

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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MODERN LIFE AMONG THE OLD, OLD REDWOODS

Here's good reading—a stirring tale by an able author about red-blooded people in an unique environment. Peter B. Kyne is as indigenous as the redwoods of which he writes with loving appreciation. Nevertheless, he has sailed the Pacific, been a soldier in the Philippines, and has served as a captain in France with the A. E. F. And the sheer merit of his literary workmanship has given this clerk in a California country store deserved nation-wide popularity as a short-story writer and novelist.

The characters in "The Valley of the Giants" are flesh-and-blood people—Americans—the sort we know—our kind: John Cardigan, pioneer lumberman among the redwoods, a strong man with a great heart, the soul of a dreamer and the unshaken faith of the frontiersman; he loves his redwoods even while he cuts his way to fortune through them. Colonel Pennington, the modern captain of industry, with no more conscience than a circular saw, no bowels of compassion, and contempt for the law except as a means of camouflage. Bryce Cardigan, present-generation American of the right kind, who takes up the fight when his father falls in the fray and successfully battles against odds to save his heritage, even while his heart is divided between his blind sire and his dearest enemy. Shirley Sumner, niece of Colonel Pennington, a first-class American girl, with a mind of her own, a heart, red blood and good sportsmanship.

And the story is as timely as its environment is unique. There is only one redwood country, and when the California redwoods are gone the redwoods are gone from the earth. John Cardigan and his like have laid most of them low, and threaten the few that remain. So it is that a great cry has gone up from the people to save for future generations some of those forest giants that were full-grown when Christ was born—with their cousins the sequoias they are the oldest and biggest living things of earth. So it is that the "Save the Redwoods" league has sprung into existence. So it is that congress is investigating the conditions preparatory to legislation for the establishment of a Redwoods national park.

The American of the future will be able to see the Big Trees (Sequoia gigantea) in all their glory; Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant national parks assure that. But unless money is provided for the purchase of a great grove of redwoods (Sequoia sempervirens) by congress, California or public subscription the redwoods are doomed to the ax and saw, with the exception of a few small and inadequate preserves. And among these same redwoods lies "The Valley of the Giants."

CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1850 a topsail schooner slipped into the cove under Trinidad head and dropped anchor at the edge of the kelp-fields. Fifteen minutes later her small-boat deposited on the beach a man armed with long squirrel rifle and an axe, and carrying food and clothing in a brown canvas pack. From the beach he watched the boat return and saw the schooner weigh anchor and stand out to sea before the northwest trades. When she had disappeared from his ken, he swung his pack to his broad and powerful back and strode resolutely into the timber at the mouth of the river.

The man was John Cardigan; in that lonely, hostile land he was the first pioneer. This is the tale of Cardigan and Cardigan's son, for in his chosen land the pioneer leader in the gigantic task of hewing a path was to know the bliss of woman's love and of parenthood, and the sorrow that comes of the loss of a perfect mate; he was to know the tremendous joy of accomplishment and worldly success after infinite labor; and in the sunset of life he was to know the dull despair of failure and ruin. Because of these things there is a tale to be told, the tale of Cardigan's son, who, when his sire fell in the fray, took up the fight to save his heritage—a tale of life with its love and hate, its battle, victory, defeat, labor, joy, and sorrow, a tale of that unconquerable spirit of youth which spurred Bryce Cardigan to lead a forlorn hope for the sake not of wealth but of an ideal. Hark, then, to this tale of Cardigan's redwoods:

Along the coast of California, through the secret valleys and over the tumbled foothills of the Coast range, extends a belt of timber of an average width of thirty miles. In approaching it from the Oregon like the first tree looms suddenly against the horizon—an outpost, as it were, of the host of giants whose column stretches south nearly four hundred miles to where the last of the rear-guard maintains eternal sentry-go on the crest of the mountains overlooking Monterey bay. Far in the interior of the state, beyond the fertile San Joaquin valley, the allies of this vast army hold a small sector on the west slope of the Sierras.

These are the redwood forests of California, the only trees of their kind in the world and indigenous only to these two areas within the state. Withstanding sixty years of attrition, there remains in this section of the redwood belt thousands upon

thousands of acres of virgin timber that had already attained a vigorous growth when Christ was crucified.

In sizes ranging from five to twenty feet in diameter, the brown trunks rise perpendicularly to a height of from ninety to a hundred and fifty feet before putting forth a single limb, which frequently is more massive than the growth which men call a tree in the forests of Michigan. Scattered between the giants, like subjects around their king, one finds noble fir, spruce, or pine, with some Valparaiso live oak, black oak, pepperwood, madrone, yew, and cedar.

John Cardigan settled in Humboldt county, where the sequoia sempervirens attains the pinnacle of its glory, and with the lust for conquest hot in his blood, he fled upon a quarter-section of the timber almost on the shore of Humboldt bay—land upon which a city subsequently was to be built. With his double-bit ax and crosscut saw John Cardigan brought the first of the redwood giants crashing to the earth above which it had towered for twenty centuries, and in the form of split posts, railroad ties, pickets, and shakes, the fallen giant was hauled to tidewater in ox-drawn wagons and shipped to San Francisco in the little two-masted coasting schooners of the period. Here, by the abominable magic of barter and trade, the dismembered tree was transmuted into dollars and cents and returned to Humboldt county to assist John Cardigan in his task of hewing an empire out of a wilderness.

Time passed, John Cardigan no longer swung an axe or dragged a cross-cut saw through a fallen redwood. He was an employer of labor now, well known in San Francisco as a manufacturer of split-redwood products, the purchasers sending their own schooners for the cargo. And presently John Cardigan mortgaged all of his timber holdings with a San Francisco bank, made a heap of his winnings, and like a true adventurer staked his all on a new venture—the first sawmill in Humboldt county. The timbers for it were hewed out by hand; the boards and planks were whipsawed.

It was a tiny mill, judged by present-day standards, for in a fourteen-hour working day John Cardigan and his men could not cut more than twenty thousand feet of lumber. Nevertheless, when Cardigan looked at his mill, his great heart would swell with pride.

"Here," said John Cardigan to himself smilingly when a long-drawn wall told him his circular saw was biting into the first redwood log to be

milled since the world began, "I shall build a city and call it Sequoia. By to-morrow I shall have cut sufficient timber to make a start. First I shall build for my employees better homes than the rude shacks and tent-houses they now occupy; then I shall build myself a fine residence with six rooms, and the room that faces the bay shall be the parlor. When I can afford it, I shall build more houses. I shall encourage tradesmen to set up in business in Sequoia and to my city I shall present a church and a school-house. We shall have a volunteer fire department, and if God is good, I shall, at a later date, get out some long-length fir-timber and build a schooner to freight my lumber to market. And she shall have three masts instead of two, and carry half a million feet of lumber instead of two hundred thousand. First, however, I must build a steam tugboat to tow my schooner in and out over Humboldt bar. And after that—ah, well! That is sufficient for the present."

Thus did John Cardigan dream, and as he dreamed he worked. The city of Sequoia was born with the Argonaut's six-room mansion of rough redwood boards and a dozen three-room cabins with lean-to kitchens; and the tradespeople came when John Cardigan, with something of the largeness of his own redwood trees, gave them ground and lumber in order to encourage the building of their enterprises. Also the dream of the school-house and the church came true, as did the steam tugboat and the schooner with three masts.

At forty John Cardigan was younger than most men at thirty, albeit he worked fourteen hours a day, slept eight, and consumed the remaining two at his meals. But through all those fruitful years of toil he had still found time to dream, and the spell of the redwoods had lost none of its potency.

At forty-two Cardigan was the first mayor of Sequoia. At forty-four he was standing on his dock one day, watching his tug klick into her berth the first square-rigged ship that had ever come to Humboldt bay to load a cargo of clear redwood for foreign delivery. She was a big Bath-bull clipper, and her master a lusty down-Easter, a widower with one daughter who had come with him around the Horn. John Cardigan saw this girl come up on the quarter-deck and stand by with a heaving-line in her hand; calmly she fixed her glance upon him, and as the ship was shunted in closer to the dock, she made the cast to Cardigan. He caught the light heaving-line, landed in the heavy Manila stern-line to which it was attached, and slipped the loop of the mooring-cable over the dolphin at the end of the dock.

"Some men wanted aft here to take up the slack of the stern-line on the windlass, sir," he shouted to the skipper, who was walking around on top of the house. "That girl can't haul her in alone."

"Can't. I'm short-handed," the skipper replied. "Jump aboard and help her."

Cardigan made a long leap from the dock to the ship's rail, balanced there lightly a moment, and sprang to the deck. He inserted a belaying-pin in the windlass, paused and looked at the girl. "Raise a chanty," he suggested. Instantly she lifted a sweet contralto in that rollicking old ballad of the sea—"Blow the Men Down."

Round the windlass Cardigan walked, steadily and easily, and the girl's eyes widened in wonder as he did the work of three powerful men. When the ship had been warped in and the slack of the line made fast on the bits, she said:

"Please run for'd and help my father with the bowlines. You're worth three foremast hands. Indeed, I didn't expect to see a sailor on this dock."

"I had to come around the Horn to get here, Miss," he explained, "and when a man hasn't money to pay for his passage, he needs must work it."

"I'm the second mate," she explained. "We had a succession of gales from the Falklands to the Evangelistas, and there the mate got her in irons and she took three big ones over the taffrail and cost us eight men. Working short-handed, we couldn't get any canvas on her to speak of—long voyage, you know, and the rest of the crew got scurvy."

"You're a brave girl," he told her. "And you're a first-class A. B.," she replied. "If you're looking for a berth, my father will be glad to ship you."

"Sorry, but I can't go," he called as he turned toward the companion ladder. "I'm Cardigan, and I own this sawmill and must stay here and look after it."

There was a light, exultant feeling in his middle-aged heart as he scampered along the deck. The girl had wonderful dark auburn hair and brown eyes, with a milk-white skin that sun and wind had sought in vain to bleach. And for all her girlishness she was a woman—bred from a race (his own people) to whom danger and despair

merely furnished a tonic for their courage. What a mate for a man! And she looked at him proudly.

They were married before the ship was loaded, and on a knoll of the logged-over lands back of the town and commanding a view of the bay, with the dark-forested hills in back and the little second-growth redwoods flourishing in the front yard, he built her the finest home in Sequoia. Here his son Bryce was born, and here, two days later, the new-made mother made the supreme sacrifice of maternity.

For half a day following the destruction of his Eden John Cardigan sat dumbly beside his wife, his great, hard hand caressing the auburn head whose every thought for three years had been his happiness and comfort. Then the doctor came to him and mentioned the matter of funeral arrangements.

Cardigan looked up at him blankly. "Funeral arrangements?" He passed his gnarled hand over his leonine head. "Ah, yes, I suppose so. I shall attend to it."

He rose and left the house, walking with bowed head out of Sequoia, up the abandoned and decaying skid-road through the second-growth redwoods to the dark green blur that marked the old timber, up the skid-road recently swamped from the landing to the down timber where the crosscut men and barkpeelers were at work, on into the green timber where the woods-boss and his men were chopping.

"Come with me, McTavish," he said to his woods-boss. They passed through a narrow gap between two low hills and emerged in a long narrow valley where the redwoods grew thickly and where the smallest tree was not less than fifteen feet in diameter and two hundred and fifty feet tall. McTavish followed at his master's heels as they penetrated this grove, making their way with difficulty through the underbrush until



They Came at Length to a Little Amphitheater.

they came at length to a little amphitheater, a clearing perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, oval-shaped and surrounded by a wall of redwoods of such dimensions that even McTavish, who was no stranger to these natural marvels, was struck with wonder.

"McTavish," Cardigan said, "she died this morning."

"I'm sore distressed for you, sir," the woods-boss answered. "We'd a whisper in the camp yesterday that the lass was like to be in a bad way."

Cardigan scuffed with his foot a clear space in the brown litter. "Take two men from the section-gang, McTavish," he ordered, "and have them dig her grave here; then swamp a trail through the underbrush and out to the donkey-landing, so we can carry her in. The funeral will be private."

McTavish nodded. "Any further orders, sir?"

"Yes. When you come to that little gap in the hills, cease your logging and bear off yonder." He waved his hand. "I'm not going to cut the timber in this valley. You see, McTavish, what it is. The trees here—ah, man, I haven't the heart to destroy God's most wonderful handiwork. Besides, she loved this spot, McTavish, and she called the valley her Valley of the Giants. I—I gave it to her for a wedding present because she had a bit of a dream that some day the town I started would grow up to yonder gap, and when that time came and we could afford it, 'twas in her mind to give her Valley of the Giants to Sequoia for a city park, all hidden away here and unsuspected."

"She loved it, McTavish, 'twas our playhouse, McTavish, and I who am no longer young—I who never played until I met her—I—I'm a bit foolish, I fear, but I found rest and comfort here, McTavish, even before I met

her, and I'm thinking I'll have to come here often for the same. She was like this sunbeam, McTavish. She—she—"

"Aye," murmured McTavish huskily. "I ken. Ye wouldna gie her a common or a public spot in which to wait for ye. An' ye'll be shuttin' down the mill an' loggin'-camps an' layin' off the hands in her honor for a bit?"

"Until after the funeral, McTavish. And tell your men they'll be paid for the lost time. That will be all, lad."

When McTavish was gone, John Cardigan sat down on a small sugarpine windfall, his head held slightly to one side while he listened to that which in the redwoods is not sound but rather the absence of it. And as he listened, he absorbed a subtle comfort from those huge brown trees, so emblematic of immortality; in the thought he grew close to his Maker, and presently found that peace which he sought. Love such as theirs could never die. . . . The tears came at last.

At sundown he walked home bearing an armful of rhododendrons and dogwood blossoms, which he arranged in the room where she lay. Then he sought the nurse who had attended her.

"Td like to hold my son," he said gently. "May I?"

She brought him the baby and placed it in his great arms that trembled so; he sat down and gazed long and earnestly at this flesh of his flesh and blood of his blood. "You'll have her hair and skin and eyes," he murmured. "My son, my son, I shall love you, for now I must love for two. Sorrow I shall keep from you, please God, and happiness and worldly comfort shall I leave you when I go to her." He nuzzled his grizzled cheek against the baby's face. "Just you and my trees," he whispered. "Just you and my trees to help me to hang on to a plucky finish."

For love and paternity had come to him late in life, and so had his first great sorrow; wherefore, since he was not accustomed to these heritages of all flesh, he would have to adjust himself to the change. But his son and his trees—ah, yes they would help.

And he would gather more redwoods now!

CHAPTER II.

A young half-breed Digger woman who had suffered the loss of the latest of her numerous progeny two days prior to Mrs. Cardigan's death, was installed in the house as nurse to John Cardigan's son, whom he called Bryce, the family name of his mother's people. A Mrs. Tully, widow of Cardigan's first engineer in the mill, was engaged as housekeeper and cook; and with his domestic establishment reorganized along these simple lines, John Cardigan turned with added eagerness to his business affairs, hoping between them and his boy to salvage as much as possible from what seemed to him, in the first pangs of his loneliness and desolation, the wreckage of his life.

While Bryce was in swaddling clothes he was known only to those females of Sequoia to whom his half-breed foster mother proudly exhibited him when taking him abroad for an airing in his perambulator. With his advent into rompers, however, and the assumption of his American prerogative of free speech, his father developed the habit of bringing the child down to the mill office, to which he added a playroom that connected with his private office. Hence, prior to his second birthday, Bryce divined that his father was closer to him than motherly Mrs. Tully or the half-breed girl. Moreover, his father took him on wonderful journeys which no other member of the household had even suggested.

Drought, cloudburst and blindness threaten to bring to naught John Cardigan's fifty years of endeavor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scottish Center of Industry. Dundee ranks as one of the leading industrial and commercial centers in northeastern and central Scotland. The district of Dundee is the center of the jute industry in the United Kingdom and practically all the raw jute imported into the country, which averages 1,200,000 bales annually, is consumed there. It is the staple industry of Dundee and employs normally about 35,000 workers.

On the Other Side. Little Phillip had cried all night with toothache and upon receiving a nickel the next morning he went as usual to get candy again. His auntie, on coming home, and finding he had bought candy with her nickel, asked him: "Why, Phillip, I thought you weren't ever going to eat candy again?" To which he replied: "Well, auntie, I'm not eating this candy on the toothache side."

DO ALL MY HOUSEWORK

Before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I could hardly stand, says Mrs. Kwarcinski.

Chicago, Ill.—"I suffered with displacements and irregularities and I did not know what to do. My mother advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and use the S. A. native Wash so I took her advice and used these remedies and cured myself. I feel fine and do all my housework which I could not do before, as I could hardly stand up and I have three healthy children. You can use this letter if you wish, for your remedy is certainly wonderful for sick, run down women."—Mrs. A. KWARCINSKI, 8627 W. Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.

For forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been making women strong and well, relieving backache, nervousness, ulceration, and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularities and periodic pains. It has also proved invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Women who suffer are invited to write for free and helpful advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

"Can't Cut Off My Leg" Says Railroad Engineer

"I am a railroad engineer; about 20 years ago my leg was seriously injured in an accident out West. Upon my refusing to allow the doctor to amputate it I was told it would be impossible to heal the wound. I have tried all kinds of salves and had many doctors in the past 20 years, but to no avail. Finally I resolved to use PETERSON'S OINTMENT on my leg. You cannot imagine my astonishment when I found it was doing what over 100 things had failed to do. My leg is now completely cured."—Gus Haut, 709 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Great for piles, eczema, old sores and all skin diseases. 50 cents. Mail orders filled. Peterson Ointment Co. Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

Multiples Too Fast. At one of the army schools the perspiring aspirants for knowledge were going through the intricacies of arithmetic. One raw youth was having particular difficulty with fractions.

"It's very simple," encouraged the instructor. "See this rule, now. How many tenths are there in it? Ten, of course. Now, how many hundredths? One hundred. Now, how many thousandths?"

"D—n!" explained the sufferer. "There must be millions of 'em."—American Legion Weekly.

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Surely From Boston. "Heavens, what a man!" "What's the trouble, my dear?" "We quarreled again this morning. I said, 'You poor fish, you run around after me for three years before I'd consent to marry you, dropping on your knees and proposing to me over and over again in the most absurd fashion.'"

"And what did he say to that?" "He said, 'My love, don't mix metaphors. A fish couldn't possibly perform the feats you attribute to me.'"

The Flapper. Mother—"Why don't you dress sensibly, Marie?" Daughter—"Oh, ma, it would seem so foolish."

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