# The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES

ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

COPYRIGHT BY THE BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Valiant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining possessions consist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

The girl walked on up the highway with a lilting stride, now and then laughing to herself, or running a few steps, occasionally stopping by some hedge to pull a leaf which she rubbed against her cheek, smelling its keen new scent, or stooping to gaze off across the orange-green belts of sunny wind-dimpled fields, one hand pushing back her mutinous hair from her brow, the other shielding her eyes. Farther on the highroad looped around a strip of young forest, and she struck into this for a short cut. In the depth she sat down to rest on the sun-splashed roots of a tree. Leaning back against the seamed trunk, her felt hat fallen to the ground, she looked like some sea-woman emerging from an earth-hued pool to comb her hair against a dappled rock.

She drew back against the tree and caught her breath as a bulldog frisked over a mossy boulder just in front of her.

A moment more and she had thrown herself on her knees with both arms outstretched. "Oh, you splendid creature!" she cried, "you big, lovely white darling!"

The dog seemed in no way averse to this sensational proceeding. He responded instantly not merely with tail-wagging, but with ecstatic grunts and growls. "Where did you come from?" she questioned, as his pink tongue struggled desperately to find a cheek through the whorl of coppery hair. "Why, you must be the one I was told not to be afraid of."

She bridled and fondled the smooth intelligent muzzle. "As if any one could be afraid of you! We'll set your master right on that point." Smiling to herself, she pulled one of the roses from her belt, and twisting a wisp of long grass, wound it round and round the dog's neck and thrust the ragged rose-stem firmly through it. "Now," she said, and pushed him gently from her, "go back, sir!"

He whined and licked her hand, but when she repeated the command, he turned obediently and left her. A little way from her he halted, with a sudden perception of mysterious punishment, shrugged, sat down, and tried to reach the irksome grass-wisp with his teeth. This failing, he rolled laboriously in the dirt.

Then he rose, cast a reproachful glance behind him, and trotted off.

CHAPTER VI.

Mad Anthony.

Beyond the selvage of the sleepy leaf-sheltered village a cherry bordered lane met the Red Road. On its one side was a clovered pasture and beyond this an orchard; on the other a tall hedge of close-clipped box which separated it from a broad yard where the gray-weathered roof of Rosewood showed above a group of tulip and catalpa trees. On the sunny steps a lop-eared puppy was playing with a mottled cat.

The front door was open, showing a hall where stood a grandfather's clock and a spindle-legged table holding a bowl of potpourri. The timepiece had landed from a sailing vessel at Jamestown wharf with the household goods of that English Garland who had adopted the old Middle Plantation when Dunmore was royal governor under George III. Framed portraits and engravings lent tints of tarnished silver, old-rose and sunset-golden—colors time-toned and reminiscent, carrying a charming sense of peaceful content, of gentleness and long tradition. The dark polished stairway had at its turn a square dormer-window which looked out upon one of the rose-arbors.

Down this stair, somewhat later that afternoon, came Shirley Dandridge, booted and spurred, the rebellious whorls of her russet hair now as closely filleted as a Greek boy's, in a short divided skirt of new-green and a cool white blouse and swinging by its ribbon a green hat whose rolling brim was caught up at one side by a crisp blue-black hawk's feather. She stopped to peer out of the dormer-window to where, under the lattice-work of a bloom beside a round iron table holding a hoop of embroidery and a book or two a lady sat reading.

The lady's hair was silver, but not with age. It had been so for many years, refuted by the transparent skin and a color as soft as the cheek of an apricot. It was solely in her dark eyes, deep and strangely luminous, that one might see lurking the sombre spirit of passion and of pain. But they were clear and brilliant, withal, giving the lie to the cane whose crook one pale delicate hand held with a clasp that somehow conveyed a sense of exasperate if semi-humorous rebellion.

She looked up at Shirley's voice, and smiled brightly. "Off for your ride, dear?"

"Yes. I'm going with the Chalmers."

"Oh, of course. Betty Page is visiting them, isn't she?"

Shirley nodded. "She came yesterday. I'll have to hurry, for I saw them from my window turning into the Red Road." She waved her hand and ran lightly down the stair and across the lawn to the orchard.

She pulled a green apple from a bough that hung over a stone wall and with this in her hand she came close to the pasture fence and whistled a peculiar call. It was answered by a low whinny and a soft thud of hoofs, and a golden-chestnut hunter thrust a long nose over the bars, its big flame-like nostrils to the touch of her hand. She laid her cheek against the white thoroughbred forehead and held the apple to the larger reaching lip, with several teasing withdrawings before she gave it to its juicy crunching.

She let down the top bar of the fence and presently, over, ran to a stable and presently emerging with a saddle on her arm, whistled the horse to her and saddled him. Then opening the gate, she mounted and cantered down the lane to meet the oncoming riders—a kindly-faced, middle-aged man, a younger one with dark features and coal-black hair, and two girls.

Chisholm Lusk spurred in advance and lifted his hat. "I held up the judge, Shirley," he said, "and made him bring me along. He tells me there's a fox hunt on tomorrow; may I come?"

"Pshaw! Chilly," said the judge. "I don't believe you ever got up at five o'clock in your born days. You've learned bad habits abroad."

"You'll see," was the answered. "If my man Friday doesn't rout me out tomorrow, I'll be up for murder."

They rode an hour, along stretches of sunny highways or on shaded bridle-paths where the horses' hoofs fell muffled in brown pine-needles and drooping branches flicked their faces. Then, by a murky way gouged with brusk gullies, across shelving fields and "turn-rows" in a long detour around Powhattan Mountain, a rough spur in the shape of an Indian's head that wedged itself forbiddingly between the fields of spring corn and tobacco.

"Do let us get a drink!" said Chilly Lusk. "I'm as thirsty as a cotton-batting camel."

"All right, we'll stop," agreed the judge, "and you'll have a chance to see a local 'Hoo, Betty. This is where Mad Anthony lives. You must have heard of him when you were here before. He's almost as celebrated as the Reverend John Jasper of Richmond."

Betty tapped her temple. "Where have Ah heard of John Jasper?"

"He was the author of the famous sermon on 'The Sun do Move.' He used to prove it by a bucket of water that he set beside his pulpit Saturday night. As it hadn't spilled in the morning he knew it was the earth that stood still."

Betty nodded laughingly. "Ah remember now. Is Mad Anthony really mad?"

"Only harmlessly," said Shirley. "He's stone blind. The negroes all believe he conjures—that's voodoo, you know. They put a lot of stock in his 'prophecisms.' He tells fortunes, too. S-sh!" she warned. "He's sitting on the door-step. He's heard us."

The old negro had the torso of a black patriarch. He sat bolt upright with long straight arms resting on his knees, and his face had that peculiar expressionless immobility seen in Egyptian carvings. His age might have been anything, judging from his face which was so seamed and crevalled with innumerable tiny wrinkles that it most resembled the tortured glaze of some ancient bitumen pottery unearthed from a tomb of Kor.

The judge dismounted, and tossing his bridle over a fence-picket, took from his pocket a collapsible drinking cup. "Howdy do, Anthony," he said. "We just stopped for a drink of your good water."

The old negro nodded his head. "Good watah," he said in the gentle quavering tones of extreme age. "Yas, Marse. He'p yo'se'f. Come fom he centah ob de yerf, dat watah. En dah's folks say de centah of de yerf is all flah. Yo' reck'n dey's right, Mars' Chalmahs?"

"Now, how the devil do you know who I am, Anthony?" The judge set down his cup on the well-curb. "I haven't been by here for a year."

The ebony head moved slowly from side to side. "Ol' Ant'ny don' need no eyes," he said, touching his hand to his brow. "He see ev'ything heah."

The judge beckoned to the others and they trooped inside the paling. "I've brought some other folks with me, Anthony; can you tell who they are?"

The sightless look wavered over them and the white head shook slowly. "Don' know young mars'," said the gentle voice. "How many yuddahs wid yo'? One, two? No, I don' know young mistis, eidah."

"I reckon you don't need any eyes," Judge Chalmers laughed, as he passed the sweet cold water to the rest. "One of these young ladies wants you to tell her fortune."

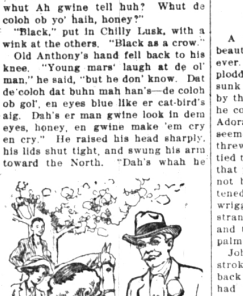
The old negro dropped his head, waving his gaunt hands restlessly. The judge beckoned to Betty Page, but she shook her head with a little grimace and drew back.

"You go, Shirley," she whispered, and with a laughing glance at the others, Shirley came and sat down on the lowest step.

Mad Anthony put out a wavering hand and touched the young body. His fingers strayed over the habit and went up to the curling bronze under the hat-brim. "Dis de li'l mistis," he muttered, "ain' afeahd ob ol' Ant'ny. Dah's fah as she ain' afeahd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeahd. Wondah whut Ah gwine tell huh? Whut de coloh ob yo' hah, honey?"

"Black," put in Chilly Lusk, with a wink at the others. "Black as a crow."

Old Anthony's hand fell back to his knee. "Young mars' laugh at me, man," he said, "but he don' know. Dat de coloh dat buhn mah han's—de coloh ob gol', en eyes blue like er cat-bird's alg. Dah's er man gwine look in dem eyes, honey, en gwine make 'em cry en cry." He raised his head sharply, his face shut tight, and swung his arm toward the North. "Dah's whah he



"Howdy Do, Anthony," He Said.

come fom," he said, "en heah"—his arm veered and he pointed straight toward the ragged hill behind them—"he stay."

Lusk laughed noiselessly. "He's pointing to Damory Court," he whispered to Nancy Chalmers, "the only haunted place within ten miles. That's as near as he often hits it, I fancy."

"Heah's whah he stay," repeated the old man. "Heap ob trouble walt heah fo' him too, honey,—heap ob trouble, heah whah li'l mistis fin' him."

"Come, Anthony," said Judge Chalmers, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder. "That's much too mournful! Give her something nice to top off with, at least!"

But Anthony paid no heed. "Gr'et trouble," he said, "en she ain' afeahd, en dah's watah en she ain' afeahd. En Ah sees yo' gwine ter him, honey. Ah heah's de co'ot-house clock a-strikin' in de night—en yo' gwine. Don' wait, don' wait, li'l mistis, er de trouble cloud gwine kyah him erway fom yo'. Ah heah de clock strike thutteen—when de clock strike thutteen—"

The droning voice ceased. The gaunt form became rigid. Then he started and turned his eyes slowly about him, a vague look of anxiety on his face. For a moment no one moved. When he spoke again it was once more in his gentle quavering voice:

"Watah? Yas, Mars', good watah. He'p yo'se'f."

The judge set a dollar bill on the step and weighted it with a stone, as the rest remounted. "Well, good-by, Anthony," he said. "We're mightily obliged."

He sprang into the saddle and the quartette cantered away. "My experiment wasn't a great success, I'm afraid, Shirley," he said ruefully.

"Oh, I think it was splendid!" cried Nancy. "Do you suppose he really believes those spooky things? I declare, for the time I almost did myself. What an odd idea—when the clock strikes thirteen, which, of course, it never does."

"Don't mind, Shirley," bantered Lusk. "When you see all 'dem troubles' coming, sound the alarm and we'll fly in a body to your rescue."

They let their horses out for a pounding gallop which pulled down suddenly at a muffled shriek from Betty Page, as her horse went into the air at sight of an automobile by the roadside.

"Now, whose under the canopy is that?" exclaimed Lusk.

"It's stalled," said Shirley. "I passed here this afternoon when the owner was trying to start it, and I sent Unc' Jefferson as first aid to the injured."

"I wonder who he can be," said Nancy. "I've never seen that car before."

"Why," said Betty gally, "Ah know! It's Mad Anthony's trouble-man, of course, come for Shirley."

CHAPTER VII.

Uncle Jefferson.

A red rose, while ever a thing of beauty, is not invariably a joy forever. The white bulldog, as he plodded along the sunny highway, was sunk in depression. Being trammeled by the limitations of a canine horizon, he could not understand the whims of Adorable Ones met by the way, who seemed so glad to see him that they threw both arms about him, and then tied to his neck irksome colored weeds that prickled and scratched and would not be dislodged. So it was a chastened and shamed Chum who at length wriggled stealthily into the seat of the stranded automobile beside his master and thrust a dirty pink nose into his palm.

John Valiant lifted his hand to stroke the shapely head, then drew it back with an exclamation. A thorn had pricked his thumb. He looked down and saw the draggled flower thrust through the twist of grass. "Oh, pup of wonders!" he exclaimed. "Where did you get that rose?"

Chum sat up and waved his tail, for his master's tone, instead of ridicule, held a dawning delight. Perhaps the thing had not been intended as a disgrace, after all!

With the first sight of the decoration Valiant had had a sudden memory of a splotch of vivid red against the belted gray-blue of a gown. He grinned appreciatively. "And I warned her," he chuckled. "Told her not to be afraid!" He dusted the blossom painstakingly with his handkerchief and held it to his face—a live brilliant thing, breathing musk-odors of the mid-moon of paradise.

A long time he sat, while the dog dozed and yawned on the shiny cushion beside him. Of a sudden Chum sat up and barked in earnest.

Turning his head, his master saw approaching a dilapidated hack with side lanterns like great goggles and decrepit and palsied curtains. It was drawn by a lean mustard-tinted mule, and on its front sat a colored man of uncertain age, whose hunched vertebrae and outward-crooked arms gave him a curious expression of replete and bulbous inquiry. Abreast of the car he removed a moth-eaten cap.

"Evenin', suh," he said,—"evenin', evenin'."

"Howdy do," returned the other amiably.

"Ah reck'n yo'-ll done had er breckdown wid dat machine-thing dar. Yo' been hyuh 'bout er hour, ain' yo'?"

"Nearer three," said Valiant cheerfully, "but the view's worth it."

A hoarse titter came from the conveyance, which gave forth sundry creakings of leather. "Huyh! Huyh! Dat's so, suh. Dat's so! Hm-m. Reck'n Ah'll be gittin' erlong back." He chucked to the mule and proceeded to turn the vehicle round.

"Hold on," cried John Valiant, "I thought you were bound in the other direction."

"No, suh. Ah'm gwine back whah I come fom. Ah jus' strur out hyuh 'cause Miss Shirley done'r me, en she say, 'Unc' Jeffe'son, yo' go 'treckly out de Red Road, 'case er gemman done got stalled-ed.'"

"Oh—Miss Shirley. She told you, did she? What did you say her first name was?"

"Dat's huh fust name, Miss Shirley. Yas, suh! Miss Shirley done said I'm'e ter come en git de gemman whut—whut kinder dawg is yo' got dar?"

"It's a bulldog. Can you give me a lift? I've got that small trunk and—"

"Dat's a right fine dawg, Miss Shirley she mighty fond ob dawgs, too."

"Fond of dogs, is she?" said Valiant. "I might have known it. It was nice of her to send you here, Uncle Jefferson. You can take me and my traps, I suppose?"

"Yeas, on whah yo' gwineter," answered Uncle Jefferson sapiently.

"I'm going to Damory Court."

A kind of shocked surprise that was almost stupefaction spread over the other's face, like oil over a pool. "Damry Co'ot! Dat's de old Valiant place. Ain' nobody lives dar. Ah reck'n ain' nobody live dar fer mos' er hun'erd yeahs!"

"The old house has a great surprise coming to it," said Valiant gravely. "Henceforth some one is going to occupy it. How is it anyway?"

"Measurin' by de cowtake en th'ow-in' in de tail, it's erbout two mile. Ain' gwineter live dar yo'se'f, suh, is yo'?"

"I am for the present," was the crisp answer.

Uncle Jefferson stared at him a moment with his mouth open. Then ejaculating under his breath, "Fo' de Lawd! Whut folks gwineter say ter dat!" he shambled to the rear of the motor and began to unship the steamer-trunk. "Whut yo' gwineter do wid dat-ar?" he asked, pointing to the car. "Ah kin come wid ole Sukey—dat's mah mule—en fotch it in de mawnin'. Ain't gwineter rain ter-night nohow."

This matter having been arranged, they started jogging down the green-bordered road, the bulldog prospecting alongside.

"S'pose'n de Co'ot done ben sold en yo' gwineter fix it up fo de' new ownah," hazarded Uncle Jefferson presently.

Valiant did not answer directly. "You say the place hasn't been occupied for many years," he observed. "Did you ever hear why, Uncle Jefferson?"

"Ah done heerd," said the other vaguely, "but Ah diaremembahs. Sump'in dat happened befo' Ah come heah fom ol' Post Oak Plantation. Reck'n Majah Bristow he know erbout it, er Mis' Judith—dat's Miss Shirley's mothah. Her fathah was Gen'l Tawm Dandridge, en he died fo' she was born."

Shirley Dandridge! A high-sounding name, with something of long-linked culture, of arrogant heritage. In some subtle way it seemed to clothe the personality of which Valiant had had that fleeting roadside glimpse.

"Reck'n yo'-all come fom New York?" inquired Uncle Jefferson, after a little silence. "So! Dey say dat's er pow'ful big place. But Ah reck'n ol' Richmon's dig ernuf fo' me." He chucked to the leisurely mule and added, "Ah ben ter Richmon' onct. Yas, suh! Ah nevah see sech houses—mos' all bigger'n de county co'ot-house."

John Valiant expressed a somewhat absent interest. He was looking thoughtfully at the blossom in his hand, in an absorption through which Uncle Jefferson's reminiscences oozed on.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Why the Express Was Late.

The Vinegar Valley express was late again Sunday morning. Along the railroad track, wherever necessary, the company has green slabs stuck up with a red W painted on them. These are signals notifying the engineer to whistle. Sunday, Will Carter was standing by the side of the track between here and Humidity when the express came along. The engineer, a new hand, saw his red nose, which crooks like a letter S, and thought it a signal to stop, which he did. When the express stops that way out between stations the passengers all have to get off and push before they can start again and sometimes it don't carry very many passengers.—Kansas City Star.

# MARINES CAPTURE VERA CRUZ WITH LOSS OF FOUR

## Admiral Fletcher Acts Promptly on Order of President Wilson to Prevent Large Shipment of Arms and Ammunition Falling into Hands of Huerta's Forces. Senate Debates Resolution.

Washington—United States marines and bluejackets are now in possession of Vera Cruz, the principal port of Mexico.

The seizure of the city cost the Americans four lives and 20 wounded, while the Mexican losses have been estimated unofficially as between one and two hundred men.

Admiral Fletcher's dispatch announcing the capture of Vera Cruz is as follows:

"Tuesday, in face of approaching norther, landed marines and sailors from Utah, Florida and Prairie and seized customs house. Mexican forces did not oppose landing, but opened fire with artillery and rifles after seizure of customs house. Prairie shelling Mexicans out of their position. Desultory firing from housetops and streets. Hold customs house and section of city in vicinity of wharves and consulate. Casualties four dead and 20 wounded.

"Our men are firing only when fired on. We prepared a flag of truce with Gen. Maas, to cease firing, or our big guns will be used. Now about one thousand marines and sailors ashore. All business here suspended since noon."

While the American marines and bluejackets were fighting, the senate debated the whole Mexican situation before crowded galleries. The joint resolution which had passed the house supporting the president's proposal to use the army and navy to obtain reparation was being debated in the senate at midnight with prospect of an all night session. Many republican senators wanted the resolution broadened to authorize steps to secure reparation for all offenses committed against Americans in Mexico.

The administration senators fought this as tantamount to a declaration of war, saying the United States had no quarrel with the Mexican people but with the Huerta government controlling a small portion of it.

The resolution passed by the house read as follows:

"A joint resolution justifying the employment of the armed forces of the United States in enforcing certain demands against Victoriano Huerta. Resolved by the senate and house of representatives, in congress assembled, that the president of the United States is justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce the demands upon Victoriano Huerta for unequivocal amends to the government of the United States for affronts and indignities committed against this government by General Huerta and his representatives."

The resolution as agreed on by the senate foreign relations committee reads:

"In view of the facts presented by the president of the United States in his address delivered to the congress in joint session the twentieth day of April, 1914, in regard to certain affronts and indignities committed against the United States in Mexico, be it,

"Resolved, that the president is justified in the employment of the armed forces of the United States to enforce his demands for unequivocal amends for affronts and indignities committed against the United States; be it further

"Resolved, that the United States disclaims any hostility to the Mexican people or any purpose to make war upon them."

The president, while anxious for congress to act, went ahead on the authority of the executive in accord with precedent, because he believed an emergency existed. He gave Rear-Admiral Fletcher authority to seize the customs house at Vera Cruz to prevent the landing there by a German merchant vessel of a big consignment of arms and ammunition for the Huerta government. Secretary Bryan conferred with the German ambassador, Count von Bernstorff, and it is believed the influence of the German government will be interposed to prevent the consignment from landing elsewhere in Mexico and complicating the situation. The ship carries 15,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 200 rapid-fire guns and thousands of rifles.

No orders were issued to the army, but Rear-Admiral Badger was ordered to Tampico where another customs house may be seized. Mr. Wilson intends to act slowly to force Huerta to yield, and hopes to avert war. With the taking of the railroad for a few miles inland from Vera Cruz and the two custom houses, it is believed no other aggressive steps will be taken.

## DROWNED IN THUNDER BAY

Man Loses Life and Companion Escapes After Desperate Effort.

Alpena, Mich.—Gustave Trojahn, aged 23, was drowned in Thunder bay, Sunday, and Truman Goddard, aged 35, his companion, escaped after a desperate effort.

The men left for a fishing trip to Lake Huron, just outside the bay. Their boat was leaky and water entered as they rowed out, but they wore high top boots and paid little attention to this. There were eight inches of water in the bottom of the boat when one of the men leaned to one side and the craft capsized. The two men clung to the boat for some time, but no help came and finally Trojahn's fingers let go and he sank. Goddard swam to an island by an almost super-human effort, where he was picked up unconscious.

Owosso to Get New Factory.

Owosso, Mich.—The American Malleable Co., a $1,000,000 corporation with a factory at Lancaster, N. Y., has taken over the contract for the factory recently vacated by the Reliance Motor Truck Co. in this city. It will begin operations within three months, and give employment at first to 200 men, which number will be increased later to 500. The erection of another foundry building will begin at once. The company manufactures auto parts and miscellaneous supplies.

## MICHIGAN NEWS IN BRIEF

The Port Huron & Sarnia Ferry company's ferry Dormer was partially destroyed by fire early Monday morning while moored at the Haynes wharf in Black river. The ferry, which was one of the first put into commission on this line, has been in service for many years. It is likely that she will be rebuilt.

Plans are being made for a new pumping station and the drilling of additional wells for Albion's water supply, east of the city. The present water works plant is located in the business district.

Figures given out by Grand Rapids banks show that nearly three times as many people are carrying savings accounts as in 1900. Then the total savings deposits were $7,754,557 and to date are $17,226,710. The combined bank deposits are now $36,701,428, an increase of nearly $2,000,000 over last year.

Secretary Chas. A. Gadd, of the board of education, estimates Detroit will receive about $1,050,000 in the primary school fund apportionment of the state this year for the payment of teachers' salaries.

That saloonkeepers shall pay an annual license of $1,250 and that saloons shall be congregated within certain blocks on the main street, of the city, the number of saloons to be limited to 17, according to the Warner-Cramton law, were the provisions of an ordinance passed Thursday night by the city commission of Cadillac.

## THREE DIVISIONS IN CAMP

National Guard Will Not All Assemble at Grayling at Same Time.

Lansing.—Instead of one big camp of the Michigan National Guard the state militia will assemble at Grayling in three divisions this year, according to a plan already approved by the state military board. Owing to the fact, that it is difficult to secure many regular army officers to act as instructors this year, the military board decided that the men would receive more individual attention by dividing the forces.

From August 3 to August 13 the two troops of cavalry, the field hospital corps, Company A engineers and the second infantry will assemble at Grayling. From August 13 to August 22 the third infantry, ambulance company number two and Company A of the signal corps will receive instructions at the state camp site. The first infantry, first battalion of field artillery and ambulance company number one will be in camp from August 22 to August 31.

## TELEGRAPHIC FLASHES

George L. Granger, of Mt. Pleasant, reputed to be the wealthiest man in Isabella county, is dead at the age of 68 years.

Alvardo Haskins, one of the oldest men in the United States, died Saturday at the Michigan state hospital, at Kalamazoo aged 106 years. He was admitted to the hospital in 1905 from Hillsdale county.

The attorney-general has held that pupils in manual training departments of public schools are not employes of the school district, within the meaning of the workingmen's compensation act and that the school district is not liable for injuries received by pupils in performance with their duties.

Following a favorable decision by a circuit court jury, the county will begin construction of a highway extending two miles north of Sandusky.

As soon as Judge Tuttle and the receivers of the Pere Marquette railroad issue the necessary orders, probably about May 1, the appraisal of the road will be started. This was decided on at a meeting of members of the railroad commission, Atty.-Gen. Fellows, Dean Cooley and Profs. Anderson and Riggs, of Ann Arbor, and General Superintendent Alfred, of the Pere Marquette.

Thieves entered the Carter building at Jackson and ransacked nine different offices, among them the Chamber of Commerce, Thursday night, and stole money and postage stamps, etc., valued at $100.

A report of the state industrial accident board states that for the first 15 days in April there were 515 accident victims in the state who drew compensation. Of this number 475 suffered temporary disability. Ten of the accidents were fatal and 30 persons were permanently injured.

## NOT LIKE THE REAL THING

Critic of Novelists Complains That Writers Do Not Properly Represent Life as it Is.

Mrs. Durnford was known to disapprove of literary people, writes Mrs. Mary C. E. Wemyss in "People of Popham," and her proud boast was that she never read novels. "I can see into it is, without its being made ridiculous by people who know nothing about it," she would declare.

"You see, Miss Hope, what I object to in writing is this," said Mrs. Durnford. "You set out to write a book, which heaven forbid! You write about me! Well, you haven't the least idea what I am thinking about! You say, 'Mrs. Durnford was very much touched when I told her about old Mr. Tubb's death.' Her eyes filled with tears.' Well, they didn't. I wanted to sneeze, that was all! See?"

"Well, that would be called literary license. I am sure you would feel the death of a Mr. Tubb dreadfully; I can imagine any one would," I said.

"I just happened to think of the name. I don't suppose a name makes any difference," she replied. "And in describing love, my dear. You may have had proposals, of course. If you have, you will know that not one man in fifty kneels. I shouldn't have respected Doctor Durnford's intelligence if he had. Now take proposals in books! Pages and pages, chapters sometimes, whereas the real thing happens like this: Doctor Durnford met me at the corner of the road, by the sign post, and he asked me what I was going to do, and I said I was going for a walk. And he said, very naturally, I thought, 'May I come, too?' I bowed. Then he said nothing till we got to Dyer's Pond, and then he said, 'May I walk with you through life?' I said, 'Yes.' That was all. He gave me the ring; it was in his pocket. Diamonds and sapphires, small, but large enough."

"She went on":

"What could be simpler? We had an oak suite in the dining-room, a mahogany suite in the consulting-room, a sattinwood suite in the drawing-room and ash in the bedroom. We had good carpets throughout, changing on the stairs from pile to cord at my bedroom. They are all as good today as they were then."

I said I thought she had chosen most wisely, both in husband and furniture.—Youth's Companion.

Craze for Cameos.

There is quite a craze for cameos in New York. Set in rings, bracelets, earrings or used as brooches and lockets, they are quaintly old fashioned and artistic. A stunning antique pair of earrings of long pear shaped ebony pendants with a clear white cameo rising in the center is most effective, and wedgewood cameos with their brilliant blue backgrounds are most stunning in a setting of pearls. The delicate pale pink coral cameos make an attractive setting for evening mounted in filigre gold, and brooches of the old brown and white cameo set in a plain golden band are charming in the buckle of the tew ubiquitous velvet neckbands. Even high back combs for the hair are set with cameos, and with a Grecian evening gown one aesthetic dancer wore a fillet of them confining her Titan tresses.

## BRIGHTEN THAT NORTH ROOM

Skillful Touches in Arrangement of Furniture and Draperies Will Accomplish Wonders.

I would advise papering the room with a self-toned paper, light tan in color as near to the tint of sunshine as you can get. Your shades should, of course, match those in use all over the house. Then make your drapery curtains of tan art scrimm, just a deep hemstitched hem at the bottom, and allow them to hang straight.

Stain the woodwork white and give it several coats, finishing off with an enamel or egg-shell finish. For the center of the room have an "art square" made. This may be woven as the rag rugs are or crocheted or knitted. I prefer the woven rugs and beautiful solid effects with handsome borders now possible.

Try to have the rose color predominate in rug and articles of furnishing for the bureau and chiffonier, pillows and couch cover. With white enamel furniture, the north room will be far from a cold, repellant room, and will be a transplanted sunshiny corner.—Exchange.

Old Newspapers.

The earliest English newspaper, Nathaniel Butter's Weekly News, some copies of which are to be seen at the advertising exhibition, had several predecessors abroad. The first of these in point of time was the Ordinari Avisa, the publication of which began at Strassburg in 1609—14 years before the appearance of Nathaniel Butter's venture. In 1620 Abraham Verhoeven founded the Nieuwe Thijdingen at Antwerp, and this continued to appear weekly for 227 years. The oldest existing newspaper is apparently the Swedish official gazette, which dates back to 1644.

Crocsus Preferred.

Two poets sat having a frugal glass. "I wish Burns and Poe were with us tonight," said one. "We could have a rollicking time."

"I'd rather have Crocsus here," said the other. "He could buy a few drinks. Those other fellows wouldn't have a cent."