

The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA by HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which is his father's name and which was the principal source of his wealth, had failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and a small, neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an ambitious beauty, who decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Brewster exchange confidences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Saseon were engaged in a duel in which the former was killed. Shirley finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creeper and decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Brewster acted as his father's second. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly treatment, a survival of the fittest, is a cruel time, but he holds Damory court. At the last moment Vallant takes the place of one of the finalists who are to be selected for the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Katherine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Vallant as queen of beauty. Vallant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo determines not to give up Vallant without a struggle, points out to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Vallant, who looks so much like her father. Shirley, uncertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victim of Vallant's pistol, breaks the engagement. Major Brewster is fatally wounded by Green King, a liberated convict, who had sent her to prison. But before dying Brewster confesses to Mrs. Dandridge that he had kept a letter Vallant had written to her since the duel. Vallant reads the letter. Damory court and writes Shirley that he will love her always. Mrs. Dandridge is heartbroken from the thirty-year-old letter that Vallant expected her to answer the note if she wanted him to return. For it was Vallant she loved.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

Shirley's breath stopped. She felt her face tingling and a curious weakness came over her limbs. Why, indeed, she thought and the thought was like a wild prayer in her mind—she had been mistaken in her surmise! Thoughts came thronging in panic haste: the fourteenth of May and the cape jessamines—these might point no less to Vallant than to Saseon. But her mother's fainting at the sight of the son—the eager interest she had displayed in Shirley's accounts of him, from the episode of the rose and the bulldog to the tournament ball—seemed now to stand out in a new light, throbbing and roseate. Could it be? Had she been stumbling along a blind trail, misled by the cunning foreshadowing of circumstance? Her heart was beating stiflingly. If she should be mistaken now! She dashed her hand across her eyes as though to compel their clearness, and looked again.

It was Beauty Vallant's face that lay in the locket, and that could mean but one thing: it was he, not Saseon, whom her mother loved!

The lamp-light seemed to grow and spread to an unbearable radiance. Shirley thought she cried out with a sudden sweet wildness, but she had not moved or uttered a sound. The illumination was all about her, like a splendid cloud. The impossible had happened. The miracle for which she hysterically prayed had been wrought!

When she blew out the light, the glowing knowledge, like a vitalizing and physical presence, passed with her through the hall to her room. As she stood in the effish light of her one candle, the poignancy of her joy was as sharp as her past pain. Later was to come the wonder how that tragedy had bent Beauty Vallant's life to exile and her mother's to unfulfillment, and in time she was to know these things, too, but now the one great knowledge blotted out all else. She need starve her fancy no longer! The hours with her lover might again sweep across her memory unbidden. She felt his arms, his kisses, heard his whispers against her cheek and smelled the perfume of Madonna lilies.

She drew the curtain and opened the window noiselessly to the light. Truly a few hours ago she had been singing to her harp in what wretchedness! She laughed softly to herself. The quiet night was full of his voice: "I love you! I want nothing but you!" How her pitiful effort had tortured and wrung them both! But tomorrow she, too, would know that all was well.

A clear sound chimed across the distance—the bell of the court-house clock, striking midnight. One! . . . Two! . . . How often lately it had rung discordantly across her mood!

now it seemed a clamant watcher, tolling joy. Three! . . . Four! . . . Five! . . . Perhaps he was sleepless, listening, too. Was he in the old library, thinking of her? Six! . . . Seven! . . . Eight! . . . Nine! . . . If she could only send her message to him on the bells! Ten! . . . It swelled more loudly now, more deliberate. Eleven! . . . Another day was almost gone. Twelve! . . . "Joy cometh in the morning"—ran the whisper across her thought. It was morning now.

She caught a sharp breath. Her ear had not deceived her—the vibration still palpitated on the air like a heart of sound. It had struck thirteen! A little ery thrope crept along her nerves and a cool dampness broke on her skin, for she seemed to hear, quivering through the wondering silence, the voice of Mad Anthony, as it had quavered to her ear on the door-step of the negro cabin, with the well-sweep throwing its long curved shadow across the group of laughing faces:

"Ah sees yo' gwine ter him. Ah heeds de co't-house clock a-strikin' in de night—en yo' gwine. Don' wait, don' wait, I'll mistis, er de trouble-cloud gwine kyah him erway fom yo' . . . When de clock strike thutteen—when de clock strike thutteen—"

She dropped the flowered curtain and drew back. A weird fancy had begun to press on her brain. Had not Mad Anthony foretold truly what had gone before? What if there were some cryptic meaning in this, too? To go to him, at midnight, by a lonely country road—she, a girl? Incredible! Yet her mind had opened to a vague growing fear that was swiftly mounting to a thrilling anxiety. That ignate superstition, secretly cherished while derided, which is the heritage of the Southern-born bred from centuries of contact with a mystical race, had her in its grip. Yet all the while her sober actual common-sense was crying out upon her—and crying in vain. Unknown appetences that had lain darkling in her blood, come down to her from long generations, were suddenly compelling her. The curtain began to wave in a little wind that whispered in the silk, and somewhere in the yard below she could hear Selim nipping the clover.

She was to go or the "trouble-cloud" would carry him away!

A strange expression of mingled fright and resolve grew on her face. She ran on tiptoe to her wardrobe and with frantic haste dragged out a rough cloak that fell over her soft house-gown, covering it to the feet. It had a peaked hood falling from its collar and into this she thrust the resentful masses of her hair. Every few seconds she caught her breath in a short gasp, and once she paused with an apprehensive glance over her shoulder and shivered. She scarcely knew what she did, nor did she ask herself what might be the outcome of such an absurd adventure. She neither knew nor cared. She was swept off her feet and whirled away into some outlandish limbo of shadowy fear and crying dread.

Slipping off her shoes, she went swiftly and noiselessly down the stair. She let herself out of the door and shoes on again, ran across the clover. A hound clambered about her, whining, but she silenced him with a whispered word. Selim lifted his head and she patted the snuffling inquiring muzzle an instant before, with her hand on his mane, she led him through the hedge to the stable. It was but the work of a moment to throw on a side-saddle and buckle the girth. Then, mounting, she turned him into the lane.

He was thoughtful, and her tense excitement seemed to communicate itself to him. He blew the breath through his delicate flaring nostrils and fung up his head at her restraining hand on the bridle. Once on the Red Road, she let him have his will. The long vacant highway reeled out behind her to the fierce and lonely hoof-tattoo. She was scarcely conscious of consecutive thoughts—all was a vague jumble of chaotic impressions threaded by that necessity that called her like an insistent voice.

Cops and hedge flew by, streaks of diaphanous on the shifting gloom; swarthy farmhouse roofs huddled like giant Indians on the trail, and ponds in pastures glistened back the pale glimmering of stars. The faint mist, tangled in the branches of the trees, made them look like ghosts gathered to see her pass. Was this real or was she dreaming? Was she, Shirley Dandridge, really galloping down an

open road at midnight—because of the bare-brained manderings of a half-mad old negro?

The great iron gate of Damory court hung open, and scarcely slackening her pace, she rode through and up the long drive. The glooming house-front was blank and silent and its huge porch columns looked like lonely gray monoliths in the wan light. Not a twinkle showed at chink or cranny; the ponderous shutters were closed. There was a sense of desertion, of emptiness about the place that brought her heart into her throat with a sickly horrible feeling of certainty.

She jumped down from the blowing horse and hurried across the house. The door of the kitchens was open and a ladder of dim reddish light fell from it across the grass. She ran swiftly and looked in. A huddled figure sat there, rocking to and fro in the lamplight.

"Aunt Daph," she called, "what is the matter?"

The turbaned head turned sharply toward her. "Dat yo', Miss Shirley?" the old woman said huskily. "Is yo' come ter see Mars' John 'fo he gwine away? Yo' too late, honey, too late! He done gone ter de deepo 'fo ter ketch de th'oo train. En, oh, honey, Ah knows in mah ole ha't dat Mars' John ain' nevah gwine come back ter Damory co't no mo'!"

The preparations for his going had been quickly made. He was leaving behind him all but a single portmanteau. Uncle Jefferson had already taken this—with Chum—to the station. The old man had now gone sorrowfully afoot to the blockhouse, a half-mile up the track, to bespeak the stopping of the express. He would go back on the horse his master was riding.

The lonely little depot flanked a sliding beside a dismal stretch of yellow clay-bank gouged by rains. Its windows were dark and the weather-beaten plank platform was illuminated by a single lantern that hung on a nail beside the locked door, its sickly flame showing bruise-like through smoky streakings of lamp-black. At one side, in the shadow, was his bag, and beside it the tethered bulldog—sole spot of white against the melancholy forlornness—lying with one splinted leg, like a swaddled ramrod, sticking straight out before him.

In the saddle, Vallant struck his hand hard against his knee. Surely that was a dream! It could not be that he was leaving Virginia, leaving Damory court, leaving her! But he knew that it was not a dream.

Far away, rounding Powhatan Mountain, he heard the long-drawn note of the coming train flinging its sky-warning in a host of scampering echoes. Among them mixed another sound of a horse, galloping fast and hard. His own fidgeted, flung up wide nostrils and neighed shrilly. Who was

coming along that rannelled highway at such an hour in such breakneck fashion?

The train was nearer now; he could hear its low rumbling hum, rising to a roar, and the click and spring of the rails. But though he lifted a foot from the stirrup, he did not dismount. Something in the whirlwind speed of coming caught and held him motionless. He had a sudden curious feeling that all the world beside did not exist; there were only the sweeping rush of the nearing train—impersonal, unhuman—he, sitting his horse in the gloom, and that unknown rider whose anguish of speed outstripped the steam, riding—to whom?

The road skirted the track as it neared the station, and all at once a white glare from the opened fire-box flung itself blindingly across the dark, illuminating like a fare of summer lightning the patch of highway and the rider. Vallant, staring, had an instant's vision of a streaming cloak of a girl's face, set in a tawny swirl of loosened hair. With a cry that was lost in the shriek of escaping steam, he dragged his plunging horse around, and the white blaze swept him also, and the rider pulled down at his side.

"You!" he cried. He leaned and caught the slim hands gripped on the bridle, shaking now. "You!"

The dazzling brightness had gone by, and the air was full of the groaning of the sleepers shuddered to its enforced stop. "John!"—He heard the sweet wild cry pierce through the jumble of noises, and something in it set his blood running molten through his veins. It held an agony of relief, of shame and of appeal. "John . . . John!"

And knowing suddenly, though not how or why, that all barriers were swept away, his arms went out and around her, and in the shadow of the lonely little station, they two, in their saddles, clung and swayed together with clasping hands and broken words, while the train, breathing heavily for a resentful second, shrieked itself away into the night, and left only the fragrance from the misty fields, the crowding silence and the sprinkling stars.

The breeze had risen and was blowing the mist away as they went back along the road. A faint light was lifting, forerunner of the moon. They rode side by side, and to the slow gait of the horses, touching noses in low whinnys of equine comradeship, by the faint glamour they gazed into each other's faces. The adorable tweedy roughness of his shoulder thrilled her cheek.

And you were going away. Yes, yes, I know. It was my fault. I . . . misunderstood. Forgive me!

He kissed her hand. "As if there were anything to forgive! Do you remember in the woods, sweetheart, the day it rained? What a brute I was—to fight so! And all the time I wanted to take you in my arms like a little heart child. . . ."

It rose and swelled exultant to break and die in a cascade of golden notes. But in their hearts was the song that is fadeless, immortal.

THE END.

Comparing Their Husbands. The girls were talking about their husbands.

"I have the dearest husband in the world," said Mauda. "If he just wouldn't play cards and drink so much, he'd be perfect."

"My husband doesn't gamble, and he never took a drink in his life," put in Mabel. "He would be a model man, if I only could know what he does when he stays away from home at night."

"Ah!" smiled Margaret, "my husband is all that you wish yours could be. He has no bad habits, he comes home on schedule, he denies me nothing, there is no mystery about him. Why, he goes to church every Sunday—or at least he used to."

"Used to!" echoed the chorus. "Ah! Why doesn't he go to church now?" "He found that it interfered with his golf!"

Margaret was voted winner of the prize package. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Styles and Men. This is—well, let's say amusing—this dictate of fashion that men must wear in 1914 clinging garments—ain't it? Because some of us must either adopt pads or endure the mockery of the masses while parading in the guise of human scarecrows or Punch and Judy shows—if clinging pads do master masculinity. And some of us will lose one large subject of conversation and laughter, for we won't any longer be able to criticize the garments of our sisters, wives and affines.

If any one consideration can do more than another to prevent the general adoption of tight styles for men this loss of critical opportunity is likely to be the thing, isn't it? It never will do to give ladies an opportunity to turn the batteries of laughter on the masculine half of humanity, will it? Of course a compromise may be arranged—but compromises seldom wear well, do they?—Detroit Free Press.

Insatiable. George A. Birmingham (Canon Hanan), the versatile Irish clergyman, playwright and novelist, was talking to a New York reporter about the American business man.

"I'll tell you a story," he said, "which hits off the American business man well."

"A wife, still young, turned from the window of her sumptuous nineteenth-story apartment and said to her husband: "George, ten years ago you promised me that when you made a million you'd retire from business, and then we'd travel and enjoy life."

"Here she began to cry. "You've got your million now!" she sobbed. "Why do you still keep on working?"

"George, as he hurried into his overcoat, growled: "Ah, that's just like you—never satisfied!"

SMOKE BARS VISIT

Tourist's Contemplated Trip to Vesuvius Is Postponed.

Writer Tells of the Difficulties Encountered in "Doing" Naples and Its Surrounding Attractions and Points of Interest.

Naples.—The difficulty of "doing" Naples and its surrounding attractions and points of interest within a positively limited time was demonstrated, writes a correspondent, when with a trip to the crater of Vesuvius in mind, I surveyed the cone from my window balcony. Thick clouds and there upon the truncated cone, and developed no sign of a change of wind to clear away the mist and smoke sufficiently to permit a view of the boiling depths. So, inasmuch as there were other things that must be done to prepare for the morrow's sailing for home, I regretfully postponed my visit to the volcano until some other time in the uncertain future.

But fortune was not altogether unfavorable, for by a good chance during the day I met, at the office of the American consul, Mr. Jay White, two scientists from Washington, who have come over for the purpose of studying the volcanic activities in Italy. Prof. Arthur L. Day of the Carnegie Institution and Prof. Henry Stephens Washington of the geophysical laboratory. They will spend several months here and in Sicily, observing conditions and endeavoring to obtain specimens of the gases emitted from Vesuvius, Etna and Stromboli, in their research into the nature of the forces which cause eruptions. It is to be hoped that they will have the good fortune to gain information to aid in the evolution of a substantial working hypothesis explanatory of the most baffling phenomenon now confronting natural science.

Later in the day Vesuvius cleared off finely, a tantalizing trick that made the postponement of the trip to the top hard to endure philosophically. But it is quite well assured that the big chimney will continue to smoke for a long time to come, and perhaps when I come again it will be performing more spectacularly than at present. As I write, in the evening's rosy glow that makes the bay



Neapolitan Peasant.

of Naples indescribably beautiful, it is smoking away grandly, rolling its white steam high aloft before the wind carries it in a streamer off to the southeast.

I have been devoting part of this last full day in Italy to a study of street conditions in this lively, noisy Naples. It is a continuous torment of temptations. Every corner presents an inviting prospect of interesting scenes, but it is hard to know whether to turn or go straight ahead. One street is much like another; in general aspect, save that some are practicable for vehicles and others are not. The latter ascend the precipitous hillsides in series of stone steps, which swarm with humanity. At the end of one of these "gradini," or steep streets, will often be a group of flower stalls, giving a vivid dash of color to the scene. Far above stretches the steep stone staircase, with the buildings so close together that the clothing hung out of windows on sticks and on wires drying, almost obscures the view of the sky.

Brandy Smuggled in Wax Baby. Paris.—M. Charles Pechar, formerly chief of the police anarchist brigade, has founded a museum of criminology. Among its curious contents are a hollow wax baby which was used to smuggle brandy into Paris. A woman carried a baby into the city every day, but as it never grew any bigger the authorities examined it and discovered the fraud.

Brothers Meet After Many Years. Ansonia, Conn.—William, Morris and Frank Ginzler, brothers, all over seventy, who parted in Nashville, Tenn., forty-three years ago, met here for a grand reunion.

Mayor Revokes Saloon License. Chicago.—Mayor Harrison revoked the saloon license of John Lang when he ascertained that a hand book was operated in the saloon for the benefit of the fair sex.

Bar Mackintoshes for Bathers. New York.—An ordinance providing that bathers at Coney Island wear mackintoshes or wrappers when not in the water, was killed by the board of Aldermen.

Breaks Neck at Ninety-Nine. Fremont, O.—Ninety-nine years old and never ill a day, Knud Knudson, oldest citizen here, suffered a stroke and fell downstairs, breaking his neck.

Boatmen's Bank St. Louis Oldest Bank in Missouri CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$3,000,000

Okay Metal Silo Built sectionally. Simple to erect and take low freight rate. The metal used is rust resisting and made especially to meet the acid attack of ensilage.

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Renewed Automobiles It is better to buy a renewed Cadillac than any new car at the same price. The renewed Cadillac gives satisfaction, depreciates less, costs less to maintain, and always looks good.

WHY NOT FUTURE GREATNESS? Two Qualifications Surely Entitled Young Mother to Fondlest Hopes for Her Son.

Occasionally these days one finds a servant with a servile attitude of mind and an adoring, unselfish heart. Such a nurse maid was Pansy, and she lavished all the devotion of her simple heart on her young charge, Bobby. On his first birthday anniversary she sat looking at him in admiration and after a long silence she turned to her mistress:

"Mrs. Blank, do you think Bobby will ever be president of the United States?"

The young mother, without not altogether pooh-pooh the idea of such glowing possibilities for her son's future, so she smiled and said: "Well, you never can tell, Pansy. He might. But why did you ask that?"

"Oh," came the ready reply, "I was just sitting looking at him, and he's so smart and bright already; and besides, I thought he'd make such a pretty president!"—Kansas City Star.

Keep Cool and Comfortable Don't spend so much of your time cooking during hot weather, and your family will be healthier without the heavy cooked foods.

Post Toasties They're light and easily digested and yet nourishing and satisfying. No bother in preparation—just pour from the package and add cream and sugar—or they're mighty good with fresh berries or fruit. "The Memory Lingers"

SUCCESS NOT DUE TO LUCK

Photographer Will Not Admit That Element of Chance Enters Into His Work.

When the amateur photographer's friend asked him why he looked so pleased the other was glad to explain. "A friend of ours just asked me to come over and take a picture of her baby," he said. "She apologized for asking, which was unnecessary because I was glad to do it, but she spilled the beans by giving her reason that it had such good luck taking pictures."

"Well, you do, don't you?" inquired the friend. "There you go," the photographer exclaimed. "There's no such thing as luck in my photography. What vexes me is that every one seems to consider them inseparable. "Photography is an exact science as running a survey nowadays with those who know how to handle a camera. With the photometer and exposure tables, proper developer and a thermometer for determining its temperature, every last element of luck

removed from exposure and negative making.

The same is true of the printing processes. You know in advance how much light you have and how much you need; factorial tables tell you how long to leave a plate in the developer; every step is timed with a stop watch. And that's why it annoys me to have people say that my art is a luck proposition. "Before I had taken as many pictures as stand to my record now, there was sometimes luck, mostly bad. Although, as it appears to me at present, I got better results than I should have obtained. But if a man with a little experience and the proper outfit exercises as much intelligence as is necessary to boil eggs, photography is no longer a matter of luck, and I thank nobody to call me lucky."

Kept Out of Politics.

In Austria women are forbidden by law to take an active part in politics or to join any political association. Last spring the chamber of deputies decided to cancel the prohibiting clause, and the political committee of the upper house has now endorsed this

vote of the deputies, with the explanation that "the part taken by women in associations with political tendencies is well known, and, under the circumstances, can scarcely be prevented."

This bill has been sent back to the deputies for further consideration. The women of Austria have been leading an agitation against the rise of prices which they, as housekeepers, feel most acutely. They have been successful in cheapening coal in Vienna and milk in Brunn. The leaders of the movement have been elected to municipal committees, and for the first time a woman has been put on a committee of a town council, viz., that of Hosing.

No Necessity for Stamps.

In New Zealand the postoffice provides big firms with machines, with which they stamp their own correspondence. A specimen letter received bears an oblong "postage paid" stamp which is put on by a machine in the business man's office. Periodically a postal collector calls round, reads the total on the machine and collects the money.

ARC AND THE INCANDESCENT

Explanation of Entirely Different Principles Under Which the Two Are Employed.

The arc light and the incandescent light work on totally different principles. It was noted many years ago that when an electric circuit was broken the current jumped across a slight gap, producing a brilliant flame. The shape of this flame was roughly an arc from one conductor to the other; thus the word "arc" was adopted. All arc lamps burn in the air, and not in vacuum. The light is produced by the current leaping across a small air gap between the two electrodes, or carbon pencils, and heating the tips of the carbons white hot. Floating particles of white-hot carbon also add to the brilliancy. A mechanism is necessary to "feed" in the carbons as fast as they burn away, or otherwise the gap would increase until the current could not jump across and the light would go out.

The incandescent lamp, common in most homes and office buildings, is ob-

tained from a piece of white-hot wire, heated by the passage of an electric current. The wire must be inclosed in a glass bulb from which the air has been exhausted, otherwise it would quickly be burned up and consumed. The wire filament is now made of tungsten, which resists the flow of electricity with so much vigor that the current, in working to get by the obstruction, heats the wire to incandescence, hence the name.

Ship's Dentist.

Modern liners have every kind of luxury, and a ship's dentist is the most modern innovation. Unlike other innovations, it did not originate in the brains of the steamship managers, but was due to a Parisian dentist. Having occasion to go on a sea voyage for his health, he was struck with the need of a dentist on board ship, and on his return he promptly engaged a suitable one of the French transatlantic vessels. He received many clients, and since that date several steamship companies have carried a ship's dentist, who can extricate the aching teeth of the passengers.