The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, declares that the Valiant line of corporation, which he father founded and which has been the source of much of their wealth, had finished its usefulness, and now his private fortune is the interest which he has in the business. He is the last descendant of an old manor and a white oak dog and Dempsy court, a negro maid, a Virginian. On the way to the country he meets Nancy Lee, a beautiful, sweet-faced beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, is a widow, and Shirley is a young photographer, which it is rumored is not the major Valiant's father, and a Yankee. Shirley's father and the late Judge Dandridge's last public controversy was over the ownership of Tuscarora Island, with weeds and cowpeas and the cattle. Then in the midst of the excitement Valiant explains his ancestral connection with the island. At a house party which is in progress at the Dandridge home at the head of the party. He gives some of the history of the island and tells how he came to own it. The new owner and he call the tragedy in which the elder Valiant took part.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Till then it was high John Valiant lay on his back in the fragrant grass, meditatively watching a burnsetting chicken-hawk draw widening circles against the blue and listening to the vibrant noises of the packer-wood on a faraway tree, and the timorous wet whistle of a bob-white. The whole place was very quiet now. For just one thrilling moment it had burgeoned into sound and movement: when the sweaty horses had stood snorting and stamping in the yard with the hounds exasperating between their legs and the riding-coats winking like rubies in the early sunlight.

Had she recognized him as the smudged tinkerer of the stalled car? "She saw me drop that wretched brute through the window," he chuckled. "I could take oath to that. But she didn't give me away, true little sport that she was. And she won't. I can't think of any reason, but I know. Was she angry? I wonder!"

At length he rose and went back to the house. With a bunch of keys he had found he went to the stables, after some difficulty gained access, and propped the crazy doors and window open to the air. The building was airy and well-lighted and contained a dozen roomy box-stalls, a spacious loft and a carriage-house. The straw bedding had been somewhere moved, mice-gnawed sacking and rotted bad to the mangers, and the warped harness, hanging on its pegs, was a smelly mass of mildew and decay. He found a stick, moved away the festooning cobwebs, and moved the debris piece-meal.

"There!" he said with satisfaction. "There's a place for the motor—if Uncle Jefferson ever gets it here."

It was noon when he returned after a wash-up in the lake, to the meal with which Aunt Daphne, in a costume dimly suggestive of a brain-meal poultice with a gingham apron on, regaled him. Fried chicken, corn-bread so soft and fluffy that it had to be lifted from the pan with a spoon, browned potatoes and to his surprise, fresh milk. "Ah done drv mah cow dis mawnin, suh," explained Aunt Daphne. "Long ahs yestuh he milked, an' she run dry ez de Red Sea fo' de chillun on fum."

"Aunt Daphne," inquired Valiant with his mouth full, "what do you call this green thing?"

"Dat? Dat's jes' turnip-tops, suh, wid or hunk or bacon in de pot. Lawse-me, suh, ef you do me good yer new yo all atter it dat way, suh. Reck'n yo' got yo' appetite? Hyuh, Hyuh!"

"I have. I never guessed it before, and it's a magnificent discovery. However, I'm somewhat unobservant reflections. Aunt Daphne, how long do you estimate a man can dine like this on—well, say on a hundred dollars?"

"Er bin'ed dollahs, suh? Dat's er right smart heap o' money, dood et lak? Well suh, I reckon on what yo' talkin' 'bout yo' raises yo' own grardn-sass on de quick-ez ez dat. Ah reck'n yo' kin live longish tah dat ar Methoosalum, ea sinful ez he wuz, ef it is do ol' stories fo'."

"Ah! I can grow all those things myself, you think?"

"Ah reck'n dey kin, suh! Aunt Jupiane. "Er'body do. De chicks no does peck de dayvelopes an yiddish things—yo' my gutter cu'-rage 'em en dey jes' grows."

Valiant ate his dessert with a thoughtful smile wrinkling his brow. As he pushed back his chair he swore in his hands together and laughed aloud. "Think to the roof!" he said. "John Valiant, farmer. The miracle of it is that it sounds good to me. I want to raise my own grub and till my own soil. I want to buy my own meat. And I'm beginning to see my way. Crops will have to wait for another season, but there's a certain amount of capital on tap now. There's timber—lots of it—on that hillside, too. I must look into that."

He filled his pipe and climbed the staircase to the upper floor. There were many bedrooms with great four-posted, canopied beds and old-fash ioned carved furniture of mahogany and curly-maple, and in one he found a great cedar-lined chest filled with bed-linen and quarry. In other rooms were more evidences of decay. The bedroom he mentally chose for his own was the plainest of all, and was in the library, fronting the vagabond garden. It had a great black desk with many glass-knobbed drawers and a book-rack.

He found the largest in a room whose door was painted The Hillarium. It was evidently been a nursery and schoolroom. Here on the walls were the old pictures would ever with nests, works of rokwebs, and piled with the heterogeneous assemblage of toys. There were school-books, too, thumbed and dog-eared, from First Reader to Caesar's Gallic Wars, with many small Valiants scrawled on their fly-leaves. He carefully relocked the door of this room; he wanted to dust those tars and books with his own hands.

In the upper hall again he leaned from the window, sniffing the fascinating scent of orchards and peach-trees. The breeze was soft whistling a sound of a bird's wing went past, at the same moment his startled ear caught the old oaks seemed to stretch their arms and yawn with a faintish drunkish yawn of pleasure. In the room below he could hear the vigorous sound of Aunt Daphne's hard-driven broom and the soft sounds of the echoing space with a comfortable composedness.

He went to his trunk and fished out a soft shirt on which he knotted a loose tie, exchanged his Panama for a cloth hat, and whistling the lays of carole from Tales of Hoffmann, went gaily out. "I feel tremendously alive to-day," he confided to the dog, as he tramped through the lush grass. "If you see me laffle the muck out of those fountains with my own fair hands, don't have a fit. I'm liable to do anything!"

His rye swept up and down the slope. There was probably not a finer site for a house in the whole South," he told himself. "The view—from front south and west. Well get scrumptious sunset from that back porch. And on the other side there's the view clear to the Blue Ridge."

He skirted the lake. "Only to grub out some of the lilies—there's too much of them, and straighten the rim—and weed the pebble margin to give those green rocks a show. I build a little wharf below them to dive from, and—yes, I'll stock it with spotted trout."

He was but a few hundred yards from the house, yet the silence was so deep that there might have been no habitation within fifty miles. All at

She Bit Her Lips as He Stepped On Offending Bole Short Off.

once he stopped short; there was a sound from the direction of the house—the sound of light fast footfalls, as of some one running away.

He made a lunge for the dog, but the animal with a great howl leaped from the restraining grasp and dashed into the bushes. "A child, no doubt," he thought with a little pleased pride, and that blubbery brute will scare it half to death!"

He pulled up with an exclamation. In a narrow wood-path a little boy from him, partly hidden by a wide bole, stood a girl, her skirt fastened with a wickerly jagged sapling. He could instantly how it had happened—the windfall had blocked the way, and the child had tried to clear it, not noting the screened spear, which now held her a effectually as any railroad spike.

In another moment Valiant had reached her and knelt her face, flushed, half defiant, her eyes a blue gleam of smoldering anger as she desperately, almost savagely, thrust wild tendrils of flame-colored hair beneath the broad curved brim of her straw hat. At her feet lay a great fruitful of cape gooseberries.

A little thrill, light and warm and sweet, passed through him. Until then interest he had not recognized her.

CHAPTER XIII.

John Valiant Makes a Discovery.

"I'm sorry," was what he said, as he kneeled to release her, and she was grateful that his tone was unaccompanied with amusement. She bit her lips, as though she evidently been a nursery and schoolroom. Here on the walls were the old pictures would ever with nests, works of rokwebs, and piled with the heterogeneous assemblage of toys. There were school-books, too, thumbed and dog-eared, from First Reader to Caesar's Gallic Wars, with many small Valiants scrawled on their fly-leaves. He carefully relocked the door of this room; he wanted to dust those tars and books with his own hands.

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WITH THE AID OF SORCERY

Women of Serbonia Thought They Had a Chance to Recover a Treasure.

An old Serbonian woman named Anna Romano has been arrested at Bernardi charged with having been under false pretenses.

The Italian penal code has no provisions dealing with magic and consequently when Anna Romano was accused of swindling by the police she founded to several women holding that she carefully relocked the door of this room; he wanted to dust those tars and books with his own hands.

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one of the trousers is corroborated by fact. Anna Romano is in possession of a document written in the sixteenth century in which it is related that a Serbonian woman of Sassari, fearing a French invasion, hid all the money, jewels and plate she owned in a secluded place.

The woman was subsequently murdered and her body was buried in the Church of St. Pietro. A faithful servant knew that her mistress wore a valuable locket containing the document, with the description of the place where the treasure had been hidden.

When Anna Romano was arrested she had in her possession a picture of the murdered woman and the locket with the secret documented. The police found the locket but not the document. —New York Sun.

Great Britain and Slavery.

Serfdom in England was finally abolished in 1866. For a century afterwards colonists and others on a visit to England were allowed to bring their slaves with them, but by a judgment of the queen's bench in 1772, when

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MAKING A SPLIT LOG DRAG

Anyone Can Make One to Cost From $2.50 to $3.50, Depending on Materials Used.

A subscriber in Latah county, Idaho, asks us to give him a plan for making a split log drag for working the roads of his district. We also wants to know how to use one, says the Western Farmer.

The drag may be made of a log, say eight feet long and 12 inches through, split in the middle, or of two pieces of sawed oak or other substantial wood, the latter being better in the long run. Two flat, faced slabs, bore three two-inch holes to each slab, as shown in drawing; connect the slabs, facing to facing, with three stakes that when rounded 5 by 2a long enough to allow about two inches between the slabs after the connecting pieces have been given into the holes. The two three planks can be nailed to these stakes, affording a rear board and the services of an aged blath to carry the drag to the field in full power. There the departing visitor caught sight of the drag and asked what it was for. "Dat scuff," Uncle Silas, in the old shoulder. "Poor Smith," he said, smiling amusedly. "Suffering from an acute attack of optimism." "Dat so?" said Uncle Silas, in turn. "Well, he's gwine pass. I'll done lived bade more'n twenty yeahs an' he neveh knowed dat kin'd ob was ailin'."

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The Sort.

"What kind of a dog would you suggest to guard the bonyard?"

"Setters."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels and cure constipation. Adv.

The average man can get used to anything, even to making a fool of himself.

Water to bluing is adulteration. Clean and dependable bluing is Red Cross Ball Blue. Adv.

The man who is thrown on his own resources does not always land on a soft spot.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color in cold water. Adv.

Many a so-called opportunity is merely an optical illusion.

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Your Liver Is Clogged Up

That Will Make You Tired—Out of Sorts —Have No Appetite.

Take CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

will put you right. They do their duty. Purely Vegetable. Small Pill. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D. C. Books free. Highest references. Best results.

PISO'S REMEDY

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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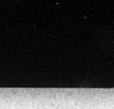
MAKES HARD WORK HARDER

A bad back makes a day's work twice as hard. Backache usually comes from weak kidneys, and if kidneys, diet, exercise or urinary disorders are added, you can't get help before the kidney disturbances get—before dropsy, gravel or Bright's Disease sets in. Doan's Kidney Pills have brought new life and new strength to thousands of working men and women. Used and recommended the world over.



AN ILLINOIS CASE

Mrs. Fanny Bowen, 1111 W. Jefferson St., Bloomington, Ill., says: "My back was so lame and painful I could hardly get around. I had to get up nights to relieve the kidney secretions. Doan's Kidney Pills soon made me well and I have had no return of the trouble."

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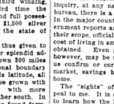

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