

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

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The secretary laughed gaily as he took out these, with a ribbon of foreign orders and a sword.

"Clothes!" said he again. "Let me see which I shall wear." He was lifting the exquisite garments. "I beg monsieur will turn his head away for one moment. Comme ça?"

He called to imaginary body servants: "Alphonse! My waistcoat! The flowered one—that is right. Now my coat. Vite! My sword belt, Pierre. So! The fastest lady in the world would be pleased with that. Now M. le Capitaine!"

Jarrat, looking around, could scarce repress a cry. The gray coated figure was no more. In its stead a vision invested in pale rose satin, with gold chain, jeweled and smiling, stood before him.

The secretary raised the sword and gave Jarrat the fencer's salute.

"Louis Armand is gone away, monsieur," he said, lifting eloquent shoulders. "Henceforth behold in me M. le Marquis de la Troserie, noble of France, messenger of Louis XVI!"

CHAPTER VI.

ON a busy afternoon following Jarrat's stroke of diplomacy a Berlin chaise, in lieu of the ruined chariot, bearing Mrs. Tillotson and Mistress Anne on a visit to Berkeley, drew through Ashby's Gap, along slopes dotted with clumps of lilac and goldenrod.

Francis Byrd rode beside the window, for he was to join Lord Dunmore at Winchester, whither the governor, in a burst of rage at his recalcitrant hussars, had betaken himself to await the gathering of troops from the northern counties for the expedition against the restless Shawanee Indians on the Scioto river.

They had met but few travelers of quality so far to the westward—for the most part wandering petty chapmen or perhaps a Palatine trader coming from Pennsylvania. These latter drove teams of six or eight horses wearing jingling bells, and their huge Conestoga wagons were loaded with plow irons and with salt, lead and gunpowder for the lower settlers.

At the notched summit Byrd rose in his stirrups.

"The Shenando, Anne!" he cried. Below, where the unbroke sunshine spun its web, lay a gold valley clasped in hills. The near mountain walls stood all matted with burnished leaves of wild ivy and bloom of chamodaphne, its white cup shapes stained with purple red. In the wooded bottom the river shimmered with the tumbling foam of steep torrents and went slipping softly over ledges and between wild acres of mottled sycamore, or dropped willow and of birch. The sun as they rode became dull saffron gold between the overlapped wedges of crimsoning hills.

"Poor dear!" sighed Anne as an extra heavy joint brought lamentation from her nerve racked companion. "We shall soon be there, Aunt Mildred. Winchester is just beyond the next forest."

"It's been just beyond the next forest for three hours!" moaned the lady. "The colonel really must have new springs put to the chaise. This road is barbarous!"

"There is Winchester!" Anne exclaimed joyfully. "I see the flag on the fort."

This, a great square fortification with four bastions, the stockade built by Colonel Washington before the reduction of Duquesne, was gone much to ruin. It sat on the town's edge, with generous barracks rearing above the walls and soldiery grouped before the entrance. Here Byrd left them to report his arrival, and the two ladies rode to the town ordinary.

They descended to find the long parlor thickly set with guests and passed quickly through the hall to the inn yard, waiting disposition of their luggage.

"The place is overfull, it seems," Mrs. Tillotson said to the landlord. "Oons!" he answered. "There are a plenty of beds, though nigh all my tankards are kept well in use. 'Tis the soldiery at the fort draws them, a good thing for the King's Arms. The Indians may go scalping as oft as they will."

"They are all king's men within?" asked Anne.

"Aye, a proof of my loyalty. These be times," he added, scratching his grizzled head as he went in, "when 'tis hard to choose betwixt old and new things, with the Whigs so hot. As for me, though, methinks the old will outlast my time."

"Aunt Mildred," called Anne delightedly, "look! There is my Lord Fairfax's chariot!"

It stood under the wide shed, huge and ungainly. Anne went to it and patted the dark leather and laid her young cheek against the purple cushions.

"He is here, then?" she cried. "I wonder if we could see him." Drawing Mrs. Tillotson after her, she passed to the wide low window and peered with it. It was flung half open, and through it came glassy tinkles and a babble of talk.

Colonial costumes were sown through the long room, and here and there were royal uniforms flagrantly crimson. Cocked hats and greatacoats lay about on the chairs, and riding whips were scattered on the tables.

Opposite them, against the farther wall, Burnaby Rolph of Westham sat squat in his oak chair where the candles glistened on his gold lace, stirring with his dress sword a bunch of Jamaica rum in a great bowl. Beside him, his arm flung carelessly back, lounged Captain Foy. Now the spirit was in his mottled, sensual face, and it seemed to cloak a devil in gear.

The girl shrunk back instinctively and held her gun's arm more closely. She turned her eyes over the assembly.

"Oh," she cried, turning. "Mr. Henry! How good it is to see you!"

He took her hand and bowed to Mrs. Tillotson.

"It seems as if we had not seen you for a year," Anne continued, looking up into his sorrowful face and then, with a hint of approval, at his dark wig and suit of minister's gray.

He saw her glance and smiled a little quizzically. "I am being fast spoiled," he said. "I have a plenty of coats good enough for me, yet once I go to the congress I must get a new one to please the eyes of other folk. I am on my way back from Philadelphia now."

"Are you lodged at the King's Arms?" asked the elder lady.

"At the Three Rams, methinks the royal tang hereabout is a bit strong for me. I have a scent for it like a beagle for a porcupine."

"Lord Fairfax is here," said Anne, "but he has not yet seen us. We shall surprise him." She clasped her hands together softly. "I wonder how he will look. We were playing eavesdropper just now, Aunt Mildred and I, only to steal a view of him. Is it very dreadful? Come with us and look."

"I shall leave her to you, Mr. Henry," said Mrs. Tillotson. "The chests are in, so be not long, Anne. I shall wait in our chamber."

As they crossed to the window Anne stopped and looked at him questioningly.

"What of the congress?" she asked. Her voice was sharp and eager.

He shook his head a little sadly, his brows together over his deep sunk eyes. "Tis not the time yet. The assembly is too young. They fear to take a step in the dark. It is the blind leading the blind," he said a little bitterly. "There is no open eye. Stay—there is one. He offered them a thousand men-at-arms."

"Colonel Washington?" she said under her breath.

"Aye, Colonel Washington, the best soldier in America today. The only one who sees. For the others, it is temporize, temporize, wait the king's better humor, Parson Duche, the rankest Tory of them all, opening the session with prayer."

"Why, a Philadelphia delegate named Galloway spoke for a new plan of reconciliation, with close allegiance, an American legislature and a president general appointed by the king. It came nigh to stampeding the whole convention. They see only war and the ravage of our towns—not one road beyond that. They see not that the time and people are ripe for it. They see not that such a war cannot be fought alone—that we shall, we must have, help from Europe, that we must win."

"Oh," he said with sudden passion, his eyes burning like coals, "of such stuff is our congress made! A multitude of counselors and no leader. The sacrifice laid waiting, but no fire!"

Anne came closer to him, her fine face flashing.

"But this is not the last time," she said. "The congress will meet again. When it does Virginia should lead them. The colonies must look to us if it comes to worst. You say we have the best soldier. So shall we have the best regiments. Virginia alone of all the rest was settled by a single people. 'Tis held by gentlemen, and gentlemen fight best!" She put out her hand and laid it on his arm. "You can be the leader," she said. "You can be the fire!"

Thereafter neither spoke for a moment. From the stables a horse whinnied softly, and a gust of laughter and the sound of a falling ale pot came from the crowded parlor.

Then they moved forward and stood by the open window.

"I see Lord Fairfax," whispered Anne, "there by the door."

The old nobleman whom her smiling eyes sought out sat quietly apart, his sword across his knees, with his body servant standing behind him. His near-sighted glances, sent squinting, searched the assembly with a lurking distrust. They were king's men truly, but not gentle like those of his own time. He turned his face toward Foy as the latter, pounding the table with his sword, suddenly spoke up loudly:

"I am just come from Philadelphia, gentlemen, where the ragmuffin congress sits, and may I be flayed if I ever saw a finer lot of noodle heads! Our Virginia cocks-of-the-walk were all there, silly from their hell broth of treason at Williamsburg. 'Ods heart! It sickens to the marrow of the bones to see that lout, Patrick Henry, strut about in Quakerdom."

Anne flinched as if she had been stung and seized Henry's wrist. "Oy!" she said under her breath, "come away! 'Tis shameful!"

"No; let us hear it," he answered. "Think you I am not used to such as that? His voice trailed a slender line of infinite scorn. "Look!"

For more than one of those there had got up and were going out at this. Even among those who sided with the king there were many who had spoken open disapproval of the stamp act days and loved Henry for that if for naught else.

Foy saw it. "Aye, let them go—let them go," he sneered. "'Tis time folk knew where loyalty lay, as they know with you and me, my lord."

A slow contempt went over that rugged old face. The baron had small love for this coupling. He despised the blackguard confidant of Governor Dunmore too heartily to bandy talk with him.

Foy filled his glass. "'Tis said in Philadelphia," he resumed, "that one of our Virginians got on his hind legs and told them he wished to God he could fight it out single handed with George. What think you of that, Rolph?"

Lord Fairfax had deliberately turned his back upon Foy, but he shifted in his seat now at the answer of one of the quality.

Burnaby Rolph, Foy's companion of the gold lace, already heavy with the



"I teach it to you—you dog of the kennel!"

punch and rocking tipsily in his chair, lifted his head and laughed drunkenly.

"Sooth," he hiccupped. "The same one offered to enlist a thousand men at his own expense and march them to relieve Boston."

Anne's face went colorless, and her fingers clasped Henry's arm with a force that made him wince. "Cruel! Cruel!" she said, for the old baron broke in, stammering with choler.

"The infernal rebel!" he cried, trembling. "Is it gone so far then? Do they doubt their king to his face?"

The buzz in the room ceased, and all eyes looked at the tawny old nobleman, his features working with wrath. Henry's fingers were tight closed, and Anne's white teeth bit her under lip till a spot of blood came upon it.

All in that room knew the old man. Many loved him. Not a few held lease upon his land. He was one of the last brave barons who bore his name, for the most part, whether crusaders or poets, men gentle, reckless and mindful of God—men who lived cleanly lives and died commending their souls to Jesus and bequeathing torches and sheep for their funerals. He was a man every inch of him! He blamed the king's ministers, but he loved the king. At the leer Foy gave him some half rose angrily, but others, of the lower sort, scenting what was coming, slyly winked and smiled behind their palms.

"One could scarce be too severe with such a bloody knave, my lord."

"He should rot in Tyburn," blazed the old man.

"Sweep me!" cried Foy with a coarse laugh. "And you, gentlemen, think you was this hangman's cur, this dirty factious scoundrel? Why, Colonel Washington, I faith—turncoat since the French war!"

There were murmurs at this from all sides, even from those Tories, at the trap that had been set, at the wanton affront to a friendship that had been well known throughout the colony since the days when Lawrence Washington first brought sweet Anne Fairfax from Belvoir to Mount Vernon.

"Hound!" ground Henry between his teeth. A cold hand seemed pressed upon Anne's heart.

The starch old loyalist's face had turned a gray white. He half choked, and his hand went fumbling to the lace at his throat. He was silent for a moment, his great brows together, his fingers on the arm of the chair clasping and unclasping, while Foy sneered sardonically in the quiet.

"Not George!" he faltered at length. Something almost like a dry sob escaped him. He seemed not to see the sneering face before him, now searching about for applause. He turned to the company with a gesture appealing and pathetic.

"Why, gentlemen," he said—"why I've known him since he was sixteen! I remember in '48 when he was a ruddy faced boy and ran my lines for me! The Whigs have misled him, maybe, but he could not take up arms against—his king!"

There was a little stir in the place, a sort of waiting silence. Then a young man arose in the back part of the room and bowed gracefully. It was M. Armand, and he held a slender stemmed glass, which he filled.

"Messieurs," he said simply, "I am not of your country, nor am I of the allegiance of your king. My country is one far away, and it is one that has learned of war to love a soldier and a brave man."

As he spoke Henry's face lighted with a great flash of surprise and pleasure. He did not see the white and red changing in his companion's cheek, did not note her uneven breath nor the wondrous beauty that came softly courtesying in her eyes.

The voice went on: "But we of my country know one American so well—we know him because it is against our own arms that he has fought, before Duquesne. Messieurs, I pledge you a brave man Colonel George Washington!"

Armand lifted his glass gravely as he finished and drank, and a little hushed cheer ran around the room. One could not have told from the speaker's face that he knew he had drunk alone. My Lord Fairfax had no glass, but he rose in his seat and bowed to him.

The toast drunk, Armand set down the glass with a clasp on to the table. His face became all at once set and cold, and he stood very straight.

"One thing more, messieurs," he said, "we know in my country. We know the courtesy. Our postillions know what is due to the gentleman of birth. And thus—" he turned sharply upon Foy—"I teach it to you—you dog of the kennel!"

With this he flung the glass full into his face.

So unexpected had been the reaction that Anne gave a little scream, unnoted in the stir around the sill, and Henry let out a great oath of admiration.

Foy's countenance turned a devil's, and his sword was out before he got up. Armand bowed to Lord Fairfax and then to Foy. "Monsieur," he asked the

latter, "is the affront to your liking?"

"'Death and wounds!" raved Foy in a fury. "We need go no farther than here to settle this! I killed a man at Minden for less."

The old baron got up, with the aid of his negro body servant, breathing heavily. "Sirs," he protested, "let there be no bloodshed, I beg of you!"

"My lord!" Armand's voice was quiet and contained, and it was all he said. Lord Fairfax stopped short, looked at him a moment, swallowed and stood still.

Rolph came lurching forward, his shifty eyes sobered by the outcome. "Gentlemen," he cried, "clear the room and send the servants away. We shall need to confer."

The baron crossed the room at this and held out his hand. "I beg of you," he said, "to honor me by your presence at Greenway Court tomorrow."

"I thank you, my lord," said Armand. Then the old man, with his head up, erect and leaning on his servant's arm, passed out to his chariot. He knew very well that Foy was reputed to be the best swordsman in the colonies.

"Have you a friend who will serve?" asked Rolph. Armand shook his head.

"Aye," said Henry fiercely, and, swinging his long legs over the sill, he strode into the room. "If you will allow me, sir?"

Anne waited to hear no more, but ran back through the courtyard to the door. Her eyes, blinded by tears, scarce saw the great, gaunt figure till she felt his hand upon her hair.

"You here, my dear, in Winchester?" he said gayly. "You must ride to Greenway Court. We shall be blithe for you! I have just invited a guest for tomorrow."

Looking up as she held his hand, Anne saw two drops—little shining miniatures of his big heart—roll down his cheeks.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND you will not stay?"

"I cannot, mademoiselle." They stood a little way from the lan porch between low box rows, and the young Frenchman's eyes looked back the stonied moonlight.

"Yet," Anne continued, "last time we met, monsieur, I should not have deemed it too much to ask of you. There are those of your sex who would not scorn the tedium of an evening with me. Would I had spared my invitation and my blushes!"

"Cruel! When you know I would give so much—anything—for an hour with you."

She touched his sleeve lightly. "We shall sit before the fires," she said, "and you shall tell us tales of France and of the life in your own country. 'Tis chill here."

"Mademoiselle, I cannot. I have a tryst tonight."

"With beauty? Then will I not delay so gallant a cavalier."

She left him and walked toward the porch, but her steps lagged. Turning, she saw him standing still, looking after her, then came back, laying her fingers together.

"You will not stay?"

He shook his head.

"I know why you go," she said after a moment's pause. "I heard it—I saw it."

"You saw?"

"The quarrel in the parlor. I was in the courtyard by the window. I know what you would do."

"He looked at her uncertainly, his eyes dark and bright.

"'Twas a craven thing," she went on, "a dastardly sneer at a brave, true-hearted gentleman. My Lord Fairfax is old, and the cowards, the pitiful cowards who know him and have eaten at his table, they sat and heard and did not behind their hands. But you must not fight! You must not!"

"And why not?" he asked. "Should not such be resented by gentlemen? And shall I, who have struck that scoundrel, refuse to meet him?"

"He has the quickest rapier in Virginia. It would be murder."

"Mademoiselle, I ask you—would you have me fear?"

"'Tis no question of courage," she went on hurriedly. "Must not I, who saw it, know that? Only you of them all dared to resent it. Monsieur, you are brave."

"Mademoiselle!"

"But it was in my lord's cause, and I ask it for his sake. If—if you fall, he would sorrow for it till his death. And—"

"And you? He had bent forward eagerly. "Would you sorrow, mademoiselle?"

"My lord's grief would be mine."

The young Frenchman drew a deep breath. "That is all?" he said slyly. "I am nothing but a shadow—a passing stranger, whose coming or going can not make your heart beat one bit faster or more slow? Because our ways have crossed but once, shall you tell me I cannot know your heart? We are like stars, mademoiselle, we human ones—little stars wandering in a vault of blue. When one star has found its mate, about which God has made it revolve, shall the star refuse to obey because it has never known that star before? Have I found the one woman in the world for me, and she does not see the divine in it?"

Somehow far away a whippoorwill began to call, a liquid gurgle through the clasp of dark. There came the stamping of horses and a whinny from the stables.

HAYS IS CHARGED WITH DEADLY ASSAULT

Young Man Brought up From Sherwood Saturday

SALOON MAN CAUSES HIS ARREST

Hays Says he Knows Nothing About the Case

William Hays, a young and rather prepossessing looking young man residing at Sherwood was brought up from that place last Saturday, under commitment by Justice of the Peace Buck, charged with assault by a deadly weapon. The story goes that young Hays asked for fifty cents and that the saloon keeper, Colfeldt, refused him, and put him out of the resort, and that Hays returned with a butcher knife and a hatchet, both of which he threw at the saloon man. The knife is said to have penetrated into the wall sufficiently far to prove that Hays was a good "thrower" at the least.

Hays was seen in the county jail Monday, and says that he was too much under the influence of liquor to know just what did happen. The case will be heard at the coming term of Circuit court, which convenes on November 27, with Judge McBride on the bench.

The rumor that Wm. Tompkins, who years ago raced Jim Merritt, the famous running horse, is dead, is without foundation. C. F. Miller, who is Tompkins' son-in-law, states that the veteran horseman, so well known to the old timers in the days of glorious county fairs, is alive and fairly well in Tillamook, where the green is on the sod all the year.

Miss Adeline Zimmerman, of Farmington, who is visiting with relatives in Florin, Cal., writes that the California country is weak on a good variety of apples, and her father, J. A. Zimmerman, has sent down a supply of the good old Oregon product.

Fine tomatoes for sale. Will deliver in the city—Wm. Tupper, Luce place, Hillsboro.

trembling with a new sense of intoxication.

"I ask you to give me a token, something to carry with me as I ride to keep the memory of always, to—"

"Monsieur!"

"I love you!"

"No, no!" she cried. "I cannot listen!"

"I love you!"

"Stop!"

"Once to touch your lips!"

He was leaning near her, so near she could feel his breath warm upon her cheek. In a sudden surge of revolt she thrust out her arms as if to further the distance between them.

"No!" she cried. "No! How dare you ask me that? How dare you?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!"

"Count you me so cheap?" she asked turning half away, but she did not hasten.

He dropped on one knee and lifted the hem of her skirt to his lips.

She let her hand fall upon his head with a fluttering gesture. Then, as he started up with a joyful exclamation, she ran back toward the porch.

Standing with hand held in the moonlight, he saw her pause on the threshold—saw the heavy door close behind her.

"You did!" bubbled a furious voice behind him.

The young man turned composedly as the figure came out of the darkness of the half-light behind him.

"Ah, my Jarrat," he said, "is it you, then?"

"Look you!" Jarrat's voice was hoarse with passion. There are some things that are denied you. This is one. Be warned!"

"Warned? And by you?" laughed the other. "You lay a law for me! Wherefore?"

"Our compact!"

"And do I not hold to it, monsieur? Did you not tell me to search out the bright eyes and red lips? Did you not say to me that love was fair in the middle plantation? Did you not wish of proud ladies waiting to be kissed?"

Jarrat burst into a laugh.

"You! Why, you pitiful fool! So this is the why of such brave daring! Insults, falsehood, and duels with gentlemen! A fine nobleman it is, to be sure! Think you the toast of Virginia to be charmed by your tinsel swag-buckling? Think you that Mistress Tillotson would lower her eyes to you?"

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Notice of Final Settlement

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the Estate of Philomena Perrell has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account in the matter of said estate and said Court has set Monday the 21st day of November, 1904, at the County Court room in Hillsboro, Oregon, at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time and place of hearing objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.