

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.

"Oh, my love!" he cried happily. "I hadn't dared dream of such happiness until today. You were so unattainable—the obstacles between us were so many and so great—"

"Why today, Bryce?" she interrupted him. He took her adorable little nose in his great thumb and forefinger and tweaked it gently. "The light began to dawn yesterday, my dear little enemy, following an interesting half-hour which I put in with his honor the mayor. Acting upon suspicion only, I told Poundstone I was prepared to send him to the rock pile if he didn't behave himself in the matter of my permanent franchise for the N. C. O.—and the old old invertebrate wept and promised me anything if I wouldn't disgrace him. So I promised I wouldn't do anything until the franchise matter should be definitely settled—after which I returned to my office, to find awaiting me there no less a person than the right-of-way man for the Northwestern Pacific. He was a perfectly delightful young fellow, and he had a proposition to unfold. It seems the Northwestern Pacific has decided to build up from Willits, and all their power and publicity of Buck Ogilvy's about the N. C. O. was in all probability the very thing that spurred them to action. They figured the C. M. & St. P. was back of the N. C. O.—that it was to be the first link in a chain of coast roads to be connected ultimately with the terminus of the C. M. & St. P. on Gray's Harbor, Washington. And if the N. C. O. should be built it meant that a rival road would get the edge on them in the matter of every stick of Humboldt and Del Norte redwood—and they'd be left holding the sack."

"Why did they think that, dear?" "That amazing rascal, Buck Ogilvy, used to be a C. M. & St. P. man; they thought they traced an analogy, I dare say. Perhaps Buck fibbed to them. At any rate this right-of-way man was mighty anxious to know whether or not the N. C. O. had purchased from the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company a site for a terminus on tide-water (we control all the deep-water frontage on the bay), and when I told him the deal had not yet been closed he started to close one with me."

"Did you close?" "My dear girl, will a duck swim? Of course I closed. I sold three-quarters of all we had, for three-quarters of a million dollars, and an hour ago I received a wire from my attorney in San Francisco informing me that the money had been deposited in escrow there awaiting formal deed. That



"I'm the Laguna Grande Lumber Company."

money puts the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company in the clear—no receivership for us now, my dear one. And I'm going right ahead with the building of the N. C. O.—while our holdings down on the San Hedrin double in value, for the reason that within three years they will be accessible and can be logged over the rails of the Northwestern Pacific!"

"Bryce," Shirley declared, "haven't I always told you I'd never permit you to build the N. C. O.?" "Of course," he replied, "but surely you're going to withdraw your objections now."

"I am not. You must choose between the N. C. O. and me." And she met his surprised gaze unflinchingly. "Shirley! You don't mean it?" "I do mean it. I have always meant it. I love you, dear, but for all that you must not build that road."

He stood up and towered above her sternly. "I must build it, Shirley. I've contracted to do it, and I must keep faith with Gregory of the Trinidad Timber company. He's putting up the money, and I'm to do the work and operate the line. I can't go back on him now."

shook his head. "I must go on," he refracted.

"Do you realize what that resolution means to us?" The girl's tones were grave, her glance graver.

"I realize what it means to me!"

She came closer to him. Suddenly the blaze in her violet eyes gave way to one of mirth. "Oh, you dear big booby!" she cried. "I was just testing you." And she clung to him, laughing. "You always beat me down—you always win. Bryce dear, I'm the Laguna Grande Lumber company—at least I will be tomorrow, and I repeat for the last time that you shall not build the N. C. O.—because I'm going to—oh, dear, I shall die laughing at you—because I'm going to merge with the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, and then my railroad shall be your railroad, and we'll extend it and haul Gregory's logs to tidewater for him also. And—silly, didn't I tell you you'd never build the N. C. O.?"

"God bless my mildewed soul!" he murmured, and drew her to him.

In the gathering dusk they walked down the trail. Beside the madrone tree John Cardigan waited patiently. "Well," he queried when they joined him, "did you find my handkerchief for me, son?"

"I didn't find your handkerchief, John Cardigan," Bryce answered, "but I did find what I suspect you sent me back for—and that is a perfectly wonderful daughter-in-law for you!"

John Cardigan smiled and held out his arms for her. "This," he said, "is the happiest day that I have known since my boy was born."

CHAPTER XIX.

Col. Seth Pennington was thoroughly crushed. Look which way he would the bedeviled old rascal could find no loophole for escape.

"You win, Cardigan," he muttered desperately as he sat in his office after Shirley had left him. "You've had more than a shade in every round thus far, and at the finish you've landed a clean knockout. If I had to fight any man but you—"

He sighed resignedly and pressed the push-button on his desk. Sexton entered. "Sexton," he said bluntly and with a slight quiver in his voice, "my niece and I have had a disagreement. We have quarreled over young Cardigan. She's going to marry him. Now, our affairs are somewhat involved, and in order to straighten them out we spun a coin to see whether she should sell her stock in Laguna Grande to me or whether I should sell mine to her—and I lost. The book valuation of the stock at the close of last year's business, plus ten per cent will determine the selling price, and I shall resign as president. You will, in all probability, be retained to manage the company until it is merged with the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company—when, I imagine, you will be given ample notice to seek a new job elsewhere. Call Miss Sumner's attorney, Judge Moore, on the telephone and ask him to come to the office at nine o'clock tomorrow, when the papers can be drawn up and signed. That is all."

The Colonel did not return to his home in Redwood boulevard that night. He had no appetite for dinner and sat brooding in his office until very late; then he went to the Hotel Sequoia and engaged a room. He did not possess sufficient courage to face his niece again.

At four o'clock the next day the Colonel, his baggage, his automobile, his chauffeur and the solemn butler, James, boarded the passenger steamer for San Francisco, and at four-thirty sailed out of Humboldt bay over the thundering bar and on into the south. The Colonel was still a rich man, but his dream of a redwood empire had faded, and once more he was taking up the search for cheap timber. Whether he ever found it or not is a matter that does not concern us.

At a moment when young Henry Poundstone's dream of legal opulence was fading, when Mayor Poundstone's hopes for domestic peace had been shattered beyond repair, the while his cheap political aspirations had been equally devastated because of a certain damnable document in the possession of Bryce Cardigan, many events of importance were transpiring. On the veranda of his old-fashioned home John Cardigan sat tapping the floor with his stick, and dreaming dreams which for the first time in many years were rose-tinted. Beside him Shirley sat, her glance bent mustangly out across the roofs of Sequoia and on to the bay shore, where the smoke and exhaust steam floated up from two sawmills—her own and Bryce Cardigan's. To her came at regularly spaced intervals the faint whining of the saws and the rumble of log trains crawling out of the log dumps; high over the piles of bright, freshly sawn lumber she caught from time to time the flash of white spray as the great logs tossed from the trucks hurtled down the skids and crashed into the bay. At the docks of both mills vessels were loading, their tall spars cutting the sky line above and beyond the smokestacks; far down the bay a steam schooner, loaded until her main deck was almost flush with the water, was

putting out to sea, and Shirley heard the faint echo of her siren as she whistled her intention to pass to starboard of a wind jammer inward bound in tow of a Cardigan tug.

"It's wonderful," she said presently, apropos of nothing.

"Aye," he replied in his deep, melodious voice, "I've been sitting here, my dear, listening to your thoughts. You know something, now, of the tie that binds my boy to Sequoia. This—he waved his arm abroad in the darkness—"this is the true essence of life—to create, to develop the gifts that God has given us—to work and know the blessing of weariness—to have dreams and see them come true. That is life, and I have lived. And now I am ready to rest." He smiled wistfully. "The king is dead. Long live the king." "I wonder if you, raised as you have been, can face life in Sequoia resolutely with my son. It is a dull, drab sawmill town, where life unfolds gradually without thrill—where the years stretch ahead of one with only trees, among simple folk. The life may be hard on you, Shirley; one has to acquire a taste for it, you know."

"I have known the ill of battle, John-partner," she answered; "hence I think I can enjoy the sweets of victory. I am content."

"And what a run you did give that boy Bryce?" She laughed softly. "I wanted him to fight; I had a great curiosity to see the stuff that was in him," she explained.

Next day Bryce Cardigan, riding the top log on the end truck of a long train just in from Cardigan's woods in Township Nine, dropped from the end of the log as the train crawled through the mill yard on its way to the log dump. He hailed Buck Ogilvy, where the latter stood in the door of the office.

"Big doings up on Little Laurel creek this morning, Buck."

"Do tell!" Mr. Ogilvy murmured morosely.

"It was great," Bryce continued. "Old Duncan McTavish returned. I knew he would. His year on the mourner's bench expired yesterday, and he came back to claim his old job of woods boss."

"He's one year too late," Ogilvy declared. "I wouldn't let that big Canadian Jules Rondeau quit for a farm. Some woods boss, that—and his first job with this company was the dirtiest you could hand him—smearing grease on the skid road at a dollar and a half a day and found. He's made too good to lose out now. I don't care what his private morals may be. He can get out the logs, hang his rascally hide, and I'm for him."

"I'm afraid you haven't anything to say about it, Buck," Bryce replied dryly.

"I haven't eh? Well, any time you deny me the privilege of hiring and firing you're going to be out of the service of a rattling good general manager, my son. Yes, sir! If you hold me responsible for results I must select the tools I want to work with."

"Oh, very well," Bryce laughed. "Have it your own way. Only if you can drive Duncan McTavish out of Cardigan's woods I'd like to see you do it. Possession is nine points of the law, Buck—and Old Duncan is in possession."

"What do you mean—in possession?"

"I mean that at ten o'clock this morning Duncan McTavish appeared at our log landing. The whisky fat was all gone from him and he appeared forty years old instead of the sixty that he is. With a whoop he came jumping over the logs, straight for Jules Rondeau. The big Canuck saw him coming and knew what his visit portended—so he wasn't taken unawares. It was a case of fight for his job—and Rondeau fought."

"The devil you say!" "I do—and there was the devil to pay. It was a rough and tumble and no grips barred—just the kind of a fight Rondeau likes. Nevertheless Old Duncan floored him. While he's been away somebody taught him the hammer lock and the crotch hold and a few more fancy ones, and he got to work on Rondeau in a hurry. In fact he had to, for if the tussle had gone over five minutes Rondeau's youth would have decided the issue."

"And Rondeau was whipped?" "To a whisper. Mac floored him, and choked him until he beat the ground with his free hand in token of surrender; whereupon Old Duncan let him up, and Rondeau went to his shanty and packed his turkey. The last I saw of him he was headed over the hill to Camp Two on Laguna Grande. He'll probably chase that assistant woods boss I hired after the consolidation out of Shirley's woods and help himself to the fellow's job. I don't care if he does. What interests me is the fact that the old Cardigan woods boss is back on the job in Cardigan's woods, and I'm mighty glad of it. The old horsehair has had his lesson and will remain sober hereafter. I think he's cured."

"The infamous old outlaw!" "Mac knows the San Hedrin as I know my own pocket. He'll be a tower of strength when we open up that tract after the railroad builds in. By

the way, has my dad been down this morning?"

"Yes," Moira read the mail to him and then took him up to the Valley of the Giants. He said he wanted to do a little quiet figuring on that new steam schooner you're thinking of building. He thinks she ought to be bigger—big enough to carry two million feet."

Bryce glanced at his watch. "It's half after eleven," he said. "Guess I'll run up to the Giants and bring him home to luncheon."

He stepped into the Napier standing outside the office and drove away. Buck Ogilvy waited until Bryce was out of sight; then with sudden determination he entered the office.

"Moira," he said abruptly, approaching the desk where she worked, "your dad is back, and what's more, Bryce Cardigan has let him have his old job as woods boss. And I'm here to announce that you're not going back to the woods to keep house for him. Understand? Now, look here, Moira. I've shilly-shuffled around you for months, protesting my love, and I haven't gotten anywhere. Today I'm going to ask you for the last time. Will you marry me? I need you worse than that rascal of a father of yours does, and I tell you I'll not have you go back to the woods to take care of him. Come, now, Moira. Do give me a definite answer."

"I'm afraid I don't love you well enough to marry you, Mr. Ogilvy," Moira pleaded. "I'm truly fond of you, but—"

"The last boat's gone," cried Mr. Ogilvy desperately. "I'm answered. Well, I'll not stick around here much longer, Moira. I realize I must be a nuisance, but I can't help being a nuisance when you're near me. So I'll quit my job here and go back to my old game of railroading."

"Oh, you wouldn't quit a ten-thousand-dollar job," Moira cried aghast. "I'd quit a million-dollar job. I'm desperate enough to go over to the mill and pick a fight with the big bandsaw. I'm going away where I can't see you. Your eyes are driving me crazy."

"But I don't want you to go, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Call me Buck," he commanded sharply. "I don't want you to go, Buck," she repeated meekly. "I shall feel guilty, driving you out of a fine position."

"Then marry me and I'll stay."

"But suppose I don't love you the way you deserve—"

"Suppose! Suppose!" Buck Ogilvy cried. "You're no longer certain of yourself. How dare you deny your love for me? Eh? Moira, I'll risk it."

Her eyes turned to him timidly, and for the first time he saw in their smoky depths a lambent flame. "I don't know," she quavered, "and it's a big responsibility in case—"

"Oh, the devil take the case!" he cried rapturously, and took her hands in his. "Do I improve with age, dear Moira?" he asked with boyish eagerness; then, before she could answer, he swept on, a tornado of love and pleading. And presently Moira was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was crying softly because—well, she admired Mr. Buck Ogilvy; more, she respected him and was genuinely fond of him. She wondered and she wondered, a quiet joy thrilled her in the knowledge that it did not seem at all impossible for her to grow, in time, absurdly fond of this wholesome red rascal.

"Oh, Buck, dear," she whispered, "I don't know, I'm sure, but perhaps I've loved you a little bit for a long time."

"I'm perfectly wild over you. You're the most wonderful woman I ever heard of. Old rosy-cheeks! And he pinched them just to see the color come and go."

John Cardigan was seated in his lumberjack's easy chair as his son approached. His hat lay on the litter of brown twigs beside him; his chin was sunk on his breast, and his head was held a little to one side in a listening attitude; a vagrant little breeze rustled gently a lock of his fine, long white hair. Bryce stooped over the old man and shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Wake up, partner," he called cheerfully. But John Cardigan did not wake, and again his son shook him. Still receiving no response, Bryce lifted the leonine old head and gazed into his father's face. "John Cardigan," he cried sharply. "Wake up, old pal."

The old eyes opened and John Cardigan smiled up at his boy. "Good son," he whispered, "good son!" He closed his sightless eyes again as if the mere effort of holding them open worried him. "I've been sitting here—waiting," he went on in the same gentle whisper. "No, not waiting for you, boy—waiting—"

dren—and—all the others, son. You know, Bryce. They're your responsibilities. Sorry I can't wait to see the San Hedrin opened up, but—I've lived my life and loved my love. Ah, yes, I've been happy—so happy just doing things—and—dreaming here among my Giants—and—"

He sighed gently. "Good son," he whispered again; his big body relaxed and the great heart of the Argonaut was still. Bryce held him until the realization came to him that his father was no more—that like a watch, the winding of which has been neglected, he had gradually slowed up and stopped.

"Goodby, old John-partner!" he murmured. "You've escaped into the light at last. We'll go home together now, but we'll come back again."

And with his father's body in his strong arms he departed from the little amphitheater, walking lightly with his heavy burden down the old skid road to the waiting automobile. And two days later John Cardigan returned to rest forever with his lost mate among the Giants, himself at last an infinitesimal portion of that tremendous silence that is the diapason of the ages.

When the funeral was over Shirley and Bryce lingered until they found themselves alone beside the freshly turned earth. Through a rift in the great branches two hundred feet above a patch of cerulean sky showed faintly; the sunlight fell like a broad golden shaft over the blossom-laden grave and from the brown trunk of an adjacent tree a gray squirrel, a descendant, perhaps, of the gray squirrel that

had been wont to rob Bryce's pockets of pine nuts twenty years before, chirped at them inquiringly.

"He was a giant among men," said Bryce presently. "What a fitting place for him to lie!" He passed his arm around his wife's shoulders and drew her to him. "You made it possible, sweetheart."

She gazed up at him in adoration. And presently they left the Valley of the Giants to face the world together, strong in their faith to live their lives and love their loves, to dream their dreams and perchance when life should be done with and the hour of rest at hand, to surrender, sustained and comforted by the knowledge that those dreams had come true.

[THE END.]



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DIAMOND IS MODERN JEWEL

Beautiful Stone as We Know It Today Was Unfamiliar to the Ancient World.

The perfectly cut and brilliant diamond the world knows today is not very much more than 50 years old, says a writer in Popular Science. The ancient world knew little of diamonds. From the first Pharaoh to the last, through all the pageantry of 31 dynasties, diamonds were unknown in Egypt. From the dawn of history, Babylon remained unfamiliar with them for 40 centuries.

The conquest of Alexander across the Indus in 327 B. C. acquainted Greece vaguely with their existence. The patricians of Rome in the days of the early empire rarely owned them. Byzantine supremacy, the rise of Venice to maritime power, the Moorish conquest of Spain, brought only a trickle of diamonds into western Europe. A fashionable jewelry store in America today carries more diamonds in stock than were in all Europe when Columbus sailed from Palos.

It Certainly Is That!

Have you ever been stuck in the mud at the foot of a steep incline in a balky motor car? So have we. And if you are a woman and the motor was driven by a normal man, you heard words that you had a vague idea existed but were not exactly sure were in current use. And if he asked for a pair of pliers, you knew if you made a mistake and handed him a monkey wrench he might choke you or something. And when, after he has had to put on the chains, you finally pull out of that mud hole, O-oo! "Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"—Columbus Dispatch.

People who are suffering will not listen to your cool philosophy. They want to get things.

WEALTH IN WEST

Canadian Farmers Confident of Record Grain Crop.

Boston Banker, Returning From Trip Through the Country, Tells of Rich Yields of Great Northwestern Wheat Fields.

A Boston banker, desiring to recuperate from a season of strenuous work, did what most bankers do, or should do, took a holiday, away from the confines of the city life. Canada was in his mind. He would make the trip, learn something of the country, breathe of its ozone and return exhilarated both in mind and body. On his return a few days ago, he told the reporter of the Wall Street Journal of the richness of the vast fields of golden grain that he saw on his trip through the Canadian West. Doubtless he broke his journey into the Canadian Rockies long enough to make an inspection of them. Who could help it, as from the car window were to be seen miles and miles of golden streaks, ranged row upon row away back to the lines of the horizon? He must have done so, for when he got back to the Hub, he was filled with enthusiasm over his trip and what he saw in Canada, and he had to get it off his mind. It was revealed in this way:

"Canada is getting strong, recovering by leaps and bounds from the depression caused by war. While unrest and lack of co-operation seem to be holding things back on this side of the border the Dominion to the north faces an era of unprecedented activity and prosperity. One of the basic reasons for this brilliant comeback is the rich yield of the great northwestern wheat fields."

That the crops in Canada, both east and west, are meeting the expectations of the farmers is a satisfying fact, which gives a positive assurance of a yield that will mean millions of dollars to the wealth of the country. There will probably be as much as two hundred million bushels of wheat to export, giving an added wealth to the country of nearly half a billion dollars. In all parts the crop yield promises to be abundant, and with favorable weather from now on there may be expected a harvest that will equal if not surpass that of 1915. It will doubtless be pleasing to the many readers of this paper to know that the friends they have developing their farms in this region of big crops and good prices will participate in this wealth, and what will be more pleasing, is the knowledge of the fact that the wealth in which they will participate comes from big prices for a product produced from land purchased at a cheap price.

Western Canada has never known a failure in crops. There are districts where partial failures have been, but consideration should be given to the fact that the country, that portion of it in which the present grain growing lies, is from seven to eight hundred miles in length by half that distance in breadth.

Because one speaks of the wonderful success of grain growing there, there should not be lost sight of the fact that this is only one item in the wealth-producing possibilities. There is cattle raising, with all the advantages in every way that it possesses anywhere; the dairying industry is assuming remarkable proportions, and a great deal of attention is given to the development of this industry, which is so adaptable to the country, by both federal and provincial governments.—Advertisement.

Hubby Inquires. "Fashions from Paris say the ladies will wear no stockings." "What will that cost?"—Judge.

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You naturally feel secure when you know that the medicine you are about to take is absolutely pure and contains no harmful or habit producing drugs.

Such a medicine is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, kidney, liver and bladder remedy. The same standard of purity, strength and excellence is maintained in every bottle of Swamp-Root.

It is scientifically compounded from vegetable herbs.

It is not a stimulant and is taken in teaspoonful doses.

It is nature's great helper in relieving and overcoming kidney, liver and bladder troubles.

A sworn statement of purity is with every bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

If you need a medicine, you should have the best. On sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to try this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Easy. Chemistry Professor—Name three articles containing starch. Student—Two cuffs and a collar.

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