

# The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

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CHAPTER X.  
—11—

A careful analysis of Shirley's feelings toward Bryce Cardigan immediately following the incident in Pennington's woods, had showed her that under more propitious circumstances she might have fallen in love with that impetuous young man in sheer recognition of the many lovable and manly qualities she had discerned in him. As an offset to the credit side of Bryce's account with her, however, there appeared certain debits in the consideration of which Shirley always lost her temper and was immediately quite certain she loathed the unfortunate man.

He had been an honored and (for aught Shirley knew to the contrary) welcome guest in the Pennington home one night, and the following day had assaulted his host, committed great bodily injuries upon the latter's employees for little or no reason save the satisfaction of an abominable temper, made threats of further violence, declared his unflinching enmity to her nearest and best-loved relative, and in the next breath had had the insolence to prate of his respect and admiration for her.

However, all of these grave crimes and misdemeanors were really insignificant compared with his crowning offense. What had infuriated Shirley was the fact that she had been at some pains to inform Bryce Cardigan that she loathed him—whereat he had looked her over coolly, grinned a little, and declined to believe her! Then, seemingly as if fate had decreed that her fidelity should be impressed upon her still further, Bryce Cardigan had been granted an opportunity to save, in a strikingly calm, heroic and painful manner, her and her uncle from certain and horrible death, thus placing upon Shirley an obligation that was as irritating to acknowledge as it was futile to attempt to reciprocate.

That was where the shoe pinched. Before that day was over she had been forced to do one of two things—acknowledge in no uncertain terms her indebtedness to him, or remain silent and to be convicted of having been, in plain language, a rotter. So she had indignantly and purposely left ajar the door to their former friendly relations.

Monstrous! He had seen the open door and deliberately slammed it in her face. Luckily for them both she had heard, all unsuspecting by him as he slowly hung the receiver on the hook, the soliloquy wherein he gave her a pointed hint of the distress with which he abated—knowledge which was all that deterred her from despising him with the fervor of a woman scorned.

The fascination which a lighted candle holds for a moth is too well known to require further elucidation here. In yielding one day to a desire to visit the Valley of the Giants, Shirley told herself that she was going there to gather wild blackberries. She had been thinking of a certain blackberry pie, which thought naturally induced reflection on Bryce Cardigan and reminded Shirley of her first visit to the Giants under the escort of a boy in knickerbockers.

Her meeting with Moira McTavish that day, and the subsequent friendship formed with the woods-boss's daughter, renewed all her apprehensions. On the assumption that Shirley and Bryce were practically strangers to each other (an assumption which Shirley, for obvious reasons, did not attempt to dissipate), Moira did not hesitate to mention Bryce very frequently. To her he was the one human being in the world utterly worth while, and it is natural for women to discuss, frequently and at great length, the subject nearest their hearts. Moira described Bryce in minute detail and related to her eager auditor little unconscious daily acts of kindness, thoughtfulness or humor performed by Bryce—his devotion to his father, his idealistic attitude toward the Cardigan employees, his ability, his industry. And presently, little by little, Shirley's resentment against him faded, and in her heart was born a great wishfulness bred of the hope that some day she would meet Bryce Cardigan on the street and that he would pause, lift his hat, smile at her his compelling smile and forthwith proceed to bully her into being friendly and forgiving—browbeat her into admitting her change of heart and glory in it.

To this remarkable state of mind had Shirley Sumner attained at the time John Cardigan, leading his last little trump in a vain hope that it would enable him to take the odd trick to the huge game he had played for fifty years, decided to sell his Valley of the Giants.

Shirley, as explained in a preceding chapter, had been present the night

John Cardigan, desperate and brought to bay at last, had telephoned Pennington at the latter's home, accepting Pennington's last offer for the Valley of the Giants. The cruel triumph in the Colonel's handsome face as he curtly rebuffed old Cardigan had been too apparent for the girl to mistake; she realized now that a crisis had come in the affairs of the Cardigans, and across her vision there flashed again the vision of Bryce Cardigan's homescoming—of a tall old man with his trembling arms clasped around his boy, with grizzled cheek laid against his son's, as one who, seeking comfort through bitter years, at length had found it.

Presently another thought came to Shirley. "I wonder," she mused, "He's proud. Perhaps the realization that he will soon be penniless and shorn of his high estate has made him chary of acquiring new friends in his old circle. Perhaps if he were secure in his business affairs—Ah, yes! Poor boy! He was desperate for fifty thousand dollars!" Her heart swelled. "Oh, Bryce, Bryce," she murmured, "I think I'm beginning to understand some of your fury that day in the woods. It's all a great mystery, but I'm sure you didn't intend to be so—so terrible. Oh, my dear, if we had only continued to be the good friends we started out to be, perhaps you'd let me help you now. For what good is money if one cannot help one's dear friends in distress? Still, I know you wouldn't let me help you, for men of your stamp cannot borrow from a woman, no matter how desperate their need. And yet—you only need a paltry fifty thousand dollars!"

Shirley carried to bed with her that night the woes of the Cardigans, and in the morning she telephoned Moira McTavish and invited the latter to lunch with her at home that noon. When Moira came, Shirley saw that she had been weeping.

"My poor Moira!" she said, putting her arms around her visitor. "What has happened to distress you? There, there, dear! Tell me all about it."

Moira laid her head on Shirley's shoulder and sobbed for several minutes. Then, "It's Mr. Bryce," she wailed. "He's so unhappy. Something's happened; they're going to sell Cardigan's redwoods; and they—don't want to. Just before I left the office, Mr. Bryce came in—and stood a moment looking at me—so tragically I—I asked him what had happened. Then he patted my cheek—oh, I know I'm just one of his responsibilities—and said, 'Poor Moira! Never any luck!' and went into his—private office. I waited a little, and then I went in, too; and—oh, Miss Sumner, he had his head down on his desk, and when I touched his head, he reached up and took my hand and held it—and laid his cheek against it a little



Moira Described Bryce in Minute Detail.

while—and oh, his cheek was wet. It's cruel of God—to make him—unhappy. He's good—too good. And—oh, I love him so. Miss Shirley, I love him so—and he'll never, never know. I'm just one of his—responsibilities, you know; and I shouldn't presume. But nobody—has ever been kind to me but Mr. Bryce—and you. And I can't help loving people who are kind—and gentle to nobodies."

Moira's story—her confession of love, so tragic because so hopeless—stirred Shirley deeply. She seated herself in front of Moira and cupped her chin in her palm.

"Of course, dear," she said, "you couldn't possibly see anybody you loved suffer so and not feel dreadfully about it. And when a man like Bryce

Cardigan is struck down, he's apt to present rather a tragic and helpless figure. He wanted sympathy, Moira—woman's sympathy, and it was dear of you to give it to him."

"I'd gladly die for him," Moira answered simply. "Oh, Miss Shirley, you don't know him the way we who work for him do. If you did, you'd love him, too. You couldn't help it, Miss Shirley."

"Tell me about his trouble, Moira."

"I think it's money. He's been terribly worried for a long time, and I'm afraid things aren't going right with the business. It hurts them terribly to have to sell the Valley of the Giants, but they have to; Colonel Pennington is the only one who would consider buying it; they don't want him to have it—and still they want to sell to him. Mr. Bryce says his father has lost his courage at last; and oh, dear, things are in such a mess. Mr. Bryce started to tell me all about it—and then he stopped suddenly and wouldn't say another word."

Shirley smiled. She thought she understood the reason for that. However, she did not pause to speculate on it, since the crying need of the present was the distribution of a ray of sunshine to broken-hearted Moira.

"Silly," she chided, "how needlessly you are grieving! You say my uncle has declined to buy the Valley of the Giants?"

Moira nodded.

"My uncle doesn't know what he's talking about, Moira. I'll see that he does buy it. What price are the Cardigans asking for it now?"

"Well, Colonel Pennington has offered them a hundred thousand dollars for it time and again, but last night he withdrew that offer. Then they named a price of fifty thousand, and he said he didn't want it at all."

"He needs it, and it's worth every cent of a hundred thousand to him, Moira. Don't worry, dear. He'll buy it, because I'll make him, and he'll buy it immediately; only you must promise me not to mention a single word of what I'm telling you to Bryce Cardigan, or in fact, to anybody. Do you promise?"

Moira seized Shirley's hand and kissed it impulsively. "Very well, then," Shirley continued. "That matter is adjusted, and now we'll all be happy. Cheer up, dear, and remember that some time this afternoon you're going to see Mr. Bryce smile again, and perhaps there won't be so much of a cloud over his smile this time."

When Moira returned to the office of the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, Shirley rang for her maid. "Bring me my motorcar and hat, Thekla," she ordered, "and telephone for the limousine." She seated herself before the mirror at her dressing-table and dusted her adorable nose with a powder-puff. "Mr. Smarty Cardigan," she murmured happily, "you walked rough-shod over my pride, didn't you? Placed me under an obligation I could never hope to meet—and then ignored me—didn't you? Very well, old boy. We all have our innings sooner or later, you know, and I'm going to make a substantial payment on that huge obligation as sure as my name is Shirley Sumner. Then, some day when the sun is shining for you again, you'll come to me and be very, very humble. You're entirely too independent, Mr. Cardigan, but, oh, my dear, I do hope you will not need so much money. I'll be put to my wit's end to get it to you without letting you know, because if your affairs go to smash, you'll be perfectly intolerable."

She paused suddenly. "No, I'll not do that, either," she soliloquized. "I'll keep it myself—for an investment. I'll show Uncle Seth I'm a business woman, after all. He has had his fair chance at the Valley of the Giants, after waiting years for it, and now he has deliberately sacrificed that chance to be mean and vindictive. I'll buy the valley but keep my identity secret from everybody; then, when Uncle Seth finds a stranger in possession, he'll have a fit, and perhaps, before he recovers, he'll sell me all his Squaw creek timber—only he'll never know I'm the buyer, Shirley, my dear. I'm pleased with you. Really, I never knew until now why men could be so devoted to business. Won't it be jolly to step in between Uncle Seth and Bryce Cardigan, hold up my hand like a policeman, and say: 'Stop it, boys. No fighting, if you please. And if anybody wants to know who's boss around here, start something.'"

When her uncle came home that night, Shirley observed that he was preoccupied and disinclined to conversation.

"I noticed in this evening's paper," she remarked presently, "that Mr. Cardigan has sold his Valley of the Giants. So you bought it, after all?"

"No such luck!" he almost barked. "I'm an idiot. I should be placed in charge of a keeper. Now, for heaven's sake, Shirley, don't discuss that timber with me, for if you do, I'll go plain, lunatic crazy."

"Poor Uncle Seth," she purred sweetly. "Her apparent sympathy soothed his ruffled soul. He continued—

"Oh, I'll get the infernal property, and it will be worth what I have to pay for it, only it certainly does grieve me to realize that I am about to be held up, with no help in sight. I'll see Judge Moore tomorrow and offer him a quick profit for his client. That's the game, you know."

"I do hope the new owner exhibits some common sense, uncle dear," she replied, and turned back to the piano. "But I greatly fear," she added to herself, "that the new owner is going to prove a most obstinate creature and frightfully hard to discover."

True to his promise, the Colonel called on Judge Moore bright and early the following morning. "Act Three of that little business drama entitled 'The Valley of the Giants,' my dear judge," he announced pleasantly. "I play the lead in this act. You remember me, I hope. I played a bit in Act Two."

"In so far as my information goes, sir, you've been cut out of the cast in Act Three. I don't seem to find any lines for you to speak."

"One line, judge; one little line. What profit does your client want on that quarter-section?"

"That quarter-section is not in the market, Colonel. When it is, I'll send for you, since you're the only logical prospect should my client decide to sell. And remembering how you butted in on politics in this county last fall and provided a slush fund to beat me and place a crook on the Superior court bench, in order to give you an edge in the many suits you are always filing or having filed against you, I rise to remark that you have about



"I Should Be Placed in Charge of a Keeper."

ten split seconds in which to disappear from my office. If you linger longer, I'll start throwing paperweights." And as if to emphasize his remark, the judge's hand closed over one of the articles in question.

The Colonel withdrew with what dignity he could muster.

Upon his return from the office that night, Bryce Cardigan found his father had left his bed and was seated before the library fire.

"Feeling a whole lot better today, eh, pal?" his son queried.

John Cardigan smiled. "Yes, son," he replied plaintively. "I guess I'll manage to live till next spring."

"Oh, I knew there was nothing wrong with you, John Cardigan, that a healthy check wouldn't cure. Well, we can afford to draw our breath now, and that gives us a fighting chance, partner. And right after dinner you and I will sit down and start brewing a pot of powerful bad medicine for the Colonel."

Accordingly, dinner disposed of, father and son sat down together to prepare the plan of campaign. For the space of several minutes a silence settled between them, the while they puffed meditatively upon their cigars. Then the old man spoke.

"We'll have to fight him in the dark."

"Why?"

"Because if Pennington knows, or even suspects the identity of the man who is going to parallel his logging railroad, he will throw all the weight of his truly capable mind, his wealth and his ruthlessness against you—and you will be smashed. You have one advantage starting out. The Colonel doesn't think you have the courage to parallel his road in the first place; in the second place, he knows you haven't the money; and in the third place he is morally certain you cannot borrow it, because you haven't any collateral to secure your note. So, all things considered the Colonel will be slow to suspect us of having an ace in the hole; but by jinks we have it, and we're going to play it. You must engage some reliable engineer to look over the proposed route of the road and give us an estimate of the cost of construction."

"For the sake of argument we will consider that done, and that the estimate comes within the scope of the sum Gregory is willing to advance us."

"Now, then, you are going to incorporate a company to build a road twelve miles long—and a private road, at that. That would be a fatal step. Pennington would know somebody was going to build a logging road, and regardless of who the builders were, he would have to fight them in self-protection. How are you going to cover your trail, my son?"

Bryce pondered. "I will, to begin, have a dummy board of directors. Also, my road cannot be private; since we must be a common carrier, we might as well carry our deception still further and incorporate for the purpose of building a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., there to connect with the Southern Pacific."

John Cardigan smiled. "The old dream revived, eh? Well, the old jokes always bring a hearty laugh. People will laugh at your company, because folks up this way realize that

the construction cost of such a road is prohibitive."

"Well, since we're not going to build more than twelve miles of our road during the next year, and probably not more than ten miles additional during the present century, we won't worry over it. It doesn't cost a cent more to procure a franchise to build a road from here to the moon. If we fall to build to Grant's Pass, our franchise to build the uncompleted portion of the road merely lapses and we hold only that portion which we have constructed. That's all we want to hold. Moreover, deeds to rights of way can be drawn with a time-limit, after which they revert to the original owners."

"Good strategy, my son! And certainly as a common carrier we will be welcomed by the farmers and cattlemen along our short line."

"Well, that about completes the rough outline of our plan. We have a year in which to build our road; if we do not hurry, the mill will have to shut down for lack of logs, when our contract with Pennington expires."

"You forget the manager for our new corporation—the vice president and general manager. He must be a man of real ability and a person you can trust implicitly."

"I have the very man. His name is Buck Ogilvy and only this very day I received a letter from him begging me for a small loan. I have Buck on ice in a fifth-class San Francisco hotel."

"Tell me about him, Bryce."

"I'll read you his letter. I claim there is more character in a letter than in a face."

Here Bryce read aloud:

"Golden Gate Hotel—Rooms Fifty Cents—and Up.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 16, 1916.

My dear Cardigan: Hark to the voice of one crying in the wilderness; then picture to yourself the unlamented spectacle of a strong man crying.

"Let us assume that you have duly considered. Now wind up your wrist and send me a rectangular piece of white, blue, green or pink paper bearing in the lower right-hand corner, in your clear, bold cigraphy, the magic words 'Bryce Cardigan'—with the little up-and-down hook and flourish which identifies your signature given in your serious moods and lends value to otherwise worthless paper."

"When you knew me last, I was a prosperous young contractor. Alas! I put all my eggs in one basket and produced an omelette. Took a contract to build a railroad in Honduras. Honduras got to fighting with Nicaragua; the government I had done business with went out of business; and the Nicaraguan army recruited all my laborers and mounted them on my mules and horses, swiped all my grub, and told me to go home. I went. Why stay? Moreover, I had an incentive consisting of about an inch of bayonet—fortunately not applied in a vital spot—which accelerated rather than depressed my speed."

"Hurry, my dear Cardigan. I finished eating my overcoat the day before yesterday."

"Make it a hundred, and God will bless you. When I get it, I'll come to Sequoia and kiss you. I'll pay you back some time—of course."

"Wistfully thine,  
BUCK OGILVY.

P. S.—Delays are dangerous, and procrastination is the thief of time.—B."

John Cardigan chuckled. "I'd take Buck Ogilvy, Bryce. He'll do. Is he honest?"

"I don't know. He was, the last time I saw him."

"Then wire him a hundred. Don't wait for the mail."

"I have already wired him the hundred. In all probability he is now out whirling like a dervish."

"Good boy! Well, I think we've planned sufficient for the present, Bryce. You'd better leave for San Francisco tomorrow and close your deal with Gregory. Hire a good lawyer to draw up the agreement between you; be sure you're right, and then go ahead—full speed. When you return to Sequoia, I'll have a few more points to get you, I'll mull them over in the meantime."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Selfishness Gains Nothing

Men should see life as more than a means of personal advancement. Selfishness may achieve, but its inglorious name will soon be forgotten in the round of yesterdays. It's life that lives for the common good that lays tribute on humanity and carves an indelible name in the very foundations of history. Call it Utopia if you will. Facts show that men must die to really live. And men who give themselves to human betterment live as they raise others from unreasonable drudgery to honorable toil and common comforts.

Birds That Speak

Ravens, crows and magpies are all better speakers than parrots. They are not so versatile and the sounds they utter are less varied, but their voices and articulation are far more human. A crow's talk in the next room may easily be mistaken for that of a person. Parrots are the best imitators; that is to say, they mimic whistling and other noises, particularly laughing, to admiration. It has been remarked that their voices in speaking are like that of a crazy person.

Reasons for Using Stones

The forest rangers on Mount Rainier have a house on top of the mountains built of stone, whereas under usual conditions it is the custom to construct these buildings of wood. The proximity of the stone and the scarcity of wood and the difficulty of obtaining it from the lower levels is responsible for this departure.

SAY "DIAMOND DYES"

Don't streak or ruin your material in a poor dye. Insist on "Diamond Dyes." Easy directions in packages.

## "CORNS"

Lift Right Off Without Pain



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

BROUGHT HIM TO THE POINT

Maidens Confession Was Something Most Dilatory Lover Could Hardly Affect to Ignore.

For many months he had been eating free suppers at her father's expense and the fair Mabel thought it time he got a move on. One evening as they sat together in the parlor she carried out her little scheme.

"Oh, how funny," she cried suddenly, as she turned over the pages of the evening paper.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Why, here's an advertisement in which it says, 'No reasonable offer refused.'"

"What's odd about that?" asked the young man in surprise.

"Oh, nothing," she replied coyly, trying to give a blush, "but those are my sentiments exactly."

Three weeks later the invitations.—Houston Post.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv

Too General

Director General Hines said of a diagnosis of the railroad trouble: "That diagnosis won't go down. It is too general. In fact, it reminds me of a young wife I know."

"Her two-year-old baby was crying terribly one day at the lunch table, and her mother-in-law entered the room and said:

"What on earth is baby crying about?"

"The young wife made a distracted gesture.

"It's either," she said, "that she wants more mince pie, or that she's eaten too much!""

Willing to Walk

"One of these days they will be running airships regularly for passenger service."

"That's why I'm so strong for good roads."

"Aviators don't use roads."

"No. But I don't want to be obliged to use airships."

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION  
25 CENTS  
6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief

TOO LATE

Death only a matter of short time. Don't wait until pains and aches become incurable diseases. Avoid painful consequences by taking

GOLD MEDAL  
HAARLEM OIL  
CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles—the National Remedy of Holland since 1696. Guaranteed. Three sizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

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