station at Jaipur to witness the arrival of the tourist train from Ahmadabad. The natives surged about the train, with brassware, antique articles of warfare, tiger hunting knives (accompanied by perennial fairy tales), skins and silks. There were beggars, holy men, guides and fakirs.

Squatted in the dust before the door of a first-class carriage was a solemn, brown man, in turban and clout, exhibiting performing parrots. It was Rajah's turn. He fired a cannon, turned somersaults through a little steel hoop, opened a tiny chest, took out a four-anna piece, carried it to his master, and in exchange received some seed. Thereupon he waddled resentfully back to the iron cage, opened the door, closed it behind him, and began to mutter belligerently. Warrington haggled for two straight hours. When he returned to his sordid, evil smelling lodgings that night he possessed the parrot and four rupees, and sat up the greater part of the night trying to make the bird perform his tricks. The idea of suicide no longer bothered him; trifling though it was, he had found an interest in life. And on the morrow came the Eurasian, who trustfully loaned Warrington every coin that he could scrape together.

Often, in the dreary heart-achy days that followed, when weeks passed ere he saw the face of a white man, when he had to combat opium and bharg and laziness in the natives under him, the bird and his funny tricks had saved him from whisky, or worse. In camp he gave Rajah much freedom, its wings being clipped; and nothing pleased the little rebel so much as to claw his way up to his master's shoulder, sit there and watch the progress of the razor, with intermittent "jawing" at his own reflection in the cracked hand mirror.

Up and down the Irrawaddy, at the resthouses, on the boats, to those of a jocular turn of mind the three were known as "Parrot & Co." Warrington's amiability often misled the various scoundrels with whom he was at times forced to associate. A man who smiled most of the time and talked Hindustani to a parrot was not to be accorded much courtesy; until one day Warrington had settled all distinctions, finally and primordially, with the square of his flats. After that he went on his way unmolested, having soundly trounced one of the biggest bullies in the teak timber yards at Rangoon.

He made no friends; he had no confidences to exchange; nor did he offer to become the repository of other men's pasts. But he would share his bread and his rupees, when he had them, with any who asked. Many tried to dig into his past, but he was as unresponsive as granite. It takes a woman to find out what a man is and has been, and Warrington went about women in a wide circle. In a way he was the most baffling kind of a mystery to those who knew him; he frequented the haunts of men, took a friendly drink, played cards for small sums, laughed and jested like any other anchorless man. In the East men are given curious names. They become known by phrases, such as, *The Man Who Talks*, *Mr. Once Upon a Time*, *The One-Rupee Man*,

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and the like. As Warrington never received any mail, as he never entered a hotel, nor spoke of the past, he became *The Man Who Never Talked of Home*.

"I say, James, old sport, no more going up and down this bally old river. We'll go on to Rangoon tonight, if we can find a berth."

"Yes, sahib; this business very piffle," replied the Eurasian without turning his head. Two things he dearly loved to acquire—a bit of American slang and a bit of English silver. He was invariably changing rupees into shillings, and Warrington could not convince him that he was always losing in the transaction.

They tramped on through the dust. The sun dropped. A sudden chill began to penetrate the haze. The white man puffed his cheroot, its wrapper dangling; the servant hummed an Urdu lullaby; the parrot complained unceasingly.

To Be Continued.
DIOCESE SUES FOR \$15,000

Erie Episcopalians Want Schoenberger Fund Divided

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 22.—A bill in equity has been filed by the Diocese of Erie and the board of trustees of the Diocese of Erie against the Diocese of Pittsburgh and the board of trustees of the Diocese of Pittsburgh asking the Court to require the defendant to turn over to the plaintiff \$15,000, which is half of a fund known as the Schoenberger fund.

The organizations are unincorporated religious associations of the Protestant Episcopal Church and prior to October, 1910, comprised one diocese, including twenty-five counties in Western Pennsylvania. The Schoenberger fund was not divided.

ALL SUNDAY BARS GO DRY

Court's Order Is Obeeyed for First Time in Shenandoah

Shenandoah, Pa., Feb. 22.—The warning of the Shenandoah county court issued last week to the county constables to see that the Sunday liquor law should be strictly obeyed, under penalty of the officers being taken into court if bars were not exposed to public view, had due effect here yesterday. The entire section went strictly dry yesterday, for the first Sunday in its history. It was noted for its Sunday selling, particularly among the foreign element.

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Killed in Illinois Railroad Accident

Quarryville, Feb. 22.—Word has reached here announcing the death of G. Roy Smith, a former resident, who was killed in a railroad accident at Lapp, Ill. He was 28 years of age and his mother survives.

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