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The Valiants of Virginia

By Hallie Erminie Rives
(Mrs. Post Wheeler)

Illustrated by Lauren Stout

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"If that had only been true!" he said.

"It is true. See how the vines hid the sun from it. It ceased to mark the time after the Court was deserted."

"I'll put moonflowers at its base and where you are standing, Madonna lilies. The outer part of the circle shall have bridal-wreath and white irises, and they shall shade out into pastel colors—mauves and grays and heliotropes. Oh, I shall love this spot!—perhaps sometime the best of all."

"Which do you love the most now?"

He leaned slightly toward her, one hand on the dial's time-notched rim. "Don't you know?" he said in a lower voice. "Could any other spot mean to me what that acre under the hemlocks means?"

Her face was turned from him, her fingers pulling at the drifting vine, and a splinter of sunlight tangled in her hair like a lace of fireflies.

"I could never forget it," he continued. "The thing that spoiled my father's life happened there, yet there we two first talked, and there you—"

"Don't!" she said, facing him. "Don't!"

"Ah, let me speak! I want to tell you that I shall carry the memory of that afternoon, and of your brave kindness, always, always! If I were never to see you again in this life, I should always treasure it. If I died of thirst in some Sahara, it would be the last thing I should remember—your face would be the last thing I should see! If I—"

In the silence there was the sound of a slow foot-fall on the gravel walk, and at the same moment he saw a magical change. Shirley drew back. The soft gentian blue of her eyes darkened. The lips that an instant before had been tremulous, parted in a low delicious laugh. She swept him a deep curtsey.

"I am beholden to you, sir," she said gaily, "for a most knightly compliment. There's the major. Come and let us show him where we've planted the ramblers."

CHAPTER XXI.

Tournament Day.

The noon sun of tournament day shone brilliantly over the village, drowsy no longer, for many vehicles were hitched at the curb, or moved leisurely along the leafy street: big, canvas-topped country wagons drawn by shaggy-hoofed horses and set with chairs that bumped and jostled their holiday loads from outlying tobacco plantation and stud-farm; sober, black-covered buggies, long narrow, springless buckboards, frivolous side-bar runabouts and antique shays resurrected from the primeval depths of cob-webbed stables, relics of tarnished grandeur and faded fortune.

At midday vehicles resolved themselves into luncheon-booths—hampers stowed away beneath the seats, disclosing all manner of picnic edibles—the court-house yard was an array of grass-spread table-cloths, and an air of plenty reigned.

Within Mrs. Merryweather Mason's brown house hospitality sat enthroned and the generous dining-room was held by a regiment of feminine out-of-town acquaintances.

The yard, an hour later, was an active encampment of rocking-chairs, and a din of conversation floated out over the pink oleanders whose tubs had achieved a fresh coat of bright green paint for the occasion. Mrs. Poly Gifford—a guest of the day—here shone resplendent.

"The young folks are counting mightily on the dance tonight," observed Mrs. Livy Stowe of Seven Oaks. "Even the Buckner girls have got new ball dresses."

"Improvident, I call it," said Mrs. Gifford. "They can't afford such things, with Park Hill mortgaged up to the roof the way it is."

Mrs. Mason's soft apologetic alto



"Friends!" Snapped the Other, "The Fewer I Have the Better!"

interposed. "They're sweet girls, and we're never young but once. I think it was so fine of Mr. Valiant to offer to give the ball. I hear he's motored to Charlottesville three or four times for fixings, though I understand he's poor enough since he gave up his money as he did. What a princely act that was!"

"Y-e-e-s," agreed Mrs. Gifford, "but a little—what shall I call it?—precipitous! If I were married to a man like that I should always be in terror of his adopting an orphan asylum or turning Republican or something equally impossible."

The doctor shut his office door with a vicious slam and from the vantage of the wire window-screen looked sourly across the beds of marigold and nasturtium.

"I reckon if Mrs. Poly Gifford shut her mouth more than ten minutes hand-running," he said malevolently, "the top's of her head'd fly from here to Charlottesville."

The major, ensconced with a cigar in the easy chair behind him, flourished his palm-leaf fan and smote an errant fly.

"Speaking of Damory Court," he said in his big voice. "The dance idea was a happy thought of young Valiant's. I'll be surprised if he doesn't do it to the queen's taste."

The doctor nodded. "This place can't teach him much about such folderolings, I reckon. He's led more cotillions than I've got hairs on my head."

"I'd hardly limit it to that," said the major, chortling at the easy thrust. "And after all, even folderolings have their use."

"Who said they hadn't? If people choose to make whirling dervishes of themselves, they at least can reflect that it's better for their lives than cane-bottom chairs. Though that's about all you can say in favor of the modern ball."

"Pshaw!" said the major. "I remember a time when you used to rig out in a claw-hammer and

" 'Dance all night till broad daylight
And go home with the gyrls in the morning,'

with the bravest of us. Used to like it, too."

"I got over it before I was old enough to make myself a butt of hilarity," the doctor retorted. "I see by the papers they've invented a new dance called the grizzly bear. I believe there's another named the yip-kyoodle. I hope you've got 'em down pat to show the young folk tonight, Bristow."

The major got up with some irritation. "Southall," he said, "sometimes I'm tempted to think your remarks verge upon the personal. You don't have to watch me dance if you don't choose to."

"No, thank God," muttered the doctor. "I prefer to remember you when you still preserved a trace of dignity—twenty odd years ago."

"If dignity—" the major's blood was rising now,—"consists in your eternal tasteless bickerings, I want none of it. What on earth do you do it for? You had some friends once."

"Friends!" snapped the other, "the fewer I have the better!"

The major clapped on his straw hat angrily, strode to the door, and opened it. But on the threshold he stopped, and presently shut it, turned back slowly and resumed his chair. The doctor was relighting his cigar, but an odd furtive look had slipped to his face, and the hand that struck the match was unsteady.

For a time both sat smoking, at first in silence, then talking in a desultory way on indifferent topics. Finally the major rose and tossed his cigar into the empty grate.

"I'll be off now," he said. "I must be on the field before the others."

As he went down the steps a carriage, drawn by a pair of dancing grays, plunged past. "Who are those people with the Chalmers, I wonder," said the doctor. "They're strangers here."

The major peered. "Oh," he said, over his shoulder, "I forgot to tell you. That's Silas Fargo, the railroad president from New York, and his daughter Katharine. His private car's down on the siding. They're at the Judge's—he's chief counsel for the road in this state. They'll be at the tournament, I reckon. You'll be there, won't you?"

The doctor was putting some phials and instruments into a worn leather bag. "No," he said, shortly. "I'm going to take a ten-mile drive—to add to this county's population, I expect. But I'm coming to the dance. Promised Valiant I would, in a moment of temporary aberration."

CHAPTER XXII.

A Virginian Runnymede.

"June in Virginia is something to remember." Today the master of Damory Court deemed this a true saying. For the air was like wine, and the drifting white wings of cloud, piled above the amethystine ramparts of the far Blue Ridge, looked down upon a violet world bound in green and silver.

In his bedroom Valiant stood looking into the depths of an ancient wardrobe. Presently he took from a hook a suit of white flannel in which he arrayed himself. Over his soft shirt he knotted a pale gray scarf. The modish white suit and the rolling Panama threw out in fine contrast the keen sun-tanned face and dark brown eyes.

In the hall below he looked about him with satisfaction. For the last three days he had labored tirelessly to fit the place for the evening's event. The parlor now showed walls rimmed with straight-back chairs and the grand piano—long ago put in order—had been relegated to the library. That instinct for the artistic, which had made him a last resort in the vexing problems of club entertainments, had aided him in the Court's adornment.

Out of the kitchens Cassandra's egg-beating chatted like a watchman's rattle, while Aunt Daphne put the finishing touches to an array of lighter edibles destined to grace the long table on the rear porch, now walled in with snow-white muslin and hung with candle-lusters. Under the trees Uncle Jefferson was even then experimenting with various punch compounds, and a delicious aroma of vanilla came to Valiant's nostrils.

* * * * * * * *

The Red Road, as Valiant's car passed, was dotted with straggling pedestrians: humble country folk who trudged along the grassy foot-path with no sullen regard for the swift cars and comfortable carriage that left them behind; sturdy barefooted children who called shrilly after him, and happy-go-lucky negro youths clad in their best with Sunday shoes dangling over their shoulders, slouching regardlessly in the dust—all bound for the same Mecca, which presently rose before him, a gateway of painted canvas proclaiming the field to which it opened Runnymede.

He halted his car at the end of the field and snapped a leash in the bull-dog's collar. "I hate to do it, old man," he said apologetically to Chum's reproachful look, "but I've got to. There are to be some stunts, and in such occasions you're apt to be convinced you're the main one of the contestants, which might cause a mix-up. Never mind; I'll anchor you where you won't miss anything."

With the excited dog tugging before him, he threaded his way through the press with keen exhilaration. Now and then his gloved hand touched his cap at a salutation. He was conscious of swift bird-like glances from pretty girls. Here was none of the rigid straight-ahead gaze or vacant stare of the city boulevard; the eyes that looked at him, frankly curious and inquiring, were full of easy open comradeship. Some of the girls wore gowns and hats that might that morning have issued from the Rue de la Paix; others were habited in cheap materials. But about the latter hung no benumbing self-consciousness. All bore themselves alike. He was beginning to realize that there might really exist straitened circumstances, even actual poverty, which yet created no sort of social difference.

Opposite the canvas-covered grand stand sat twelve small mushroom tents, each with a staff and tiny flag. Midway lines of flaxen ropes stretched between rows of slender peeled saplings from whose tops floated fanged streamers of vivid bunting. A pavilion of purple cloth, open at the sides, awaited for the committee, and near the center, a negro band was disposed on camp-stools, the brass of the waiting instruments winking in the sunlight. The stand was a confused glow of color, of light gauzy dresses, of young girls in pastel muslins with flowers in their belts, picturesque hats and slender articulate hands darting in vivacious gestures like white swallows — the gentry from the "big houses."

The light athletic figure, towed by the white bull-dog, drew many glances. Valiant's eyes, however, as they swept the seats, were looking for but one, and at first vainly. He felt a quick pang of disappointment. Perhaps she would not come! Perhaps her mother was still ill. Perhaps—but then suddenly his heart beat high, for he saw her in the lower tier, with a group of young people. He could not have told what she wore, save that it was of soft Murillo blue with a hat whose down-curved brim was wound with a shaded plume of the same tint. Her mother was not with her. She was not looking his way as he passed—her arms at the moment being held out in an adorable gesture toward a little child in a smiling matron's lap—and but a single glance was vouchsafed to him before the major seized upon him and bore him to the purple pavilion, for he was one of the committee.

But for this distraction, he might have seen, entering the stand with the Chalmers just as the band struck up a delicious whirl of "Dixie," the two strangers whom the doctor had observed an hour before as they whirled by the Merryweather Mason house behind the judge's grays. Silas Fargo might have passed in any gathering for the unobtrusive city man. Katharine was noticeable anywhere, and today her tall willowy figure in its champagne-color lingerie gown and hat garnished with bronze and gold thistles, setting in relief her ivory statuesque face, drew a wave of whispered comment which left a sibilant wake behind him. The party made a picturesque group as they now disposed themselves, Katharine's colorless loveliness contrasting with the eager sparkle of pretty Nancy Chalmers and the gipsy-like beauty of Betty Page.

"You call it a tournament, don't you?" asked Katharine of the judge.

"Yes," he replied. "It's a kind of contest in which twelve riders compete for the privilege of naming a Queen of Beauty. There's a ball tonight, at which the lucky lady is crowned. Those little tents are where the noble knights don their shining armor. See, there go their caparisoned chargers."

A file of negroes was approaching the tents, each leading a horse whose saddle and bridle were decorated with fringes of various hues. In the center of the roped lists, directly in front of the stand, others were planting upright in the ground a tall pole from whose top projected a horizontal arm like a slender gallows. From this was suspended a cord at whose end swung a tiny object that whirled and glittered in the sun.

The judge explained. "On the end of the cord is a silver ring, at which the knights tilt with lances. Twelve rings are used. The pike-points are made to fit them, and the knight who carries off the greatest number of the twelve is the victor. The whole thing is a custom as ancient as Virginia—a relic, of course, of the old jousting of the feudal ages. The ring is supposed to represent the device on the boss of the shield, at which the lance-thrust was aimed."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Katharine, and turning, swept the stand with her lorgnette. "I suppose all the county's F. F. V.'s are here," she said laughingly to Nancy Chalmers. "I've often wondered, by the way, what became of the Second Families of Virginia."

"Oh, they've mostly emigrated North," answered Nancy. "The ones that are left are all ancient. There are families here that don't admit they ever began at all."

Silas Fargo shook his stooped shoulders with laughter. "Up North," he said genially, "we've got regular factories that turn out ready-made family-trees for anybody who wants to roost in 'em."

* * * * * * * * *

And now over the fluttering stand and the crowd about the barriers, a stir was discernible. Katharine looked again at the field. "Who is that splendid old man giving directions? The one who looks like a lion. He's coming this way, now."

"That's Major Montague Bristow," said the judge. "He's been master of the heralds for years. The tournament could hardly happen without the major."

"I'm sure I'd like him," she answered. "What a lovely girl he is talking to!"

It was Shirley who had beckoned the major from the lists. She was leaning over the railing. "Why has Ridgeley Pendleton left?" she asked in a low voice. "Isn't he one of the twelve?"

"He was. But he's ill. He wasn't feeling up to it when he came, but he didn't give up till half an hour ago. We'll have to get along with eleven knights."

She made an exclamation of dismay. "Poor Ridge! And what a pity! There have never been less than the full number. It will spoil the royal



"Who Is That Splendid Old Man Giving Directions? The One Who Looks Like a Lion."

quadrille tonight, too. Why doesn't the committee choose some one in his place? Listen. Why not ask Mr. Valiant? He is our host tonight. I'm sure he'd be glad to help out, even without the costume."

"Egad!" he said, pulling his imperial. "None of us had thought of him. He could ride Pendleton's mount, of course." He reflected a moment. I'll do it. It's exactly the right thing. You're a clever girl, Shirley."

He hastily crossed the field, while she leaned back, her eyes on the flanneled figure—long since recognized—under the purple pavilion. She saw the committe put their heads together and hurriedly enter.

In the moment's wait, Shirley's gloved fingers clasped and unclasped somewhat nervously. The riders had been chosen long before John Valiant's coming. If a saddle, however, was perforce to be vacant, what more appropriate than that he should fill it? The thought had come to her instantly, bred of an underlying regret, which she had all along cherished, that he was not to take part. But beneath this was a deeper passionate wish that she did not attempt to analyze to see him assume his place with others long habituated to that closed circle—a place rightfully his by reason of birth and name—and to lighten the gloomy shadow, that must rest on his thoughts of his father, with warmer sunnier things. She heaved a secret sigh of satisfaction as the white-clad figure rose in acquiescence.

The major returned to the grand stand and held up his hand for silence.

"Our gracious Liege," he proclaimed, in his big vibrant voice, "Queen of Beauty yet unknown, Lords, Knights and Esquires, Fair Dames and gentles all! Whereas divers noble persons have enterprized and taken upon them to hold jousts royal and tourney, you are hereby acquainted that the lists of Runnymede are about to open for that achievement of arms and grand and noble tournament for which they have so long been famed. But an hour since one of our noble knights, pricking hither to tilt for his lady, was beset by a grievous malady. However, lest our jousting lack the royal number, a new champion hath at this last hour been found to fill the Table Round, who of his courtesy doth consent to ride without armor."

A buzz ran over the assemblage. "It must be Pendleton who has defaulted," said Judge Chalmers. "I heard this morning he was sick. Who's the substitute knight, I wonder?"

At the moment a single mounted herald before the tents blew a long blast on a silver horn. Their flaps parted and eleven knights issued to mount their steeds and draw into line behind him. They were brilliantly decked in fleshlings with slashed doublets and plumed chapeaus, and short jeweled cloaks drooped from their shoulders. Pages handed each a long lance which was held perpendicular, the butt resting on the right stirrup.

Under the pavilion, just for the fraction of a second, Valiant hesitated. Then he turned swiftly to the twelfth tent. Its flag-staff bore a long streamer of deep blood-red. He snatched this from its place, flung it about his waist and knotted it sash-wise. He drew the rose from his lapel and thrust it through the band of his Panama, leaped to the saddle of the horse the major had beckoned, and with a quick thrust of his heel, swung to the end of the stamping line.

The field and grand stand had seen the quick decision, with its instant action, and as the hoofs thudded over the turf, a wave of hand-clapping ran across the seats like a silver rain. "Neatly done, upon my word!" said the judge, delighted. "What a daring idea! Who is it? Is it—bless my soul, it is!"

Katharine Fargo had dropped her lorgnette with an exclamation. She stood up, her wide eyes fixed on that figure in pure white, with the blood-red cordon flaunting across his horse's flanks and the single crimson blossom glowing in his hat.

"The White Knight!" she breathed. "Who is he?"

Judge Chalmers looked round in sudden illumination. "I forgot that you would be likely to know him, he said. "That is Mr. John Valiant of Damory Court."

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Knight of the Crimson Rose.

The row of horsemen had halted in a curving line before the grand stand, and now in the silence the herald, holding a parchment scroll, spurred before each rider in turn, demanding his title. As this was given he whirled to proclaim it, accompanying each evolution with a blast on his horn. "Knight of the Golden Spur," "Knight of Castlewood," "Lord of Brandon," "Westover's Knight," "Knight of the Silver Cross": the names, fanciful, or those of family estates, fell on John Valiant's ear with a pungent flavor of medievalism. He started as he became aware that the rider next him had answered and that the herald had paused before him.

"Knight of the Crimson Rose!" It sprang to his lips without forethought, an echo, perhaps, of the improvised sash and the flower in his hat-band, but the shout of the herald and the trumpet's blare seemed to make the words fairly bulge with inevitability. And through this struck a sudden appalled feeling that he had really spoken Shirley's name, and that every one had heard. He could not see her face, and clutched his lance fiercely to overcome an insane desire to stoop hideously in his saddle and peer under the shading hat-brim. Lest he should do this, he fastened his eyes determinedly on the major, who now proceeded to deliver himself of the "Charge to the Knights."

The major made an appealing center to the charming picture as he stood on the green turf, "the glass of fashion and the mold of form," his head bare, his shock of blond-gray hair thrown back, and one hand thrust between the buttons of his snowy waistcoat. His rich bass voice rolled out to the farthest corner of the field:

"Sir Knights:

"The tournament to which we are gathered today is to us traditional; a rite of antiquity and a monument of ancient generations. This relic of the jousts of the Field of the Cloth-of-Gold points us back to an era of knightly deeds, fidelity to sacred trust, obligation to duty and loyalty to woman—the watchwords of true knighthood.

"We like to think that when our forefathers, offspring of men who established chivalry, came from overseas, they brought with them not only this ancient play, but the precepts it symbolizes. We may be proud, indeed, knowing that this is no hollow ceremonial, but an earnest that the flower of knighthood has not withered in the world, that in an age when the greed of gold was never so dazzling, the spirit of true gallantry has not faded but blooms luxuriant in the sparkling dews of the heart of this commonwealth.

"Most Noble Knights! In the name of that high tradition which this day preserves! In the memory of those other knights who practiced the tourney in its old-time glory! In the sight of your Queen of Beauty! I charge you, Southern gentlemen, to joust with that valor, fairness and truth which



Where Had John Valiant Learned That Trick of the Loose Wrist and Inflexible Thrust.

are the enduring glories of the knighthood of Virginia!"

Over the ringing applause, Nancy Chalmers looked at him with a little smile, quizzical yet soft. "Dear old major!" she whispered to Betty Page. "How he loves the center of the stage! And he's effective, too. Thirty years ago, father says, he might have been anything he wanted to—even United States Senator. But he would never leave the state. Not that I blame him for that," she added; "I'd rather be a church-mouse in Virginia than Crœsus' daughter anywhere else."

The twelve horsemen were now sitting their restive mounts in a group at one end of the lists. Two mounted monitors had stationed themselves on either side of the rope-barrier; a third stood behind the upright from whose arm was suspended the silver ring. The herald blew a blast, calling the title of the first of the knights. Instantly, with lance at rest, the latter galloped at full speed down the lists. There was a sharp musical clash, and as he dashed on, the ring flew the full length of its tether and swung back, whirling swiftly. It had been a close thrust, for the iron pike-point had smitten its rim. A cheer went up, under cover of which the rider looped back outside the lists to his former position.

In an upper tier of the stand a spectator made a cup of his hands. "The Knight of the Golden Spur against the field," he called. "What odds?"

"Five to one, Spottiswood," a voice answered.

"Ten dollars," announced the first.

"Good." And both made memorandum on their cuffs:

A second time the trumpet sounded, and the Knight of Castlewood flashed ingloriously down the roped aisle—a miss.

Again and again the clear note rang out and a mounted figure plunged by, and presently, in a burst of cheering, the herald proclaimed "The Knight of the Black Eagle—one!" and Chilly Lusk, in old-rose doublet and inky plume cantered back with a silver ring upon his pike.

(Continued next week)

The city of Cleveland claims $4,000,000 odd taxes from John D. Rockefeller, but perhaps they would be willing to compromise for $6.98.

The A. B. C. mediators have scored a triumph in persuading Huerta not to invade Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

Huerta is said to be seeking a way out of the Mexican mess. The most practical way out would seem to consist of a 60 h. p. motor car, with a speedy chauffeur, plus row-boat and a Jap war ship.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
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