## THE ENTERPRISE, WILLIAMSTON, NORTH CAROLINA



John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddently discovers that the Valiant cor-poration, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has fathed. 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 build Gag and Damory court, a neg-lected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dand-ridge, an aubury-haired beauty, and de-cides that he is going to like Virginia im-mensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dand-ridge, and 2.Lajo? Bristow exchange rem-iniscences during which. It is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Dismory court overgrown with weeds and crepers and the buil-fugs in a very much neglected condition. Valiant finds poster his ancestral home. He is supprised by a fox hunting party which fivedes his estate. He recognizes Shirley at the head of the party. He gives sanc-fuary to the cornered fox. Gossips dis-fuse the advent of the new owner and re-cal the tragedy in which the elder Val-iant took pars. Valiant decides to refully to the cornered rox. Gossips in-fust the advent of the n'w owner and re-call the tragedy in which the elder Val-lant took pars. Vallant decides to re-habilitate Damory court and make the land produce a living for him.

## CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

They stood on the edge of a stony ravine which widened at one end to a shallow marsey valley. The rocks were covered with gray-green feathery creepers, enwound with curly vellow tendrils of love-vine. Across the ravine, on a lower level, began a grove of splendid trees that marched up into the long stretch of neglected forest he had seen from the house. "You love it?" he asked, without

withdrawing bis eyes.

"I've loved it all my life. I love everything about Damory Court. Ruined as it is still one of the most beaution? estates in all Virginia. There's nothing finer even in Italy. Just behind us, where those hemlocks stand, is where the duel the children spoke of was fought." He turned his head. "Tell me about

ft." he said. She glanced at him curiously. "Didn't

you know? That was the reason the place was abandoned. Valiant, who lived here, and the owner of another plantation, who was named Sassoon, quarreled. They fought, the story is, under those big hemlock trees. Sassoon was killed."

He looked out across the distance; he could not trust his face. "And--Valiant?" "He went away the same day and

never came back; he lived in New York till he died. He was the father of the court's present owner. You never heard the story?" "No," he admitted. "I--till quite re-

cently I never heard of Damory Court. "That was the last duel ever fought

in Virginia. Dueling was a dreadful I'm glad it's gone. Aren't custom. you?"

"Yes," he said slowly, "it was a thing that cut two ways. Perhaps Valiant, if he could have had his choice afterward, would rather have been lying there that morning than Sassoon

"He must have suffered too." she agreed, "or he wouldn't have exiled himself as he did. I used to wonder if it was a love-quarrel-whether they could have been in love with the same woman.'

"But why should he go away?" ie ha imagine.

of the discussion, since the man dis- to a hissing turmoil. cussed was certainly his patron, maybe his friend. But his insistence had roused a certain balky wilfulness that would have its way. "It's true I've Sunday supplements. He's a regular feature of the high-roller section. His idea of a good time is a dog-banquet at Sherry's. Why, a girl told me once that there was a cigarette named after him-the Vanity Valiant!"

"Isn't that beside the point? Because he has been an idler, must he necessarily be a-vandal?"

She laughed again. "He wouldn't call it vandalism. He'd think it decided improvement to make Damory Court as frantically different as possible. I suppose he'll erect a glass cupola and a porte-cochere, all up-todate and varnishy, and put orchid hothouses where the wilderness garden was and a modern marble cupid instead of the summer-house, and lay

out a kite-shaped track-" Everything that was impulsive and explosive in John Valiant's nature came out with a bang. "No!" cried, "whatever else he is, he's not such a preposterous ass as that!" She faced him squarely now. Her yes were sparkling. "Since you know him so intimately and so highly approve of him-'

"No, no," he interrupted. "You mistake me. I shouldn't try to justify him." His flush had risen to the roots of his brown hair, but he did not lower his gaze. Now the red color slowly ebbed, leaving him pale. "Ho has been an idler-that's true enough At this moment, rexcept for this one property, he is little better than a beggar.'

She had taken a hasty step or two back from him, and her eyes were now fixed on his with a dawning half-fearful question in them.

"Till the failure of the Valiant Corporation, he had never heard of Damory Court, much less been aware that he owned it. It wasn't because he loved it that he came here-no! How could it be? He had never set foot in Virginia in his mortal life." She put up her hands to her throat with a start. "Came?" she echoed, 'Came!"

"But if you think that even he could be so crassly stupid, so monumentally blind to all that is really fine and beautiful-"

"Oh!" she cried with flashing comprehension. "Oh, how could you! You-"

He nodded curtly. "Yes," he said. 'I am that haphazard harlequin, John Valiant, himelf."

## CHAPTER XIV.

On the Edge of the World.

There was a pause not to be reck oned by minutes but suffocatingly long. She had grown as pale as he. That was ungenerous of you," she said then with icy slowness. "Though no doubt you-found it entertaining. It must have still further amused you

Next Moment, With Clenched

Teeth, He Was Viciously Stamping

even for a moment, so worthy a call-

At his answer she put out her hand

with sudden gesture, as if bluntly

thrusting the matter from her con-

cern, and turning went back along the

He followed glumly, gnawing his

wretchedly tongue-tied, noting

lip, wanting to say he knew not what,

that the great white moth was still

waving its creamy wings on the dead stump and wondering if she would

take the cape jessamines. He felt an

embarrassed relief when, passing the

roots where they lay, she stooped to

tree-shadowed path.

but

raise them.

His Heel Again and Again.

to be taken for an architect?" flattered,

such violence that she had fallen sidewise. Now she raised herself, kneeling in the feathery light, both hands never seen him," she said, "but I've clasped close to her breast, trembling read about him a hundred times in the excessively with loathing and feeling the dun earth-floor billow like a canvas sea in a theater. Little puffs of dust from the protesting ground were wreathing about her set face, and she pressed one hand against her shoulder to repress her shivers.

"The horrible - horrible - thing!" she said whisperingly. "It would have leafy rustle to catch a quick breath bitten me!"

He came toward her, panting, and grasping her hand, lifted her to her feet. He staggered slightly as he did so, and she saw his lips twist together oddly. "Ah." she gasped, "It bit you! It bit you!"

"No," he said, "I think not."

"Look! There on your ankle-that spot!" "I did feel something, just that first

moment." He laughed uncertainly. "It's queer. My foot's gone fast asleep."

Every remnant of color left her She had known a negro child face. who har died of a water moccasin's bite some years before-the child of a house-servant. It had been wading in the creak in the gorge The doctor had sa'd then that if one of the other children. • • •

She grasped his arm. "Sit down," she commanded, "here, on this log, and ree."

He: pale fright caught him. He obeyed, dragged off the low shoe and bared the tingling spot. The firm white flesh was puffing up around two tiny blue-rimmed punctures. He reached into his pocket, then remembered that he had no knife. As the next best thing he knotted his handkerchief quickly above the ankle, thrust a stick through the loop and twisted it till the ligature cut deeply, while she knelt beside him, her lips moving soundlessly, saying, over and over to herself words like these: "I must not be frightened. He doesn't realize the danger, but I do! I must be quite collected. It is a mile to the doctor's. I might run to the house and send Unc' Jefferson, but it would take too long. Besides, the doctor might not be there. There is no one

to do anything but me." She crouched beside him, putting her hands by his on the stick and wrenching it over with all her strength. "Tighter, tighter," she said. "It must be tighter." But, to her dismay, at the last turn the improvised cord snapped, and the released stick flew a dozen feet away.

Her heart leaped chokingly, then dropped into hammer-like thudding. He leaned back on one arm, trying to laugh, but she noted that his breath came shortly as if he had been run-"Absurd!" he said, frowning. ning. "How such-a fool thing-can hurt!" Suddenly she threw herself on the ground and grasped the foot with both hands. He could see her face twitch with shuddering, and her eyes dilating with some determined purpose. "What are you going to do?"

"This," she said, and he felt her hrinking lips warm and tremulous.

a sense of movement and of troublous He had flung her from him with disturbance, of insistent voices that called to him and inquisitive hands that plucked at him, and then volces growing distant again, and hands falling away, and at last-silence.

Inky clouds were gathering over the sunlight when Shirley came from Damory Court, along the narrow woodpath under the hemlocks, and the way was striped with blue-black shadows and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some

of dread. As she approached the tree roots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little diswith it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution retraced her : teps to the

wider path. She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate in tensity of electric storms in the South There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the scurrying red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Unc' Jefferson's eyes rolling up

in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor. At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cringed suddenly against the sopping bark She say again the doctor's gaze lift from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift penetrant glance at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to the house. Again a fit of shuddering swept over her. Then, all at once, tears came, strangling sobs that bent and swayed ber. It was the discharge of the Leyden jar, the losing of the tense bow-string and it brought relief. After a time she grew quieter. He would get well! The thought that perhaps she had saved his life gave her a thrill that ran over her whole body. And until yesterday she had never seen him! She kneeled in the blurred half-light, pushing her wet hair back from her forehead and smiling up in the rain that still fell fast. In a few moments she rose and went on. At the gate of the Rosewood lane stood a mail-box on a cedar post and she paused to fish out a draggled Richmond newspaper. As she thrust it under her arm her eve caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it

from its soggy wrapper, the wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee. She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of



She crushed up the paper in her hand and rested her forehead on the wet rail. Idiotically rich-a vandala useless, purseptoud flaneur. She had called him all Chat! She could still see the paleness of his look as she had said it.

Shirley, overexcited as she still was, felt the sobs returning. These, however, did not last long and in a mo-ment she found herself smiling again. tance from them she broke : Mick and Though she had lurt him, she had saved him, too! When she whispered this over to herself It still thrilled and startled her. She folded the paper and hastened on under the cherrytrees

Emmaline, the negro maid was waiting anxiously on the porch. She was thin to spareness, with a face as brown as a tobacco leaf, restless black Manston, Wis. eyes and wool nearly pinned and set off by an amber comb.

"Honey," called Emmaline, "I'se been fearin' fo' yo' wid all that lightnin' r'arin' eroun'. Yo' got th' jess' mine? Give 'em to Em'line. She'll fix em all nice, jes' how Mis' Judith like." "All right, 'Emmaline," replied Shir "And I'll go and dress. Has lev mother missed me?'

"No'm. She ain' lef' huh room this whole blessed day. Now yo' barth's all ready-all 'cep'n th' hot watah, en I sen' Ranston with that th' fus' Yo' hurry en peel them wet thing. close off yo'se'f, cr yo' have one o' them digested chills."

Her young mistress flown and the hot water despatched, the negro woman spread a cloth on the floor and began to cut and dreus the long stalks of the flowers. This done she fetched bowls and vases, and set the pearlywhite clumps here and there-on the dining room sidebourd, the hall mantel and the desk of the living-roomtill the delicate fragrance filled the house, quite vanqu'ishing the rosescent from the arbers.

As the trim colored woman moved lightly about in the growing dusk, with the low click of glass and muffled clash of silver, the light tat-tat of a cane sounded, and she ran to the hall, where Mrs. Dandridge was descending the stairway, one slim white hand holding the banister, under the edge of a white silk shawl which drooped its heavy fringes to her daintily shod feet. On the lower step she halted, looking smilingly about at the blossomin: bowls.

"Don' they smell up th' whole said Emmaline. "I know'd house y'o be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put yo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take yo' to yo' big cha'h."

They crossed the hall, the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h. Ranston he made up a little fiah jes to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact, Shirley de-seended the stair, in a filmy gown of

beads about her neck. The damn

At her step her mother turned her

head: she was listening intently to

voices that came flom the garden-a

child's shrill treble opposing Ran-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

newspaper was in her hand.

ston's stentorian grumble

pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends

and give you permission to publish my testimonial." -- Mrs. LAWRENCE MAR-TIN, 12 King St., Westbrook, Maine.

45 to 55 TESTIFY

ham's Vegetable Compound during Change

of Life.

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Manston, Wis, - "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and loins until I could not stand. I also had night-sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night-sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since." - Mrs. M. J. BROWNELL<sub>9</sub>

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Piakham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Caravaggio Picture Found.

An important find has been made in the art collections of Marchese della Stufa at France. It is a painting by Caravaggio, which had been lost sight of for many years. The painting was known to connoisseurs through a print in the Galleria degli Ufizzi.

Sig di Pietro, the secretary of this gallery, was determined to find the picture. It was known that in the year 1700 it was in possession of the Cerretani family, which is now extinct.

Sig di Pietro, while examining Marchese della Stufa's collection saw the painting and immediately identified it. The Ufizzi print is an exact reproduction of the picture, which is a typical Caravaggio. It depicts six youths, one of whom is playing a violin, one a lute and one a flute, while two are singing and one is listening .-- New York Sun.

## Ancient Stage to Be Used.

A more than usually interesting dramatic revival is announced for April-16, when the "Agamemnon" of Acschylus will be performed in the ancient Greek theater of Syracuse.

Nearly 24 centuries have passed since Hiero I embellished his city with the theater which tradition attributes to the architect Democopor Myrilla.

Aeschylus must have taken refuge in the court of Hiero very soon after its completion, and it may be conjectured that the great trilogy, which began with the "Agamemnon," was often performed on its stage; it is known that the "Persae" was performed there and a work written for Hiero by Aeschylus, entitled the "Etneae," of which no trace remains .-New York Sun

really loved the other man. If so, she couldn't have borne seeing Valiant afterward." She paused with a little laugh., "But then," she said. "it may have been nothing so romantic. Valiant's grandfather, who was known as Devil-John, is said to have called a man out because he rode past him on the wrong side. Our ancestors in Virginia, I'm afraid, didn't stand on ceremony when they felt uppish."

He did not smile. He was looking out once more over the luminous stretch of fields, his side-face towards her. Curious and painful questions were running through his brain. With an effort, he thrust these back and recalled his attention to what she was saying.

"You wonder, I suppose, that we feel as we do toward these ald estates, and set store by them, and-yes, and brag of them insufferably as we do. But it's in our blood. You Northerners think we're desperately con-ceited," she smiled, "but it's true. We're still as proud of our land, and its old; old places, and love them as well as our ancestors ever did. Do you wonder we resent their passing ing." to people who don't care for them in the Southern way?"

"But suppose the newcomers do care for them?"

Her lips curled. "A young millionaire who has lived all his life in New York, to care for Damory Court! A youth idiotically rich, brought up in a superheated atmosphere of noise and money!" 'He started uncontrollably. So that

was what she thought! He felt himself flushing. He had wondered what would be his impression of the neigh borhood and its people; their possible opinion of himself had never occurred to him ST

You think there's no chance of his choosing to stay here because he actually likes it?"

"Not the slightest," she said indifferently.

You are so certain of this without ver having seen him?"



He drew away sharply, with savage denial "No-no! Not that! You shan't! My lord-you shan't!" He dragged his numbing foot from her desperate grasp, lifting himself, pushing her from him; but she fought with him, clinging, panting broken sentences:

"You must! It's the only way. It was-a moccasin, and it's deadly Every minute counts!"

"I won't. No, stop! How do you know? It's not going to-here, listen? Take your hands away. Listen!-Lisen! I can go to the house and send Uncle Jefferson for the doctor and h -No! stop, I say! Oh-I'm sorry if I hurt you. How strong you are! "Let -me!"

"No! Your lips are not for thatgood God, that damnable thing! You yourself might be--'

"Let me! Oh, how cruel you are It was my fault. But for me it would never have-"

"No! I would rather-"

"Let me! Oh, if you died!"

With all the force of her strong young body she wrenched away his protestant hands. A thirst and a sickish feeling were upon him, a curious irresponsible giddiness, and her hair which that struggle had brought in tumbled masses about her shoulders. seemed to have little-flames running all over it. His foot had entirely lost its feeling. There was a strange weak ness in his limbs.

Moments of half-consciousness, or consciousness jumbled with strange imaginings, followed. At times he felt the pressure upon the wounded foot, was sensible of the suction of the young mouth-striving desperately to Then all at once the blood seemed draw the poison from the wound. o shrink from his heart. With a From time to time he was conscious hoarse cry he leaped toward her, of a white desperate face haloed with seized her wrist and roughly dragged hair that was a mist of woven sparher back, feeling as he did so, a sharp kles. At times he thought himself flery sting on his instep. The next a recumbent stone statue in a wood, moment, with clenched teeth, he was and her a great tall golden headed viciously stamping his heel again and flower lying broken at his feet. Again again, driving into the soft earth a he was a granite boulder and she a She glanced at him covertly, an, twisting root-like something that vine with yellow leaves winding and

John Valiant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the involved corporation.

Its effect upon her was a shock. She felt her throat swell as she read; then she was chilled by the memory of what she had said to him: "What has he ever done except play polo and furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?"

"What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. "He had just done that splendid thing. It was be-

Settler Had No Hesitation in Declar-

Spots.

Dudley Field Malone, the new col-

"I'm too new to my job to talk about

ing Encyclopedia Had Its Dry

a reporter:

ignorance.

and said:

a settler's house.

here to have an encyclopedia.'



DIDN'T FIND IT INTERESTING ised the directively of the directive directively of the directive di

"'He dug, too. Nine year ago. M was. I ain't more'n half through her yet. The wife, she's about quarter through. It took a lot o' brains to write this book, but it's my opinion, ector of the port of New York, said to all the same, and ! lon't mind tellin ye, that I think she's got her dry

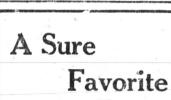
streaks, like most everything else.

it yet. If I talked about it I might, Chinese Soldiers Are Good Fighters like the mountaineer, give away my Till within the last two years or su the general impression was that the "A man was hunting in Pike county, Chinese soldier was intended to run and up around Porters lake he visited away.' The revolution of 1911 dissipated some of this absurdity. The "He noticed a volume of a good events of the present year have disencyclopedia on a shelf above the gun, persed the remainder. It is now recognized that there is no finer mate-"It must be a handy thing away off rial than that which could be selected from among the sturdier of China's "Yep,' said the mountaineer. 'Yep, sons. Nothing is wanted but training, he's handy. I only got the first book.' arms of precision, good leading and a

"Why haven't you got the others?' good eause. With these, China could "I ain't finished this one yet, so I well hold its own. The is prevenents ain't ready for another. I bought this that have been made during recent. one off'n an agent about eight years years in such things can be appre ago. He come round six months aftciated only by thosy who know what erwards and says, says he: "Here's the old troops, from the Bannermen yer second volume, mister." downward, we """What?" says I. "Why, I ain't fin. view, China downward, were lilie .-- National Re

India-muslin, with a .tarrow belting of Natural. Belle-Is that girl's hair naturally gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed curly? Nell-Yes, natural result of the pinkness the hue of the pale coral

curling iron.



-saves the housewife much thankless cooking-



The factory cooks them erfectly, toasts them to a delicate, golden-brown, and sends them to your table ready to eat direct from the sealed package.

Fresh, crisp, easy to serve, and

Wonderfully Appetizing

Ask any grocer-

