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PEGGY'S DOUBLE.

BY W. G. FALCONER.

"There's no use talking, Rose; I cannot work all day long and live on such victuals! Black, muddy coffee, heavy rolls that could defy the strongest stomach to digest, and such cooked eggs—Je whittaker! I can't abide it!"

And, after kicking the dog several times and venting his anger on the poor, loafing cat by giving her a not over-gentle shove with his cane, he slammed the street door after him, leaving the astonished Rose to digest this tirade at her leisure.

What should she do? She had never learned to do any cooking in her life, and this was the consequence. The honeymoon had scarcely expired and here she stood, with great tears rolling down her cheeks, the beauty of her complexion destroyed by her vain endeavor to prepare a daily meal, and, worst of all, a daily meal that had passed her husband's lips since their marriage had been uttered, while he hid her in anger. She sank upon the sofa and cried.

When the floodgates of grief had closed, she rose, and, betting her throbbing temples and swollen eyelids, was in the act of performing the daily routine of household duties when a timid peep at the door bell caused her to drop her towel and wonder who the caller might be.

A pale face and slight figure met her gaze, heavily, though plainly, clad in a dress of gray serge, set off by a dainty ruche of white at the throat and wrists, while a knot of cherry-colored ribbon adorned the "corset"; a polished white apron completed the attire.

"Please, ma'am," came almost apologetically, "Mr. Caruthers sent me here on errand, saying as how you wanted to hire a girl to do general work for you. I hope I will suit you, for I understand all kinds of work, but I never hired out before, my lady."

"Come in," Rose said, a glad expression looking out from her dark, blue eyes, "and we shall soon be able to settle that point beyond a doubt. Can you cook?"

"Yes! My mother has been cook in a gentleman's family for years, and she says that I am very capable."

"That is good. When can you commence work—let me see, what is your name?"

"Peggy, ma'am."

"I will begin now, my lady, if you wish."

"Very well, then," said Rose, noting admiringly the modest droop of the eyelids over the meek gray eyes, "you may wash the dishes and tidy up the room."

"When the master of the house came to dinner he was met at the hall door by a radiant and forgiving face, while a pair of soft arms wound about his neck, and a pair of rosy lips pressed to his forehead in the fondest of kisses. He remembered him of former days of bliss.

"How does your servant suit, dear?"

"She is just what I needed, my lady, a true woman, and, oh, you must taste her cooking, Henry."

"I will! I am glad that you have found such a prize, Peg," he said simply. And the dinner was certainly a success. It food for a dyspeptic. Steak, juicy and tender; potatoes, mealy, and not overdone; light biscuits which caused Henry Caruthers' impaired appetite to blossom forth with renewed vigor; the cottage pudding was simply delicious, while the pie crust could not be excelled for flakiness. His spirits rose with each dish, and he heartily laughed ringing out loud and clear, until Rose was disagreeably surprised when the half hour had expired, wishing it might continue forever. The breakfast was simple in its construction, causing home to appear like far-famed elysium to Henry Caruthers, and as he inquired the paring knife, he said to his wife:

"One week from to-night, love, there is to be a grand ball at Mrs. Trevelyan's. Here is the card of invitation which I received to-day. We must certainly calculate to go."

The evening arrived, and great was Rose's anticipation for the coming event. Henry entered his wife's room a little before the time, and throwing a small package upon her dressing table, remarked, carelessly:

"Here's a slight token, Rose, dear; wear them to-night to please me, and I'll be sure to be satisfied."

She curiously opened the fastening, which revealed to her delighted eyes the most magnificent pair of earrings she had ever imagined had pictured. They were of pink pearls, set in diamonds, and each earring was a set of real diamonds; set-drops and brooch—whiff! sparkled and twinkled in the light, and she looked at them before the eyes of Rose, until she could contain herself no longer, but caught them impulsively to her lips, and pressed kisses upon them with her shining surface.

Very lovely she looked as she entered the flaming parlors of her hostess, leaning upon the arm of her proud, indignant husband.

It was late that night when the ball broke up, and Henry Caruthers, tired and weary, unfatigued her shining jewels and tossing them carelessly upon her dressing-table, hurriedly dozed.

The sun was shining brightly in at the dormer window when she awoke the next morning, and the breakfast bell was ringing for the second time. She found Henry awaiting her arrival with a little frown, and a frowning face, as the rolls and coffee had been served and were cooling upon the table.

"I did not know but that you were still dreaming of your diamonds," he said, a little jealously.

"Oh, no, indeed; you do me injustice, Henry. I declare to you that they have not, even for one moment, entered my thoughts since I awakened them last night after the ball. I am not quite so vain, I hope," she said, with a pout of her lips.

"Well, never mind, Pats," he rejoined, as he kissed away the pretty pout. "Come now, we will break our fast, and after that I will remove your new jewels to the bank, as I am on my way to the office, and look them up in the casket with the others, for they are the pure stuff—warranted."

As soon as they had finished their breakfast, Rose ran gaily up to her room, keeping time with her dainty slippers to the waltz she was humming as she went, and bursting in as straight to her dressing-table contentedly to grasp the precious diamonds. The next moment her face assumed a blank, puzzled expression, as she stood riveted to the spot.

The diamonds were not there.

She placed her hand to her forehead in a dazed manner, striving to recall some other place in which she might have secreted them.

But, in vain. She felt as sure of casting them upon her table as she was awake when doing so.

Had burglars entered her chamber? Impossible. The windows, as she all fastened securely, had the doors all locked.

She stepped to the landing, and in a faint voice called "Henry."

He ran wonderingly to her, noting with anxiety her white face.

"Why, Rose, have you seen a ghost?" he queried, assuming a playful tone.

When told what had occurred, he gave a prolonged whistle, while the first suspicion started white in anger.

"Peggy! Such an idea! That honest comely fellow, Henry, has been so much of a theif! He thought as how the one Peggy had told, but when questioned as to the manner in which she had committed the theft

swear that Peggy is innocent," Rose said, with positive assurance.

"Nevertheless I shall call her, and allow her the privilege of protesting her ignorance of the affair," he said, smiling the action to the word.

But, so, he felt that Rose must be right in vindicating Peggy's cause, when he held the clear, honest gray eyes unflinchingly at the unjust accusation, while the lips unhesitatingly proclaimed her innocence.

"Strange! strange! strange!" was his only comment, as he left the room.

Later in the day, as Rose sat pondering on the strange disappearance of her diamonds (she thought of little else now), a slight circumstance occurred to her, which had taken place just after her husband had left the room the night of the ball.

After kissing her several times she had looked around, ashamed of her folly, when a pair of keen gray eyes, with an expression of glowing admiration in their depths, were fascinatingly fixed upon her features, through the door, slightly ajar.

She remembered now the start of confusion evoked, undoubtedly occasioned by her (Rose's) sudden change of position.

And yet was it not very natural for Peggy, in passing the slightly open door, to peep in, and having done so, pause to admire the dazzling brilliance which must have caught her eyes?

She refrained from relating the incident to Henry for fear of rekindling the slumbering suspicion.

Days flew into weeks and weeks into months, bringing no clue to the missing diamonds, but, strange to relate, many small articles of jewelry, value were found missing, and all remained engaged in a mystery unapproachable.

One evening after dusk as Henry Caruthers was returning from his office he saw the rays of a bright light streaming from the little window in the unfurnished and unoccupied attic chamber just above the kitchen.

Somewhat puzzled, he ascended the steps leading from the street to the front door, and was in the act of crossing the hall to seek Rose, when his attention was drawn to the back staircase by the closing of a door near the attic, and soon after Peggy descended the back staircase, and hurriedly passed through the rear door, bearing a huge bundle with her.

"Has Rose discharged her?" he asked himself.

But upon questioning Rose no information was given as she knew absolutely nothing about it.

Peggy was seen in the dining room for a half hour, certainly, she told him, and I have just come from there. Henry, in searching her, found a little in the art of economy, and she had flown to have been in the attic when you came."

"Rose, Rose, and ascertain if she is in the house now," he said, impatiently.

She did go, returning in a second, her countenance puzzled now as he had been a moment before.

"She says that she has not been from the dining-room since I left her," Rose said, in an awed tone.

As before, the only word that Henry Caruthers could utter was, "She's strange, strange!" And the mystery deepened.

Upon leaving his office one noon to go to dinner he was started at beholding a figure crossing the bridge and coming toward him, strangely familiar.

"How are you, Peggy?" Are you leaving for good?" he asked, as he noted the good-sized bundle in her hand, inclosed in a large yellow bandage.

But she hurriedly drew her veil down over her face and passed him without vouchsafing him even a nod of recognition.

"By George! you go off in a huff," he ejaculated, going back at the now distant Peggy. "I wonder what she has been doing now to secure my lady's displeasure?" he mentally added.

But what did it mean? Surely that was Peggy crossing the hall from the kitchen to the dining-room.

"I shall investigate this matter ere the setting of to-morrow's sun," he determined as he slowly entered and took a seat at the table.

In consequence, toward evening of the same day, Henry Caruthers was privately closeted with a prudent detective, to whom he explained as explicitly as possible the facts in the case.

The next day, as Rose was engaged with some fine needle work in the little sitting-room, she was certain that she heard some sobbing, and other sounds of distress from an adjoining dressing-room. Hastily opened the door communicating, and saw Peggy in great distress, sitting upon the side of the bed, which she had begun to make up.

"Why, Peggy, you poor child! What is the matter?" exclaimed the warm-hearted Rose, placing her hand upon the girl's bowed head.

"I can't tell you, ma'am! You would despise me. I can't tell you, ma'am, but you who have been so kind to me."

"But, where are you going?" she asked, observing Peggy donning her cloak and hat.

"I have to go down town, my lady. I am sent for."

And Rose, on glancing through the half-open door, saw for the first time a man standing in the hall, dressed in a blue detective suit.

In a few words he explained to her his painful duty, that of arresting Peggy for theft. He had come to conduct her to the station house.

The evening before he had tracked her from the house, where she was employed, past the back door, and had there taken her. At the back entrance to the Caruthers domain very early, ere the family were astir, mistaking the bundle which she bore away with her.

Peggy, amidst expostulations and entreaties, was searched, all to no purpose. When questioned as to how she came by the bundle so frequently seen with her, and as to her contents, she maintained a confused silence, while her eyelids drooped guiltily.

"Peggy," and Henry Caruthers' tone was stern and commanding, "the sooner you explain this matter the better it will be for you. Are you guilty or innocent of the crime?"

Peggy hung her head for a few minutes thoughtfully, then expressed her willingness to confess all that she knew of the affair. Her story was as follows:

"My home is five miles away from here, to the east. My family consists of a father and a twin sister, with myself. My father, who is an innkeeper, spending all our earnings in liquor; he is very quarrelsome, and never thinks of doing one stroke of work, so that sometimes my sister and myself find it difficult to make both ends meet."

"My twin sister, is the very counter-part of mine in appearance, but she is deaf and dumb, and is very sorry, sir, but I could not resist the temptation of taking the things, although I knew it was stealing. I began to think that you were so well off that perhaps you would never find out what became of them, and that the crime would not be as bad as when taken from a poorer person."

"Where is your sister, Peggy?"

"In your house, sir, in the attic chamber, she is waiting for me."

A bright light dawned on the mind of Henry Caruthers. This, then, accounted for the light he had seen there, and cleared, in his mind, the remainder of the mystery.

"It will fetch her," he said, and left. He soon returned, leading Polly by the hand.

She stepped rapidly the answers to the questions put to her, and her story coincided in every way with the one Peggy had told, but when questioned as to the manner in which she had committed the theft

Peggy sprang forward excitedly, while she exclaimed, with flashing eyes:

"She never did that! It was who stole the things, when you were absent from the room, and wrapped them up for her. She merely received the bundle from my hands in the attic chamber, and carried them home. They are all there, now, unharmed. Oh, she is the not 'blame' Polly!"

And Peggy wrung her hands entreatingly.

"My poor girl," Henry Caruthers exclaimed, kindly with his eyes grow moist, "You both have been so much mistaken about this. I will send some one to recover the articles, and will make this position to you. Peggy, I will take you back again into my employ, and give your mute sister a home on one condition, and that is, that you swear before a witness that you will never repeat the crime, but always strive to be honest."

Peggy was too much astonished for a time to answer. "That any one should trust her after her acknowledged theft never occurred to her. She sprang forward impulsively, and grasping her benefactor's hand before he could restrain her, she cried with her tears and kisses:

"To provide for my sister was all that tempted me," she exclaimed, brokenly. "Oh, sir, I thank you more than I can tell you."

And Henry Caruthers never regretted the adoption of Peggy's double.

Structure of the urethra in its worst form, speedily cured by our new and improved method. Pamphlet, references, and terms, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

It is stated in Rome that France is preparing to send an expedition to Tripoli to forestall Italy.

No article takes hold of blood diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C—, Toronto, writes: "I have to thank you what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Petitions asking the Ontario government for aid to construct the proposed Ferry Road South District Colonization railway have been sent out for signatures.

A hearty recommendation. Jacob A. Kumpsey of Oshawa states that he has taken Burdock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and he would gladly recommend it to all.

The house of A. Corvican, East Cornwall, was set on fire Monday night by the explosion of a coal oil lamp and totally destroyed. Loss \$2000. Insurance \$700.

A stinging sensation in the throat and palate called heartburn, and oppression at the pit of the stomach after eating, are both the offspring of dyspepsia. Alkaline salts, like carbonate of soda, relieve but cannot remove the cause. A lasting remedy is to be found in Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, the Dyspeptic Cure. These associate organs, the liver and bowels, benefits in common with the stomach, by the use of this design and blood-purifying remedy.

Mr. Cameron, M.P. for Inverness, N.S., has announced his intention of moving in the house of commons to have the Island of Cape Breton, separated from Nova Scotia and erected into a new province.

Merted success. In attending the Anglo-American Medical society in the introduction of their special and eminently successful method of curing catarrh, loss of voice and hearing, and all chronic diseases of the ear passages. We learn that the patient at 30 Adelaide street east are crowded daily, and that some of our most prominent citizens have already consulted them.

The attorney-general has instructed Dr. W. H. Ellis to make an analysis of the stomach and bowels of the late James Duncanson of Dunville, found dead in bed under suspicious circumstances on Wednesday, Feb. 4.

Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says: "I have suffered severely with corns, and was unable to get relief from treatment of any kind until I was recommended to try Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it for a few days I was enabled to remove the corn, root and branch—no pain whatever, and no inconvenience to me. I have since used it for my corns, and it has cured them. I heartily recommend it to all suffering from corns."

A traveler at the Cambridge hotel, Mara, got so drunk that he lost his way, and forgot it, and then accused the landlady of stealing it. The North Star says that the patient at 30 Adelaide street east were crowded daily, and that some of our most prominent citizens have already consulted them.

Some of the St. George, Ont., hotelkeepers are "boycotting" the farmers who voted for the Conservatives. One of them put his horse into one of the hotel sheds, and charged 50 cents for the accommodation, and was permitted to take the animal out until the bill was paid.

No matter. Mrs. Anthony Zuber, aged 30, wife of a farmer in the township of Woolwich, Waterloo county, committed suicide on Saturday last by strangling herself with a piece of factory cotton. She was in good health and is not known to have had any trouble with her husband, who is a respectable man. She leaves two handsome little children and was herself more than ordinarily good-looking and intelligent.

All sufferers from blood disorders can use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with the fullest assurance of happy results.

Use the safe, pleasant, and effective worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

West Toronto Junction is within a few rods of the Union station by the train of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value, and is now one of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 286 Yonge street.

To create an appetite, and give tone to the digestive apparatus, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unequalled.

—Jas. Shannon, Leaskdale, writes: "For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains and corns, and was not able to walk, and the pain was then so severe that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was a cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used."

THE COMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM.

Is undoubtedly the most valuable and reliable Veterinary Remedy ever discovered. It has superseded the Actual Caustery or hot-iron; produces more than four times the effect of a blister; takes the place of all liniments, and is the safest application ever used, as it is impossible to produce a severe bluish with it. It is a powerful, active, reliable and safe remedy that can be manipulated with will for severe or mild effect. Thousands of the best Veterinarians and Horsemen of this country testify to its many wonderful cures and its great practical value. It is also the most economical remedy in use, as one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin cure mixture ever made. Price \$1.50. Sold by druggists, or sent, charges paid by LAWRENCE, WILLIAMS & CO., Sole Importers and Distributors, 21 Front Street, West Toronto, Ont. Beware of cheap imitations without it has our signature on the label.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

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TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.

Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and disinfected by a careful use of disinfectants. Have your closets converted into dry each and clean them monthly with a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHMENT & CO., City Contractors, 4 QUEEN STREET EAST.

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Families waited upon for orders.

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When closed in the form of a book occupies 14 x 6 inches. It is readily opened out, and connected to railway car-seat, chair or any article of furniture, and is indispensable to travellers, students, travellers or musicians. PRICE \$3.50.

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