

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

The visitor was accordingly admitted to the great man's presence and favored with an official handshake of great heartiness. "I've been hoping to have this pleasure for quite some time, Poundstone," Buck announced easily as he disposed of his hat and overcoat on an adjacent chair. Buck's alert blue eyes opened wide in sympathy with his genial mouth, to deluge Mayor Poundstone with a smile that was friendly, guileless, confidential and singularly delightful. Mr. Ogilvy was a man possessed of tremendous personal magnetism when he chose to exert it, and that smile was ever the opening gun of his magnetic bombardment, for it was a smile that always had the effect of making the observer desire to behold it again—of disarming suspicion and establishing confidence.

"Glad you did—mighty glad," the mayor cried heartily. "I have read your articles of incorporation, Mr. Ogilvy. You will recall that they were published in the Sequoia Sentinel. It strikes me—"

"Then you know exactly what we purpose doing, and any further explanation would be superfluous," Buck interrupted amiably, glad to dispose of the matter so promptly. Again he favored the mayor with his bright smile, and the latter, now fully convinced that here was a young man of vast enterprise whom it behooved him to receive in a whole-hearted and public-spirited manner, nodded vigorous approval.

"Well, that being the case, Mr. Ogilvy," he continued, "what can we Sequoians do to make you happy?"

"Why, to begin with, Mr. Poundstone, you might accept my solemn assurances that despite the skepticism which for some unknown reason appears to shroud our enterprise in the minds of some people, we have incorporated a railroad company for the purpose of building a railroad. The only thing that can possibly interfere with the project will be the declaration of the city council to grant us a franchise to run our line through the city to tidewater. And I am glad to have your assurance that the city council will not drop a cold chisel in the cogs of the wheels of progress."

Mr. Poundstone had given no such assurance, but for some reason he did not feel equal to the task of contradicting this pleasant fellow. Ogilvy continued: "At the proper time we shall apply for the franchise. It will then be time enough to discuss it. In the meantime the N. C. O. plans a public dedicatory ceremony at the first breaking of ground, and I would be greatly honored, Mr. Mayor, if you would consent to turn the first shovel of earth and deliver the address of welcome upon that occasion."

The mayor swelled like a Thanksgiving turkey. "The honor will be mine," he corrected his visitor.

"Thank you so much, sir. Well, that's another worry off my mind." With the hint of a prime minister Buck then spoke of the magic effect the building of such a line would have upon the growth of Sequoia. Sequoia, he felt convinced, was destined to become a city of at least a hundred thousand inhabitants; he chapsodized over the progressive spirit of the community and with a wave of his hand studded the waters of Humboldt bay with the masts of the world's shipping. Suddenly he checked himself, glanced at his watch, apologized for consuming so much of His Honor's valuable time, expressed himself felicitated at knowing the Mayor, gracefully expressed his appreciation for the encouragement given his enterprise and departed.

Half an hour later the Mayor's telephone-bell rang. Buck Ogilvy was on the line. "I beg your pardon for bothering you with my affairs twice in the same day, Mr. Mayor," he announced deprecatingly, "but the fact is, a condition has just arisen which necessitates the immediate employment of an attorney. The job is not a very important one and almost any lawyer would do, but in view of the fact that we must, sooner or later, employ an attorney to look after our interests locally, it occurred to me that I might as well make the selection of a permanent attorney now. I am a stranger in this city Mr. Poundstone. Would it be imposing on your consideration if I asked you to recommend such a person?"

"Why, not at all, not at all! Delighted to help you, Mr. Ogilvy. Let me see now. Cadman & Banes, with offices in the Knights of Pythias Temple, would be just the people, although there is Rodney McKendrick, in the Chamber of Commerce building—a splendid fellow, Mr. Ogilvy, and most desirable. And if I may be pardoned a dash of paternal ego, there is my son Henry Poundstone, junior. While Henry is a young man, his career in the law has been most gratifying, although he hasn't had as broad an experience as the others I mentioned, and perhaps your choice had better lie between Cadman & Banes and Rodney McKendrick."

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Ogilvy murmured, and hung up. "We thought so, Buck, we thought so," he soliloquized. "Yes, Cadman & Banes or Rodney McKendrick may do, but

Lord have mercy on the corporate soul of the N. C. O. if I fail to retain Henry Poundstone, junior. What a wise plan it is to look up the relatives of a public official! Well! Forward, men, follow me—to Henry's office."

Henry Poundstone, junior, proved to be the sole inhabitant of one rather bare office in the Cardigan block. Buck had fully resolved to give him a retainer of a thousand dollars, or even more, if he asked for it, but after one look at Henry he cut the appropriation to two hundred and fifty dollars. Young Mr. Poundstone was blonde and frail, with large round spectacles, rabbit teeth, and the swiftly receding chin of the terrapin. Moreover, he was in such a flutter of anticipation over the arrival of a client that Buck deduced two things—to wit, that the Mayor had telephoned Henry he was apt to have a client, and that as a result of this miracle, Henry was in no fit state to discuss the sordid subject of fees and retainers. Ergo, Mr. Ogilvy decided to obviate such discussion now or in the future. He handed Henry a check for two hundred and fifty dollars, which he wrote out on the spot, and with his bright winning smile remarked: "Now, Mr. Poundstone, we will proceed to business. That retainer isn't a large one, I admit, but neither is the job I have for you today. Later, if need of your services on a larger scale should develop, we shall of course expect to make a new arrangement whereby you will receive the customary retainer of all of our corporation attorneys. I trust that is satisfactory."

"Eminently so," gasped the young disciple of Blackstone.

"Very well, then; let us proceed to business," Buck removed from a small leather bag a bale of legal-looking documents. "I have here," he announced, "agreements from landowners along the proposed right of way of the N. C. O. to give to that company, on demand, within one year from date, satisfactory deeds covering rights of way which are minutely described in the said agreements. I wish the deeds prepared for signing and recording at the earliest possible moment."

"You shall have them at this time to-morrow," Henry promised.

The head of Henry Poundstone, junior, was held high for the first time since he had flung his modest shingle to the breezes of Sequoia six months before, and there was an unaccustomed gleam of importance in his pale eyes as he rushed into his father's office in the city hall.

"By jinks, Dad," he exclaimed. "I've hooked a fish at last—and he a whopper. Read this," and he thrust a yellow telegraph-form under the Mayor's nose. The latter adjusted his glasses and read:

"Imperative building operations commence immediately. Local skepticism injurious and delays dangerous. We must show good faith to our New York friends. J. P. M. insists upon knowing promptly where we stand with Sequoia city council. See them immediately and secure temporary franchise, if possible, to enable us to cross Water street at B street and build out Front street. If your judgment indicates no hold-up on permanent franchise, commence active operations immediately upon acquisition of permanent franchise."

"HOCKLEY."

This telegram, as the Mayor observed, had been filed at San Francisco subsequent to Ogilvy's visit to him that afternoon.

"Ah-h-h!" breathed His Honor. "That accounts for his failure to bring the matter up at our interview. Upon his return to the hotel he found this telegram—and got busy at once. By Jupiter, this looks like business. Henry, how did you come into possession of this telegram?"

"It must have been mixed up in the documents Ogilvy left with me. I found it on my desk when I was sorting out the papers, and in my capacity of attorney for the N. C. O. I had no hesitancy in reading it."

"Well, I do declare! Wonder who Hockley is."

"Hockley doesn't matter," young Henry declared triumphantly, "although I'd bet a hat he's one of those heavy-weight Wall street fellows and one of J. P. M.'s vice-presidents, probably. J. P. M., of course, is the man behind."

"Who the devil is J. P. M.?"

Henry smiled tolerantly upon his ignorant parent. "Well, how many J. Pierpont Morgans do for a guess?" he queried.

"Hell's bells and panther-tracks!" Mayor Poundstone started as if snake-bitten. "I should say you have hooked a big fish. Boy, you've landed a whale! Did Ogilvy say anything about future business?"

"He did. Said if I proved satisfactory, he would probably take me on and pay the customary retainer given all of our corporation attorneys."

"Well, by golly, he'd better take you on! I had a notion that chap Ogilvy was smart enough to know which side his bread is buttered on and who does the buttering."

"If I could guarantee Mr. Ogilvy

that temporary franchise mentioned in his telegram, it might help me to get in right with J. P. M. at the start," his hopeful suggested.

"Guarantee it! Well I should snicker! We'll just show J. P. M. and his crowd that they made no mistake when they picked you as their Sequoia legal representative. I'll call a special meeting of that little old city council of mine and jam that temporary franchise through while you'd be saying 'Jack Robinson!'"

He carefully made a copy of the telegram.

"H-m!" he grunted. "Wants to cross Water street at B and build out Front street. Well, I dare say nobody will kick over the traces at that. Nothing but warehouses and lumber-drying yards along there, anyhow. Still come to think of it, Pennington will probably raise a howl about sparks from the engines of the N. C. O. setting his lumber piles afire."

"He'll be dead against it," Henry declared. "I know, because at the Wednesday meeting of the Lumber Manufacturers' association the subject of the N. C. O. came up and Pennington made a talk against it. He said the N. C. O. ought to be discouraged, if it was a legitimate enterprise, which he doubted, because the most feasible and natural route for a road would be from Willits, Mendocino county, north to Sequoia. I tell you he's dead set against it."

"Then we won't tell him anything about it, Henry. We'll just pull off this special session of the council and forget to invite the reporters; after the job has been put over, Pennington can come around and howl all he wants. We're not letting a chance like this slip by us without grabbing a handful of the tail-feathers, Henry. No, sir—not if we know it."

"You bet!" said Henry earnestly.

At eleven-thirty Thursday morning, young Henry Poundstone, having worked the greater part of the previous night preparing the deeds, delivered both deeds and franchise to Buck Ogilvy at the latter's hotel. It was with difficulty that the latter could conceal his tremendous amazement when Henry casually handed him the franchise. True, he had slipped that fake telegram among the contracts as bait for Henry and his father, but his fondest hope, at the time he conceived the brilliant idea, was that Henry would show the telegram to his father and thus inculcate in the old gentleman a friendly feeling toward the N. C. O. not unmixed with pleasurable anticipations of the day when Henry Poundstone, junior, should be one of the most highly prized members of the legal staff of a public-service corporation.

When he could control his emotions, Mr. Ogilvy gazed approvingly upon Henry Poundstone. "Mr. Poundstone," he said solemnly, "I have met some meteoric young attorneys in my day, but you're the first genuine comet I have seen in the legal firmament. Do you mind telling me exactly how you procured this franchise—and why you procured it without explicit orders from me?"

Henry did his best to look puzzled. "Why," he said, "you left that telegram with me, and I concluded that you regarded it as self-explanatory or else had forgotten to mention it. I knew you were busy, and I didn't want to bother you with details, so I just went ahead and filled that order for you. Anything wrong about that?"

"Certainly not. It's perfectly wonderful. But how did you put it over?"

Henry smiled. "My dad's the engineer," he said bluntly. "If thirty days ain't enough time, see me and I'll get you thirty days more. And in the meantime nobody knows a thing about this little deal. I figured Colonel Pennington might try to block you at that crossing, so I—"

Buck Ogilvy extended his hand in benediction and let it drop on Henry Poundstone's thin shoulder.

"My dear Poundstone," he said earnestly, "I am not a man to forget clever work. At the proper time I shall—" He smiled his radiant smile. "You understand, of course, that I am speaking for myself and can make you no firm promises. However—" He smiled again. "All I have to say is that you'll do it!"

"Thank you," said Henry Poundstone, Jr. "Thank you ever so much."

An experience extending over a very active business career of thirty years had convinced Col. Seth Pennington of the futility of wracking his brains in vain speculation over mysteries. When, therefore, the Northern California Oregon railroad commenced to encroach on the Colonel's time-appropriation for sleep, he realized that there was but one way in which to conserve his rest and that was by engaging to fathom the mystery for him a specialist in the unraveling of mysteries. In times gone by, the Colonel had found a certain national detective agency an extremely efficient aid to well-known commercial agencies, and to these tried and true subordinates he turned now for explicit

and satisfying information as to the Northern California Outrage!

The information forthcoming from Dunn's and Bradstreet's was vague and unsatisfying. Neither of these two commercial agencies could ascertain anything of interest regarding the finances of the N. C. O. For the present the corporation had no office. Its destinies in San Francisco being guarded by a well-known attorney who had declined to make any statement regarding the company but promised one at an early date. The board of directors consisted of this attorney, his two assistants, his stenographer, and Mr. Buchanan Ogilvy. The company had been incorporated for five million dollars, divided into five million shares of par value of one dollar each, and five shares had been subscribed!

"It looks fishy to me," the Colonel commented to his manager, "and I'm more than ever convinced it's a scheme of that Trinidad Redwood Timber company to start a timber boom and unload. And that is something the Laguna Grande Lumber company does not view with favor, for the reason that one of these bright days those Trinidad people will come to their senses and sell cheap to us. However, to be sure is to be satisfied. Telephone the San Francisco office to have the detective agency that handled the longshoremen's strike job for us send a couple of their best operatives up on the next steamer, with instructions to report to me on arrival."

When the operatives reported, the Colonel's orders were brief and explicit. "I want to know all about a man named Buchanan Ogilvy, who is up North somewhere procuring rights of way for the Northern California Oregon railroad. Find him. Set up with him in the morning and put him to bed at night. Report to me daily."

Reports yielded the Colonel nothing until the first day of Buck's return to Sequoia, when the following written report caused the Colonel to sit up and take notice. It was headed: "Report of Operative No. 41," and it read:

"Ogilvy in his room until 12 o'clock noon. At 12:05 entered dining room, leaving at 1 p. m. and proceeding direct to office of Cardigan Redwood Lumber company. Ogilvy remained in Cardigan's private office half an hour, spent another half hour conversing with young lady in general office. Young lady a brunette. O. then returned to Hotel Sequoia, where he



"You're the First Genuine Comet."

wrote several letters in writing room. At 3 p. m. called to telephone. At 3:02 p. m. left hurriedly for Cardigan Redwood Lumber company's office. Entered private office without waiting to be announced. Emerged at 3:12, walking slowly and in deep thought. At 3:24 entered the telephone-building and placed a long-distance call. He asked for the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company in San Francisco.

"Concluded his conversation at 3:32 and proceeded to the city hall, entering the mayor's office at 3:43 and emerging at 4:10. He then returned to the Hotel Sequoia and sat in the lobby until handed a telegram at 4:40; whereupon he entered the telephone booth and talked to someone, emerging at 4:43 to go to his room. He returned at 4:46 and hurried to the law office of Henry Poundstone, Jr. in the Cardigan block. He was with Poundstone until 4:50, when he returned leisurely to the Hotel Sequoia, carrying a small leather grip. He also had this grip when he entered Poundstone's office."

"Arrived at the hotel at 5:03 and went to his room. At 6:45 he entered a public automobile in front of the hotel and was driven to No. 846 Elm street. The brunette young lady who works in the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company's office emerged presently and entered the car, which then proceeded to No. 38 Redwood boulevard, where the brunette young lady alighted and entered the house. She returned at seven sharp, accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced to O. All three were then driven to the Canton restaurant at 432 Third street. At 7:15 Bryce Cardigan entered the restaurant and was escorted by the waiter to the table occupied by O. and party."

"At 9:30 entire party left restaurant and entered a Napier car driven by a half-breed Indian whom the second young lady hailed as George. O. and the brunette young lady were dropped at 846 Elm street while Cardigan and

the other young lady proceeded directly to No. 38 Redwood boulevard. After alighting the lady to alight, Cardigan talked with her a few minutes at the gate, then bade her good-night.

"Upon returning to Hotel Sequoia, found O. in hotel bar. Saw him to bed at 10 sharp."

Needless to relate, this report had a most amazing effect upon Colonel Pennington, and when at length he could recover his mental equilibrium, he set about quite calmly to analyze the report, with the result that he promptly arrived at the following conclusion:

(1) His niece Shirley Sumner was not to be trusted in so far as young Bryce Cardigan was concerned. Despite her assumption of hostility toward the fellow since that memorable day in Pennington's woods, the Colonel was now fully convinced that she had made her peace with him and had been the recipient of his secret attentions right along.

(2) The N. C. O. was still a mystery, but a mystery in which Bryce Cardigan was interested. Moreover, he was anxious to aid the N. C. O. in every way possible. However, the Colonel could understand this. Cardigan would aid anything that might possibly tend to lift the Cardigan lumber interests out from under the iron heel of Colonel Pennington.

(3) The N. C. O. was going to make a mighty bluff, even to the extent of applying for a franchise to run over the city streets of Sequoia. Hence Ogilvy's visit to Mayor Poundstone—doubtless on the advice of Bryce Cardigan.

(4) Ogilvy had carried a small leather bag to and from Henry Poundstone's office. That bag was readily explained. It had contained a bribe in gold coin and young Henry had been selected as the go-between. That meant that Mayor Poundstone had agreed to deliver the franchise—for a consideration. Ogilvy had called first on the mayor to arrange the details; then he had called on the mayor's son to complete the transaction.

(5) If a franchise had been arranged for and the bribe already delivered, that meant the prompt and unadvised commencement of operations. Yes, the N. C. O. was going to carry its monumental bluff to the point of building a mile of track through town. . . . No—no, they wouldn't spend that much money on a bluff; they wouldn't bribe Poundstone unless the road was meant. And was it a common carrier, after all?

The trail was growing hot; the Colonel mopped his brow and concentrated further. If the N. C. O. was really going to start operations, in order to move its material from the Cardigan dock to the scene of operations it would have to cut his (the Colonel's) tracks somewhere on Water street. Damnation! That was it. They were trying to slip one over on him. They were planning to get a jump-crossing in before he should awake to the situation; they were planning, too, to have the city council slip through the franchise when nobody was looking, and once the crossing should be in, they could laugh at Colonel Pennington!

"The scoundrels!" he murmured. "I'm on to them! Cardigan is playing the game with them. That's why he bought those rails from the old Laurel Creek spur! Oh, what a blithering idiot I have been! However, it's not too late yet. Poundstone is coming over to dinner Thursday night, and I'll wring the swine dry before he leaves the house. And as for those rails Cardigan managed to hornswoggle me out of—"

He seized the telephone and fairly shouted to his exchange operator to get his woods' foreman, Jules Rondeau, on the line.

"That you, Rondeau?" he shouted when the big French Canadian responded. "Pennington talking. What has young Cardigan done about those rails I sold him from the abandoned spur up Laurel creek?"

"He have two flat-cars upon ze spur now. Dose woodsgang of bees she tear up dose rails from ze head of ze spur and load in ze flat-cars."

"See to it, Rondeau, that they do not leave until I give the word. Understand? Tell them the switch-engine is in the shop for repairs or is busy at other work—anything that will stall him off and delay delivery."

"Suppose Bryce Cardigan, he comes around and say, 'Why?' Rondeau queried cautiously.

"Kill him," the Colonel retorted coolly. "It strikes me you and the Black Minors are rather slow playing even with young Cardigan."

Rondeau grunted. "I theenk mebbe so you kill hem yourself, boss." He replied enigmatically, and hung up.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Tobacco Not Wasted Now.
In former times all tobacco confiscated by the English customs authorities was destroyed by burning in a furnace called the king's pipe. Nowadays all such tobacco, as well as that which is returned as unusable for smoking, is sold to manufacturing chemists, who turn it into sheep dip, insecticides for the use of gardeners, and the like.

Not Pure Reading Matter.
"How to lie when asleep," runs a newspaper headline. The space would be better filled persuading people to tell the truth while awake.—Boston Transcript.

Daily Thought.
Not what has happened to myself today, but what has happened to others through me—that should be my thought.

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, stone in the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, dependent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

A Nebraska Case

J. A. Beard, plasterer, Humboldt, Nebr., says: "Several years ago I was laid up with my back. With the least move sharp, cutting pains shot through the small of my back and kidneys. The kidney secretions contained sediment and burned in passage. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands, left my kidneys and back in a healthy condition."

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Skin Troubles

Soothed
With Cuticura

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

True Patriotism.
When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.—George Berkeley.

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark Bayer Manufacture Monacetaicacidester of Salicylicacid.—Adv.



No Escape.
"Going to the party tonight?"
"I guess so. The wife has a new gown."

Important to all Women
Readers of this Paper

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease. If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

You may suffer pain in the back, headache and loss of ambition. Poor health makes you nervous, irritable and may be despondent; it makes any one so.

But hundreds of women claim that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, by restoring health to the kidneys, proved to be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Many send for a sample bottle to see what Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine, will do for them. By enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., you may receive sample size bottle by Parcel Post. You can purchase medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.—Adv.

Easily Answered.
Chemistry Professor—"Name three articles containing starch." Student—"Two cuffs and a collar."

To Have a Clear Sweet Skin.
Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

The man who succeeds in conquering his bad habits is indeed a conquering hero.

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Besides the original hole in the doughnut, some of them have become pneumatic.

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief