

# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES  
ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

COPYRIGHT BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



**SYNOPSIS.**

John Valliant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valliant corporation, which his father founded 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 Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an au-burn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valliant's father, and a man named Sassoan were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoan and Valliant fought a duel on account in which the former was killed. Valliant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creeper and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valliant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sticks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valliant 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. Valliant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Valliant for the first time. Valliant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the jousting of feudal times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Valliant takes the place of one of the knights, who is sick, and enters 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 hall at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Valliant as queen of beauty. Valliant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo, determined not to give up Valliant without a struggle, points out to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Valliant, who looks so much like his father. Shirley, uncertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victor of Valliant's pistol, breaks the engagement. Grief King, a liberated convict whom Major Bristow had sent to prison, makes threats against his prosecutor, Valliant, pleads with Shirley, but fails to persuade her to change her decision.

**CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.**

Uncle Jefferson's lips relaxed in a wide grin. "Ah reckon dah's er few stray sprigs left, suh. Step in en mek yo'se'f et home. Ef Mars' John see yo', he be mightly hoped up. Ah gwineer mix yo' dat julep in two shakes!"

He disappeared around the corner of the porch and the major strode into the hall, threw his gray slouch hat on the table, and sat down.

It was quiet and peaceful, that ancient hall. He felt to thinking of the many times, of old, when he had sat there. The house was the same again, now. It had waked from a thirty-years' slumber to a renewed prime. Only he had lived on meanwhile and now was old. He sighed.

How gay the place had been the night of the ball, with the lights and roses and music! He remembered what the doctor had said about Valliant and Shirley—it had lain ever since in his mind, a painful speculation. The recollection roused another thought from which he shrank. He stirred uneasily. What on earth kept that old darkey so long over that julep?

A slight noise made him turn his head. But nothing moved. Only a creak of the woodwork, he thought, and settled back again in his chair.

It was, in fact, a stealthy footfall he had heard. It came from the library, where a shabby figure crouched, listening in the corner behind the tapestried screen—a man evilly clad, with a scarred cheek.

It had been with no good purpose that Greef King had dogged the major these last few days. He hugged a hot hatred grown to white heat in six



Greef King Stood an Instant Breathing Hard.

years of prison labor within bleak walls at the clicking shoe-machine, or with the chain-gang on blazing or frosty turnpikes. He had slunk behind him that afternoon, creeping up the drive under cover of the bushes, and while the other talked with Uncle Jefferson, had skirted the house and entered from the farther side, through an open French window. Now as he peered from behind the screen, a poker, snatched from the fireplace, was in his hand. His furtive gaze fell upon a morocco-covered case on a commode by his side. He lifted its lid and his eyes narrowed as he saw that it held a pistol. He set down the poker noiselessly and took the weapon. He tilted it—it was rusted, but there were loads in the chambers. He crouched lower, with a whispered curse: the major was coming into the

library, but not alone—the old nigger was with him!

Uncle Jefferson bore a tray with a frosted goblet over whose rim peeped green leaves and which spread abroad an ambrosial odor, which the major sniffed approvingly as the other set the burden on the desk at his elbow. "Majah," said the latter solemnly, "you reckon Mars' John en Miss Shirley—"

"Good lord!" said the major, wheeling to the small ormolu clock on the desk. "It's 'most four o'clock. Haven't you any idea where he's gone?"

"No, suh, less'n he's gwineer look ovah dem walnut trees. Whut Ah's gwine ter say—yo' reckon Mars' John en Miss—"

"Walnut trees? Is he going to sell them?"

"Tree man come f'om up norf' some-whar ter se erbout et yistidday, Yas, suh. Yo' reckon Mars' John en—"

"Nice pot of money tied up in that timber! He saw it right off. You're a lucky old rascal to have him for a master."

"Hyuh, hyuh!" agreed Uncle Jefferson. "Damry Co'ot er heap bettah dan drivin' er ol' staga ter de deopo fer drummahs en lightn' rod agents. Ah sho' do pray de Good Man ter mek Mars' John happy," he added soberly, "but Ah's mightly 'sturbed in mah mind—moughtly 'sturbed!"

The hidden watcher waited motionless. From where he stood he could look. He waited till through the rear window he saw the negro's bent figure disappear into the kitchens. Then he noiselessly lifted himself upright, and resting the pistol on the screen-top, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger.

The hammer clicked sharply on the worthless thirty-year-old cartridge, and the major sprang around with an exclamation, as with an oath, the other dashed the screen aside and again pulled the trigger.

"You infernal murderer!" cried the major. It was all he said, for, as he swung his chair up, the one-time bully of Hell's-Half-Acre rushed in and struck him a single sledge-hammer blow with the clubbed pistol. It fell full on the major's temple and the heavy iron crashed through.

Greef King stood an instant breathing hard, then, without withdrawing his eyes from the prostrate form, his hand groped for the cold goblet and lifting it to his lips, drained it to its dregs. "There!" he said. "There's my six-years' debt paid in full, ye lily-livered, fancy-weskited hellion! Take that from the mayor of the Dome!"

There was a man's step on the gravel and the sudden bark of a dog. The pistol fell from his hand. He stole on tiptoe along the corridor and leaped through the French window. As he dashed across the lawn, a startled cry came from the house behind him.

No human eye had seen him, but he had been observed for all that. Run your best now, Greef King! Double and turn how you will, there is a swifter Nemesis pursuing. It is only a dog, and not a big one at that, but it is of a faithful breed that knows neither fear nor quarter. Like white lightning, without a bark or growl, Chum launched himself on the fleeing quarry, and in the shadow of the trees his teeth met in the ragged trousers-leg.

Kicking, beating with his hands at the dragging weight, the man dashed on. Not till they had reached the hemlocks was that fierce grip broken, and then it was with a tearing of flesh and sinew. Panting, snarling with rage and pain, the man seized a fallen branch and stood at bay, striking out with vicious sweeping blows. But the bulldog, the hair bristling up on his thick neck, his red-rimmed eyes fiery, circled beyond reach of the flail, crouching for another spring.

Again he launched himself, and the man, dodging, blundered full-face into a thorn-bush. The sharp spines slashed his forehead and the starting sense of direction—straight upon the declivity of Lovers' Leap.

He was tottling on its edge before he could stop, and then threw himself backward, clutching desperately at the slippery fern-covered rock, feeling his feet dangling over nothing. He dug his fingers into the yielding soil and with knee and elbow strove frenziedly to crawl to the path.

But the white bulldog was upon him. The clamping teeth met in the striving fingers, and with a scream of pain Greef King's hold let go and dog and man went down together.

Ten minutes later a motor was hurling itself along the Red Road to the village. The doctor was in his office and no time was lost in the return. En route they passed Judge Chalmers driving, and seeing the flying haste, he turned his sweating pair and lashed them after the car.

So that when the major finally opened his eyes from the big leather couch, he looked on the faces of two of his oldest friends. Recollection and understanding seemed to come at once. "Well—Southall?"

The doctor's hand closed over the white one on the settee. He did not answer, but his chin was quivering and he was winking fast. "How long?" asked the major after a lengthy minute.

"Maybe—maybe an hour, Bristow. Maybe not."

The major winced and shut his eyes, but when the doctor, reaching swiftly for a phial on the table, turned again, it was to find that look once more on him, now in yearning appeal. "Southall," he said, "send for Judith. I—I must see her. There's time."

The judge started up. "I'll bring her," he said, and his voice had all the tenderness of a woman's. "My carriage is at the door and with those horses she ought to be here in twenty minutes." He leaned over the couch.

"Bristow," he said, "would you—would you like me to send for the rector?"

The major smiled, a little wistfully, and shook his head. He lay silent for a while after the judge had gone out—he seemed housing his strength—while the ormolu clock on the desk ticked ominously on, and the doctor bustled



"No," He Said, in Answer to Her Look, "He Won't Rouse Again."

himself with the glasses beside him. Presently he said huskily:

"You've had a bad fall, Bristow. You were dizzy, I reckon."

"Dizzy!" echoed the major with feeble asperity. "It was Greef King." "Greef King! Good God!"

"He was hiding behind the screen. He struck me with something. He swore at his trial he'd get me. I was—a fool not to have remembered his time was out."

A look, wolf-like and grim, had sprung into the doctor's face. His eyes searched the room, and he crossed the floor and picked up something from the rug. He looked at it a moment, then thrust it hastily into his breast pocket.

"I—remember now. It was a pistol. He snapped it twice, but it missed fire."

"He can't hide where we'll not find him!" The doctor spoke with low but terrible energy.

"Not that I care—myself," said the major diffidently. "But I reckon he'd better be settled with, or he'll—be killing some one worth while one of these days."

A big tear suddenly loosed itself from the doctor's eyelid and rolled down his cheek, and he turned hastily away.

"There's no call to feel bad," said the major gruffly. "I've sort of been a thorn-in-the-flesh to you, Southall. We always rowed, somehow, and yet—"

The doctor choked and cleared his throat. "I reckon," the major murmured with a faint smile, "you won't get quite so much fun out of Chalmers—and the rest. They never did rise to you as I did."

A little later he asked for the restorative. "Ten minutes gone," he said then. "Chalmers ought to be at Rosewood by now . . . what a fool way to go—like this. But it wasn't—apoplexy, Southall, anyway."

At the sound of wheels on the drive, Valliant went out quietly. Huddled in a corner of the hall were Uncle Jefferson and Aunt Daphne, with Jereboam, the major's body-servant. Aunt Daphne, her apron thrown over her face was rocking to and fro silently, and old Jereboam's head was bowed on his breast. Valliant went quickly to the rear of the hall. A painful embarrassment had come to him—a curious confusion mingling with a fastidious sense of shrinking. How should he meet this woman who recoiled from the very sight of his face? In the swift moment of the tragic event he had forgotten this. From the background he saw Judge Chalmers lift down the frail form, and suddenly his heart leaped. There were two feminine figures; Shirley was with her mother.

The doctor stood just inside the library door and Mrs. Dandridge went hastily toward him, her light came tapping through the stricken silence. Jereboam lifted his head and looked at her piteously.

As they passed Valliant, she held out her hand to him. There was no word between them, but as his hand swallowed hers, his heart said to her, "I love you, I love you! No matter what is between us, I shall always love you!"

It was wordless, a heart-whisper that only love itself could hear, and he could read no answer in the deep pools of her eyes, heavy now with unshed tears. But in some subtle way his voiceless greeting comforted and lightened by a little the weight of dumb impotence that he had borne.

In the library, lighted so brightly by the sunlight, yet grave with the hush of that solemn presence, the major looked into the face of the woman for whose coming he had waited so anxiously.

"It's all—up, Judith," he said faintly. "I've come to the jumping-off place." She looked at him whitely. "Monty, Monty!" she cried. "Don't leave me this way! I always thought—"

He guessed what she would have said. "Heaven knows you're needed more than me, Judith. After all, I reckon when my time had to come I'd have chosen the quick way." His voice trailed out and he struggled for breath.

"Jerry's in the hall, Monty. He asked me to give you his love." "Poor old nigger! He—used to tote me on his back when I was a little shaver." There was a silence. "Don't kneel, Judith," he said at length. "You will be so tired."

She rose obediently and drew up a chair. "Monty," she faltered tremulously, "shall I say a prayer? I've never prayed much—my prayers never seemed to get above the ceiling, somehow. But I'll—try."

He smiled wanly. "I wouldn't want any better than yours, Judith. But seems as if I'd been prayed over enough. I reckon God Almighty's like anybody else, and doesn't want to be ding-donged all the time."

He seemed to have been gathering his resolution, and presently his hand fumbled over his breast. "My wallet; give it to me." She drew it from the pocket and the uncertain fingers took out a key. "It opens a tin box in my trunk. There's—a letter in it for you."

He paused a moment, panting. "Judith," he said, "I've got to tell you, but it's mighty hard. The letter . . . it's one Valliant gave me for you—that morning, after the duel. I never gave it to you."

If she had been white before, she grew like marble now. Her slim fingers clutched the little case till it rattled against the chair, and the lace at her throat shook with her breathing.

"Yes—Monty." He lifted his hand with difficulty and put the key into hers. "The seal's still unbroken, Judith," he said, "but I've kept it these thirty years."

She was holding the key in her hands, looking down upon it. There was a strained half-fearful wonder in her face. For an instant she seemed, quite to have forgotten him in the grip of some swift and painful emotion.

"I loved you, Judith!" he stammered in anguished appeal. "From the time we were boy and girl together, I loved you. You never cared for me—Sassoan and Valliant had the inside track. You might have loved me; but I had no chance with either of them. Then came the duel. There was only Valliant then. I overheard his promise to you that night, Judith. He had broken that! If you cared more for him than for Sassoan, you might have forgiven him, and I should have lost you! I didn't want you to call him back, Judith! I wanted my chance! And so—I took it. That's—the reason, dear. It's—it's a bad one, in't it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**FLOWERS USED AS EMBLEMS**

Have Been Distinguishing Mark of Factions as Long as There is Record.

The determination of the "loyal" Ulster men to induce every man, woman and child to wear a flower as a token of their aversion to home rule reminds one how often flowers have been used as emblems.

Since the leaders of the Yorkist and Lancastrian parties each plucked a rose in the Temple gardens, the Lancastrian a red and the Yorkist a white, this flower has been a popular emblem. Apart from the fact that red roses are symbolical of love and white of purity, the English national emblem is the rose; the Legitimist party of France formed the League of the Rose in imitation of England's Primrose league, while owing to Gladstone's fondness for white roses many liberals once wished to make them an emblem for their party, but the idea was not adopted.

A shiver went over her set face—like a breath of wind over tall grass, and she seemed to come back from an infinite distance to place and moment. Between the curtains a white butterfly hovered an instant, and in the yard she heard the sound of some winged thing fluttering. The thought darted to her that it was the sound of her own dead heart awaking. She looked at the key and all at once put a hand to her mouth as though to still words clamoring there.

"Judith," he said tremulously, between short struggles for breath, "all these years, after I found there was no chance for me, I reckon I've prayed only one prayer. 'God, let it be Sassoan that she loved!' And I've prayed that mightily near every day. The thought that maybe it was Valliant has haunted me like a ghost. You never told—and I never dared ask you, Judith—"

Her face was still averted, and when she did not speak he turned his head from her on the pillow, with a breath that was almost a moan. She started, looking at him an instant in piteous hesitation, then swiftly kissed the little key and closed her hand tight upon it. Truth? She saw only the pillow and the graying face upon it! She threw herself on her knees by the couch and laid her lips on the pallid forehead.

"It—was Sassoan, Monty," she said, and her voice broke on the first lie she had ever told.

"Thank God!" he gasped. He struggled to raise himself on his elbow, then suddenly the strength faded out and he settled back.

Her cry brought the doctor, but this time the restorative seemed of no avail, and after a time he came and touched her shoulder. With a last long look at the ash-pale face on the settee she followed him from the room. In the yellow parlor he put her into a chair.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "he won't rouse again."

"I will wait," she told him, and he left her, shutting the door with careful softness.

But the slight figure with its silver hair, sitting there, was not alone. Ghosts were walking up and down. Not the misty wraiths John Valliant had at times imagined went flitting along the empty corridors, but faces very clear in the sunlight, that came and went with the memories so long woven over by the shuttle of time—evoked now by the touch of a key that her hand still clenched tightly in its palm.

There welled over her in a tide those days of puzzle, the weeks of waiting silence, the slow inexorable months of heartache, the long years that had deepened the mystery of Beauty Valliant's exile. In the first shock of the news that Sassoan had fallen by his hand, she had thought she could not forgive him that broken faith. She and his promise to her had not weighed in the balance against the idea of many "honor!" But this bitterness had at length slipped away. "He will write," she had told herself, "and explain." But no word had come. Whispers had flitted to her—the tale of Sassoan's intoxication—stinging barbs that clung to Beauty Valliant's name. That these should rest unanswered had filled her with resentment and anger. Slowly, but with deadly surety, had grown the belief that he no longer cared. In the end there had been left her only pride—the pride that covers its wound and smiles. And she had hidden her wound with flowers. But in the deepest well of her heart her love for him had rested unchanged, clear and defined as a moss in amber wrapped in that mystery of silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



The primrose, it is said, was Beeconsfield's favorite flower, and has been chosen by his followers, who formed the Primrose league, as an emblem, while in France, the violet, because of its purple hue, was worn by imperialists as an informal token of their loyalty to the Bonapartes. When the son of the ex-Empress Eugenie was brought home to be buried after being killed in the Zulu campaign, his body was almost covered in violets.

Then, again, there are favorite national emblems. There are the lilacs of France, the thistle for Scotland, the shamrock for Ireland, the leek for Wales, and the maple leaf for Canada. The United States has no national flower and probably never will, owing to its wide range of climate, which makes the selection of a flower of universal popularity almost impossible.

When Document is Valuable.  
"Father, what is the Constitution?  
"My son, it is a document that is most sacred to the party that is not in power."—New York Sun.

**WHY CATCH COLD**  
One-half of the Deaths and the Direct Result of N. Ching Cold.  
Nothing could be of greater interest to the family than to know how to avoid catching cold.  
**GOLDS THAT KILL**  
If it be true, as one famous says, that catching cold can be avoided, think what it means. The serious people would be avoiding the anguish of anxious parents, the blasting of many brilliant careers. All these things would be avoided away with it people know how to avoid catching cold. Coughing and cold is a very common experience in numerous households. People do not believe that there is a way to avoid it.

**CAN BE AVOIDED.**  
People are taught in the "Life" how to avoid the disease that catching cold makes possible the vital organs. Get it and read and judge for yourselves of the value and practicability. It is issued by the Feruna Co., of Columbus, Ohio.

**Tutt's Pills**  
stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are a sure remedy for sick headache.  
**ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.**  
Elegantly sugar coated. Small dose. Price, 25c.

**BALANCE KEPT BY NATURE**  
Increase of the Human Race Seemingly to Be Regulated by Wars and Other Devastations.

Every year, according to scientists who attempt to keep the general records, at least 80,000,000 human beings are born on this earth and 80,000,000 or 70,000,000 die. This indicates a daily birth rate of about 220,000 and a death rate of 180,000. The daily increase in population therefore amounts to about 40,000. The total population of the globe is estimated at 1,500,000,000. The ravages of war do little to impede the increase. Far more effective have been the upheavals of nature. The Franco-Prussian war killed about 130,000 in seven months. The death roll of the Russo-Japanese war reached about 200,000. A single earthquake (1737, in India) has been estimated to have caused 300,000 deaths. The fatalities of the Messina earthquake in 1908 cannot have been far short of 100,000. A tidal wave in 1896 drowned 27,000 persons in Japan, causing a greater loss of life than the whole war with China in 1894. The earthquake in Japan in 1703 is said to have killed 200,000 people. The Lisbon earthquake in 1755 destroyed 50,000 human lives, while 40,000 were lost the same year in earthquake in Persia.

**His "Name."**  
A young spark, notorious for his conceit, was boasting in the presence of several gentlemen about the conquests which he had gained over the female heart.

"Look," said he, "there's a handsome present I had from my last innamorata," at the same time handing round a beautiful cigar-case.

All admired the article, which had an indorsement of its quality stamped upon it.

"Very nice gift," remarked one of the company. "I perceive your lady-love even had your name put on the case."

"Well, that's queer," answered the boaster. "I never noticed it."

"Look again," rejoined the casual one. "The case is distinctly marked 'Real calf.'"

Isn't it funny that the things we like to do most are the things we are told we shouldn't do?

A fool and his money are always on the go.

**Quick Accurate Thinking**  
—does much to make the difference between success and failure.  
And the food a person eats goes a long way toward deciding the difference.

**Grape-Nuts FOOD**  
—with its delicious flavor and rich in the concentrated, nourishing elements of whole wheat and malted barley, is the favorite breakfast cereal of thousands of successful men and women—  
"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts  
—sold by Grocers.