

**The Valiants of Virginia**

By **Hallie Erminie Rives**  
*Mrs. Post Wheeler*

Illustrated by **Lauren Stott**

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CHAPTER XXIX.

The Coming of Grief King.

It was Sunday afternoon, and under the hemlocks, Rickey Snyder had gathered her minions—a dozen children from the near-by 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. Valiant 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 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 fidgeted. "Miss Mattie Sue didn't," she said. "Ah heah huh say de yuddah day et wuz er moughty good feelin' ter go ter baid Mistis en git up Mars-tah!"

"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 Katiko."

"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 superin-



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

tendent and this stump's 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 tabic-cloth I won't be dish-rag."

"All right, you needn't," retorted Rickey frezingly. "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 Snyderah," she said. "Ah'd rufah lose mah 'figin dan mah laz'ness. En Ah 'apses yo' 'psissable dissalition!"

"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 yerf shall be full ob de wundtuhful story  
 As watahs dat covah de sea!

The clear voices in the quiet air startled the fluttering birds and sent a squirrel to the tip-top of an oak, from which he looked down, flirking his brush. 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. "Out 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—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 broadcast.

"Rosebud Meredith," said Rickey witheringly, "it would serve you right for putting that toad in the plate if your hand would get all over warts! I'm sure I hope it will." She rescued the fallen piece of bark and announced: "The collection this afternoon has amounted to a hundred dollars and seven cents. And now, children, we will skip the catechism and I will tell you a story."

Her auditors hunched themselves nearer, a double row of attentive white and black faces, as Rickey with a preliminary bass cough, began in a drawing tone whose mimicry called forth giggles of ecstasy.

"There were once two little sisters, who went to Sunday-school and loved their teacher ve-e-ery much. They were always good and attentive—not like that little nigger over there! The one with his thumb in his mouth! One was little Mary and the other was little Susy. They had a mighty rich uncle who lived in Richmond, and once he came to see them and gave them each a dollar. And they were ve-e-ery glad. It wasn't a mean old paper dollar, all dirt and creases; nor a battered white silver dollar; but it was a bright round gold dollar, right out of the mint. Little Mary and little Susy could hardly sleep that night for thinking of what they could buy with those gold dollars.

"Early next morning they went downtown, hand in hand, to the store, and little Susy bought a bag of goober-peas, and sticks and sticks of striped candy, and a limber jack, and a gold ring, and a wax doll with a silk dress on that could open and shut its eyes—"

"Juh!" said the captious Cozy. "You can't buy a wax doll for a dollar. My littlest, littlest one cost three, and she didn't have a stitch to her back!"

"Shut up!" said Rickey briefly. "Dolls were cheaper then." She looked at the row of little negroes, goggling at the vision of such largesse.

"What do you think little Mary did with her gold dollar? She loved dolls and candy, too, but she had heard about the poo-o-r heathen. There was a tear in her eye, but she took the dollar home, and next day when she went to Sunday-school, she dropped it in the missionary-box.

"Little children, what do you reckon became of that dollar? It bought a big satchelful of tracts for a missionary. He had been a poor man with six children and a wife with a bone-felon on her right hand—not a child old enough to wash dishes and all of them young enough to fall in the fire—so he had to go and be a missionary. He was going to Alabam—to a cannibal island, and he took the tracts and sailed away in a ship that landed him on the shore. And when the heathen cannibals saw him they were ve-e-ery glad, for there hadn't been any shipwrecked sailors for a long time, and they were ve-e-ery hungry. So they tied up the missionary and gathered a lot of wood to make a fire and cook him.

"But it had rained and rained and rained for so long that the wood was all wet, and it wouldn't burn, and they all cried because they were so hungry. And then they happened to find the satchelful of tracts, and the tracts were ve-e-ery dry. They took them and stuck them under the wet wood, and the tracts burned and the wood caught fire and they cooked the missionary and ate him.

"Now, little children, which do you think did the most good with her dollar—little Susy or little Mary?"

The front row sniggered, and a sigh came from the colored ranks. "Dem ar' can'bals," gasped a dusky infant breathlessly. "—dey done eat up all dat candy and dem goober-peas, too?"

The inquiry was drowned in a shriek from several children in unison. They scrambled to their feet, casting fearful glances over their shoulders. The man who had been lying behind the bush had risen and was coming toward them at a slouching amble, one foot dragging slightly. His appearance, indeed, was enough to cause panic. With his savage face, set now in a grin, and his tramp-like costume, he looked fierce and animal-like. White and black, the children fled like startled rabbits, older ones dragging younger, without a backward look—all save Rickey, who stood quite still, her widening eyes fixed on him in a kind of blanched fascinated terror.

He came close to her, never taking his eyes from hers, then put his heavy grimy hand under her chin and turned her twitching face upward, chucking.

"Ah'n't afraid, d—n me!" he said with admiration. "Wouldn't skeddiddle with th' fine folks' white-livered young 'uns! Know who I am, don't ye?"

"Grief King." Rickey's lips rather formed than spoke the name.

"Right. An' I know you, too. Got jes' th' same look ez when ye wuzn't

no higher'n my knee. So ye ain't at th' Dome no mo', eh? Purkle an' fine linnin an' a eddication. Ho-ho! Goin' ter make ye another ladyless like the sweet ducky-dovey that rescooed ye from th' lovin' embrace o' yer fond step-arent, eh?"

Rickey's small arm went suddenly out and her fingers tore at his shirt-band. "Don't you," she burst in a



"There He Goes!" He Said With Bitter Hatred.

paroxysm of passion; "don't you even speak her name! If you do, I'll kill you!"

So fierce was her leap that he fell back a step in sheer surprise. Then he laughed loudly. "Why, ye little spittin' wile-cat!" he grinned.

He leaned suddenly, gripped her wrist and covering her mouth tightly with his palm, dragged her behind a clump of dogwood bushes. A heavy step was coming along the wood-path. He held her motionless and breathless in this cruel grip till the pedestrian had passed. It was Major Bristow, his spruce white hat on the back of his head, his unsullied waistcoat dappled with the leaf-shadows. He stepped out briskly toward Damory court, swinging his stick, all unconscious of the fierce scrutiny bent on him from behind the dogwoods.

Grief King did not withdraw his hand till the steps had died in the distance. When he did, he clenched his fist and shook it in the air. "There he goes!" he said with bitter hatred. "Ye noble friend that sent me up for six years t' break my heart on th' rock-pile! Oh, he's a top-notch-er, he is! But he's got Grief King to reckon with yet!" He looked at her balefully and shook her.

"Look-a-ye-er," he said in a hissing voice. "Ye remember me. I'm a bad one ter fool with. Yer maw foun' that out, I reckon. Now ye'll promise me ye'll tell nobody you've seen. I'm only a tramp; d'ye hear?" He shook her roughly.

Rickey's fingers and teeth were clenched hard and she said no word. He shook her again viciously, the blood pouring into his scarred face. "Ye sniveli' brat, ye!" he snarled. "I'll show yer!" He began to drag her after him through the bushes. A few yards and they were on the brink of the headlong ugly chasm of Lovers' Leap. She cast one desperate look about her and shut her eyes.

He held her over the waist he leaned over and held her out in mid-air, as if she had been a kitten. "Ye ain't seen me, hev yer? Promise, or over ye go. Ye won't look so pretty when ye're layin' down there on them rocks!"

The child's face was paper-white and she had begun to tremble like a leaf, but her eyes remained closed.

"One—two—" he counted deliberately.

Her eyes opened. She turned one shuddering glance below, then her resolution broke. She clutched his arm and broke into wild supplications. "I promise, I promise!" she cried. "Oh, don't let go! I promise!"

He set her on the solid ground and released her, looking at her with a sneering laugh. "Now we'll see of ye belong here or up ter Hell's-Half-Acre," he said. "Fine folks keeps their promises, I've heard tell."

Rickey looked at him a moment shaking; then she burst into a passion of sob and with her face averted ran from him like a deer through the bushes.

CHAPTER XXX.

In the Rain.

Shirley stood looking out at the rain. It was falling in no steady downpour which held forth promise of ending, but with a gentle constancy that gave the hills a look of sudden discomfort and made disconsolate miry pools by the roadside. The clouds were not too thick, however, to let through a dismal gray brightness that shone on the foliage and touched with glistening lines of high-light the dragged tufts of the soaked blue-grass. Now and then, across the dripping fields, fraying skeins of mist wandered, to lie curdled in the flooded hollows where, here and there, cattle stood lowing at intervals in a mournful key.

The indoors had become impossible to her. She was sick of trying to read, sick of the endless pacings and purposeless invention of needless tasks. She wanted movement, the cobwebby mist about her knees, the wet rain in her face. She ran upstairs and came down clad in a close scarlet jersey, with leather gaiters and a soft hat.

Emmaline saw her thus accoutered with disapproval. "Ladwy mercy, chile!" she urged; "you ain't goin' out? It's rainin' cats en dawgs!"

"I'm neither sugar nor salt, Emmaline," responded Shirley listlessly, dragging on her rain-coat, "and the walk will do me good."

On the sopping lawn she glanced up at her mother's window. Since the night of the ball her own panging self-consciousness had overlaid the fine and sensitive association between them. She had been full of horrible feeling that her face must betray her and the cause of her loss of spirits be guessed.

Her mother, had, in fact, been troubled by this, but was far from guessing the truth. A somewhat long indisposition had followed her first sight of Valiant, and she had not witnessed the tournament. She had hung upon Shirley's description of it, however, with an excited interest that the other was later to translate in the light of her own discovery. If the thought had flitted to her that fate might hold something deeper than friendship in Shirley's acquaintance with Valiant, it had been of the vaguest. His choice of her as Queen of Beauty had seemed a natural homage to that swift and unflinching act of hers which had saved his life. There was in her mind a more obvious explanation of Shirley's altered demeanor. "Perhaps it's Chilly Lusk," she had said to herself. "Have they had a foolish quarrel, I wonder? Ah, well, in her own time she will tell me."

There was some relief to Shirley's overcharged feelings in the very discomfort of the drenched weather: the sucking pull of the wet clay on her boots and the flit of the drops on her cheeks and hair. She thrust her dog-skin gloves into her pocket and held her arms outstretched to let the wind blow through her fingers. The moisture clung in damp wreaths to her hair and rolled in great drops down her coat as she went.

The wildest, most secluded walks had always drawn her most and she instinctively chose one of these today. It was the road whereon squatted Mad Anthony's whitewashed cabin. "Dah's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry en cry." She had forgotten the incident of that day, when he had read her fortune, but now the quavering prophecy came back to her with a shivering sense of reality. "Fo' dah's fiah en she ain' afeah'd. Er dah's watah en she ain' afeah'd. Et's de thing w'at eat de ha'at outen de breas'—dat w'at she afeah'd of!" If it were only fire and water that threatened her!

She struck her hands together with an inarticulate cry. She remembered the laugh in Valiant's eyes as they had planted the roses, the characteristic gesture with which he tossed the waving hair from his forehead—how she had named the ducks and the peacocks and chosen the spots for his flowers; and she smiled for such memories, even in the stabbing knowledge that these dear trivial things could mean nothing to her in the future.

She tried to realize that he was gone from her life, that he was the one man on earth whom to marry would be to strike to the heart her love and loyalty to her mother, and she said this over and over to herself in varying phrases:

"You can't! No matter how much you love him, you can't! His father deliberately ruined your mother's life—your own mother! It's bad enough to love him—you can't help that. But you can help marrying him. You would hate yourself. You can never kiss him again, or feel his arms around you. You can't touch his hand. You mustn't even see him. Not if it breaks your heart—as your mother's heart was broken!"

She had turned into an unbeaten way that ambled from the road through a track of tall oaks and pines, scarce more than a bridle-path, winding aimlessly through bracken-strewn depths so dense that even the wild-roses had not found them. In her childish hurts she had always fled to the companionship of the trees. She had known them every one—the black-gum and pale dogwood and gnarled hickory, the prickly-balled "button-wood," the lowly mulberry and the majestic red oak and walnut. They had seemed friendly and pitying counselors, standing about her with arms intertwined. Now, with the rain weeping in soulful gusts through them, they offered her no comfort. She suddenly threw herself face down on the soaked moss.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "I love him so! And I had only that one evening. It doesn't seem just. If I could only have him, and suffer some other way! He's suffering, too, and it isn't our fault! We neither of us harmed anyone! He isn't responsible for what his father did—why, he hardly knew him! Oh, God, why must it be so hard for us? Millions of other people love each other and nothing separates them like this!"

Shirley's warm breath made a little fog against the star-eyed moss. She was scarcely conscious of her wet and clinging clothing, and the soaked strands of her hair. She was so wrapped in her desolation that she no longer heard the sound of the persevering rain and the wet swishing of the bushes—parting now to a hurried step that fell almost without sound on the spongy forest soil. She started up suddenly to see Valiant before her.

He was in a somewhat battered walking suit of brown khaki, with a leather belt and a felt hat whose brim, stiff with the wet, was curved down visor-wise over his brow. In an instant he had drawn her upright, and they stood, looking at each other, drenched and trembling.

"How can you?" he said with a roughness that sounded akin to anger. "Here in this atrocious weather—like this!" he laid a hand on her arm. "You're wet through."

"I—I don't mind the rain," she answered, drawing away, yet feeling with a guilty thrill the masterfulness of his tone, as well as its real concern.

"I'm often wet," Shirley's gaze searched her face, feature by feature, noting her pallor, the blue-black shadows beneath her eyes, the caught breath, uneven like a child's from crying. He still held her hands in his.

"Shirley," he said, "I know what you intended to tell me by those flowers—I went to St. Andrew's that night, in the dark, after I read your letter. Who told you? Your—mother?"

"No, no!" she cried. "She would never have told me!"

His face lighted. With an irresistible movement he caught her to him. "Shirley!" he cried. "It shan't be! It shan't, I tell you! You can't break our lives in two like this! It's unthinkable!"

"No, no!" she said piteously, pushing him from her. "You don't understand. You are a man, and men—can't."

"Do understand," he insisted. "Oh, my darling, my darling! It isn't right for that spectral thing to come between us! Why, it belonged to a past generation! However sad the outcome of that duel, it held no dishonor. I know only too well the ruin it brought my father! It's enough that it wrecked three lives. It shan't rise again, like Banquo's ghost to haunt ours! I know what you think—I would love you more, if I could—but it's wrong, dear. It's wrong!"

"It's the only way."

(To be Continued.)

INSURING STANDS BY CULTIVATION.

Frequent Use of Weeder and Section Harrow Will Prevent Land From Baking.

Clemson College, April 23.—Shallow cultivation is a practice upon which depends in no small measure the success of a South Carolina farmer's crops. This matter has been brought to the attention of farmers of Clemson College and notice of it is especially timely at this season.

"The season is now on for planting," said W. H. Barton, assistant State agent of demonstration, "and therefore for cultivation, which should begin even before the plants are out of the ground. The weeder or harrow, or even the drag, pulverizes the top soil, destroys both weed and grass seeds in the sprouting stage, and leaves a clean surface for young plants. This cultivation makes a good stand more certain and conserves moisture which will be greatly needed in the later growth of the crops, especially in the development of fruit."

"Ordinarily, every seven to ten days is regarded as sufficiently frequent for cultivating. It often happens, however, that the best results are obtained by cultivating more frequently; indeed, as frequently as it rains and a soil crust is formed.

"Moisture is the greatest necessity for the successful production of crops and frequent shallow cultivation is the key to its conservation in so far as evaporation is concerned. This, however, will not prevent the leaching away of large quantities of moisture where the soil is not sufficiently supplied with humus.

"Frequent use of the weeder and section harrow is urged now just after the heavy rains we have had on all of our plowed lands. This is for the purpose of breaking up the soil crust and preventing it from becoming hard and baked. The use of such implements should be continued on lands which are liable to bake until a good germination and stand are secured. Afterwards such soil should be cultivated deeply the first time to open up the seed bed and facilitate the penetration of the roots into their feeding areas."

There is more Ctarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Ctarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment.

Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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O'SHAUGHNESSY LEAVES MEXICO

Starts for Vera Cruz on Special Train Under Escort of Federal Troops. Washington, April 24.—The following telegram from Charge O'Shaughnessy was sent to the navy department late tonight by Admiral Fletcher:

"I am leaving for Vera Cruz in a special train tonight, accompanied by the staff of this embassy and an escort of Mexican troops. The Mexican troops will accompany me until they are told to stop by their commander. My train should arrive in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz, that is, at the place where the Mexican troops will leave me, some time during the morning."

"I have the honor to request that you will make the necessary arrangements in order that the train may be permitted to enter Vera Cruz, and if this be impossible, to make such arrangements as may be dictated by circumstances in order that I may be permitted to reach Vera Cruz after my Mexican detachment has left me. I shall be accompanied by Gen. Corona, chief of the presidential staff, and other distinguished officers of the federal army, the reception of whom in a worthy manner, I beg to leave to your courtesy." (Signed) "Nelson O'Shaughnessy."

SUMTER COTTON MARKET.

Corrected Daily By Ernest Field, Cotton Buyer.

Good Middling	12 7-8.
Strict Middling	12 3-4.
Middling	12 5-8.
Strict Low Middling	12 1-4.
Low Middling	11 5-8.
Strict Good Ordinary	11 1-8.
Staple cotton nominal.	

New York Cotton Market.

New York, April 27.	Opening	Close.
May	12.60	12.60
July	12.55	12.58
Oct	11.72	11.73

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA

Invariably leads to severe complications. It is frequently followed by chronic indigestion, gastritis, rheumatism, and nervous prostration. The blood is impoverished of the life sustaining qualities, and the weary victim is afflicted with one chronic ill after another, until a wreck of his former self. He drags out a sorry existence as a wretched invalid.

The Way That Cures

is to purify the blood, which will then supply the necessary food for the nerves, giving them tone and vigor to maintain their functions. Starting the circle anew, all the processes of the body are brought up to normal, and the patient is made to feel well.

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy Purifies the Blood.

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy Steadies the Nerves.

Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy Restores the Digestion.

Hundreds of your neighbors testify to these facts. Test it yourself—that's the surest way. Your druggist ought to have it. If he cannot supply you, send his name and a dollar to the manufacturers.

REMEDY SALES CORPORATION, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Mrs. Joe Person's Wash should be used in connection with the Remedy for the cure of sores and the relief of inflamed and congested surfaces. It is especially valuable to women, and should always be used for ulcerations.



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