



# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

## HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

### ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT



#### SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant 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 auburn-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, Vallant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Vallant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel with one Doctor Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Vallant and Shirley become good friends. Mrs. Dandridge faints when she meets Vallant for the first time. Vallant 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 Vallant 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 ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Vallant as queen of beauty. Vallant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo, determined not to give up her beauty, Vallant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged. Katherine Fargo, determined not to give up her beauty, Vallant tells Shirley of his love and they become engaged.

"Shall I tell you when it began with me? Not last night—nor the day we planted the ramblers. (Do you know, when your little muddy boot went trampling down the earth about their roots, I wanted to stoop down and kiss it!) So dear everything about you was! Not that evening at Rosewood, with the arbor fragrance about us. (I think I shall always picture you with roses all about you. Red roses the color of your lips!) No, it was not then that it began—nor that dreadful hour when you fought with me to save my life—nor the morning you sat your horse in the box-rows in that yew-green habit that made your hair look like molten copper. No, it began the first afternoon, when I sat in my motor with your rose in my hand! It has never left me since, by day or by night. And yet there are people in this age of airships and honking highways and typewriters who think love-at-first-sight is as out-of-date as our little grandmothers' hoops rusting in the garret. Ah, sweetheart, I, for one, know better!

"Suppose I had not come to Virginia—and know you! My heart jumps when I think of it. It makes one believe in fate. Here at the Court I found an old leaf-calendar—it sits by my elbow now, just as I came on it. The date it shows is May 14th, and its motto is: 'Every man carries his fate upon a riband about his neck.' I like that.



He Bent Over, Suddenly Noting the Scent; It Was Cape Jessamine.

semi-obscure from within an iron railing. He bent over, suddenly noting the scent; it was cape Jessamine. With the curious sensation of almost precience plucking at him, he took a box of vestas from his pocket and struck one. It flared up illuminating a flat granite slab in which was cut a name and inscription:

EDWARD SASSOON.  
"Forgive us our trespasses."

The silence seemed to crash to earth like a great looking-glass and shiver into a million pieces. The wax dropped from his fingers and in the supervening darkness a numb fright gripped him by the throat. Shirley had laid these there, on the grave of the man his father had killed—the cape Jessamine she had wanted that day, for her mother! He understood.

It came to him at last that there was a chill mist groping among the trees and that he was very cold. He went back along the Red Road stumbingly. Was this to be the end of the dream, which he had fancied would last forever? Could it be that she was not for him? Was it no hoary lie that the sins of the fathers were visited upon the third and fourth generation?

When he re-entered the library the candle was guttering in the burned wings of a night-moth. The place looked all at once gaunt and desolate and despoiled. What could Virginia, what could Damory Court, be to him without her? The wrinkled note lay on the desk and he bent suddenly with a sharp catching breath and kissed it. There welled over him a wave of rebellious longing. The candle spread to a hazy yellow blur. The walls fell away. He stood under the moonlight, with his arms about her, his lips on hers and his heart beating to the sound of the violins behind them.

He laughed—a harsh wild laugh that rang through the gloomy room. Then he threw himself on the couch and buried his face in his hands. He was still lying there when the misty rain-wet dawn came through the shutters.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

The Coming of Greaf King. It was Sunday afternoon, and under the hemlocks, Rickey Snyder had gathered her minions—a dozen children from the nearby houses with the usual sprinkling of little blacks from the kitchens. There were parents, of course, to whom this mingling of color and degree was a matter of conventional prohibition, but since the advent of Rickey, in whose soul lay a Napoleonic instinct of leadership, this was more honored in the breach than in the observance.

"My! Ain't it scrumptious here now!" said Cozy Cabell, hanging yellow lady-slippers over her ears. "I wish we could play here always."  
"Mr. Vallant will let us," said Rickey. "I asked him."  
"Oh, he will," responded Cozy gloomily, "but he'll probably go and marry somebody who'll be mean about it."  
"Everybody doesn't get married," said one of the Byloe twins, with masculine assurance. "Maybe he won't."  
"Much a boy knows about it!" retorted Cozy scornfully. "Women have to, and some one of them will make

him. (Greenville Female Seminary Simms, if you slap that little nigger again, I'll slap you!)"  
Greenie rolled over on the grass and tittered. "Miss Mattie Sue didn't," she said. "Ah weah huh say de yuddah day et wuz er moughty good feelin' ter go ter bald Mistis en git up Mar-shah!"  
"Well," said Cozy, tossing her head till the flower earrings danced, "I'm going to get married if the man hasn't got anything but a character and a red mustache. Married women don't have to prove they could have got a husband if they had wanted to."  
"Let's play something," proposed Rosebud Meredith, on whom the discussion paled. "Let's play King, King Katkio."  
"It's Sunday!"—this from her smaller and more righteous sister. "We're forbidden to play anything but Bible games on Sunday, and if Rosebud does, I'll tell."

"Jay-bird tattle-tale!" sang Rosebud derisively. "Don't care if you do!"  
"Well," decreed Rickey. "We'll play Sunday school then. It would take a saint to object to that. I'm superintendent and this stumps my desk. All you children sit down under that tree."  
They ranged themselves in two rows, the white children, in clean Sabbath pinafores and go-to-meeting knickerbockers, in front and the colored ones, in gingham and cotton-prints, in the rear—the habitual expression of a differing social station.

"Oh!" shrieked Miss Cabell, "and I'll be Mrs. Merryweather Mason and teach the infants' class."  
"There isn't any infant class," said Rickey. "How could there be when there aren't any infants? The lesson is over and I've just rung the bell for silence. Children, this is Missionary Sunday, and I'm glad to see so many happy faces here today. Cozy," she said relenting, "you can be the organist if you want to."  
"I won't," said Cozy sullenly. "If I can't be table-cloth I won't be dish-rag."  
"All right, you needn't," retorted Rickey freely. "Sit up, Greenie. People don't lie on their backs in Sunday-school."

Greenie yawned dismally, and righted herself with injured slowness. "Ah diffuses ter 'cep' yo' insult, Rickey Snyder," she said. "Ah'd ruthah lose mah 'ligion dan mah lar'nese. En Ah 'spisee yo' spillable dissillation!"  
"Let us all rise," continued Rickey, unmoved, "and sing 'Kingdom Coming.'" And she struck up lustily, beating time on the stump with a stick, and the rows of children joined in with unctious, the colored contingent coming out strong on the chorus:

De yert shall be full ob de wunduhful story  
As watahs dat covah de sea!

The clear voices in the quiet air started the fluttering birds and sent a squirrel to the tip-top of an oak, from which he looked down, frowning his bush. They roused a man, too, who had lain in a sodden sleep under a bush at a little distance. He was ragged and soiled and his heavy brutal face, covered with a dark stubble of some days' growth, had an ugly scar slanting back from cheek to hair. Without getting up, he rolled over to command a better view, and set his eyes, blinking from their slumber, on the children.

"We will now take up the collection," said Rickey. ("You can do it, June. Use a flat piece of bark.") Remember that what we give today is for the poor heathen in—Alabama."  
The bark-slab made its rounds, receiving leaves, acorns, and an occasional pin. Midway, however, there arose a shrill shriek from the bearer and the collection was scattered broad-



#### QUESTION RIGHT TO SWORD

Historic Relic Now in Possession of University of Pennsylvania Has Evoked Discussion.

The gold sword that Louis XVI presented to John Paul Jones in recognition of the fight he made with the Bon Homme Richard against the Serapis has been presented to the University of Pennsylvania by Edward C. Dale, son of the late Richard C. Dale, a former president of the Society of Cincinnati. The sword has been in the possession of the Dale family for more than a century.

This is the sword which Charles Henry Hart, a local historian, declares now should be in possession of Admiral Dewey. It had been generally accepted that the sword passed by will of Commodore Jones to Commodore Dale, a forerunner of Richard C. Dale. Mr. Hart denied this. He declares that the sword was in possession of John Paul Jones when he died in Paris, in 1792, and that Jane Taylor of Dumfries, Scotland, a sister of Jones, went to Paris and took possession of everything left by the sea

fighter. Later the sword was sent to Robert Morris.  
According to Mr. Hart Mr. Morris later presented the sword to Commodore John Barry, senior officer of the American navy in 1795, but that the presentation was only a life legacy, and that it should have been handed down to Barry's successor as senior officer, eventually reaching the possession of Admiral Dewey.—Philadelphia Press.

Bird Man Has Arrived. On the day after Christmas—a Russian aviator at St. Petersburg flew a new machine of his own making for hours, carrying ten passengers in addition to a heavy load of ballast. This establishes the aeroplane as a sure adjunct of modern transportation, including passengers and freight. A few days before this even we heard of the successful use of the flying machine by the French army operating in Morocco, which puts this new mode of warfare among the arms of military operations of our day, and hereafter when we use the expression "all arms" we shall have to include the flying machine.

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### DR. SOL. M. NISSLEY.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. Office at Palace Library Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. Both phones.



For an Instant He Stared Unbelievably.

went into the library and in the crimsoning light sat down at the desk, and began to write:

"Dear Bluebird of Mine:  
"I can't wait any longer to talk to you. Less than a day has passed since we were together, but it might have been eons, if one measured time by heart-beats. What have you been doing and thinking, I wonder? I have spent those eons in the garden, just wandering about, dreaming over those wonderful, wonderful moments by the sun-dial. Ah, dear little wild heart-born of the flowers, with the soul of a bird (yet you are woman, too!) that old disk is marking happy hours now for me!

"How have I deserved this thing that has come to me?—sad bungler that I have been! Sometimes it seems too glad and sweet, and I am suddenly desperately afraid I shall wake to find myself facing another dull morning in that old, useless, empty life of mine. I am very humble, dear, before your love.