

# HEARTS COURAGEOUS

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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## Synopsis

CHAPTER I.—Anne Thibault, a blue blood of Virginia, is the wife of a man who has been a Revolutionary soldier. Her husband, a captain in the king's army, had been killed in the battle of the Clouds. Anne Thibault is a woman of noble lineage and high social position. She is a woman of noble lineage and high social position. She is a woman of noble lineage and high social position.

Foy saw it. "Aye, let them go—let them go," he sneered. "Tis time folk knew where loyalty lay, as they know with you and me, my lord."

A slow contentment went over that rugged old face. The baron had small love for this comping. He despised the blackguard confidant of Governor Dunmore too heartily to bandy talk with him.

Foy filled his glass. "Tis said in Philadelphia," he resumed, "that one of our Virginians got on his hind legs and told them he wished to God he could fight it out single handed with George. What think you of that, Lord Fairfax?"

Lord Fairfax had deliberately turned his back upon Foy, but he shifted in his seat now at the answer of one of the quality.

Burnaby Rolph, Foy's companion of the gold lace, already heavy with the wine, turned to him and said:

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learned of war to love a soldier and a brave man."

As he spoke Henry's face lighted with a great flash of surprise and pleasure. He did not see the white and red changing in his companion's check, did not note her uneven breath

nor the wondrous beauty that came softly courtesying in her eyes.

"But we of our country know one American so well—we know him because it is against our own arms that he has fought, before Duquesne. Messieurs, I pledge you a brave man."

"You are more than that. You are one who once guarded me from danger—one whom I have this evening seen do a gentle deed that I shall remember always."

"Was it more than a gentleman might do? They were not gentlemen then. But I would be so proud of it, mademoiselle, if it made you care even so slightly, as I have said, if it made you think of me not as a stranger, but as suddenly a little nearer, a little closer than all else besides. Do you remember what I told you that day for the first time? That I had a wife and a child? That I had a wife and a child?"

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the clasp of his hand. "There came the stamping of horses and a whinny from the stable."

"Tell me, am I no more to you than that stranger passing by?"

"Anne's voice had a tremor, but she spoke earnestly and softly: "You are more than that. You are one who once guarded me from danger—one whom I have this evening seen do a gentle deed that I shall remember always."

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pipes and a lean dog, stretched with black muzzle laid to the threshold, and the horse and a man turned into the open space. The curving road on the higher Blue Ridge slope had been delicately grayed with a gossamer mist creeping up from the late dawns. Here it had risen thicker, curling more deeply against the ground and sopping the air with the smell of wet beech bark. With the sailing moon above, it was like going in some murky, dull world where near things were shadowy and far vanished into opaque whiteness.

"I know not if he will see you," he objected dolefully. "It is late, and the march is to begin at sunup."

"But he must see me," she told him. "Tell him he must!"

"He left her for a moment, then, returning, led her across a court of hard beaten earth into a log building composed of two long rooms. The first was a table strewn with papers and maps. A sword rack was nailed to the wall.

"In an armchair before the table, his plumed hat and sword tossed across it, sat the governor, heavy, coarse featured, with reddish, muddy skinned complexion under a black curled wig. He was pig necked and his eyes were bloodshot.

"I ask you to give me a token, something to carry with me as a reminder to keep the memory of always, to—"

"Monsieur!"

"I love you!"

"No, no!" she cried. "I cannot listen!"

"I love you!"

A lantern had been set at the byroad, and the horse and a man turned into the open space. The curving road on the higher Blue Ridge slope had been delicately grayed with a gossamer mist creeping up from the late dawns. Here it had risen thicker, curling more deeply against the ground and sopping the air with the smell of wet beech bark. With the sailing moon above, it was like going in some murky, dull world where near things were shadowy and far vanished into opaque whiteness.

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Excursion tickets will be sold by the Illinois Central, to the following points, on April 20, 1907:

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She came into the center of the room.

But 'tis truly a desperate encounter to cause such a pretty interest in Mistress Thibault. And what fight they have seen, 'tis eyes only."

"At the King's Arms tonight," she said, flushing, "an affront was offered to a gentleman who was absent."

"Who was this gentleman?"

"Colonel Washington."

"The Mount Vernon farmer who the rebels bespeak to drill their limbs. Humph! And whose was the affront, eh?"

"The governor slapped the table, highly amused."

"'Twas Foy? 'Od's fish, but he has a high stomach. He carries a pretty point, though, and has used it too. He can take care of himself. And why that you should trouble yourself over such playful bloodletting, mistress? Soldding nakes one not so soon as health, but I have had affairs in my day. When I was a bray young blade—aye, and there were pretty eyes went red, then, too," he added, with a boisterous laugh.

"Anne's fingers quivered with resentment, and storm came to her eyes."

"Your excellency," she cried, "the thing was but a trick to wound and flout a loyal hearted gentleman!"

"Ah, indeed! And who this time?"

"The earl chuckled in his chair. "So the baron took up for his farmer friend, eh?" he asked, shaking his sides. "I scarce assume that Foy is going to fight the old man!"

"He had drawn herself up, her face pale with this added humiliation. She replied with dignity:

"No, your excellency. The affront was answered by a French gentleman named Armand."

"At the name the governor dropped his feet shuffling, and a quick glance darted across his forehead face."

"Armand?" he cried. "The devil, eh? Foy to fight him?" He struck the bell for the orderly as he spoke.

"An affront to Lord Fairfax, you say—a king's man, aye, and a loyal. Lord Fairfax, is it? Foy shall be disciplined, the rascal! I thank you, mistress, for this information. I shall send once and put a stop to the meeting."

"He was leading her to the door as he spoke, not waiting for thanks, and as she went out she heard him rumbling angry instructions to his orderly."

"Before she had gone from view of the fort gate four mounted men poured out of a military camp, down the high road at a pliant pace."

"Later, in her own chamber, Anne opened her window and, leaning far out on the ledge, gazed into the night."

"Like little stars," she murmured, "Fondling the flame." Then, after a pause, "A little nearer, a little closer than all else besides."

"Foy cut in with a laugh of contempt. "T'will be an accident 'I faith," he said, "if I send not his soul a-scurry to hell for this glass!"

"A mind me that fight at Minden," said the lieutenant abruptly. "I was no white night such as this, but black as the Earl of Hell's riding boots, toots and silvery grass and—"

Foy cursed him, with his hand shaking on his rein. "Let that alone for now," he snarled. "They led an affair, they slipped. They led 'Twas fair, I tell you!"

"Aye," said the other, surprised. "'Twas a fair thrust. None doubted."

"Where are your wits?" said Rolph, reliving close. "Know you no letter to the post? You have tried the young upstart, Foy, we shall have a tiddy to-night. This air has an acorn."

"CHAPTER VIII.

THE spot selected for the meeting was not near by, since Virginia's earl governor had forbidden her encounters within a ten-mile of his headquarters. A lieutenant with his seconds, Rolph and a lieutenant in the royal forces.

"I like not these night affairs," he spoke the lieutenant. "Dew is slippery, and quick deceives. I have known of accidents."

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### TIME TABLE.

WEST BOUND	MAIN LINE	EAST BOUND
No. 12:13 a.m.	No. 7:27 a.m.	No. 2:42 p.m.
No. 2:15 p.m.	No. 10:29 a.m.	No. 5:44 p.m.
No. 4:17 p.m.	No. 1:31 p.m.	No. 8:46 p.m.
No. 6:19 p.m.	No. 3:33 p.m.	No. 11:48 p.m.

### NEW SHORT LINE

#### Omaha - Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Omaha to St. Paul	St. Paul to Omaha
No. 1:00 p.m.	No. 1:00 p.m.
No. 3:00 p.m.	No. 3:00 p.m.
No. 5:00 p.m.	No. 5:00 p.m.
No. 7:00 p.m.	No. 7:00 p.m.

### CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RY.

#### "The Maple Leaf Route."

Chicago to St. Paul	St. Paul to Chicago
No. 1:00 p.m.	No. 1:00 p.m.
No. 3:00 p.m.	No. 3:00 p.m.
No. 5:00 p.m.	No. 5:00 p.m.
No. 7:00 p.m.	No. 7:00 p.m.

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Chicago to St. Paul	St. Paul to Chicago
No. 1:00 p.m.	No. 1:00 p.m.
No.	