The VALIANTS of VIRGINIA

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ILLUSTRATIONS by LAUREN STOUT

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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, had 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, who decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange reminiscences during which it is revealed that the major, Valiant's father, and a man named Sassoon were rivals for the hand of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sassoon and Valiant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Valiant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and decides to rehabilitate the place. Valiant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knowing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the poison from the wound and saves his life. Valiant learns for the first time that his father left Virginia on account of a duel in which Carter Southall and Major Bristow acted as his father's seconds. Valiant and Shirley become good friends. Valiant faints when she meets Valiant for the first time. Valiant discovers that he has a fortune in old walnut trees. The yearly tournament, a survival of the days of chivalrous times, is held at Damory court. At the last moment Valiant takes the place of one of the knights, who is ailing, and enters the lists. He wins and chooses Shirley Dandridge as queen of beauty. To the dismay of Kashetine Fargo, a former sweetheart, who is visiting at Damory court. The tournament ball at Damory court draws the elite of the countryside. Shirley is crowned by Valiant as queen of beauty. Vincent tells Shirley of his love, and they become engaged. Kashetine Fargo, determining not to give up Valiant without a struggle, points out to Shirley how terrible it would be for the woman who caused the duel to meet Valiant, who looks so much like his father. Valiant, ancertain, but feeling that her mother was in love with the victim of Valiant's pistol, breaks the engagement. Greef King, a liberated convict whom Major Bristow had sent to prison, makes threats against his prosecutor. Valiant pleads with Shirley, but fails to persuade her to change her decision.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

Uncle Jefferson's lips relaxed in a wide grin. "Ah reck'n dah's er few stray sprigs lef', suh. Step in en mek yo'se'f et home. Ef Mars' John see yo', he be mought'y hyped up. Ah gwineter mix yo' dat julep in two shakes!"

He disappeared around the corner of the porch and the major strode into the hall, threw his gray slouch hat on the table, and sat down.

It was quiet and peaceful, that ancient hall. He fell to thinking of the many times, of old, when he had sat there. The house was the same again, now. It had waked from a thirty-years' slumber to a renewed prime. Only he had lived on meanwhile and now was old. He sighed.

How gay the place had been the night of the ball, with the lights and roses and music! He remembered what the doctor had said about Valiant and Shirley—it had lain ever since in his mind, a painful speculation. The recollection made him wince; thought from which he shrank. He stirred uneasily. What on earth kept that old darky so long over that julep?

A slight noise made him turn his head. But nothing moved. Only a creak of the woodwork, he thought, and settled back again in his chair.

It was, in fact, a stealthy footfall he had heard. It came from the library, where a shabby figure crouched, listening, in the corner behind the tapestried screen—a man evilly clad, with a scarred cheek.

It had been with no good purpose that Greef King had dogged the major these last few days. He hugged a hot hatred grown to white heat in six years of prison labor within bleak walls at the clicking shoe-machine, or with the chain-gang on blasting or frosty turnpikes. He had slunk behind him that afternoon, creeping up the drive under cover of the bushes, and while the other talked with Uncle Jefferson, had skirted the house and entered from the farther side, through an open French window. Now as he peered from behind the screen, a poker, snatched from the fireplace, was in his hand. His furtive gaze fell upon a morocco-covered case on a commode by his side. He lifted its lid and his eyes narrowed as he saw that it held a pistol. He set down the poker noiselessly and took the weapon. He tilted it—it was rusted, but there were loads in the chambers. He crouched lower, with a whispered curse: the major was coming into the library, but not alone—the old nigger was with him!

Uncle Jefferson bore a tray with a frosted goblet over whose rim peeped green leaves and which spread abroad an ambrosial odor, which the major sniffed approvingly as the other set the burden on the desk at his elbow.

"Majah," said the latter solemnly, "you reck'n Mars' John en Miss Shirley—"

"Good lord!" said the major, wheeling to the small ormolu clock on the desk. "It's most four o'clock. Haven't you any idea where he's gone?"

"No, suh, less'n he's gwineter look ovah dem walnut trees. Whut Ah's gwine ter say—yo' reck'n Mars' John en Miss—"

"Walnut trees? Is he going to sell them?"

"Tree man come f'om up norf' somewhah ter se erbout et ystidday. Yas, suh. Yo' reck'n Mars' John en—"

"Nice pot of money tied up in that timber! He saw it right off. You're a lucky old rascal to have him for a master."

"Hyuh, hyuh!" agreed Uncle Jefferson. "Dam'ry Co'ot er heap bettah dan drivin' er ol' stage-ter de deepo fer drummahs en lightnin'-rod agents. Ah sho' do pray de Good Man ter mek Mars' John happy," he added soberly, "but Ah's mought'y 'sturbed in mah mind—mought'y 'sturbed!"

The hidden watcher waited motionless. From where he stood he could look. He waited till through the rear window he saw the negro's bent figure disappear into the kitchens. Then he noiselessly lifted himself upright, and resting the pistol on the screen-top, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger.

The hammer clicked sharply on the worthless thirty-year-old cartridge, and the major sprang around with an exclamation, as with an oath, the other dashed the screen aside and again pulled the trigger.

"You infernal murderer!" cried the major. It was all he said, for, as he swung his chair up, the one-time bully of Hell's-Half-Acre rushed in and struck him a single sledge-hammer blow with the clubbed pistol. It fell full on the major's temple and the heavy iron crashed through.

Greef King stood an instant breathing hard, then, without withdrawing his eyes from the prostrate form, his hand groped for the cold goblet and lifting it to his lips, drained it to its dregs. "There!" he said. "There's my six-years' debt paid in full, ye lily-livered, fancy-weskited hellion! Take that from the mayor of the Dome!"

There was a man's step on the gravel and the sudden bark of a dog. The pistol fell from his hand. He stole on tiptoe along the corridor and leaped through the French window. As he dashed across the lawn, a startled cry came from the house behind him.

No human eye had seen him, but he had been observed for all that. Run your best now, Greef King! Double and turn how you will, there is a swift-er Nemesis pursuing. It is only a dog, and not a big one at that, but it is of a faithful breed that knows neither fear nor quarter. Like white lightning, without a bark or growl, Chum launched himself on the fleeing quarry, and in the shadow of the trees his teeth met in the ragged trousers-leg.

Kicking, beating with his hands at

Greef King Stood an Instant Breathing Hard.

the dragging weight, the man dashed on. Not till they had reached the hemlocks was that fierce grip broken, and then it was with a tearing of flesh and sinew. Panting, snarling with rage and pain, the man seized a fallen branch and stood at bay, striking out with vicious sweeping blows. But the bulldog, the hair bristling up on his thick neck, his red-rimmed eyes fiery, circled beyond reach of the flail, crouching for another spring.

Again he launched himself, and the man, dodging, blundered full-face into a thorn-bush. The sharp spines slashed his forehead and the starting blood blinded him, so that he ran without sense of direction—straight upon the declivity of Lovers' Leap.

He was toppling on its edge before he could stop, and then threw himself backward, clutching desperately at the slippery fern-covered rock, feeling his feet dangling over nothing. He dug his fingers into the yielding soil and with knee and elbow strove frenziedly to crawl to the path.

But the white bulldog was upon him. The clamping teeth met in the striving fingers, and with a scream of pain Greef King's hold let go and dog and man went down together.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later a motor was hurling itself along the Red Road to the village. The doctor was in his office and no time was lost in the return. En route they passed Judge Chalmers driving, and seeing the flying haste, he turned his sweating pair and lashed them after the car.

So that when the major finally opened his eyes from the big leather couch, he looked on the faces of two of his oldest friends. Recollection and understanding seemed to come at once.

"Well—Southall?"

The doctor's hand closed over the white one on the settee. He did not answer, but his chin was quivering and he was winking fast.

"How long?" asked the major after a lengthy minute.

"Maybe—maybe an hour, Bristow. Maybe not."

The major winced and shut his eyes, but when the doctor, reaching swiftly for a phial on the table, turned again, it was to find that look once more on him, now in yearning appeal. "Southall," he said, "send for Judith. I—I must see her. There's time."

The judge started up. "I'll bring her," he said, and his voice had all the tenderness of a woman's. "My carriage is at the door and with those horses she ought to be here in twenty minutes." He leaned over the couch. "Bristow," he said, "would you—would you like me to send for the rector?"

The major smiled, a little wistfully, and shook his head. He lay silent for a while after the judge had gone out—he seemed housing his strength—while the ormolu clock on the desk ticked ominously on, and the doctor busied himself with the glasses beside him. Presently he said huskily:

"You've had a bad fall, Bristow. You were dizzy, I reckon."

"Dizzy!" echoed the major with feeble asperity. "It was Greef King."

"Greef King! Good God!"

"He was hiding behind the screen. He struck me with something. He swore at his trial he'd get me. I was—a fool not to have remembered his time was out."

A look, wolf-like and grim, had sprung into the doctor's face. His eyes searched the room, and he crossed the floor and picked up something from the rug. He looked at it a moment, then thrust it hastily into his breast pocket.

"I—remember now. It was a pistol. He snapped it twice, but it missed fire."

"He can't hide where we'll not find him!" The doctor spoke with low but terrible energy.

"Not that I care—myself," said the major difficultly. "But I reckon he'd better be settled with, or he'll—be killing some one worth while one of these days."

A big tear suddenly loosed itself from the doctor's eyelid and rolled down his cheek, and he turned hastily away.

"There's no call to feel bad," said the major gruffly. "I've sort of been a thorn-in-the-flesh to you, Southall. We always disagreed, somehow, and yet—"

The doctor choked and cleared his throat.

"I reckon," the major murmured with a faint smile, "you won't get quite so much fun out of Chalmers—and the rest. They never did rise to you as I did."

A little later he asked for the restorative. "Ten minutes gone," he said then. "Chalmers ought to be at Rosewood by now . . . what a fool way to go—like this. But it wasn't—apoplexy, Southall, anyway."

At the sound of wheels on the drive, Valiant went out quietly. Huddled in a corner of the hall were Uncle Jefferson and Aunt Daphne, with Jereboam, the major's body-servant. Aunt Daphne, her apron thrown over her face was rocking to and fro silently, and old Jereboam's head was bowed on his breast. Valiant went quickly to the rear of the hall. A painful embarrassment had come to him—a curious confusion mingling with a fastidious sense of shrinking. How should he meet this woman who recoiled from the very sight of his face? In the swiftness of the tragic event he had forgotten this. From the background he saw Judge Chalmers lift down the frail form, and suddenly his heart leaped. There were two feminine figures; Shirley was with her mother.

The doctor stood just inside the library door and Mrs. Dandridge went hastily toward him, her light cane tapping through the stricken silence. Jereboam lifted his head and looked at her piteously.

"Reck'n Mars' Monty cyan' see ole Jerry now," he quavered, "but ye'all gib him mah love, Mis' Judith, and tell him—" His voice broke.

"Yes, yes, Jerry, I will."

The doctor closed the door upon her and came to where Shirley waited. "Come, my dear," he said, and dropped his arm about her. "Let us go out to the garden."

As they passed Valiant, she held out her hand to him. There was no word between them, but as his hand swallowed hers, his heart said to her, "I love you, I love you! No matter what is between us, I shall always love you!"

It was wordless, a heart-whisper that only love itself could hear, and he could read no answer in the deep pools of her eyes, heavy now with unshed tears. Judge Chalmers was with his voiceless greeting comforted and lightened by a little the weight of dumb impotence that he had borne.

In the library, lighted so brightly by the sunlight, yet grave with the hush of that solemn presence, the major looked into the face of the woman for whose coming he had waited so anxiously.

"It's all—up, Judith," he said faintly. "I've come to the jumping-off place.".

She looked at him whitely. "Monty, Monty!" she cried. "Don't leave me this way! I always thought—"

He guessed what she would have said. "Heaven knows you're needed more than me, Judith. After all, I reckon when my time had to come I'd have chosen the quick way." His voice trailed out and he struggled for breath.

"Jerry's in the hall, Monty. He asked me to give you his love."

"Poor old nigger. He—used to tote me on his back when I was a little shaver." There was a silence. "Don't kneel, Judith," he said at length. "You will be so tired."

She rose obediently and drew up a chair. "Monty," she faltered tremulously, "shall I say a prayer? I've never prayed much—my prayers never seemed to get above the ceiling, somehow. But I'll—try."

He smiled wanly. "I wouldn't want any better than yours, Judith. But seems as if I'd been prayed over enough. I reckon God Almighty's like anybody else, and doesn't want to be ding-donged all the time."

He seemed to have been gathering his resolution, and presently his hand fumbled over his breast. "My wallet; give it to me." She drew it from the pocket and the uncertain fingers took out a key. "It opens a tin box in my trunk. There's—a letter in it for you." He paused a moment, panting. "Judith," he said, "I've got to tell you, but it's mighty hard. The letter . . . it's one Valiant gave me for you—that morning, after the duel. I never gave it to you."

If she had been white before, she grew like marble now. Her slim fingers clutched the little cane till it rattled against the chair, and the lace at her throat shook with her breathing. "Yes—Monty."

He lifted his hand with difficulty and put the key into hers. "The seal's still unbroken, Judith," he said, "but I've kept it these thirty years."

She was holding the key in her hands, looking down upon it. There was a strained half-fearful wonder in her face. For an instant she seemed quite to have forgotten him in the grip of some swift and painful emotion.

"I loved you, Judith!" he stammered in anguished appeal. "From the time we were boy and girl together, I loved you. You never cared for me—Sassoon and Valiant had the inside track. You might have loved me; but I had no chance with either of them. Then came the duel. There was only Valiant then. I overheard his promise to you that night, Judith. He had broken that! If you cared more for him than for Sassoon, you might have forgiven him, and I should have lost you! I didn't want you to call him back, Judith! I wanted my chance! And so—I took it. That's—the reason, dear. It's—it's a bad one, isn't it?"

A shiver went over her set face—like a breath of wind over tall grass, and she seemed to come back from an infinite distance to place and moment. Between the curtains a white butterfly hovered an instant, and in the yard she heard the sound of some winged thing fluttering. The thought darted to her that it was the sound of her own dead heart awaking. She looked at the key and all at once put a hand to her mouth as though to still words clamoring there.

"Judith," he said tremulously, between short struggles for breath, "all these years, after I found there was no chance for me, I reckon I've—prayed only one prayer. God, let it be Sassoon that she loved!' And I've prayed that mighty near every day. The thought that maybe it was Valiant has haunted me like a ghost. You never told—and I never dared ask you, Judith—"

Her face was still averted, and when she did not speak he turned his head from her on the pillow, with a breath that was almost a moan. She started, looking at him an instant in piteous hesitation, then swiftly kissed the little key and closed her hand tight upon it. Truth? She saw only the pillow and the gray face upon it! She threw herself on her knees by the couch, and laid her lips on the pallid forehead.

"I—it was Sassoon, Monty," she said, and her voice broke on the first lie she had ever told.

"Thank God!" he gasped. He struggled to raise himself on his elbow, then suddenly the strength faded out and he settled back.

Her cry brought the doctor, but this time the restorative seemed of no avail, and after a time he came and touched her shoulder. With a last long look at the ash-pale face on the settee she followed him from the room. In the yellow parlor he put her into a chair.

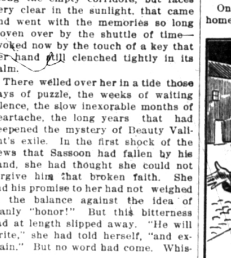
"No," he said, in answer to her look, "he won't rouse again."

"I will wait," she told him, and he left her, shutting the door with careful softness.

But the night figure with its silver hair, sitting there, was not alone. Ghosts were walking up and down. Not the misty wraiths John Valiant had at times imagined went flitting along the empty corridors, but faces very clear in the sunlight, that came and went with the memories so long woven over by the shuttle of time—evoked now by the touch of a key that her hand still clenched tightly in its palm.

There welled over her in a tide those days of puzzle, the weeks of waiting silence, the slow inexorable months of heartache, the long years that had deepened the mystery of Beauty Valiant's exile. In the first shock of the news that Sassoon had fallen by his hand, she had thought she could not forgive him that broken faith. She and his promise to her had not weighed in the balance against the idea of manly "honor!" But this bitterness had at length slipped away. "He will write," she had told herself, "and explain." But no word had come. Whispers had flitted to her—the tale of Sassoon's intoxication—stinging barbs that clung to Beauty Valiant's name. That these should rest unanswered had filled her with resentment and anger. Slowly, but with deadly surety, had grown the belief that he no longer cared. In the end there had been left her only pride—the pride that covers its wound and smiles. And she had hidden her wound with flowers. But in the deepest well of her heart her love for him had rested unchanged, clear and defined as a moss in amber, wrapped in that mystery of silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"No," He Said, in Answer to Her Look, "He Won't Rouse Again."

FABLES by GEORGE in SLANG

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The New Fable of the Juvenile Who Studied Mankind and Laid His Plans Accordingly.

Once there was a Kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too Soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blonde Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was as hard and flinty as that of the She-Purser in a swell Tavern who lately has cashed one that proved to be Phoney.

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Fash at the Magazine Beauty before she began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had stood in the private Lair of the Curio Dingers when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much Income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had stood by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gague, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that every Social Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss Carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tunnel.

One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery.

With a Comrade in Misery.

As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Cocoa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor, but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society, and I have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

MORAL—A little learning is a dangerous thing and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

The New Fable of the Cousin Who Became Cognizant of Our Shortcomings.

On the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined on his Cervical Vertebrae with a Plaid Shawl around him and roasted Our Native Land.

He told the American in the next Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the usual Hour and out in that place called Minnie-Apples, the stupid Waiter never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again after placing them outside the Door in Chicago.

The Houses were overheated and the Railway Carriages were not like those at Home and the Reporters were Forward Chaps and Ice should not be added with the Soda, because it was not being Done.

He was glad to escape from the Wretched Hole and get back to his own Lodgings, where he could go into Cold Storage and have a Joint of Mutton and Brussels Sprouts as often as desired.

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of ambitious Albion. He said we were a new and crude People who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese and our Politicians were corrupt and Murderers went unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation and the British Subject said: "The American is a Poltroon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Ealing, S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because Good Opportunities were being overlooked.

He said he could Tip any one in England except, possibly, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast Swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sporting Cakes with Seeds in it, drank Tea, Smoked Pipes and rode on Busses, and thought they were Living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could walk from Britain to any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion he expressed Pity for those who never tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Ex-patriate.

MORAL—No Chance.

The New Fable of the Two Brothers, The Even Start and the Contrasting Termini.

In a Flag Station the Job of Telegraph Operator is about the Limit of Earthly Ambition.

Therefore, Boys living in a weedy Hamlet began to hang around the Depot and learn the Morse Alphabet.

In due time each became a regular Railroad Man with Calico Sleeves and a Tooth-Brush in his upper Vest Pocket.

They were transferred to the Junction and began to have dealings with the Old Man himself and cuss when No. 6 balled up the Schedule.

Being quick on the Trigger and good at sizing up Men, they got into the Operating Department and each had a Card-Case full of Annuals.

One accepted an Offer to go up into Canada and crack the Whip over a Line being projected by British Capitalists who were too well-bred to get out in their Old Clothes and prod the Help.

The other remained in the Land of his Birth to push an Extension into the Northwest.

Each delivered the Goods in his own Ballywick—spanning the turbulent Streams, filling the deep Hollows, boring through the Hills and bringing a new Empire out of the lone some Wilderness.

When the Gauk who had been transformed into a Canuck cleaned up on the big Assignment, the Directors gave him a Dinner and the King sent for him to come up to the House and kneel on one Knee and be dubbed the Earl of Saskatchewan.

The Brother wanted to attend the ceremony, but he had to send his Regrets as he was in Jail at the time.

Moral—Only a few receive Titles but many are Indicted.

The Kaiser and the Bismarck.

It must have given the kaiser a sort of shiver along his spine when he contemplated the christening of a big ship in honor of the great chancellor whom he once unceremoniously brushed out of the field of human activities a generation ago. If the ghost of Bismarck watched the ceremony the occasion must have aroused the old lynical contempt for the motives of men and the ironies of time. Not merely the emptiness of posthumous honors would be apt to stimulate his sardonic humor, but even more, the inexorable course of history, which proves that not the greatest spirit is indispensable and that lack of genius is of the opportunity for displaying it may not impair or diminish a fortunate man's happiness in his own august estimation of his ego.—New York Sun.

Floor-Walkers.

Bacon—I see a reasonably active man walks about 297,200 miles in 84 years, just walking about his house and place of business.

Egbert—Of course, that doesn't include men who have had to care for restless children at night.

The Reason Why.

Doris—He groveled in the dust at my feet—

Dorith—How exciting!

Doris—For we were going to the movies and he had dropped his dime.—Stamford Chaparral.

DISEASE SPURNED BY ALL

No Country Will Admit That Dreaded Influenza Had Birth Within Its Borders.

Legion are the names that the dreaded "flu" has been called by those that have fallen under its magic spell.

No country will acknowledge that its shores are the birthplace of the "flu" fiend, and the following are a few of the names given this unowned disease.

In Russia it is called Siberian fever, and in Siberia Chinese fever. The people of Brazil know it by the name of polka fever, or zamporina; la grippe is the term generally in use in France, also la coquette and Spanish catarrh.

Germans define it as schafkrankheit (sheepdisease), Malattia tedesca (German sickness) is the epithet in use in Italy; whilst Spaniards name it influencia rusa and trancaza (a blow with a bar).

Very apt is the Swedish definition—snufsjuka and snuff fever.

Our own description—influenza—was taken from the eighteenth century Italian writers, who spoke of "una influenza di freddo" (influence of cold). Our own physicians mistook the description for the name of the disease itself—hence influenza.

Woman's Work.

According to the last volume of the British census returns in the United Kingdom women have succeeded in establishing themselves in a number of industries where their presence is unexpected.

Several women are paper-hangers and whitewashers, and four are bricklayers—all of them widows. There is only one woman coachman. Three women appear under the heading of "clergymen, priests and ministers," and four are coalheavers.

Then there are 347 women "carmen" and wagoners, and 231 women blacksmiths and "strikers."

One woman occupies herself with making patent fuel, and there are three women shipwrights, and five women "tramway car makers."

Finally, England and Wales can boast of 56 women carpenters and joiners, and 14 women masons. Of the latter 13 are widows.

It Saved the Natives.

A writer in Rome relates that some ladies touring in Sicily rented an automobile to take them to an interesting neighborhood, away from the beaten track of travel. "Everyone crossed himself as the machine went by. A man riding a horse saw it coming, leaped into the adjoining field and fled for his life; a horse drawing a cart with a man in it did the same thing (man's views on the proceeding not known); a donkey took one look, retired into the ditch, rolled quietly over on its back and waved four feet enteatingly. But when they stopped and the people understood that there was no danger, everyone was most courteous and charming."

Nothing Extra.

"Then you were disappointed in that efficiency expert?" asked Maud.

"I was," answered Mabel. "He couldn't kiss any better than half a dozen young men I know."

Where Sympathy Should Be.

She was angry, and her face revealed the fact.

"What is the matter, dear?" said her husband, as he entered the kitchen.

"You see that?" she replied vehemently, as she raised a mixing bowl in which she had just broken an egg. "That is the second bad egg I have found today. I believe Jim Fletcher keeps all the bad ones he gets in his old store for me!"

"Well, you shouldn't get angry about it, Nellie," said her husband soberly. "You ought to have more sympathy."

"Sympathy!" she echoed. "What do you mean? Sympathy for Jim Fletcher?"

"No, for the eggs," he replied. "Think how long they must have been tryin' to be good."—Lippincott's.

What Interested Her.

Little Myrtle, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cargetts of the Salvation Army, was apparently intensely interested in a sermon by Col. Samuel Brengle, for many years a friend of the late Gen. William Booth, at Salvation Army headquarters, in West Fourteenth street. Her parents highly approved of this reverent attitude.

"You were greatly impressed by Colonel Irengle's speech, were you not, my dear?" said her proud parent after the meeting.

"Yes, papa," she answered enthusiastically. "I was wondering all the time he was talking how far his chin sank into his whiskers." Colonel Brengle is blessed with a particularly impressive hirsute adornment. — New York Tribune.

Will Hold the Mayoralty.

A summons, by which it was sought to disqualify Alderman Henry O'Shea, the lord mayor of Cork, from sitting as a member of the city county, on the ground that he is an alien, has been dismissed by the Cork magistrates. Maurice Healy, M. P., who prosecuted, said Mr. O'Shea himself had admitted that he was an American citizen. The defense put in a certificate by the British consul at New York to the effect that no such name as "Henry O'Shea" appeared as registered as an American citizen.