

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LAUREN STOUT

SYNOPSIS.

John Vallant, a well-to-do lawyer, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which is the principal source of his wealth, has private fortunes to the receiver for the corporation...

Hant. Your ancestors wrote their names in capital letters over this country. They were an old and do not die in good or bad (and, as Southall says, I reckon) — he nodded toward the great portrait above the doorway...

"Absolutely nothing." The major cleared his throat. "It was something he might naturally not have made a record of," he said.

"There was a moment's silence before Vallant spoke again. When he did his voice was steady, though drops had sprung to his forehead. "Was there any circumstance in that meeting that might be construed as reflecting on his honor?"

"I'm interested in the superb trousseau made for the president's daughter. But a review of the gown made for her, and other members of the bridal cortege, reveals an adaptation of the present mode to individual taste and refinement that is interesting to every eye."

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued. "The major nodded, 'Ah, yes,' he said. 'The Continental prison-camp. And just over this rise in the hills you see an old court-house, and the Virginia Assembly building under the golden tangle-bush of Jean rawden's golden Patrick Henry, I see a messenger gallop up and see the members scramble to their saddles—and then, fashion and his red-coats straggling, up, too late.'"

"Well," commented the doctor deliberately, "all I have to say is, don't materialize too much to Mrs. Gifford when you meet her. She'll have you lecturing to the Ladies' Church Guild before you know it."

"I'm fond of it," said Vallant, "but I have no horse as yet. I was thinking," pursued the major, "of the coming tournament."

"Beyond the Box-Hedge. As he greeted her, his gaze plunged deep into hers. She had recalled a step, startled, to recognize him almost instantly. He noted the shrikling and thought it due to a stabbing memory of that forest-hour. His first words were: 'I'm an uncomely trespasser.'"

BRIDES to be, more than any one else, are interested in the superb trousseau made for the president's daughter. But a review of the gown made for her, and other members of the bridal cortege, reveals an adaptation of the present mode to individual taste and refinement that is interesting to every eye.

"You don't mean to say," cried his hearer in genuine astonishment, "that Virginia has a lineal descendant of the tourney?"

The doctor cut in. "A ridiculous cock-a-doodle-to which gives your bucks a chance to ring it in silly turgory and rance their coats before a lot of petticoats."

"No," said the major, "I'm not referring to the major's hand, but to the major's eye. I'm not referring to the major's hand, but to the major's eye."

"I love to prove myself. I think sometimes I will be right better than the day. I believe in one of my incarnations I must have been a painter."

What He Had Drawn From the Shelf Was the Morocco Case That Held the Rusted Dueling-Pistol!

"I'm afraid I'm a sad sketch as a scientist," laughed Vallant. "My point of view has to be a somewhat practical one. I must be self-supporting. My damory farm is a big estate. It has grain lands and forest as well. If my ancestors lived in the country, it's not only that, but he went on more slowly, 'I want to make the most of the place for its own sake, too. Not only its possibilities for the future, but of its natural beauty, I lack the resources I once had, but I can give it thought and work, and if I can't bring Damory Court back to anything but even remotely resembling what it once was, I'll not spare either.'"

The Other Got Up and Stood Before the Major in a Napoleonic Attitude. When we were boys we used to call him 'Old One-Eye.' "It interests me enormously," John Vallant spoke explosively. "Your old stories of Devil-John would fill a mighty big book," said the major. "By all accounts he ought to have lived in the middle ages. Crossing the library, he looked into the dining room. "I thought I remembered. The portrait over the console there is his, your great-grandfather. They say he bet that when he brought his bride home, she should walk into Damory Court between rows of candle-garlands worth twenty thousand dollars. He made the wager good, too, for when she came up those steps out there, there were with a row of ten candles burning either side of the doorway, each held by a young slave worth a thousand dollars in the market."

"Come, Bristow," said the latter irritably. "You'll grow fast to the door presently. We mustn't talk a new neighbor to death. I've got to see a patient at six."

Not There for Experiment. Edith and Flora were passing their summer vacation in the country. "Do you know," said Edith, "what your farmer tried to kiss me. He told me that he had never kissed any girl before."

It is interesting to note that bathing caps, designed along entirely new lines, are taking the place of simpler caps of rubberized cloth made all exactly alike and without any reference to becomingness. The new caps are of silk and many of them intended to be worn over close-fitting rubber caps which provide the real protection to the hair.

WAS FIRST AMERICAN BANK Boston Institution That Issued \$400,000 in Scrip in 1714 as Accorded That Honor.

tutions found it as impossible to comply with the "old" credit" issued by nearly every colony as it would be today to rival the government in minting money. All this paper money rapidly disappeared in the hands of the military movements of offense and defense against the Canadian French...

HER RIGHTS IN THE HOME Woman Contends That Wife's Services Are Worth More Than Food and Raiment—Her Remedy.

Extract from a letter written by a woman on the subject of a wife's expenditures, in Farm and Fireside.

Enamel Chips in Sausages. M. Martel, chief of the Paris board of health, has just made a report on sausage manufacturing which contains some interesting revelations. He was evidently interested in ascertaining to what extent chips of the enamel coating of the meat grinders got into the finished sausages.

The first bank in America, located on State street, Boston, lodged money on real estate, personal property and imperishable merchandise, though it had not the privilege of issuing money, then a prerogative of the Bay State colony. After a few years, Boston's first branch discontinued business and was started in 1714, ten years after the first American bank printed in Boston. The new bank carried on business and issued \$400,000 in scrip on the basis now sought by certain financial promoters and bankers. It was scrip and nothing but scrip, and consequently the bank was short-lived. In 1752 of land bank was founded by several hundred subscribers who gathered in Boston as the bankers are meeting today and who attempted to relieve the scarcity of specie by issuing scrip based on real estate mortgages. A specie bank was also founded about the same time, but both insti-

tuations found it as impossible to comply with the "old" credit" issued by nearly every colony as it would be today to rival the government in minting money. All this paper money rapidly disappeared in the hands of the military movements of offense and defense against the Canadian French...

Fire Stopped Church Service. The sermon was stopped when the Rev. C. J. Whitehead, vicar of South Newtonville, five miles from Hanbury, Oxfordshire, England, was informed that the vicarage was on fire. He pronounced the benediction, and accompanied by most of the congregation, hurried to the vicarage to see the fire. The vicar was sent to Bloxham, where the fire was extinguished. News of the fire was sent to Bloxham, where the fire was extinguished. News of the fire was sent to Bloxham, where the fire was extinguished.

Modern Lover. "I say, old chap, you're an extravagant person. What you got there—a chrysanthemum?" "Dear me, no. That's a lavender vine for the adored one."

Squad of Chintz. With old-fashioned mahogany furniture, the bed covering should be old-fashioned, too. If you are fortunate enough to have an old quilt, make it an elaborate pattern, especially one that is pure white, use it on the old-fashioned bed. Otherwise make a spread of chintz, or else one of heavy hessian linen.



shaped neck. It was a triumph. The very long and moderately full tulle veil was arranged in a cap for the head, with a wreath of orange blossoms set just back of the gathered fullness at the front. The short face veil is thrown back, falling free from the head, but the remainder of the veil falls from the cap, into which it is gathered across the back of the head.

The bouquet of white orchids with many loops of gauze ribbon and val-pine lilies was provided with the usual pendants of ribbon and sprays of flowers, the longest reaching to the bottom of the gown.

This, and others of the trousseau, are worthy the study of women who refuse to follow exaggerations in style. The gowns are those of a woman of exquisite taste and a keen "sense of clothes."



Really Clever Bathing Caps. The cap illustrated is made of a piece of silk folded over and stitched in one seam. It is made to fit snugly about the head and finished with a narrow hem. The top of the cap is tacked on at the sides by way of a pocket for the hair.

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Sure Enough. "I say, old chap, you're an extravagant person. What you got there—a chrysanthemum?" "Dear me, no. That's a lavender vine for the adored one."