GEORGE L. STOCKSDALE, SOLICITOR, - WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND

ORDER OF PUBLICATION

State of Maryland.

Carroll county, to-wit:

In the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Maryland.

In the matter of the personal estate of Leanna Englar, deceased.

Upon the Petition and Affidavit of Union Bridge Banking and Trust Company, Executor of the last will and Testament of Leanna Englar, deceased: It is this 17th day of March, in the year Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, ordered by the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, Maryland, that the 28th day of April, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, be named and appointed for a meeting in this Court of all persons entitled to distribution, shares or legacies, or a residue of said decedents estate in pursuance of the provisions of Chapter 255 of the laws of Maryland, of 1896.

That said deceased did by an item of her will Bequeath as follows:—ALL THE REST AND RESIDUE OF MY ESTATE I GIVE AND BEQUEATH UNTO THE CHILDREN OF MY COUSINS SUSAN KILMORE AND EDWARD URNER, TO BE PAID TO SAID CHILDREN SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE, AND SHOULD ANY OF SAID CHILDEN DIE, THEIR PORTION SHALL GO TO THEIR RESPECTIVE HEIRS AT LAW PER STIRPES.

And it appearing from said Petition and Exhibits that the correct ORTHOGRAPHY of the name of Susan Kilmore is Susan Kilmer, and to whose children a portion of the rest and residue of said estate is bequeathed; resides in Berkeley county, State of West Virginia. And that the residence of Edward Urner, to whose children a portion of the rest and residue of said money is bequeathed, resides in Shawnee county, State of Kansas.

And it further appearing from the petition of said Executor, that so far as known to it, the following persons are, or may be entitled to share in said distribution, namely:—

"1" George William Kilmer, born June 25th, 1900.
"2" Boydie Virginia Kilmer, born October 28th, 1902.
"3" Dudley Bernard Kilmer, born June 30th, 1906.
"4" Edwin Roland Kilmer, born October 6th, 1909.

And all of whom are residents of Berkeley county, State of West Virginia, AND—

"5" Samuel E. Urner, Age 26 years, residing in Oxford, Ohio.
"6" Rose M. Urner, Age 25 years, residence Berkeley, California.
"7" Catherine M. Urner, Age 23 years, residence Topeka, Kansas.
"8" David E. Urner, Age 21 years, residence Baldwin, Kansas.
"9" John T. Urner, Age 17 years, residence Baldwin, Kansas.
"10" Christine Urner, Age 15 years, residence Topeka, Kansas.
"11" Phillip S. Urner, Age 10 years, residence Topeka, Kansas.

And that all of the above named children are Non-Residents of the State of Maryland.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be inserted in one of the weekly newspapers published in Carroll county, Maryland; once a week for Four successive weeks before the 28th day of April, 1914, and also by mailing a copy of this order to each child and to Edward Urner and Susan Kilmer, giving notice to the above named Non-Residents, and all other unknown residents or Non-Residents, who may be in any manner entitled to share in the distribution of Her estate, of the day above named and appointed for a meeting in this Court of the persons entitled to share in the distribution of said estate. AND all such persons are hereby notified and warned to be and appear in person, or by Guardian, Solicitor or Agent, in this Court on said day named, at 11 o'clock A. M., to the end that payment and distribution may be then and there made under the Court's direction and control.

ROBERT N. KOONTZ,
HARRY K. SHAEFFER,
SAMUEL MILLER,
Judges of the Orphans' Court of Carroll County.

True Copy Test:

WILLIAM ARTHUR,
Register of Wills for Carroll County.

3 20 5-t

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3 cans Banner or Babbitt Lye	25c	8 rolls Toilet Paper	25c
3 lbs. Soda or Water Crackers	25c	3 boxes Oat Meal	25c
3 cans Red Seal Lye	25c	2 1/2 lbs. 12c Raisins	25c
6 boxes Bird Eye Matches	25c	5 Fat Mackerel	25c
8 bars Larkin's Sweet Home Soap	25c	2 1/2 lbs. 12c Prunes	25c
6 lbs. Oat Meal	25c	6 bars Circus or Babbit Soap	25c
10 bars Soap or Soap Powder	25c	5 lbs. Rice (extra special)	25c
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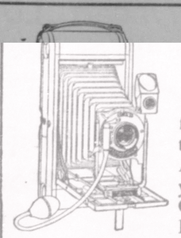
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The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES (MRS. POST WHEELER)

ILLUSTRATED BY LAUREN STOUT

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He had flung her from him with such violence that she had fallen sidewise. Now she raised herself, kneeling in the feathery light, both hands clasped close to her breast, trembling excessively with loathing and feeling the dun earth-floor billow like a canvas sea in a theater. Little puffs of dust from the protesting ground were wreathing about her set face, and she pressed one hand against her shoulder to repress her shivers.

"The horrible — horrible — thing!" she said whisperingly. "It would have bitten me!"

He came toward her, panting, and grasping her hand, lifted her to her feet. He staggered slightly as he did so, and she saw his lips twist together oddly. "Ah," she gasped, "it bit you! It bit you!"

"No," he said, "I think not."

"Look! There on your ankle—that spot!"

"I did feel something, just that first moment." He laughed uncertainly. "It's queer. My foot's gone fast asleep."

Every remnant of color left her face. She had known a negro child who had died of a water-moccasin's bite some years before—the child of a house-servant. It had been wading in the creek in the gorge. The doctor had said then that if one of the other children. * * *

She grasped his arm. "Sit down," she commanded, "here, on this log, and see."

Her pale fright caught him. He obeyed, dragged off the low shoe and bared the tingling spot. The firm white flesh was puffing up around two tiny blue-rimmed punctures. He reached into his pocket, then remembered that he had no knife. As the next best thing he knotted his handkerchief quickly above the ankle, thrust a stick through the loop and twisted it till the ligature cut deeply, while she knelt beside him, her lips moving soundlessly, saying over and over to herself words like these: "I must not be frightened. He doesn't realize the danger, but I do! I must be quite collected. It is a mile to the doctor's. I might run to the house and send Unc' Jefferson, but it would take too long. Besides, the doctor might not be there. There is no one to do anything but me."

She crouched beside him, putting her hands by his on the stick and wrenching it over with all her strength. "Tighter, tighter," she said. "It must be tighter." But, to her dismay, at the last turn the improvised cord snapped, and the released stick flew a dozen feet away.

Her heart leaped chokingly, then dropped into hammer-like thudding. He leaned back on one arm, trying to laugh, but she noted that his breath came shortly as if he had been running. "Absurd!" he said, frowning. "How much a fool thing can hurt!"

Suddenly she threw herself on the ground and grasped the foot with both hands. He could see her face twitch with shuddering, and her eyes dilating with some determined purpose.

"What are you going to do?"

"This," she said, and he felt her shrinking lips, warm and tremulous, pressed hard against his instep.

He drew away sharply, with savage denial. "No—no! Not that! You shan't! My lord—you shan't!" He dragged his numbing foot from her desperate grasp, lifting himself, pushing her from him; but she fought with him, clinging, panting broken sentences:

"You must! It's the only way. It was—a moccasin, and it's deadly. Every minute counts!"

"I won't. No, stop! How do you know? It's not going to—here, listen! Take your hands away. Listen!—Listen! I can go to the house and send Uncle Jefferson for the doctor and he—No! stop, I say! Oh—I'm sorry if I hurt you. How strong you are!"

"Let me!"

"No! Your lips are not for that—good God, that damnable thing! You yourself might be—"

"Let me! Oh, how cruel you are! It was my fault. But for me it would never have—"

"No! I would rather—"

"Let me! Oh, if you die!"

With all the force of her strong young body she wrenched away his protestant hands. A thirst and a sickish feeling were upon him, a curious irresponsible giddiness, and her hair which that struggle had brought in tumbled masses about her shoulders, seemed to have little flames running all over it. His foot had entirely lost its feeling. There was a strange weakness in his limbs.

Moments of half-consciousness, or consciousness jumbled with strange imaginings, followed. At times he felt the pressure upon the wounded foot, was sensible of the suction of the young mouth striving desperately to draw the poison from the wound. From time to time he was conscious of a white desperate face haloed with hair that was a mist of woven sparkles. At times he thought himself a recumbent stone statue in a wood, and her a great tall golden-headed flower lying broken at his feet. Again he was a granite boulder and she a vine with yellow leaves winding and clinging about him. Then a blank—a sense of movement and of troublous disturbance, of insistent voices that called to him and inquisitive hands that plucked at him, and then voices growing distant again, and hands falling away, and at last—silence.

* * * * * * * *

Inky clouds were gathering over the sunlight when Shirley came from Damory Court, along the narrow woodpath under the hemlocks, and the way was striped with blue-black shadows and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some leafy rustle to catch a quick breath of dread. As she approached the tree-roots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little distance from them she broke a stick and with it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution, retraced her steps to the wider path.

She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder-storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate intensity of electric storms in the South.

There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up-blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the scurrying red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Unc' Jefferson's eyes rolling up in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor.

At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cringed suddenly against the sopping bark. She saw again the doctor's gaze lift from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift penetrant glance at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to the house. Again a fit of shuddering swept over her. Then, all at once, tears came, strangling sobs that bent and swayed her. It was the discharge of the Leyden jar, the loosing of the tense bow-string and it brought relief. After a time she grew quieter. He would get well! The thought that perhaps she had saved his life gave her a thrill that ran over her whole body. And until yesterday she had never seen him! She kneeled in the blurred half-light, pushing her wet hair back from her forehead and smiling up in the rain that still fell fast. In a few moments she rose and went on. At the gate of the Rosewood lane stood a mail-box on a cedar post and she paused to fish out a draggled Richmond newspaper. As she thrust it under her arm her eye caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it from its soggy wrapper, the wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee.

She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of John Valiant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the involved corporation.

Its effect upon her was a shock. She felt her throat swell as she read; then she was chilled by the memory of what she had said to him: "What has he ever done except play polo and furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?"

"What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. "He had just done that splendid thing. It was because of that that he was little better than a beggar, and I said those horrible things!" Again she bent her eyes, rereading the sentences: "Took his detractors by surprise * * * had just sustained a grilling at the hands of the state's examiner which might well have dried at their fount the springs of sympathy."

She crushed up the paper in her hand and rested her forehead on the wet rail. Idiotically rich—a vandal—a useless, purse-proud flaneur. She had called him all that! She could still see the paleness of his look as she had said it.

Shirley, overexcited as she still was, felt the sobs returning. These, however, did not last long and in a moment she found herself smiling again. Though she had hurt him, she had saved him, too! When she whispered this over to herself it still thrilled and startled her. She folded the paper and hastened on under the cherry-trees.

Emmaline, the negro maid was waiting anxiously on the porch. She was thin to spareness, with a face as brown as a tobacco leaf, restless black eyes and wool neatly pinned and set off by an amber comb.

"Honey," called Emmaline, "I'se been fearin' fo' yo' wid all that lightnin' r'arin' eroun'. Yo' got th' jess'mine? Give 'em to Em'line. She'll fix 'em all nice, jes' how Mis' Judith like."

"All right, Emmaline," replied Shirley. "And I'll go and dress. Has mother missed me?"

"No'm. She ain' let' huh room this whole blessed day. Now yo' barth's all ready—all 'cep'n th' hot watah, en I sen' Ranston with that th' fus' thing. Yo' hurry en peel them wet close off yo'se'f, or yo' have one o' them digested chills."

Her young mistress flown and the hot water despatched, the negro woman spread a cloth on the floor and began to cut and dress the long stalks of the flowers. This done she fetched bowls and vases, and set the pearly-white clumps here and there—on the dining-room sideboard, the hall mantel and the desk of the living-room—till the delicate fragrance filled the house, quite vanquishing the rose-scent from the arbors.

As the trim colored woman moved lightly about in the growing dusk, with the low click of glass and muffled clash of silver, the light tat-tat of a cane sounded, and she ran to the hall, where Mrs. Dandridge was descending the stairway, one slim white hand holding the banister, under the edge of a white silk shawl which drooped its heavy fringes to her daintily-shod feet. On the lower step she halted, looking smilingly about at the blossoming bowls.

"Don' they smell up th' whole house?" said Emmaline. "I know'd y'o be pleas', Mis' Judith. Now put yo' han' on mah shouldah en I'll take yo' to yo' big cha'h."

They crossed the hall, the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' cha'h. Ranston he made up a little fiah jes' to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, en Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact, Shirley descended the stair, in a filmy gown of India-muslin, with a narrow belting of


But More Than Once Shirley Saw Her Hands Clasp Themselves Together.

gold, against whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand.

At her step her mother turned her head; she was listening intently to voices that came from the garden—a child's shrill treble opposing Ranston's stentorian grumble.

"Listen, Shirley. What's that Rickey is telling Ranston?"

"Don' yo' come heah wid yo' no-count play-actin'. Cyan' fool Ranston wid no sich snek-story, neidah. Ain' no moc'sin at Dam'ry Co'ot, en nebbah was!"

"There was, too!" insisted Rickey. "One bit him and Miss Shirley found him and sent Uncle Jefferson for Doctor Southall and it saved his life! So there! Doctor Southall told Mrs. Mason. And he isn't a man who's just come to fix it up, either; he's the really truly man that owns it!"

"Who on earth is that child talking about?"

Shirley put her arm around her mother and kissed her. Her heart was beating quickly. "The owner has come to Damory Court. He—"

The small book Mrs. Dandridge held fell to the floor. "The owner! What owner?"

"Mr. Valiant — Mr. John Valiant. The son of the man who abandoned it so long ago." As she picked up the fallen volume and put it into her mother's hands, Shirley was startled by the whiteness of her face.

"Dearest!" she cried. "You are ill. You shouldn't have come down."

"No. It's nothing. I've been shut up all day. Go and open the other window."

Shirley threw it wide. "Can I get your salts?" she asked anxiously.

Her mother shook her head. "No," she said, almost sharply. "There's nothing whatever the matter with me. Only my nerves aren't what they used to be, I suppose—and snakes always did get on them. Now, give me the gist of it first. I can wait for the rest. There's a tenant at Damory Court. And his name's John—Valiant. And he was bitten by a moccasin. When?"

"This afternoon."

Mrs. Dandridge's voice shook. "Will he—will he recover?"

"Oh, yes."

"Beyond any question?"

"The doctor says so."

"And you found him, Shirley—you?"

"I was there when it happened." She had crouched down on the rug in her favorite posture, her coppery hair against her mother's knee, catching strange reddish over-tones like molten metal, from the shaded lamp. Mrs. Dandridge fingered her cane nervously. Then she dropped her hand on the girl's head.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about it."

CHAPTER XV.

The Anniversary.

The story was not a long one, though it omitted nothing: the morning fox-hunt and the identification of the new arrival at Damory Court as the owner of yesterday's stalled motor; the afternoon raid on the jessamine, the conversation with John Valiant in the woods.

Mrs. Dandridge, gazing into the fire, listened without comment, but more than once Shirley saw her hands clasp themselves together and thought, too, that she seemed strangely pale. The swift and tragic sequel to that meeting was the hardest to tell, and as she ended she put up her hand to her shoulder, holding it hard. "It was horrible!" she said. Yet now she did not shudder. Strangely enough, the sense of loathing which had been surging over her at recurrent intervals ever since that hour in the wood, had vanished utterly!

She read the newspaper article aloud and her mother listened with an expression that puzzled her. When she finished, both were silent for a moment, then she asked, "You must have known his father, dearest; didn't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dandridge after a pause. "I—knew his father."

Shirley said no more, and facing each other in the candle-glow, across the spotless damask, they talked, as with common consent, of other things. She thought she had never seen her mother more brilliant. An odd excitement was flooding her cheek with red and she chatted and laughed as she had not done for years.

But after dinner the gaiety and effervescence faded quickly and Mrs. Dandridge went early to her room. She mounted the stair with her arm thrown about Shirley's pliant waist. At her door she kissed her, looking at her with a strange smile. "How curious," she said, as if to herself, "that it should have happened today!"

(Continued next week)

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