

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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"CRAZY—LIKE A FOX."

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day old Bryce Cardigan. The redwood, with its cousin the sequoia, is the oldest and biggest thing on earth. It grows nowhere but in California. Most of the redwoods have gone; those remaining are apparently doomed to the ax and saw. The sequoias are safe to future generations in Sequoia and Yosemite National parks. The "Save the Redwoods League" has been organized with the purpose of establishing a Redwoods National park.

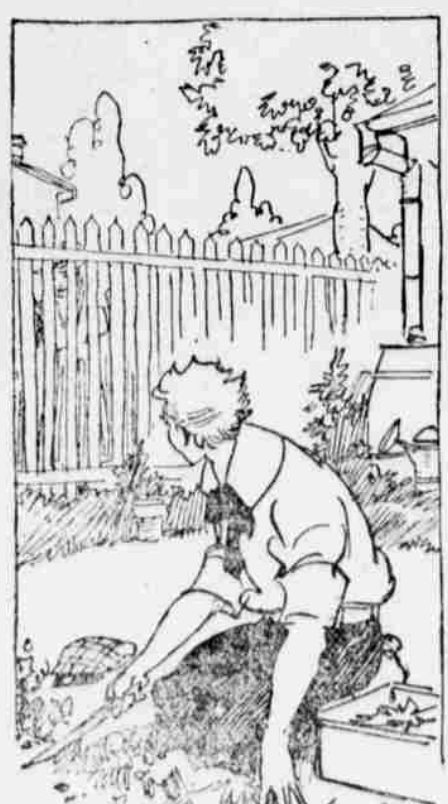
CHAPTER II—Continued.

Of all their adventures together, however, those which occurred on their frequent excursions up to the Valley of the Giants impressed themselves imperishably upon Bryce's memory. How well he remembered their first trip, when, seated astride his father's shoulders with his sturdy little legs around Cardigan's neck and his chubby little hands clasping the old man's ears, they had gone up the abandoned shid-road and into the semi-darkness of the forest, terminating suddenly in a shower of sunshine that fell in an open space where a boy could roll and play and never get dirty. Bryce looked forward with eagerness to those frequent trips with his father "to the place where Mother dear went to heaven."

When Bryce was six years old, his father sent him to the public school in Sequoia with the children of his loggers and mill-hands, thus laying the foundation for a democratic education all too infrequent with the sons of men rated as millionaires. Bryce's boyhood was much the same as that of other lads in Sequoia, save that in the matter of toys and later guns, fishing-rods, dogs and ponies he was a source of envy to his fellows. After his tenth year his father placed him on the mill pay-roll, and on pay-day he was wont to line up with the mill-crew to receive his modest stipend of ten dollars for carrying in kindling to the cook in the mill kitchen each day after school.

This otherwise needless arrangement was old Cardigan's way of teaching his boy financial responsibility.

When Bryce Cardigan was about fourteen years old there occurred an important event in his life. In a commendable effort to increase his income he had laid out a small vegetable garden in the rear of his father's house, and here on a Saturday morning, while down on his knees weeding carrots, he chanced to look up and discovered a young lady gazing at him through the picket fence. She was a



"Hello, Little Boy."

few years his junior, and a stranger in Sequoia. Ensued the following conversation: "Hello, little boy."

"Hello yourself! I ain't a little boy."

She ignored the correction. "What are you doing?"

"Weeding carrots. Can't you see?"

"What are you crying about?" Bryce demanded. Girls were so hard to understand.

"I'm gogging h-h-h-home tomorrow," she howled.

He was stricken with dismay and bade her desist from her vain repetitions. But her heart was broken, and somehow—Bryce appeared to act automatically—he had his arm around her. "Don't cry, Shirley," he pleaded. "It breaks my heart to see you cry. Do you want Midget? I'll give her to you."

Between sobs Shirley confessed that the prospect of parting with him and not Midget was provocative of her

tion of pinching the impudent stranger, suddenly and surreptitiously, and sending her away weeping. As his hand crept between the pallings on its wicked mission, the little miss looked at him in friendly fashion and queried: "What's your name?"

Bryce's hand hesitated. "Bryce Cardigan," he answered gruffly. "I'm Shirley Sumner," she ventured. "Let's be friends."

"When did you come to live in Sequoia?" he demanded. "I don't live here. I'm just visiting here with my aunt and uncle. We're staying at the hotel, and there's nobody to play with. My uncle's name is Pennington. So's my aunt's. He's out here buying timber, and we live in Michigan."

Her gaze wandered past Bryce to where his Indian pony stood with her head out of the window of her box-stall contemplating her master.

"Oh, what a dear little horse!" Shirley Sumner exclaimed. "Whose is he?"

"Tain't a he. It's a she. And she belongs to me."

"Do you ride her?"

"Not very often now. I'm getting too heavy for her, so Dad's bought me a horse that weighs nine hundred pounds. Midget only weighs five hundred." He considered her a moment while she gazed in awe upon this man with two horses. "Can you ride a pony?" he asked, for no reason that he was aware of.

She sighed, shaking her head resignedly. "We haven't any room to keep a pony at our house in Detroit," she explained, and added hopefully: "But I'd love to ride Midget. I suppose I could learn to ride if somebody taught me how."

He looked at her again. At that period of his life he was inclined to regard girls as a necessary evil. For some immutable reason they existed, and perforce must be borne with, and it was his hope that he would get through life and see as little as possible of the exasperating sex. Nevertheless, as Bryce surveyed this winsome miss through the pallings, he was sensible of a sneaking desire to find favor in her eyes—also equally sensible of the fact that the path to that desirable end lay between himself and Midget.

"Well, I suppose if you want a ride I'll have to give it to you," he grumbled, "although I'm pretty busy this morning."

"Oh, I think you're so nice," she declared.

A thrill shot through him that was akin to pain; with difficulty did he restrain an impulse to dash wildly into the stable and saddle Midget in furious haste. Instead he walked to the barn slowly and with extreme dignity. When he reappeared, he was leading Midget, a little silverpoint runt of a Klamath Indian pony, and Moses, a sturdy pluto cayuse from the cattle ranges over in Trinity county. "I'll have to ride with you," he announced. "Can't let a tenderfoot like you go out alone on Midget."

All affluter with delightful anticipation, the young lady climbed up on the gate and scrambled into the saddle when Bryce swung the pony broadside to the gate. Two hours of his valuable time did he give that morning before the call of duty brought him back to the house and his neglected crop of carrots. When he suggested tactfully, however, that it was now necessary that his guest and Midget separate, a difficulty arose. Shirley Sumner refused point blank to leave the premises. She liked Bryce for his hair and because he had been so kind to her; she was a stranger in Sequoia, and now that she had found an agreeable companion, it was far from her intention to desert him.

So Miss Sumner stayed and helped Bryce weed his carrots, and since as a voluntary laborer she was at least worth her board, at noon Bryce brought her in to Mrs. Tully with a request for luncheon. When he went to the mill to carry in the kindling for the cook, the young lady returned rather sorrowfully to the Hotel Sequoia, with a fervent promise to see him the next day. She did, and Bryce took her for a long ride up into the Valley of the Giants and showed her his mother's grave. They put some flowers on the grave, and when they returned to town and Bryce was unsaddling the ponies, Shirley drew Midget's nose down to her and kissed it. Then she commenced to weep rather violently.

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Between sobs Shirley confessed that the prospect of parting with him and not Midget was provocative of her

woe. This staggered Bryce and pleased him immensely. And at parting she kissed him good-bye, reiterating her opinion that he was the nicest, kindest boy she had ever met or hoped to meet.

When Shirley and her uncle and aunt boarded the steamer for San Francisco, Bryce stood disconsolate on the dock and waved to Shirley until he could no longer discern her on the deck. He thought of his elfin companion very frequently for a week, and he lost his appetite, very much to Mrs. Tully's concern. Then the steelhead trout began to run in Eel river, and the sweetest event that can occur in any boy's existence—the sudden awakening to the wonder and beauty of life so poignantly realized in his first love-affair—was lost sight of by Bryce. In a month he had forgotten the incident; in six months he had forgotten Shirley Sumner.

CHAPTER III.

Throughout the happy years of Bryce's boyhood his father continued to enlarge and improve his sawmill, to build more schooners, and to acquire more redwood timber. Lands, the purchase of which by Cardigan a decade before had caused his neighbors to impugn his judgment, now developed strategical importance. As a result those lands necessary to consolidate his own holdings came to him at his own price, while his adverse holdings that blocked the logging operations of his competitors went from him—also at his own price. In fact, all well-laid plans matured satisfactorily with the exception of one, and since it has a very definite bearing on the story, the necessity for explaining it is paramount.

Contiguous to Cardigan's logging operations to the east and north of Sequoia, and comparatively close in, lay a block of two thousand acres of splendid timber, the natural, feasible, and inexpensive outlet for which, when it should be logged, was the Valley of the Giants. For thirty years John Cardigan had played a waiting game with the owner of that timber, for the latter was as fully obsessed with the belief that he was going to sell it to John Cardigan at a dollar and a half per thousand feet stumpage as Cardigan was certain he was going to buy it for a dollar a thousand—when he should be ready to do so and not one second sooner.

Eventually the time for acquiring more timber arrived. John Cardigan, meeting his neighbor on the street, accosted him thus:

"Look here, Bill, isn't it time we got together on that timber of yours? You know you've been holding it to block me and force me to buy at your figure. I'll give you a dollar a thousand and stumpage for your timber, Bill."

"I want a dollar and a half."

"A dollar is my absolute limit."

"Then I'll keep my timber."

"And I'll keep my money. When I finish logging in my present holdings, I'm going to pull out of that country and log twenty miles south of Sequoia. Remember, Bill, the man who buys your timber will have to log it through my land—and I'm not going to log that quarter-section in the valley. Hence there will be no outlet for your timber in back."

"Not going to log it? Why, what are you going to do with it?"

"I'm just going to let it stay there until I die. When my will is filed for probate, your curiosity will be satisfied—but not until then. Better take a dollar, Bill. It's a good, fair price, as the market on redwood timber is now, and you'll be making an even hundred per cent. on your investment. Remember, Bill, if I don't buy your timber, you'll never log it yourself and neither will anybody else. You'll be stuck with it for the next forty years—and taxes aren't getting any lower."

"I'll hang on a little longer, I think."

"I think so, too," John Cardigan replied. And that night, as was his wont, even though he realized that it was not possible for Bryce to gain a profound understanding of the business problems to which he was heir, John Cardigan discussed the Squaw creek timber with his son, relating to him the details of his conversation with the owner.

Bryce pondered. "But isn't it cheaper to give him his price on Squaw creek timber than his logging in the San Hedrin and have to build twenty miles of logging railroad to get your logs to the mill?"

"It would be, son, if I had to build the railroad. Fortunately, I do not. I'll just shoot the logs down the hillside to the San Hedrin river and drive them down the stream to a log-boom on tidewater."

Bryce looked at his father admiringly. "I guess Dan Keyes is right, Dad," he said. "Dan says you're crazy—like a fox. Now I know why you've been picking up claims in the San Hedrin watershed."

"No, you don't, Bryce. I've never told you, but I'll tell you now the real reason. Humboldt county has no

rail connection with the outside world, so we are forced to ship our lumber by water. But some day a railroad will be built in from the south—from San Francisco; and when it comes, the only route for it to travel is through our timber in the San Hedrin valley. I've accumulated that ten thousand acres for you, my son, for the railroad will never be built in my day. It doesn't matter, son. You will still be logging there fifty years from now. And when the railroad people come to you for a right of way, my boy, give it to them. Don't charge them a cent. It has always been my policy to encourage the development of this country, and I want you to be a forward-looking, public-spirited citizen. That's why I'm sending you East to college. You've been born and raised in this town, and you must see more of the world. Listen to me, son. You're only a boy, and you can't understand everything I tell you, but



"I Dinna See How I'm to Keep the Mill Runnin'!"

some day understanding will come to you. You mustn't fail the people who work for you—who are dependent upon your strength and brains and enterprise to furnish them with an opportunity for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. When you are the boss of Cardigan's mill, you must keep the wheels turning; you must never shut down the mill or the logging-camps in dull times just to avoid a loss you can stand better than your employees."

His hard, trembling old hand closed over the boy's. "I want you to be a brave and honorable man," he concluded.

True to his word, when John Cardigan finished his logging in his old, original holdings adjacent to Sequoia and Bill Henderson's Squaw creek timber, he quietly moved south with his Squaw creek woods-gang and joined the crew already getting out logs in the San Hedrin watershed. Not until then did Bill Henderson realize that John Cardigan had called his bluff—whereat he cursed himself for a fool and a poor judge of human nature. He had tried a hold-up game and had failed; a dollar a thousand feet stumpage was a fair price; for years he had needed the money; and now, when it was too late, he realized his error. Luck was with Henderson, however, for shortly thereafter there came again to Sequoia one Colonel Pennington, a millionaire white-pine operator from Michigan. From a chair-warmer on the porch of the Hotel Sequoia, the Colonel had heard the tale of how stiff-necked old John Cardigan had called the bluff of equally stiff-necked Bill Henderson; so for the next few weeks the Colonel, under pretense of going hunting or fishing on Squaw creek, managed to make a fairly accurate cursory cruise of the Henderson timber—following which he purchased it from the delighted Bill for a dollar and a quarter per thousand feet stumpage.

No man is infallible, and in planning his logging operations in the San Hedrin watershed John Cardigan presently made the discovery that he had erred in judgment. That season, from May to November, his woods-crew put thirty million feet of logs into the San Hedrin river, while the mill saved on a reserve supply of logs taken from the last of the old choppings adjacent to Squaw creek. That year, however, the rainfall in the San Hedrin country was fifty per cent. less than normal, and by the first of May of the following year Cardigan's woods-crew had succeeded in driving slightly less than half of the cut of the preceding year to the boom on tidewater at the mouth of the river.

"Unless the Lord'll gi' us a lot more water in the river," the woods-boss McTavish complained, "I dinna see how I'm to keep the mill runnin'!" He was taking John Cardigan up the river bank and explaining the situa-

tion. "The heavy butt-logs has sunk to the bottom," he continued. "Wio a normal head of water, the lads'll move them, but w' the drapple we have the noo—" He threw up his hamlike hands despairingly.

Three days later a cloud-burst filled the river to the brim; it came at night and swept the river clean of Cardigan's clear logs. An army of Juggernauts, they swept down on the boiling torrent to tidewater, reaching the bay shortly after the tide had commenced to ebb.

Now, a claim is only as strong as its weakest link, and a log-boom is a chuplet of small logs, linked end to end by means of short chains; hence when the van-guard of logs on the lip of that flood reached the log-boom, the impetus of the charge was too great to be resisted. Straight through the weakest link in this boom the huge saw-logs crashed and out over Humboldt bar to the broad Pacific. With the ebb tide some of them came back, while others, caught in cross-currents, bobbed about the bay all night and finally beached at widely scattered points. Out of the fifteen million feet of logs less than three million were salvaged, and this task in itself was an expensive operation.

John Cardigan received the news calmly. He turned from the manager and walked away through his logged-over lands, across the little divide and down into the quarter-section of green timber he had told McTavish not to cut. Once in the Valley of the Giants, he followed a well-worn foot-path to the little amphitheater, and where the sunlight filtered through like a halo and fell on a plain little white marble monument, he paused and sat down on the now almost decayed sugar-pine windfall.

CHAPTER IV.

It was on the day that John Cardigan received the telegram from Bryce saying that, following four years at Princeton and two years of travel abroad, he was returning to Sequoia to take over his redwood heritage—that he discovered that a stranger and not the flesh of his flesh and the blood of his blood was to reap the reward of his fifty years of endeavor.

For a long time he sat there lethargic with misery. Eventually he roused himself, reached for the desk telephone, and pressed a button on the office exchange-station. His manager, one Thomas Sinclair, answered.

"Thomas," he said calmly, "you know, of course, that Bryce is coming home. Tell George to take the big car and go over to Red Bluff for him."

George Sen Otter, son of Bryce Cardigan's old half-breed nurse, was a person in whose nature struggled the white's predilection for advertisement and civic pride and the red man's instinct for adornment. For three years he had been old man Cardigan's chauffeur and man-of-all-work about the latter's old-fashioned home, and in the former capacity he drove John Cardigan's single evidence of extravagance—a Napier car, which was very justly regarded by George Sen Otter as the king of automobiles, since it was the only imported car in the county. Upon receipt of orders, therefore, from Sinclair, to drive the Napier over to Red Bluff and meet his future boss and one-time play-fellow, George Sen Otter arrayed himself in a pair of new black corduroy trousers, yellow button shoes, a blue woolen shirt with a large scarlet silk handkerchief tied around the neck, a pair of beaded buckskin gloves with fringe dependent from the gauntlet, and a broad white beaver hat with a rattlesnake-skin band. Across the windshield of the Napier he fastened an orange-colored pennant bearing in bright green letters the legend: MY CITY—SEQUOIA. As a safety-first precaution against man and beast en route, he buckled a gun-sash on to the spare tires on the running-board and slipped a rifle into the scabbard within quick and easy reach of his hand; and arrayed thus, George descended upon Red Bluff at the helm of the king of automobiles.

When the overland train coasted into Red Bluff and slid to a grinding halt, Bryce Cardigan saw that the Highest Living Authority had descended from the train also. He had elected to designate her thus in the absence of any information about her Christian and family names, and for the further reason that quite obviously she was a very superior person.

Record Genealogical Tree. A Spanish nobleman, the Count of Orca, has a genealogical tree complete in every branch from Noah downward. A golden ark figures in the family escutcheon, and the count maintains that his title commemorates the services rendered to humanity by his ancestor at the time of the Deluge.

Easily Cured. Edith—Ferdie says he feels down in the mouth. Maud—Tell him to cease chewing psychology for a mustache then.

Silk for Consistent Hindus. Muga silk is a product of Assam. Eri silk comes from caterpillars which feed on the castor oil plant. It is of great value in India, because it is the only silk that can be spun from cocoons without killing the insects in the cocoons, and it is therefore the only silk that can be worn by a strict Hindu.

Bryce Cardigan comes home to his blind father. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BIG CROPS ASSURED IN WESTERN CANADA

Need of Farm Labor Urgently Required for Harvest.

Rains of the past week which have been general throughout all portions of Western Canada, covering MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, and ALBERTA, have placed beyond all manner of doubt the certainty of vast grain crops throughout the entire district.

Reports from all points indicate marvelous and rapid growth. The conditions of a week or so back, which were decidedly less promising and led many to think that there might be a partial failure, have disappeared altogether and now there is a wave of optimism circulating throughout the entire country.

In 1915 there were enormous yields reported from all parts, and it would appear now as if in many places the yields of 1915 would be equaled if not beaten.

What might appear to be a drawback, is the apparent shortage of farm help. The Province of Manitoba through its Employment Bureau in Winnipeg, is asking for 10,000 harvest hands and over, offering from \$5 to \$6 per day. The Province of Saskatchewan is asking for 15,000 extra hands to take care of the immense harvest that is certain to be reaped in that Province. In Alberta the crop area is somewhat less, the labor conditions somewhat better, and is making a request for 5,000 extra farm hands.

Interviewing the officials of the different Governments, they are inclined to the opinion that as the crops in Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Illinois and other Central States are harvested there will be a movement northward that will materially help to take care of the labor situation. With the low railroad rates that may be secured on application to the Employment Offices at Winnipeg and at boundary points, or which may be secured through the Canadian Government Offices at Chicago, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Kansas City, Mo.; Omaha, Neb.; Des Moines, Ia.; Watertown, S. D.; St. Paul, Minn., and Grand Forks, N. D. will give to those seeking employment the opportunity to reach the harvest fields at a low cost.—Advertisement.

Aesop's Fables.

It is true that some "translators" of Aesop's Fables use "hen" for "goose" in the fable about the golden egg, but the Greek of the "text" is "chen," which looks like some fountainhead of "hen" but really means "goose." The accepted translators, or rather adapters, follow the familiar word of the vast majority, "goose." It must be remembered that there really is no original Aesopian text, but only some later transcriptions of what came to be regarded as the fables told by the old slave. The actual fount of the Aesopian folklore was Babrius, a Hellenistic fabulist of the second century, who wrote the fables in verse. Since there have been many versions and some years ago a batch of 70 more were found in the Vatican library. This Greek word "chen" was pronounced "kane," and hence it has no relation to "hen" except its belonging to the fowl family.

Rests With His Chief.

Sir Starr Jameson, better known as "Dr. Jim," the intrepid leader of the Transvaal Raid of 1895-6, now lies alongside his great leader and friend, Cecil Rhodes. His body was the other day removed from its original resting place to a new tomb, blasted and chiseled deep into the enormous mass of granite forming the top of the World's View, in the Matoppo hills, Rhodesia, which the founder of Rhodesia had chosen for his own resting place. "Doctor Jim" now lies under the shelter of, but just outside the great boulders—each as big as a four-roomed cottage—that encircle the grave of Cecil Rhodes. His tomb is closed with a plain slab of granite that has already been prepared on the spot, bearing a brass plate with the words "Here lie the remains of Leander Starr Jameson."

Bread Kneaded on Korean Streets.

Bread is kneaded on the streets, and with an excellent thoroughness, in Korea. After mixing, the dough is placed on a board in the road in front of the little bakeshop. Then two stalwart Koreans proceed to pound it with great beetles. The natives do not claim that the quality of the bread is improved by the addition of impurities in the way of insects and dust which naturally result from the open air treatment, says a bulletin of the National Geographic society. But if one objects to eating it, a native will quote a proverb which, being interpreted, runs: "He who would enjoy his food should not look over the kitchen wall."

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