

SYNOPSIS.

<text>

CHAPTER XXXI .- Continued. her room lay an old scrap-book. It held a few leaves torn from letters and

smoothed miraculously out.

"Judith." he whispered, "-yousure you told me the truth a while ago, when you said-you said-"

"Yes, yes," Shirley answered, putting her young arm under him, thinking only to soothe the anxiety that seemed vaguely to thread some vague hallucination.

He smiled again. "It makes it easier," he said. He looked at Valiant, his mind seeming to slip farther and farther away. "Beauty," he gasped. "you didn't go away after all, did you! I dreamed it-I reckon. It'll be-all tion of all. right with you both."

He sighed peacefully, and his eyes turned to Shirley's and closed. "I'mso glad," he muttered, "so glad Ididn't really do it, Judith. It would major's favorite hymn. But have-been the-only-low-down thing scarcely heard. -I-ever did."

The doctor went swiftly to the door and beckoned to Jereboam. "Come in now, Jerry," he said in a low voice. "quickly."

The old negro fell on his knees by the couch. "Mars' Monty!" he cried. 'Is you' gwine away en leabe ol' Jerry? Is yo'? Mars'?"

The cracked but loving voice struck across the void of the failing sense. For a last time the major opened his misting eyes.

"Jerry, you-black scoundrel!" he whispered, and Shirley felt his head grow heavier on her arm, "I reckon it's -about time-to me going-home!"

2

Years Ago!

CHAPTER XXXII.

## Renunciation.

The grim posse that gathered in haste that afternoon did not ride far. Its work had been singularly well dene. It brought back to Damory court, however, a white bulldog whose broken leg made his would be joyful In the little haircloth trunk back in bark trail into a sad whimper as his owner took him into welcoming arms. Next day the major was carried to many newspaper clippings. From his final rest in the myrtled shadow of these she had known of his work, his St. Andrew's. At the service the old marriage, the great commercial suc- church was crowded to its doors. cess for which his name had stood- Valiant occupied a cumble place at the name that from the day of his go- one side-the others, he knew, were ing, she had so seldom taken upon her older friends than he. The light of the lips. Some of them had dealt with late afternoon came dimly in through his habits and idiosyncrasies, hints of the stained-glass windows and seeme an altered personality, and aloofness to clothe with subtle colors the voice and made him, in a way, a stranger to service. The responses came brokenthose who should have known him ly, and their were tears on many faces. hold a double image: The grave man the doctor, its saturnine grimness these shadowed forth, and the man strangely moved, and beyond him, in the locket she wore always on her at them, for the major's will had been porch at Rosewood, it had seemed to he had left everything he possessed have risen, instinct, from that old to Shirley. Miss Mattie Sue was beside them, and between, wan with He had not kent silence! He had weeping, sat Rickey Snyder. Shirley's written! It pealed through her brain arm lay shelteringly about the small like a muffled bell. But Beauty Vali- shoulders as if it would stay the pasant was gone with her youth; in the sion of grief that from time to time who would never speak to her again. The evening before had been further the lifelong friend-who had really darkened by the child's disappearance and Miss Mattle Sue had sat through and in a tin box a mile away lay a let half the night in tearful anxiety. It was Valiant who had solved the riddle. "He won't rouse again," the doctor In her first wild compunction, Rickey had gasped out the story of her meeting with Greef King, his threat and her own terrorized silence, and when he heard of this he had guessed her whereabouts. He had found her at the Dome, in the deserted cabin from which on a snowy night six years ago. Shirley had rescued her. She had fled there in her shabblest dress, her toys and trinkets left behind, taking with Lusk's face. He drew a long breath. way, neidah." her only a string of blue glass beads that had been Shirley's last Christmas present.

color. The deep lines about his mouth | life, to a future empty of her? How | that had rigorously cleansed itself and [ he could dimly see the green rocks, could he do that? When he had part- already looked forward to a new ca- and the white froth of the water bubed from her in the rain he had felt a reer of prosperity. But he thought of bling and chuckling down over their frenzy of obstinacy. It had seemed so this now with no thrill. The old life rounded outlines to the shrouded level clear that the barrier must in the end no longer called. There were still below. The moon lifted finally and yield before their love. He had never wide unpeopled spaces somewhere soared through the sky, blowing out thought of surrender. Now he told where a man's hand and brain were no the little lamps of stars. Under its himself that flight was all that was less needed, and there was work there light a gossamer mist robed the landleft him. She-her happiness-noth- that would help him to bear, if not for- scape in a shimmering opalescence, ing else mattered. Damory court and get. its future-the plans he had made-the He paced up and down the porch un- values and became transmitted to sil-

Valiant name-in that clarifying in- der the great gray columns, his steps ver sentinels, watching over a destant he knew that all these, from that spiritless and lagging. The Virginia mesne of violet-velvet shadows filled May day on the Red road, had clung creeper, trailing over its end, waved with sleepy twitterings and stealthy about her. She had been the inspira- to and fro with a sound like a sigh. rustlings and the odor of wild honey-How long would it be before the lawn was once more unkempt and draggled? "Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling

Before burdock and thistle, mullein The voices of the unvested choir rose clearly and some one at his side smother the clover? Before Damory was whispering that this had been the court, on which he had spent such he loving labor, would lie again as it lay that afternoon when he had rattled When the service was ended the thither on Uncle Jefferson's crazy people filled the big yard while the hack? Before there would be for him,

last reverent words were spoken at the in some far-away corner of the world, only Wishing-House and the Never-Never Land?

In the hall he stood a moment before the fireplace, his eyes on its carven motto, "I clinge:" the phrase was like a spear-thrust. He began to wander restlessly through the house, up and down, like a prowling animal. The dining-room looked austere and love-curls who had been his greatgrandmother smiled wistfully down from her gilt frame above the console -and in the library a melancholy deeper than that of yesterday's tragedy seemed to hang, through which Devil-John, drawing closer the leash of his leaping hound, glared sardonically at him from his one cold eye. The shutters of the parlor were closed, but he threw them open and let the rich light pierce the yellow gloom, glinting from the figures in the cabinet and weaving a thousand tiny rainbows in the prisms of the put into her hands a little packet of great chandelier.

He went upstairs, into the bedrooms She Tried to Imagine That Letter's one by one, now and then passing his Coming to Her-Then. Thirty hand over a polished chair-back or touching an ornament or a frame on

grave. Valiant, standing with the rest, the wall: into The Hilarium with its saw Shirley, with her mother and the records of childish study and play. doctor, pass out of the gate. She was The dolls stood now on dress-parade gentler than his gruff goodby. not looking toward him. A mist was in glass cases, and prints in bright before his eyes as they drove away, colors, dear to little people, were on and the vision of her remained waver. the walls. He opened the shutters ing and indistinct-a pale blurred face here, too, and stood some time on the threshold before he turned and went under shining hair. He realized after a time that the heavily downstairs.

in which tree and shrub altered their suckle.

At the last he stood before the old sun-dial, rearing its column from its and Spanish-needle would return to pearly clusters of blossoms. "I count no hours but the happy ones:" he read the inscription with an indrawn breath. Then, groping at its base, he lifted the ivy that had once rambled there and drew up the tangle again over the stone disk. His Bride's-Garden!

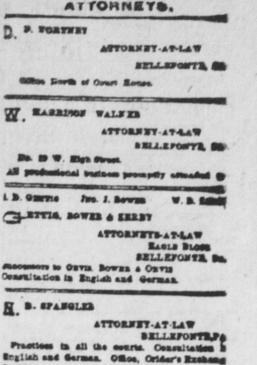
In the library, an hour later, sitting at the big black pigeonholed desk, he wrote to Shirley:

"I am leaving tonight on the midnight train. Uncle Jefferson will give you this note in the morning. I will not stay at Damory court to bring more pain into your life. I am going very far away. I understand all you chill-only the little lady in hoops and are feeling-and so, goodby, goodby. God keep you! I love you and I shall love you always, always!"

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Voice From the Past. Though the doctor left the church with Shirley and her mother, he did not drive to Rosewood, but to his office. There, alone with Mrs. Dandridge while Shirley waited in the carriage, he unlocked the little tin box that had been the major's, with the key Mrs. Dandridge gave him, and yellow oiled-silk which bore her name. He noted that it agitated her profoundly and as she thrust it into the bosom of her dress, her face seemed stirred as he had never seen it. When he put her again in the carriage, he patted her shoulder with a touch far

At Rosewood, at length, alone



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THE BEST IS THE

or loneliness that had set him apart of the rector as he read the solemn best. Thus her mind had come to Valiant could see the side-face of she had loved, whose youthful face was Shirley and her mother. Many glanced breast. It was this face that was opened that morning and few there Valiant had stood before her on the for a life-annuity for old Jereboam, grave.

room near by lay that old companion shook them. failed her thirty years ago! ter. . . .

He Went Upstairs, Into the Bedrooms One by One.

opened his eyes suddenly.

Shirley?"

She was sitting on the porch just major called him nearer.

"No," he panted; "I like to see you two together." His voice was very weak and tired.

out of my head that its Beauty Vali- sweat broke on his forehead. " . . to. Foolish-isn't it?" But the idea sojourner; as all my fathers were. O he began to call Shirley by her moth- my strength before I go hence. into his eyes; a subtle paradoxica' lars. boyishness. His cheek tinged with | To go away! To pass out of her

"Let me stay!" she had wailed. "I'm not fit to live down there! It's all my man's heartiness and went up the road pergola overlooking the lake, where of silence. fault that it happened. I was a coward. with a swinging stride; and Valiant I ought to stay here in Hell's-Ha'f-Acre stood watching him go, with his hands forever and ever!" Valiant had car- tight-clenched at his side. ried her back in his arms down the mountain-she had been too spent to walk.

felt that arm about him!

cool plastered wall, trying to keep his upper lawn and the strident discord mind on the solemn reading. But Shir- seemed to mock his mood. had said, but a little later, as he and ley's voice and laugh seemed to be It came to him with a stab of en- cabin back of the kitchens. There dark corner. lightenment. He had been thinking was pasturage for the horse and the As she leaned and touched his hand, only of himself all the while. But for cows and for old Sukey, and some added their signatures to the remark- French. Scholars cast doubt on the he smiled whimsically. "It's mighty her, it was his presence that had now acres had already been cleared for able map to attest the fact that it is authenticity of some of Galland's ant and Judith that I'm really talking for f am a stranger with thee, and a peafowl and the figh.

er's name. An odd youthfulness crept The intoning voice fell dully on his

yard was empty and the sexton was Through the rear door he could see locking the church door. He went the kitchens, and Aunt Daphne sitting slowly to the gate, and just outside under the trumpet-vine piecing a ninesome one spoke to him. It was Chis- patch calico quilt with little squares printed on her heart, and when John had been surprised to learn that, save the night of the ball. Even in his own Two diminutive darkles were sprawled preoccupation, Valiant noted that on the ground looking up at her with Lusk's face seemed to have lost its round serious eyes, while a wary banexuberant youthfulness. It was worn tam pecked industriously about their as if with sleeplessness, and had a bare legs.

look of suffering that touched him. "En den whut de roostah say. And all at once, while they stood look. Aunt Daph?" "Ol' roostah he hollah to all he

ing at each other, Vallant knew what the other had waited to say. "I won't beat about the bush," said Mars' come!-Young Mars' come! Lusk stammering. "I've got to ask Young Mars' come!' En dey all mighty

you something. I reckon you've skeered, 'case Mars' John he cert'n'y guessed that I-that Shirley-" Valiant touched the young fellow's key gobbler he don' b'leeve et 'tall. arm. "Yes," he said. "I think I know." 'Doubtful-doubtful-doubtful!' he say. "It's no new thing, with me," said lak dat. Den de drake he peep eroun' the other hoarsely. "It's been three de cornah. en he say, 'Haish! Haish! years. The night of the ball, I thought Haish!' Fo' he done seed Mars' John perhaps that-I don't mean to ask comin', sho' nuff. But et too late by what you might have a right to resent den, fo' Aunt Daph she done grab reason why I shouldn't try my luck?" ter eat huh dis bery evenin' fo' he | would have a greater value. Vallant shook his head. "No," he suppah. Now you chillun runs erlong Some one asked Edison if he experi-

said heavily, "there is no reason." "Why, then I will," he said. "I-I'm sorry if I hurt you. Heaven knows I didn't want to!

A little later Vallant climbed the sloping driveway of Damory court. It He thought of this now as he saw seemed to stare at him from a thouthat arm about the child in that pro- sand reproachful eyes. The bachelor tective, almost motherly gesture. It red squirrel from his tree-crotch made his own heartache more unbear- looked down at him askance. The able. Such a little time ago he had redbirds, flashing through the hedges, fluttered disconsolately. Fire-Cracker, He leaned his hot head against the the peacock, was shrieking from the

The great house had become home Valiant sat beside the couch, the major running eerily through the chanting to him; he told himself that he would lines, and her face shut out pulpit and make no other. The few things he had "Shirley," he whispered. "Where's lectern. It swept over him suddenly brought-his books and trophies-had that each abominable hour could but grown to be a part of it, and they make the situation more impossible should remain. The ax should not be outside the open window, and when for them both. He had seen her as laid to the walnut grove. As his fashe entered, tears were on her face. she entered the church, had thought ther had done, he would leave behind The doctor drew back silently; but her even paler than in the wood, the him the life he had lived there, and when Valiant would have done so, the bluish shadows deeper under her eyes. the old court should be once more Those delicate charms were in eclipse. closed and deserted. Uncle Jefferson And it was he who was to blame! and Aunt Daphne might live on in the

room, she sat down with the packet in her hands. During the long hours since first the little key had lain in her palm like a live coal, she had been all afire with eagerness. Now the moment had come, she was almost afraid.

She tried to imagine that letter's coming to her-then. Thirty years ago! A May day, a day of golden sunshine and flowers. The arbors had been covered with roses then, too, like those whose perfume drifted to her now. Evil news flies fast, and she had heard of the duel very early that morning. The letter would have reached her later. She would have fled away with it to this very room wifes, Oo-ooo! Oo-ooo! Young

to read it alone-as she did now! (TO BE CONTINUED)

## Value of Talk.

Talk has the reputation of being the fond ob fried chick'n. But de big tuhcheapest thing there is. As supply and demand have semething if not all to do with values, doubtless the supply of talk is what gives it a bargain counter value.

Things that are cheap lack enduring quality.

If talk were confined to the things -but I must find out. Is there any Mis' Pullet, en Mars' John he gwine done more than to the thing said, it

home ter yo' mammies, en don' yo' enced much inconvenience on account The boyish look sprang back to pick none ob dem green apples on de of his deafness. He replied that he thanked God for it every day, since it It was not till after dark had come protected him from the distracting efthat Valiant said goodby to the gar- fect of other people's talk. He could den. He loved it best under the star- thus live his own life, think his own He grasped the other's hand with a light. He sat a long hour under the thoughts, do his own work in his world



**REALLY USED COTTON BALES** 1 Popular Idea Concerning Battle of New Orleans Has Been Found

to Be Correct. Interest in the slumbering cottonbale theory of the battle of New Orleans was aroused by the finding of a water-color picture map of the original battle plan in an abandoned trunk in the celler of the St. Charles hotel. Little is known about the drawing or

the other contents of the trunk which has remained unnoticed for years in a Five veterans of the battle have

curious," he said, "but I can't get it become the unbearable thing. A cold planting. And there would be the a true representation of the battle work, accusing him-like Fitz-Gerald swans, the ducks and chickens, the plan as made under the direction of and Omar Khayyam-of inventing Andrew Jackson by his military engi- rather than translating, but with the

seemed to master him, and presently spare me a little, that I may recover ing. The corporation had resumed cotton bales which a marginal note immediate and immense. Galland business with credit unimpaired. Pub- says was 1,000 feet long with a pro- used to complain that the students, reic origion was more than friendly longment extending 600 feet into the turning home in the early hours of low. A place waited for him there, woods. Some historians deny the the morning, would knock at his door and one of added honor in a concern story about the use of cotton bales. and demand the recitation of a tale.

The live veterans who say they fought behind cotton bales were Jo seph St. Cyr, Jean Lamothe, P. M. Lapice, Charles Raymond and Jean Gervals. Pen pictures of these men appear in the footnotes.

The finding of the picture is time ly, says the New Orleans Item, as it will be of service for the staging of the battle, which is to be one of the leading features of the Exposition of Big Ideas.

Translator of "Arabian Nights."

The "Arabian Nights" did not be come familiar to Europeans until 1704, when Galland translated them into A letter had come to him that morn- neer, H. Laclotte. It shows a line of public the success of the tales was



fonte. Ps. Both 'phones.

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