

"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

BY HALLIE ERMINE RIVERS.
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(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

Katharine left the field of Rymedee with John Valiant in the dun-colored motor. She sat in the driver's seat beside him, while the bullock capered ecstatically barking, from side to side of the rear cushions. Her father had declined the honor, remarking that he considered a professional chauffeur a sufficient risk of his valuable life and that the Chalmers' grays were good enough for him—a decision which did not wholly displease Katharine.

The car was not the smart Panhard in which she had so often spun down the avenue or along the shell roads of the north shore. It lacked those fine details of appointments which marked the ne plus ultra of its kind, as her observant eye recognized; but it ran staunch and true. The powerful hands that gripped the steering wheel were brown with sun and wind, and the handsome face above it had a look of keenness and energy she had never surprised before. They passed many villages and there were few whose occupants did not greet him. In fact, as he presently remarked, it was a saving of energy to keep his hat off; and he tossed the Panama into the rear seat. On the rim of the village a group raised a cheer, to which he nodded laughingly, and father on a little old lady on a timid vine-covered porch beside a church, waved a black-mitted hand to him with a sweet old-time gesture. Katharine noted that he bowed to her with extra care.

"That's Miss Mattie Sue Mabry," he said, "the quaintest, dearest thing you ever saw. She taught my father his letters." A small, freckled, earnest-looking girl was swinging on the gate. "You really must know Riecky Snyder!" he said, and halted the car at the curb. "Riecky," he called, "I want to introduce you to Miss Fargro."

"Howdy do?" said Riecky, approaching with an ingratiating bow of her head. "I saw you at the tournament. Is it true that you can ride on the train wherever you want to without ever buying any ticket?"

Katharine smiled back. "I'm not so sure they'd all let me ride for nothing," she said, "but perhaps a few of them would."

"That would be grand," sighed Riecky. "I reckon you've seen everything in the world, almost."

"No, indeed. I never saw a tournament like this, for instance. It was tremendously exciting. What a crowd! My goodness, gracious, yes! Mr. Valiant, I must cry when you chose Miss Shirley Queen of Beauty, I was just glad! She was a lot of the prettiest girl there. Though I look your legs right much, too, Miss Fargro," she added tactfully.

"Oh, Mr. Valiant!" Riecky called after them as they started. "Now you're at Damory Court, are you going to let us children keep on playing up at the Henlocks?"

"Well, I should think so!" he answered. "Play there all the time, if you like."

"Oh, thank you," said Riecky, radiantly. "And then we can go any snakes there now, for you've cleared all the underbrush away."

"As they sped on, Katharine's cheek had a hot, heated glow. But what a delicious odd child! she laughed.

"She's a character," he said. "She worships the ground Mrs. Damory walks on. There's a good reason for it. Lou must get Miss Chalmers to tell you the story."

Where the field stretched level before them, he threw the throttle open for a long rush through the thymy-scented air. The light, late afternoon breeze drew by them, and the raspberries crushed in curdled milk.

"I've quite lost my heart to it all," she said, her voice jolting with the speed of their course. It's a perfect pastoral, so different from our terrific city pace. . . . Of course it must be a trifle dull at times. . . . seeing the same people always. . . . and without the theatre and the opera and the whirl about one—but. . . . the wind of life reads about. . . . in the novels of the South, you know. I suppose one doesn't realize that it actually exists until one comes to a Southern place like this. And the negro servants! How odd it must be to have a white-headed old dandy in a brass-buttoned swallow-tail for a butler! So picturesque! At Judge Chalmers' I have a feeling all the time that I'm walking through a stage rehearsal."

The car slackened speed as it slid by a white-washed cabin, at whose entrance sat a dusky gray-bearded figure. Valiant pointed. "Do you see him?" he asked.

"I see a very ordinary old colored man sitting on the doorstep," Katharine replied.

"That's Mad Anthony, our local Mother Shipton. He's a prophet and soothsayer. Uncle Jefferson—that's my body-servant insists that he foretold my coming to Damory Court. If we had more time you could have your fortune told."

"How thrilling!" she commented with half-murmured irony. He pointed to a great white house set in a grove of trees. "That is Beechwood," he told her. "The Reverend homestead. Young Berley was the Knight of the Silver Cross. A fine old place, isn't it? It was burned by the Indians during the French and Indian War. My great-great-grandfather—He broke off. "But then, those old things won't interest you."

"They interest you a great deal, don't they?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted, "they do. You see, my ancestors are such new acquaintances, I find them absorbing. You know when I lived in New York—"

"Last month," he laughed a little—not quite the laugh she had known in the past. "Yes, but I can hardly believe it; I

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Bears the Signature of

Dr. J. C. Fletcher

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seem to have been here half a lifetime. To think that a month ago I was a double-dyed New Yorker."

"It's been a strange experience for you. Don't you feel rather jumpy and jumpy?"

"That's a terrible compound!" he laughed, as he swung the car round a curve, skillfully evading a bumping wagon load of farm hands. "In which capacity am I Mr. Hyde, by the way?"

"My goodness, gracious, yes! Mr. Valiant, I must cry when you chose Miss Shirley Queen of Beauty, I was just glad! She was a lot of the prettiest girl there. Though I look your legs right much, too, Miss Fargro," she added tactfully.

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ing that, the journey being a local function, the choice should not fall upon an outsider. But what he had tended to increase his popularity in the countryside, and popularity was the very salt of social success. So Katharine pondered, her mind like a capable general's running somewhat ahead of the moment.

The slowing of the car brought her back to the present, and she looked up to see before them the great gate of Gladden Hall. She did not speak till they had quite stopped.

Then, as her hand lay in his for farewell, "You are right in your decision," she said softly. "This is your place. You are a Valiant of Virginia. I didn't realize it before, but I am beginning to see all it means to you."

Her voice held a lingering, indefinable quality that was almost sadness, and for that slender instant, she opened on him the unmade batteries of her glorious eyes.

(To be continued.)

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Polk.

William Thurston, Anna May Bell, James Henry Thurston, Alfred Thurston, Jones and Minnie Murdock, Plaintiffs,

vs. John Lane Bouds, unmarried; Elizabeth Vertrees and her husband, her husband, and also all other persons or parties unknown, claiming any right, title, estate, lien, or interest in or to the property described in the complaint heretofore, and to each of you.

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint in and to the complaint in the above entitled suit, on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 22nd day of October, 1914, and if you fail so to appear and answer the plaintiffs will apply to the Court for all and the relief prayed for in the complaint in the above entitled suit.

The relief prayed for in said complaint is that the defendants be required to return to the plaintiffs the property described in the complaint heretofore, and to each of you.

Witness my hand and the seal of the State of Oregon, this 15th day of September, 1914.

Notary Public for the State of Oregon.

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When your baby is cross and fretful instead of the happy, laughing little dear you are accustomed to, in all probability the direction has become deranged and the bowels need attention. Give it a mild laxative, dispel the irritability and bring back the happy content of babyhood.

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