

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XI.

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When Bryce Cardigan walked down the gangplank at the steamship dock in San Francisco, the first face he saw among the waiting crowd was Buck Ogilvy's. Ogilvy thrust forth a great speckled paw for Bryce to shake. Bryce ignored it.

"Why, don't you remember me?" Ogilvy demanded. "I'm Buck Ogilvy." Bryce looked him fairly in the eye and favored him with a lightning wink. "I have never heard of you, Mr. Ogilvy. You are mistaking me for some one else."

"Sorry," Ogilvy murmured. "My mistake. Thought you were Bill Kerrick, who used to be a partner of mine." Bryce nodded and passed on, hailed a taxicab, and was driven to the San Francisco office of his company. Five minutes later the door opened and Buck Ogilvy entered.

"I was a bit puzzled at the dock, Bryce," he explained as they shook hands, "but decided to play safe and then follow you to your office. What's up? Have you killed somebody, and are the detectives on your trail? If so, I'll assume the responsibility for your crime, just to show you how grateful I am for that hundred."

"No I wasn't being shadowed, Buck, but my principal enemy was coming down the gangplank right behind me, and—"

"So was my principal enemy," Ogilvy interrupted. "What does our enemy look like?"

"Like ready money. And if he had seen me shaking hands with you, he'd have suspected a connection between us later on. Buck, you have a good job—about five hundred a month."

"Thanks, old man. I'd work for you for nothing. What are we going to do?"

"Build twelve miles of logging railroad and parallel the line of the old woff I spoke of a moment ago."

"Good news! We'll do it. How soon do you want it done?"

"As soon as possible. You're the vice president and general manager."

"I accept the nomination. What do I do first?"

"Listen carefully to my story, analyze my plan for possible weak spots, and then get busy. Because after I have provided the funds and given the word 'Go!' the rest is up to you. I must not be known in the transaction at all, because that would be fatal."

Three hours later Ogilvy was in possession of the most minute details of the situation in Sequoia, had tabulated, indexed and cross-indexed them in his ingenious brain and was ready for business—and so announced himself. Always an enthusiast in all things, in his mind's eye Mr. Ogilvy could already see a long trainload of logs coming down the Northern California & Oregon railroad, as he and Bryce had decided to christen the venture.

When Bryce Cardigan returned to Sequoia, his labors, in so far as the building of the road were concerned, had been completed. His agreement with Gregory of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company had been signed, sealed and delivered; the money to

desk, a filing cabinet, and a brisk young male secretary.

He had been in town less than an hour when the editor of the Sequoia Sentinel sent up his card. The announcement of the incorporation of the California Outrage (for so had Mr. Ogilvy, in huge enjoyment of the misery he was about to create, dubbed the road) had previously been flashed to the Sentinel by the United Press association, as a local feature story, and already speculation was rife in Sequoia as to the identity of the hare-brained individuals who dared to back an enterprise as nebulous as the millennium. Mr. Ogilvy was expecting the visit—in fact, impatiently awaiting it; and since the easiest thing he did was to speak for publication, naturally the editor of the Sentinel got a story which, to that individual's simple soul, seemed to warrant a seven-column head—which it received. In glowing terms he spoke of the billions of tons of timber-products to be hauled out of this wonderfully fertile and little-known country, and confidently predicted for the county a future commercial supremacy that would be simply staggering to contemplate.

When Colonel Seth Pennington read this outburst he smiled. "That's a bright scheme on the part of that Trinidad Redwood Timber company gang to start a railroad excitement and unload their white elephant," he declared.

When Bryce Cardigan read it, he laughed. The interview was so like Buck Ogilvy! In the morning the latter's automobile was brought up from the steamship dock, and accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Ogilvy disappeared into the north following the bright new stakes of his surveying gang, and for three weeks was seen no more.

On a day when Bryce's mind happened to be occupied with thoughts of Shirley Sumner, he bumped into her on the main street of Sequoia, and to her great relief but profound surprise, he paused in his tracks, lifted his hat, smiled, and opened his mouth to say something—thought better of it, changed his mind, and continued on about his business. As Shirley passed him, she looked him squarely in the face, and in her glance there was neither coldness nor malice.

Bryce felt himself alive from heels to hair one instant, and cold and clammy the next, for Shirley spoke to him. "Good morning, Mr. Cardigan."

He paused, turned, and approached her. "Good morning, Shirley," he replied. "How have you been?"

"I might have been dead, for all the interest you took in me," she replied sharply. "As matters stand, I'm exceedingly well—thank you. By the way, are you still belligerent?"

He nodded. "I have to be."

"I think you're a great big grouch, Bryce Cardigan," she flared at him.

"You make me unutterably weary."

"I'm sorry," he answered, "but just at present I am forced to subject you to the strain. Say a year from now, when things are different with me, I'll strive not to offend."

"I'll not be here a year from now," she warned him.

He bowed. "Then I'll go wherever you are—and bring you back." And with a mocking little grin, he lifted his hat and passed on.

Col. Seth Pennington was among those who, skeptical at first and inclined to ridicule the project into an early grave, eventually found himself swayed by the publicity and gradually coerced into serious consideration of the results attendant upon the building of the road. The Colonel was naturally as suspicious as a rattlesnake in August; hence he had no sooner emerged from the ranks of the frank scoffers than his alert mind framed the question:

"How is this new road—improbable as I know it to be—going to affect the interests of the Laguna Grande Lumber company, if the unexpected should happen and those bunco-steerers should actually build a road from Sequoia to Grant's Pass, Ore., and thus construct a feeder to a transcontinental line?"

Five minutes of serious reflection sufficed to bring the Colonel to the verge of panic, notwithstanding the fact that he was ashamed of himself for yielding to fright despite his firm belief that there was no reason why he should be frightened. Similar considerations occur to a small boy who is walking home in the dark past a cemetery.

The vital aspects of his predicament dawned on the Colonel one night at dinner, midway between the soup and the fish. So forcibly did they occur to him, in fact, that for the nonce he forgot that his niece was seated opposite him.

"Confound them," the Colonel murmured distinctly, "I must look into this immediately."

"Look into what, uncle dear?" Shirley asked innocently.

"This new railroad that man Ogilvy talks of building—which means, Shirley, that with Sequoia as his starting point, he is going to build a hundred and fifty miles north to connect with

the main line of the Southern Pacific in Oregon."

"But wouldn't that be the finest thing that could possibly happen to Humboldt county?" she demanded of him.

"Undoubtedly it would—to Humboldt county; but to the Laguna Grande Lumber company, in which you have something more than a sentimental interest, my dear, it would be a blow. A large part of the estate left by your father is invested in Laguna



"I'll Not Be Here a Year From Now," She Warned Him.

Grande stock, and as you know, all of my efforts are devoted to appreciating that stock and to fighting against anything that has a tendency to depreciate it."

Carefully he dissected a sand-dab and removed the backbone. "I'd give a ripe peach to learn the identity of the scheming buttinsky who bought old Cardigan's Valley of the Giants," he said presently. "I'll be hanged if that doesn't complicate matters a little."

"You should have bought it when the opportunity offered," she reminded him.

"I dare say," he admitted lightly.

"However, I didn't and now I'm going to be punished for it, my dear; so don't roast me any more. By the way, that speckled hot-air fellow Ogilvy, who is promoting the Northern California & Oregon railroad, is back in town again. I think I'll wire the San Francisco office to look him up in Dun's and Bradstreet's. I'd sleep a whole lot more soundly to-night if I knew the answer to two very important questions."

"What are they, Uncle Seth?"

"Well, I'd like to know whether the N. C. O. is genuine or a screen to hide the operations of the Trinidad Redwood Timber company."

"It might," said Shirley, with one of those sudden flashes of intuition peculiar to women, "be a screen to hide the operations of Bryce Cardigan. Now that he knows you aren't going to renew his hauling contract, he may have decided to build his own logging railroad."

After a pause the Colonel made answer: "No, I have no fear of that. It would cost five hundred thousand dollars to build that twelve-mile line and bridge Mad river, and the Cardigans haven't got that amount of money. What's more, they can't get it."

"But suppose," she persisted, "that the real builder of the road should prove to be Bryce Cardigan, after all. What would you do?"

Colonel Pennington's eyes twinkled. "I greatly fear, my dear, I should make a noise like something doing. And as for Bryce Cardigan—well, that young man would certainly know he'd been through a fight."

"I wonder if he'll fight to the last, Uncle Seth."

"Why, I believe he will," Pennington replied soberly.

"I'd like to see you beat him."

"Shirley! Why, my dear, you're growing ferocious." Her uncle's tones were laden with banter, but his countenance could not conceal the pleasure her last remark had given him.

Shirley thrust out her adorable chin aggressively. "Slick 'em, Tige!" she answered. "Shake 'em up, boy!"

"You bet I'll shake 'em up," the Colonel declared joyously. He paused with a morsel of food on his fork and waved the fork at her aggressively.

"You stimulate me into activity, Shirley. My mind has been singularly dull of late; I have worried unnecessarily, but now that I know that you are with me, I am inspired. I'll tell you how we'll fix this new railroad, if it exhibits signs of being dangerous." Again he smote the table. "We'll sew 'em up tighter than a new buttonhole."

"Do tell me how," she pleaded eagerly.

"I'll block them on their franchise to run over the city streets of Sequoia."

"How?"

"By making the mayor and the city council see things my way," he answered dryly. "Furthermore, in order to enter Sequoia, the N. C. O. will have to cross the tracks of the Laguna Grande Lumber company's line on Water street—make a jump-crossing—and I'll enjoin them and hold them up in the courts till the cows come home."

"Uncle Seth, you're a wizard."

"Well, at least I'm no slouch at looking after my own interests—and yours, Shirley. In the midst of peace we should be prepared for war. You've met Mayor Poundstone and his lady, haven't you?"

"I had tea at her house last week."

"Good news. Suppose you invite her and Poundstone here for dinner some night this week. Just a quiet little family dinner, Shirley, and after dinner you can take Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, on some pretext or other while I sound Poundstone out on his attitude toward the N. C. O."

She nodded. "I shall attend to the matter, Uncle Seth."

Five minutes after dinner was over, Shirley joined her uncle in the library and announced that His Honor the Mayor, and Mrs. Poundstone, would be delighted to dine with them on the following Thursday night.

CHAPTER XII

To return to Bryce Cardigan: Having completed his preliminary plans to build the N. C. O., Bryce had returned to Sequoia, prepared to sit quietly on the side lines and watch his peppery henchman Ogilvy go into action.

Ogilvy's return to Sequoia following his three-weeks tour in search of rights of way for the N. C. O. was heralded by a visit from him to Bryce Cardigan at the latter's office. As he breasted the counter in the general office, Moira McTavish left her desk and came over to see what the visitor desired.

"I should like to see Mr. Bryce Cardigan," Buck began in crisp businesslike accents. He was fumbling in his card-case and did not look up until about to hand his card to Moira—when his mouth flew half open, the while he stared at her with consummate frankness. The girl's glance met his momentarily, then was lowered modestly; she took the card and carried it to Bryce.

"Hum-m-m!" Bryce granted. "That noisy fellow Ogilvy, eh?"

"His clothes are simply wonderful—and so is his voice. He's very refined. But he's carotid red and has freckled hands, Mr. Bryce."

Bryce rose and sauntered into the general office.

"Mr. Bryce Cardigan?" Buck queried. "At your service, Mr. Ogilvy. Please come in."

"Thank you so much, sir." He followed Bryce to the latter's private office, closed the door carefully behind him, and stood with his broad back against it.

"Buck, are you losing your mind?" Bryce demanded.

"Losing it? I should say not. I've just lost it."

"I believe you. If you were quite sane, you wouldn't run the risk of being seen entering my office."

"Tut-tut, old dear! None of that! Am I not the mainspring of the Northern California Oregon railroad and privileged to run the destinies of that soulless corporation as I see fit?" He sat down, crossed his long legs, and jerked a speckled thumb toward the outer office. "I was sane when I came in here, but the eyes of the girl outside—oh, yow, them eyes! I must be introduced to her."

"Love at first sight, eh, Buck?"

"I don't know what it is, but it's nice. Who is she?"

"She's Moira McTavish, and you're not to make love to her. Understand? I can't have you snooping around this office after to-day."

Mr. Ogilvy's eyes popped with interest. "Oh," he breathed. "You have an eye to the main chance yourself, have you? Have you proposed to the lady as yet?"

"No, you idiot."

"Then I'll match you for her—or rather for the chance to propose first."

"Nothing doing, Buck. Spare yourself these agonizing suspicions. The fact of the matter is that you give me a wonderful inspiration. I've always been afraid Moira would fall in love with some ordinary fellow around Sequoia—propinquity, you know."

"You bet. Propinquity's the stuff. I'll stick around."

"—and I've been on the lookout for a fine man to marry her off to. She's too wonderful for you, Buck, but in time you might learn to live up to her."

"Duck! I'm liable to kiss you."

"Don't be too precipitate. Her father used to be our woods-boss. I fired him for boozing."

"I wouldn't care two hoots if her dad was old Nick himself. I'm going to marry her—if she'll have me. Ah, the glorious creature!" He waved his long arms despairingly. "O Lord, send

me a cure for freckles. Bryce, you'll speak a kind word for me, won't you—sort of boom my stock, eh? Be a good fellow."

"Certainly. Now come down to earth and render a report on your stewardship."

"I'll try. To begin, I've secured rights of way, at a total cost of twelve thousand, one hundred and three dollars and nine cents, from the city limits of Sequoia to the southern boundary of your timber in Township nine. I've got my line surveyed, and so far as the building of the road is concerned, I know exactly what I'm going to do, and how and when I'm going to do it, once I get my material on the ground."

"I have an option of a rattling good second-hand locomotive down at the Santa Fe shops, and the Hawkins & Barnes Construction company has offered me a steam shovel, half a dozen flat-cars, and a lot of fresnos and scrapers at ruinous prices. We can buy or rent teams from local citizens and get half of our labor locally. And as soon as you tell me how I'm to get my material ashore and out on the job, I'll order it and get busy."

"That's exactly where the shoe begins to pinch. Pennington's main-line tracks enter the city along Water street, with one spur into his log-dump and another out on his mill-dock. From the main-line tracks we also have built a spur through our drying-yard out to our log-dump and a switch-line out to our mill-dock. We can unload our locomotive, steam shovel, and flat-cars on our own wharf, but unless Pennington gives us permission to use his main-line tracks out to a point beyond the city limits—where a Y will lead off to where the point of construction begins—we're up a stump."

"Suppose he refuses, Bryce. What then?"

"Why, we'll simply have to enter the city down Front street, paralleling Pennington's tracks on Water street, turning down B street, make a jump-crossing of Pennington's line on Water street, and connecting with the spur into our yard."

"See here, my son," Buck said solemnly. "Is this your first adventure in railroad building?"

Bryce nodded. "I thought so; otherwise you wouldn't talk so confidently of running your line over city streets and making jump-crossings on your competitor's road. If your competitor regards you as a menace to his pocket-book, he can give you a nice little run for your money and delay you indefinitely."

"I realize that, Buck. That's why I'm not appearing in this railroad deal at all. If Pennington suspected I was back of it, he'd fight me before the city council and move heaven and earth to keep me out of a franchise to use the city streets and cross his line. Of course, since his main line runs on city property, under a franchise granted by the city, the city has a perfect right to grant me the privilege of making a jump-crossing of his line."

"Will they do it? That's the problem. If they will not, you're licked, my son, and I'm out of a job."

Bryce hung his head thoughtfully. "I've been too cocksure," he muttered presently. "I shouldn't have spent that twelve thousand for rights of way until I had settled the matter of the franchise."

"Oh, I didn't buy any rights of way—yet," Ogilvy hastened to assure him. "I've only signed the land-owners up on an agreement to give or sell me a right of way at the stipulated figures any time within one year from date. Will the city council grant you a franchise to enter the city and jump Pennington's tracks?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Buck. You'll have to ask them—sound them out. The council meets Saturday morning."

"They'll meet this evening—in the private dining room of the Hotel Sequoia, if I can arrange it," Buck Ogilvy declared emphatically. "I'm going to have them all up for dinner and talk the matter over. I know the breed from cover to cover. Following a preliminary conference, I'll let you know whether you're going to get that franchise without difficulty or whether somebody's itchy palm will have to be crossed with silver first. By the way, what do you know about your blighted old city council, anyway?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Arbor Day.

Arbor day was originated by J. Sterling Morton in Nebraska, January 4, 1872. The day was first observed in Missouri in 1880 when the legislature passed a law fixing the first Friday after the first Tuesday in April as a day when trees should be planted. In many of the schools in the country the day is observed.

In Case of Fainting.

One day in school the teacher asked us what we would do in case of fainting. A pupil quickly answered: "Throw water on yourself!"

"PLENTY NEXT DOOR"

Record Harvest Predicted for Canada.

After having made a careful survey of the wheat producing area of the United States, experts whose business it is to keep the people informed on the acreage sown to foodstuffs state that this year there will be a falling off in the wheat production in the States, due to a considerably less area cultivated. The opinion of these experts is that the decrease will be several hundred million bushels of wheat less than in previous years, which according to past experience will be scarcely sufficient to meet the requirements of the demands of the people of this country.

In Canada, however, the situation is different. Reliable reports on the crop situation throughout Western Canada are such as to create the most substantial optimism. Never before were the prospects so encouraging for a bumper harvest. It is predicted that the yield this year will be even greater than in 1915, the year of the record harvest in Canada, when the total production was 393,542,000 bushels. Not only is the wheat looking excellent, but the same is true of oats, barley and flax, of which a greatly increased acreage has been sown in the great grain producing provinces of Canada.

The rains that have fallen recently have come at the right time to stimulate growth and there is now considerable moisture in the ground. With the world generally facing a shortage of wheat and a continued heavy demand for it, the price is likely to be maintained at the present high figure.

In many districts corn has been more extensively planted than in previous years and it is looking remarkably well. Many settlers from the United States who came to Western Canada and bought improved farms in the early spring have every prospect of a crop yield that will give them a return sufficiently large, after paying all current expenses, to pay off a large part of their capital investment.

Livestock is in excellent condition everywhere, the rains having induced a good growth of grass.—Advertisement.

The Plain Truth.

He (after the quarrel)—Then what did you marry me for?

She—Mother figured it up at the time and said it was about \$1,500,000. I think.—Boston Evening Transcript.

Was Discouraged

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"Being exposed to extreme heat when working as an engineer, and then going outdoors to cool off, caused my kidney trouble," says Karl Goering, 8513 N. Oakway St., Philadelphia, Pa. "In cold weather and when it was damp, my joints and muscles would swell and ache, and often my limbs were so badly affected it was only with great misery I was able to get around. For a week I was laid up in bed, hardly able to move hand or foot."

"Another trouble was from irregular and scanty passages of the kidney secretions. I became dull and weak and had to give up my work. Headaches and dizzy spells nearly blinded me and I went from 265 to 200 in weight. Nothing helped me and I felt I was doomed to suffer."

"At last I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills and began taking them. I soon got back my strength and weight and all the rheumatic pains and other kidney troubles left. I have remained cured."

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 29-1920.



"I Have Never Heard of You, Mr. Ogilvy."

build the road had been deposited in bank; and Buck Ogilvy was already spending it like a drunken sailor. From now on, Bryce could only wait, wait and pray.

On the next steamer a surveying party with complete camping equipment arrived in Sequoia, purchased a wagon and two horses, piled their dunnage into the wagon, and disappeared up-country. Hard on their heels came Mr. Buck Ogilvy, and occupied the hotel suite in the Hotel Sequoia, arrangements for which had previously been made by wire. In the sitting room of the suite Mr. Ogilvy installed a new