SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—John Valiant, a rich se-sty favorite, suddenly discovers that the faliant corporation, which his father runded and which was the principal surce of his wealth, has failed.

CHAPTER II—He voluntarily ver his private furture to the recording the corporation.

CHAPTER III—His entire remaining possessions commist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate to Virginia.

CHAPTER IV—He learns that this ea-de came into the family by royal grant flas been in the possession of the allasts ever since.

CHAPTER V.—On the way to Damory quit he meets Shirley Dandridge, an au-surn-haired beauty, and decides that he spoing to like Virginia immeasely.

CHAPTER VI...An old negro tells Shir-y's fortune and predicts great trouble or ber sq account of a mea. CHAPTER VII-Uncle Jefferson, an

CHAPTER VIII—Shirbey's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange eminiscences during which it is revealed hat the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon, were rivals for the and of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her count in which the former was killed.

CRAPTER IX.—Valient finds Damory court evergrown with weeds and creep-ers and the buildings in a very much pegestes condition. Uncle Jeffreyon and his wife, Aunt Daphne, are engaged as

CHAPTER X-Valiant explores his an-central home. He is surprised by a fox sunting party which investes his centers. To recognize Shirley at the head of the

CHAPTER XI—He gives sanctuary to he cornered fox. Gossips discuss the ad-rent of the new owner and recell the tragedy in which the elder Vallant took

CHAPTER XII—Valiant decides to re-habilitate Damory court and make the land produce a living for him.

CHAPTER XIII—He meets Shirley, who has been guthering flowers on the Valiant state, and reveals his identity to her.

CHAPTER XIV—Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shir-ley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life.

CHAPTER XV-Shiriey construction of the incident and the latter is strangely moved at hearing that a Valiant is again living at Damory court.

CHAPTER XVI-Valiant learns some of the history of his family from Doctor the history of his family thall and Major Bristow.

CHAPTER XVII—He learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds.

CHAPTER XVIII—Valiant and Shirley become good friends, Mrs. Dandridge faints when she first meets Valiant.

CHAPTER XIX-Valiant works wonders in the old place. He discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees.

CHAPTER XX-With the sovice and assistance of the major and Shirley, Val-iant restores the gardens to what they were in his father's time.

CHAPTER XXI-The yearly tourna-ment, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is to be held at Damory court. "Was she?"

CHAPTER XXII-At the last moment knights, who is sick, and enters the lists

CHAPTER XXIII- He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty to the dismay of Kathache Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting in Virginia.

CHAPTER XXIV-The tournament ball

at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Val-iant as queen of beauty.

CHAPTER XXV-Valuant tells Shirley

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Doctor Speaks.

her spirit. She had been so certain him back." of what would happen that evening The major made no answer. Kathaand Doctor Southall) had searched her panther's eye. the missing couple.

was it his nearness to her, though they it!' never was, on sea or land"—which was shoulder. like a death-stab to what lay far deep "Bristow!" he said bruskly. "You're er than Katharine's heart, her pride. is drew swiftly back, dismayed at

e drew swiftly back, dismayed at sudden verification, and for an inut her whole body chilled.

ther whole body chilled.

traving for a glass of water has ved its purpose a thousand times; her cavaller solicitously departed to the couldn't draught. The 'room, as a country departed to the cavaller solicitously departed to the cavaller of the

her she was unobserved and she step ped down to the grass and along the winding neth to a bench at some distance in the shrubbery. Here the smiling mask slipped from her face I were only sure it was Sassoo and with a shiver she dropped her hot face in her hands.

There were no tears. The wave that was welling over her was one of bitter humiliation. She had shot her bolt and missed—she, Katharine Far-For three years she had held John Valiant, romantically speaking in the hollow of her shapely hand. Now she had all but thrown herself at his feet-and he had turned away to this flame-haired, vivid girl whom he had not known as many months!

Heavy footfalls all at once aproached her-two men were coming from the house. There was the spitting crackle of a match, and as she peered out, its red flare lighted the massive face and floating hair of Major Bristow. His companion's face was in the shadow. She waited, thinking they would pass: but to her annoyance, when she looked again, they had seated themselves on a bench a few paces AWAY.

To be found mooning in the shrubbery like a schoolgirl did not please her, but it seemed there was no re-course, and she had half arisen, when the major's gruff-voiced companion spoke a name that caused her to sit down abruptly.

"Bristow, Shirley's a magnificent mirk."

the major's bees. "Whom do you reckon she'll choose

to marry?" "Chilly Lusk, of course. The boy's

fit for her as anybody." "Hump!" said the other sardonical- She wasted little time.

ly. "No man I ever saw was half good Lusk. I used to think it would be, John Vallant I've danced with a hun-but I've got a pair of eyes in my dred times in New York. He's been

was an open secret, then!

The major made an exclamation that had the effect of coming after a jaw- yes," she said, "maybe it seems odd to dropped silence. "I-I never thought outsiders. But, you see, with us a Vel-

of that!' The other resumed slowly, somewhat bitterly, it seemed to the girl listening. "If her mother was in love

with Sassoon-Katharine's heart beat fast and then stood still. Sassoon! That was the name of the man Valiant's father had killed in that old duel of which Judge Chalmers had told! "If her mother"-Shirley Dandridge's mother-"was in in the same way."

The major's query held a sharpness that seemed almost appeal. She was

conscious that the other had faced it seemed almost as if it belonged to about abruptly.

"I've always believed so, certainly, be flippantly touched on: "Yes," she If she had loved Valiant, would she said somewhat slowly, "every one here have thrown him over merely because knows of it." he broke his promise not to be a party to a quarrel?"

"You think not?" said the major husafly.

"Not under the circumstances. Vallant was forced into it. No gentleman, at that day, could have declined the While the vibrant strings hummed meeting. He could have explained it and sang through the roses, and the to Judith's -satisfaction-a woman couples drifted on tireless and con- doesn't need much evidence to justify tent, or blissfully "sat out" dances on the man she's in love with. He must the stairway, Katharine Fargo held have written her-he couldn't have her stately court no less gally for the gone away without that—and if she stealthy doubt that was creeping over had loved him, she would have called

that when her father (between cigars rine saw a cigar fall unheeded upon on the porch with Judge Chalmers the grass, where it lay glowing like a

out under a flag of truce, she had sent The other had risen now, his stoophim to the right-about, laughingly de- ed figure bulking in the moonlight. clining to depart before royalty. But His voice sounded harsh and strainnumber followed number, and the ed: "I loved Beauty Valiant," he said, knight in purple and gold had not "and his son is his son to me-but I paused again before her. Now the have to think of Judith, too. She faintscarlet cloak no longer flaunted ed, Bristow, when she saw him-Shiramong the dancers, and the white ley told me about it. Her mother has satin gown and sparkling coronal had made her think it was the scent of the disappeared. The end of the next roses! He's his father's living image, "round-dance" found her subsiding and he's brought the past back with into the flower-banked alcove sudden- him. Every sound of his voice, every ly distrait amid her escort's sailles. It sight of his face, will be a separate was at this moment that she saw, en- stab! Oh, his mere presence will be tering the corridor from the garden, enough for Judith to bear. But with her heart in the grave with Sassoon, It was not the faint flush on Shir what would love between Shirley and ley's cheek-that was not deep-nor young Valiant mean to her? Think of

stood closely, as lovers might. But He broke off, and there was a blank there was in both their faces a some of silence, in which he turned with thing that resurgent conventionality almost a sigh. Then Katharine saw had not had time to cover— a trem- him reach the bench with a single bling reflection of that "light that stride and drop his hand on the bowed

til! This confounded philandering at

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The major's face looked ashy pale but he got up with a laugh. "Not I." he said; "I was never better in my life! We've had our mouthful of air "Come on back to the house."

going where we both ought to have been hours ago." He threw away his cigar and stalked down the path into the darkness. The major stood looking after him

"Not much!" grunted the other. "I'm

till he had disappeared, then suddenly dropped on the bench and covered his face. Something like a groan burst from him.

"My God!" he said, and his volo came to Katharine with a quaver of age and suffering—very different from the jovial accents of the ballroom—"if Presently he rose, and went slowly

CHAPTER XXVII.

toward the lighted doorway.

The Ambush.

Not long after, from the musicians bower the sound of "Home, Sweet Home," drifted over the poignant rose scent, and presently the driveway re sounded to rolling wheels and the voices of negro drivers, and the house entrance jostled with groups, muffled in loose carriage-wraps, silken cloaks and light overcoats, calling tired but laughing farewells,

Katharine, on the step, found herself looking into Valiant's eyes. "How can I tell you how much I have enjoyed it all?" she said. "I've stayed till the very last minute—which is something for one's fourth season! And now, goodby, for we are off tomorrow for Hot Springs."

Her father had long ago betaken himself homeward, and the big three seated surrey—holding "six comf table and nine fumiliah." in the phrase of Lige the coachman—had returned for the rest: Judge Chalmers, the two younger girls and Shirley. Katharine greeted the latter with a charming smile: What more natural than that she should find herself straightway on the rear seat with royalty? The two "Finest in seven counties," agreed girls safely disposed in the middle, the judge climbed up beside the driver. who cracked his whip and they were

The way was not long, and Katha been in love with her since they were rine had need of dispatch if that rein bibs. And he comes as near being vengeful weapon were to be used which fate had put into her hands.

"It seems so strange," she said, "to enough for a good woman. But good find our host in such surroundings! I women marry just the same. It isn't can scarcely believe him the same head, if you haven't. It's young Val- here such a short while and yet he couldn't possibly be more at home if The pearl fan twisted in Katha- he'd lived in Virginia always. And you rine's fingers. What she had guessed all treat him as if he were quite one of yourselves."

Shirley smiled enchantingly. "Why, iant is always a Vallant. No matter where he has lived, has the son of his father and the master of Damory court

"That's the wonderful part of it. It's so-so English, somehow." "Is it?" said Shirley. "I never

thought of it. But perhaps it seems so. We have the old houses and the old names and think of them, no doubt. "What a sad life his father had!"

pursued Katharine dreamily. "You know all about the duel, of course?" Shirley shrank imperceptibly now. The subject touched Vallant so closely him and to her alone—not a thing to

"No doubt it has been almost forgotten," the other continued, "but John's coming must naturally have revamped the old story. What was it about the quarrel? A love-affair?"

"It's so long ago," murmured Shirley. "I suppose some one could tell

if they would." "Major Bristow, perhaps," conject tured Katharine thoughtfully.

"He was one of the seconds," admitted Shirley unhappily. "But by common consent that side of it wasn' talked of at the time. Men in Virginia have old-fashioned ideas about

"Ah, it's fine of them!" paeaned Katharine. "I can imagine the men who knew about that dreadful affair, in their southern chivalry, drawing a cordon of silence about the name of that girl with her broken heart. For if she loved one of the two, it must have been Sassoon-not Vallant, else he would have stayed. How terrible to see one's lover killed in such a way. It was quickly ended for him.

but the poor woman was left to bear it all the years. I fancy she would never wholly get over it never be able to forget him, though she tried."

Shirley made some reply that was lost in the whirring wheels. The other's words seemed almost an echo of what she herself had been thinking. "Maybe she married after a while

too. A woman must make a life for herself, you know. If she lives here, it will be sad for her, this opening of the old wound by John's coming. . . And looking so like his father—"

Extharine paused. There was a kind of exhibitation in this subtle baiting. Shirley stirred uneasily, and in the impeing light her face looked troubled. Matherine's voice had touched athor, and in spite of her distante of he subject. Shirley had been entering at the feeling of that supposititious

est hidden all these years. ing from sight of it, dreading the painful memory it must thrust upon her.

"Suppose"—Katharine's voice was dreamy—'that she and John met suddenly, without warning. What would she do? Would she say anything?

as they drew her closk uncertainly about her, began to tremble, as if with cold. Something fell from them to the

bottom of the surrey.

Through her chiffon veil Katharine noted this with a slow smile. It had been easier than she had thought. She said no more, and the carriage rolled on, to the accompaniment of giggles over the judge's percration. As it neared the Rosewood lane she leaned toward Shirley.

"Don't drive up the lane, Lige," said Shirley, and her voice seemed sharp and strange even to herself."The wheels would wake mother." Katharine bade her goodby with careful sweetness, as the judge bundled her down in his strong friendly arms.
"No," she teld him, "don't come with me. It's not a bit necessary. Emmaline will be waiting for me."

He climbed into her vacant place as the girls called their good nights. "We'll all sleep late enough in the morning, I reckon," he said with a laugh, "but it's been a great success!"

Emmaline was crouched in a chair in the hall, a rug thrown over her knees, in open-mouthed slumber. She started up at the touch of Shirley's hand, yawning widely.

"I 'clare to goodness," she muttered "I was jes' fixin' t' go t' sleep!" "I-I'm so tired, Emmaline. Take

the crown. Its heavy." The negro woman untangled the glittering points from the meshing hair with careful fingers. "Po' li'l hair with careful fingers. chickydee-dee!" she said lovingly



The Year Was That of the Duel: the Date Was the Day Following Jessemine Anniversary.

Reck'n she flop all th' feddahs outer her wings. Gimme that o' fin crown
I like ter lam' it out th' winder! Come on, now; we go upstairs soft so's not ter 'sturb Mis' Judith "

In the silvery-blue bedroom, deftly unfastened the hooks of the heavy satin gown and coaxed her mistress to lie on the sofa while she unpinned the masses of waving hair till they lay in a rich surge over the cushion. Then she brought a brush and crouching down beside her, began with long gentle strokes to smooth out the silken threads, talking to her the while in a soft crooning monotone. Under these ministrations Shirley lay languid and speechless, her eyes

losed. The fear that had stricken her heart by turns seemed a cold hand pressing upon its beating and an algid vapor rising stealthily over it. But her hands were hot and her eyelids

burned. Finally she roused herself.
"Thank you, Emmaline," she said
in a tired voice, "good night now; Fm going to sleep, and you must go to bed, too."

But alone in the warm wan dark, Shirley lay staring open-eyed at the celling. Slowly the terror was selving upon her, the dread, noiseless and intangible, folding her in the shadow of its numbing wings. Was her mother the one over whom that old duel had been fought? She remembered the cape jessamines. Was the date of that duel-of the death of Sassoon-

the anniversary her mother kept?
She sat up in bed, trembling. Then she rose, and opening the door with caution, crept down the stair, aliding her hot hand before her along the cool polished banister. As she passed through the lower ball, a bound on the porch, scenting her, stirred, thum; his tatl on the flooring, and whin Groping her way to the dining-roo she lighted a candle and pa through a corridor into a low-ce ed chamber employed as a general re-ceptacle—a glorified garret, as Mrs.

row of chests, stored with win clothing, gave forth a clean pung shift at one side gioo

backs. Staggering under the weights peated its edge on the table a began feveriably to turn the pages, he eye on the date line. She stopp presently with a quick breath—a had reached May 15th. The year withat of the duel; the date was the d

ollowing the jessamine anniverse earfully her eye overran the column Them suddenly she put her o and on the page as though to hand on the page as th out the words, every trace of o stricken from cheek and brow. It the line seemed to glow up throu the very fiesh: "Died, May 14th; I ward Sassoon, in his twenty-sixth

The book slipped to the floor with a crash that echoed through the room. It was true, then! It was Basedon's "You have dropped your fan." said death that her mother mourase. The man in whose arms she had stood man in whose arms she had stood such a little while ago by the old dial why, we are there already. How short the drive has seemed!"

The man in whose arms she had stood such a little while ago by the old dial of Damory Court was the son of the man who had killed him!

"Oh, God," she whispered, "just when I was so happy! Oh, mother, mother! You loved him, and your heart broke when he died. It was Valiant who broke it—Valiant—Valiant. His father!"

She slipped down upon the bare floor and crouched there shuddering and agonized, her disheveled hair w with tears. Was her love to be but the thing of an hour, a single claspand then, forever, nothing? His fa-ther's deed was not his fault. Yet how could she love a man whose every feature brought a pang to that mether she loved mere than herself? So over and over, the wheel of her thought turned in the same desolate groove, and over and over the parox ysms of grief and longing sub

Noiselessly as she had descende she crept again up the stair. As abo passed her mother's door, she paused a moment, and laying her arms out across it, pressed her lips to the dark grain of the wood,

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Awakening.
The sun had passed the meridian next day when Valiant awake, from a sleep as deep as Abou ben Adhem's. yet one crowded with flying tiptoe dreams. The one great fact of Shirley's love had lain at the core of all these honied images, and his mind was full of it as his eyes opened, wide all at once, to the new day.

He looked at his watch and rolled from the bed with a laugh. twelve!" he excisimed. "Good heav-ens! What about all the work I had

ens: What about all the work I had laid out for today?"

Presently he was splashing in the lake, shooting under his curved hand unerring jets of water at Chum, who danced about the rim barking, now venturing to wet a valorous paw, now scrambling up the bank to escape the Valiant came up the terraces with

to the little close which held the sundial and pilled a single great passion flower. He stood a moment holding it to his tace, his nest ill catching its faint clustve perfume. Only hast night, under the moon, he had stood there with Shirley in his arms. A gush of the unbelievable sweetness of that moment poured over him. His face softened.

This 3rd day of February

Standing with his sandaled feet deep in the white blossoms, the sun on his damp hair and the loose robe of the blossoms to the sun on his damp hair and the loose robe of the blossoms to the sun of the sun of the blossoms to the sun of the sun elinging to his moist limbs, he gave himself to a sudden day-dream. A wonderful waking dream of joy over flooding years of ambitionless ease; of the Damory Court that should be in days to come.

When he came from the little close there was a new mystery in the sunshine, a fresh and joyous meaning in the intense blue overarching of the

imponderable sky. Every bird-note held its own love-secret. A wood thrush sang it from a silver birch be side the nummer-liques, and a bob white whistled it in the little valler beyond. Even the long triphaname of a far-away woodpecker beat a ra

He paused to great the flaming pea cock that sent out a curdling ser in which the tentative potterack! potterack! of a guines fowl tangled itself softly. "Go on," he invited. "Explode all you want to, old Fire-Cracker Hang your purple-and-gold pessimism! You only make the birds sound sweeter. Perhaps that's what you're for-who knows?"

He tried to work, but work was not for that marvelous afternoon. He wandered about the gardens, planning this or that addition: a little longer aweep to the pansy-bed—a clump of bull-rushes at the farther end of the lake. He peered into the stable: a saddle horse stood there now, but there should be more steeds stamping in those stalls one day, good horse

ber from the hitself over the Shirley would go galloping over thes Shirley would go that roseate future shirey would go galloping over thes gleaming roads, in that roseate futur when she belonged to him!

Uncle Jefferson, from the door of the kitchens, watched him swinging about in the sunshins, whistling the

flesh bought with sound walnut tim

ber from the hillside. How he

Important

Change

Effective January 13th and with rain No. 16 leaving New Bern 12.50 m. January 14th, 1914, the presen Pullman Sleeper Car Line now oper petween Goldsboro and Norfolk he changed on the above date to New Bern and Norfolk Line.

Passengers may occupy car at Ne Bern northbound any time after 9: p. m.; effective January 13th, pass gers may remain in sleeper at New Bo until 8:00 a. m. effective January 13t first car leaving Norfolk January 13t apply to T. H. Bennett, Union Tick E. D. Kyle, Traffic Manager, No

tolk, Va. H. S. Leard, General Passenger A

NOTICE.

The undersigned Nicholas W. Jones having this day qualified as the Executor of the estate of the late Elizabet J. Jones, of Craven county, North Carolina, hereby notifies all persons having claims against the estate of said Elizabeth J. Jones to present them daly authenticated on or before the lat tive will be pleaded in har of their recovery. All persons indebted to the are requested to make immediate pay-

This 11th day of Feb., A. D. 1914. Nicholas W. Jones, Executer of Elisabeth J. Jones, deceased, New Bern,

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP,

D. M. Roberts and B. B. Hurst trading as Roberts & Hurst, and engaged in a wholesale grocery business at 42-44 Craven street, New Bern, North Carolina, have, by mutual consent, this day dissolved their co-partner-ship, and in the future the samebusiness will be conducted by D. M. Roberts in the name of D. M. Roberts & Company, he having parchased the saure interest of B. B. Hurst in said business, including all age due the aforesaid firm, and has assumed all debts, liabil ties and obligations of the firm of Reberts

All who are indebted to the firm will please make payment to

B. B. HURST.

Diarrhoea Quickly Cured. "I was taken with diarrhoes and Mr. Yorks, the merchant here, persuaded me to try a botile of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoes Remedy. After taking one dose of it I was cured. It taking one dose of it I was cured. It also cured others that I gave it to," writes M. E. Gebhart, Oriole, Pa. That is not at all unusual. An ordinary attack of diarrhoea can almost invariably be cured by one or two doses of this remedy. For sale by all dealers, (A

NORFOLK SOUTHERN RAILROAD

Reute of the "NIGHT ELPRESS" Schedule in Effect Jan. 11th, 1914. The following figures published as information ONLY and are not guaranteed.

TRAINS DEPART. For Beaufort, 9:05 a. m. and 5:43 For Goldsboro, 4:05 a. m., 9:10 a. m.,

and 6:20 p. m. For Oriental, 9:30 a. m. and 5:45 For Washington and Raleigh, 12:30

. m. and 2 25 p. m. For Washington and Norfolk, 12:39 a. m. and 9:10 a. m.

TRAINS ARRIVE. From Beaufort, 8:45 a. m. and

From Goldsbors, 12:28 a. m., 9:00 m, and 5:35 p. m. From Oriental, 8:52 a. n. and 4:30

From Norfells, 4:05 a. m. and 5:39

From Raleigh and Washington, 4:05

mi, Fair