board, stood there a moment, and ex-tended his hand. Shirley had com-

nenced a due and formal expression

ivered safely in Sequola, when George

"Here comes John Cardigan," he

"Drive Miss Sumner around to Colo-

ed, and even while he held Shirley's

hand, he turned to catch the first

glimpse of his father. Shirley followed his glance and saw a tall, power

street with his hands thrust a little

"Olf, my poor old father!" she heard Bryce Cardigan murmur. "My

dear old pal! And I've let him grope

He released her hand and 'leaped from the car. "Dad!" he called. "It

is I-Bryce. I've come home to you

The slightly bent figure of John

Cardigan straightened with a jerk; he held out his arms, trembling with

eagerness, and as the car continued

on to the Pennington house Shirley

looked back and saw Bryce folded in his father's embrace. She did not, however, hear the heart-cry with

which the beaten old man welcomed

you're back. I've missed you. Bryce I'm whipped—I've lost your heritage.

Oh, son! I'm old-I can't fight any

nore. I'm blind—I can't see my ene-

mies. I've lost your redwood trees— even your mother's Valley of the

And he commenced to weep for the

more terrible. Bryce Cardigan said

no word, but held his father close

to his great heart and laid his cheek gently against the old man's tenderly

as a woman might. And presently

from that silent communion of spirit

the shadows fell in John Cardigan's

town, they went home to the house on

Shirley Sumner's eyes were moist

vhen George Sea Otter, in obedience

to the instructions of his youthful master, set her, the French maid, and

their hand-baggage down on the side-walk in front of Colonel Seth Pen-

nington's house. The half-breed hest

tated a moment, undecided whether ha would carry the hand-baggage up co

the door or leave that task for s

Pennington retainer; then he note

the tearstains on the cheeks of his

the hand-baggage, kicked open the

iron gate, and preceded Shirley up the cement walk to the door.

"Just wait a moment, if you please. George," Shirley said as he set the

paggage down and started back for

tne car. He turned and beheld her

extracting a five-dollar bill from her

purse. "For you, George," she con-

"Thank you so much."

In all his life George Sea Otter had

never had such an experience—he, nappily, having been raised in a coun-

waiters, only a pronounced vagrant

expects or accepts a gratuity from a woman. He took the bill and fingered

it curiously; then his white blood as-

serted itself and he handed the bill

"Thank you," he said respectfully.

"If you were a man—all right. But

from a lady—no. I am like my boss

Shirley did not understand his re

not to insist. She returned the

fusal, but her instinctive tact warned

bill to her purse, thanked him again,

flush of annoyance. George Sea Otter

"Lady." he said with great dignity.

"at first I did not want to carry your

baggage. I did not want to walk or

this land." And with a sweeping ges

ture he indicated the Pennington grounds. "Then you cry a little be

cause my boss is feeling bad about his

old man. So I like you better. The

old man-well, he has been like father

to me and my mother-and we are

Indians. My brothers, too-they work

for him. So if you like my boss and

his old man, George Sea Otter would

go to hell for you pretty damn' quick

"You're a very good boy, George," she replied, with difficulty repressing

have such an honest, loyel servant."

George Sea Otter's dark face lighted

The door opened, and a Swedish

maid stood in the entrance regarding

her stolidly "I'm Miss Sumner," Shirley told her. "This is my maid

Marcelle. Help her in with the band-baggage." She stepped into the hall

and called; "Ooh-hooh!" Nunky-

came to her from the dining room, across the entrance-halt and an in-

stant later Colonel Seth Pennington

stant later Colonel Seth Pennington stood in the doorway. "Bless my whiskers) Is that you, my dear?" he cried, and advanced to greet her. "Why, how did you get here, Shiriey? I thought you'd missed the stage."

"Ship ahoy!" An answering call

with a quick smile. "Now you pay me," he replied and returned to the

"I am glad the Cardigans

a smile at his blunt but

You bet your life!

avowal.

work for you for nothing"

back to Shirley.

where, with the exception of

passenger. Instantly he took up

in front of him, as if for protection

fully built old man coming dov

from somé invisible assailant.

in the dark for two years!"

at last.

his boy.

the hill.

Pennington's house," Bryce order-

ey Sumner. "I'

prise him."

The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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I CAN'T FIGHT ANY MORE."

Symposis.—Pioneer in the Californis redwood region, John Cardigan,
at forty-seven, is the leading citizen
of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships,
and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married
life, and father of two-day old
Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce
makes the acquaintance of Shirley
Sumber, a visitor at Sequoia, and
his junior by a few years. Together
they visit the Valley of the Giants,
ascred to John Cardigan and his
soon as the burlal place of Bryce's
mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is at college
John Cardigan meets with heavy
business losses and for the first
time views the future with uncertalaty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he
is interested in an attractive girl.

CHAPTER, IV-Continued.

Bryce could see that she was the ttle daughter of some large rich man. The sparsity of jewelry and the rich simplicity of her attire proved that, and moreover she was accom-panied by a French maid to whom she spoke in French in a manner which testified that before acquiring the French maid she had been in the custody of a French nurse. She poswonderful jet-black hair, violet eyes, nd milk-white skin, a correct nose out a somewhat generous mouth. Bryce guessed she was twenty or twenty-one years old and that she had a temper susceptible of being aroused.

The fact that this remarkable young woman had also left the train at Red Bluff further interested him, for he knew Red Bluff and while giving credit to the many lovely damsels of that little ambitious city, Bryce had a suspicion that no former Red Bluff girl would dare to invade the old home town with a French maid. He noted, as further evidence of the correctness of his assumption, that the youthful baggage-smasher at the station failed to recognize her and was evidently dazzled when, followed by the maid, struggling with two suit-cases, she approached him and in pure though alien English inquired he location of the best hotel and the hour and point of departure of the automobile stage for San Hedrin. The youth had answered her first question and was about to answer the nd when George Sea Otter, in all his barbaric splendor, came pussy-footing around the corner of the station in old man Cardigan's regal

The Bignest Living Authority, following the gaze of the baggage Sea Otter. Beyond a doubt he w

rifle-stock projecting from the se. flashed across her mind. Ah, yes, of course—the express messenger's weap-on, no doubt! And further to clinch her instant assumption that here was the Sequoia motor-stage, there was

Dismissing the baggage-smasher with a gracious smile, the Highest Living Authority approached George Sea Otter, noting, the while, further evience that this car was a public con veyance, for the young man who had been her fellow-passenger was head-ing toward the automobile also. She

"Hello, George, you radiant red rascal! I'm mighty glad to see you; boy. Shake!"

dark eyes and white teeth flashing pleasurably. Bryce tossed his bag in-to the tonneau; the half-breed opened the front door; and the young master had his foot on the running-board and was about to enter the car when a soft voice spoke at his elbow:

"Driver, this is the stage for Sequola, is it not?"

George Sea Otter could scarcely his auditory nerves. "This car?" he demanded bluntly, "this—the Sequola stage! Take a look, lady. This here's a Napler imported auto-It's a private car and betongs to my boss here.'

Bryce turned and lifted his hat. "Quite naturally, you thought it was He turned a the Sequola stage." emoldering glance upon George Sea Otter. "George." he declared ominously, but with a sly wink that drew the sting from his words, "if you're anxious to hold down your job, the next time a lady speaks to you and asks you a simple question, you answer yes or no and refrain from sarcastic remarks. Don't let your enlasm for this car run away with ou." He faced the girl again. "Was it your intention to go to Sequoia on next trip of the stage?"

"That means you will have to wait

here three days until the stage re-turns from Sequola," Bryce replied.

A shade of annoyance passed over the classic features of the Highest Living Authority. "Oh, dear," she complained, how fearfully awkward!
New I shall have to take the next train to San Francisco and book page.

sage on the steamer to Sequola—and [is such a poor sailor. Oh,

Bryce had an inspiration and hastened to reveal it.

"We are about to start for Sequol now, although the lateness of our start will compel us to put up tonight at the rest-house on the south fork of Trinity river and continue the journey morning. However, this festhouse is eminently respectable and the food and accommodations are exthe food and accommodations are ex-traordinarily good for mountains; so, if an invitation to occupy the tonneau of my car will not be construed as from a total stranger, you are at liberty to regard this car as to all intents and purposes the public conveyance which so scandalously de-

clined to wait for you this morning." brief instant; then with a peculiarly vinning smile and a graceful inclina

tion of her head she thanked him and accepted his hospitality—thus: "Why, certainly not! You are very find, and I shall be eternally grateful."
"Thank you for that vote of confi-



This is the Stage for Sequola,

on to introduce myself My name is Bryce Cardigan, and I live in Sequeta when I'm at home."

"Of Cardigan's redwoods?" questioned. He nodded. "I've heard of you, I think," she continued. am Shirley Sumner."

"You do not live in Sequola." "No, but I'm going to hereafter. I was there about ten years ago."

He grinned and thrust out a great and which she surveyed gravely for "I wonder." he said. "if it is to be my duty to give you a ride every time you come to Sequoia? The last time you were there you wheedled me into givng you a ride on my pony, an asimal known as Midget. Do you, by any chance, recall that incident?" She looked at him wonderingly

Why-why, you're the boy with the beautiful auturn hair." she declared. He lifted his hat and revealed thick thatch in all its glory. "I'm not ensitive about it now," he explain ed. "When we first met, reference to my hair was apt to rile me." He shook her little hand with cordial good-nature. "George, suppose you pile Miss Sumner's hand-baggage in the tonneau and then pile in there yourself and keep Marcelle company. I'll drive; and you can sit up in front with me, Miss Sumner, snug behind the wind-shield where you'll not be blown about."

He went through his gears, and the car glided away on its journey. "By the way," be said suddenly as he turned west toward the distant blue nountains of Trinity county, "how did you happen to connect me with Cardigan's redwoods?"

"I've heard my uncle, Colonel Seth Pennington, speak of them."
"Colonel Seth Pennington means

nothing in my young life. I never heard of him before: so I dare say he's a newcomer in our county. I've been away six years," he added in ex-

"We're from Michigan. Uncle was formerly in the lumber basiness there, but he's logged out now."

So he came west, I sun "I see. So he came west, I sup-pose, and bought a lot of redwood lumber cheap from some old croaker who never could see any future to the redwood lumber industry. Personally, don't think he could have made a better investment. I hope I shall better investment. I nope I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance when I deliver you to him. Perhaps you may be a neighbor of mine. Hope so."

At this juncture George Sea Otter, who had been an interested listance.

to the conversation, essayed a grun from the rear seat. Instantly, to Shirley Summer's vast surpris host grunted also: whereupon George Sea Otter broke into a grunts and guttural exclamations which evidently appeared quite in-telligible to her host, for he slowed one ear to the rear; apparently he was profoundly information his henchman had to im part. When George Sea Otter finished his barangue, Bryce nodded and once more gave his attention to tossing the miles behind him.

"What language was that?" Shirley Summer inquired, consumed

"Digger Indian," he replied George's mother was my nurse, and he and I grew up together. So I can't very well help speaking the lanruage of the tribe."

They chattered volubly on many subjects for the first twenty miles; then the road narrowed and com menced to climb steadily, and there after Bryce gave all of his attention from the wheel-rut on the outside of the road would have sent them hurtling over the grade into the deep timbered canyons below. By reason of the fact that Bryce's gaze never wavered from the road immediately in front of the car, she had a chanto appraise him critically while pretending to look past him to tumbled, snow-covered ranges to their

She saw a big, supple, powerful man of twenty-five or six, with the bearing and general demeanor of one nany years his elder. His nose was high, of medium thickness and just a trifle long—the nose of a thinker. His ears were large, with full lobesears of a generous man. mouth, full-lipped but firm, the heavy law and square chip, the great hands (most amazingly free from freckles) noted the man who would not avoid fight worth while.

Upon their arrival at the rest-house Bryce during dinner was very atten tive and mildly amusing, although Shirley's keen wits assured her that this was merely a clever pose and sustained with difficulty. She was sustained with difficulty. confirmed in this assumption when after dinner, she complained of being weary and bade him good-night. She had scarcely left him when he called:

"George!"
The half-breed slid out of the darkness and sat down beside him. moment later, through the open porch where Bryce and George Sea Otter sat, Shirley heard the former

say: "George, when did you first notice that my father's sight was beginning

"About two years ago, Bryce. He began to walk with his hands held out in front of him, and sometimes

he lifted his feet too high." "Can he see at all now, George?" "Oh, yes, a little bit-enough to make his way to the office and back. "Poor old governor! George, until heard a word about it. If I had, I would have taken that two-year launt around the world. And you sa this man Colonel Pennington and my father have been having trouble.

-" Here George Sea Otter gracefully unburdened himself of



"Dad!" He Called.

fervent curse directed at Shirley's avuncular relative; whereupon that young lady promptly left the window and heard no more.

. They were on the road again by eight o'clock next morning, and just as Cardigan's mill was blowing the six o'clock whistle, Bryce stopped the car at the head of the street leading down to the water-front. "Til let you

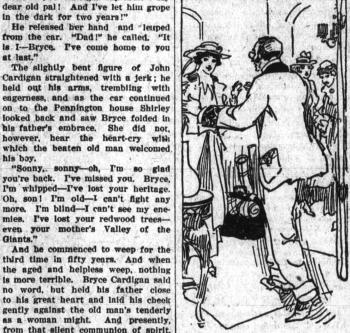
She presented her check for his kins.
"So I did, Uncle, but a nice red-haired young man named Brace Cardigan lient Sea Otter. He turned to Shir-"I'm going to leave you id. "Thank you for rid found me in distress at Red Bing, picked me up in his car, and brought me here." She snifted adorably. ing over from Red Binff with me. My blows, and so I'm going to "I'm so hungry," she declared. "and hurry down to that little building you here I am, just in time for dinner. Is my name in the pot?"

"It isn't, Shirley, but it soon will How perfectly bully to have you with me again, my dear! And what charming young lady you've grow to be since I saw you last! You're why, you've been crying! By Jove ne again.

She could not forego a sly little smile at his egoism. "You're looking per-fectly splendid Uncle Seth," she par-

"And I'm feeling perfectly splendid By the way, who did you say picked ou up in his car?" "Bryce Cardigan. Do you know

"No, we haven't met. Son of old John Cardigan, I dare shy. I've heard of him. He's been away from Sequola



Why, How Did You Get Here, She

for quite a while, I behave. time he came home to take core of that stiff-necked old father of He stepped to the bell and pressed butler answared. place at dinner for Miss Shirley, James," he ordered. "The ma will show you your rooms, Shirley. I was just about to sit down to dinner. I'll wait for you."

While Shirley was in the dining oom Colonel Pennington's feature wore an expression almost pontifical out when she had gone, the atmosphere of paternalism and affection phere of paternalism and affection which he radiated faded instantly The Colonel's face was in repose now -cold, calculating, vaguely repellent He scowled slightly.

"Now, isn't that the devil's luck? he soliloquized. "Young Cardigan 1 probably the only man in Sequoia-dashed awkward if they should be come interested in each other—at this time. They say he's good-looking: quired some worldly polish-just the kind of young fellow Shirley will find interesting and welcome company in a town like this. Many things case happen in a year—and it will be a year before I can smash the Cards gans. Damn it."

CHAPTER V.

Along the well remembered streets of Sequola Bryce Cardigan and his progress continuously interrupted ha well-meaning but impulsive Sequolans who insisted upon halting the pair te shake hands with Bryce and bid him welcome home. In the presence of those third parties the old man quickly conquered the agitation he had felt at this long-deferred meeting with his son, and when presently they left the business section of the town and turned into a less-frequented street, his emotion assumed the character of a quiet joy, evidenced in a more erect bearing and a firmer tread, as if he strove, despite his seventy-siz years, not to appear incongruous as he walked beside his splendid son.

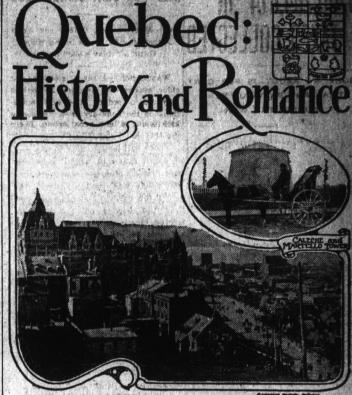
I wish I could see you more clearly," he said presently. His voice as vell as his words expressed profour regret, but there was no bint of despair or heart-break now.

Bryce, who up to this moment had refrained from discussing his father's misfortunes, drew the old man a little closer to his side. "What's wrong with your eyes, pal?"

he queried. He did not often address his parent, after the fashion of most sons, as "Father," "Dad," or "Pop," They were closer to each other than that, and a rare sense of perfect comradeship found expression, on Bryce's part, in such salutations as "pal,"
"partner" and, infrequently, "old sport."
"Cataracts, son," his father answer

ed. "Merely the penalty of old age."
"But can't something be done about
it?" demanded Bryce. "Can't they be cured somehow or other?"

"Oh, Bryce, the man hasn't a soul."



CHATEAU FRONTENAC STORE CITADEL

UEBEC, the cradle of New France, will celebrate its four hundredth birthday within a few years. It is the oldest city in North America, and its story is not only history but romance. It is a unique city, standing alone as a sort of historical hyphen between the days that are and the days long gone by, which cannot be duplicated either in the old world or the new Jacques Cartier, a sailor of St. Malo in France, discovered its site in 1533. He was the first white man to set foot upon the soil of Canada, the name of which is derived from "Kanata," the Indian word meaning "A Collection of Huts." Two years later Cartler made a second voyage to the St. Lawrence and became friendly with Donnacona an Indian chief who was ruler of Stadacona, a village which then occupled part of the present site of

Following Cartier came Champlain er intrepid soldiers of fortune, who led and built the city, fough the Indians, and explored the Great Lakes, the Mississippi river and vas areas of the interior of the United States, which were named Louisians by La Salle.

The old and new still rub shoulder in Quebec. Its inhabitants spoke French more than three centuries ago and the majority of them still speak the same language. Many old build to be seen, and in striking contrast to construction.

"What a Beak?" When Cartier's sailors first sighted Cape Diamond, a mighty crag pro-fecting into the St. Lawrence, and sowering 200 feet above it, they are said to have exclaimed, "Quel Bec," meaning "What a beak." This, according to some authorities, is how Quebec got its name. The first settlement at Quebec was on the shore at the foot of Cape Diamond, and later Frontenac built the Chateau St. Louis, a combination of residence and fort, on the heights above. The early French settlers of Quebec were almost constantly harried by the fero cious Iroquois, who many times killed the outposts and charged the stockade surrounding the fort itself, despite the fact that it was defended by small arms and cannon. The Iroquois came from what is now New York state and from time to time French soldier and their Indian allies, the Hurons crossed the St. Lawrence and pene trated the wildernesses over which the Iroquois roamed, destroying their villages as a matter of reprisal.

promenade of today, overlooking the vast stretches of the St. Lawrence, was the scene of numerous Indian attacks. A big hotel closely resemb an old French chateau now stands on the very spot where stood the Chateau St. Louis, and part of the cellar of this famous fort is still to be seen beneath the planking of the Terrace. When Sir William Phipps' fleet sailed up the St. Lawrence in 1690 and demanded Quebec's surrender. Comte de Fron tenac the choleric and valiant French governor, replied to the summons, "I vill answer you from the mouths of these cannon."

Phipps opened fire from the river and Frontenac's guns replied from the heights with such good aim that the English fleet retired. In the lower town today stands a picturesque litte church, Notre-Dame des Victories which was struck by some of the English cannon balls, and received its name from the victory over Phipps and for another deliverance in 1711 when a second English fleet under Sir Ho venden Walker was almost wholly de-stroyed by a storm in the Gulf of St. Lawrence while on its way to attack Quebec. Wolfe's batteries at Levis across the river, also partially de-stroyed it in 1759. Notre Dame stroyed it in 1759. Notre Dame square, upon which this church faces, is the oldest part of Quebec. Here stood Champiain's "Habitation," a house and fort and the first building erected in 1608 when Champiain founded the city. "All traces of it have long since disappeared, and even the place where the intrepid soldier governor was buried is unknown.

Quebec's first street, So also the narrowest street in America It winds through the center of block of houses, many of which are co ed by bridges across the quaint th oughfare. This street, up which swi gered the soldiers of Champlain, Fro tenac, and La Salle, is so hidden that it is not easy to find, but no tor who wants to see old Qu

At the foot of the heights runs
Champlain street along which Gen.
Blehard Montgomery was marching
with his Continental soldiers to attack ec in December, 1775, when he Quebec in December, 1775, when he and his aides were mowed down by a discharge of grape and canister from a British block house. Montgomery's body was buried in Quebec for 43 years and was then removed to New York and reinterred in old St. Paul's church, within sound of the footfalls of Broadway's hurrying thousands. On the wall of a bank at the corner of St. Peter and St. James streets, is a bronze tablet marking the spot v Gen. Benedict Arnold, operating as Quebec at the same time as Mont-gomery, was wounded and defeated in

his attempt to storm the heights. Every foot of Quebec, five times be sieged by white enemies alone not counting red—is historic ground, and the visitor who cares to view interest-ing places will do well to read the rehire's his caleche in summer or his weeks. As a matter of fact, however viding one does not object to a bit of hill climbing. Within a stone's three of Dufferin Terrace is the Pla dians under the protection of the French guns, and later the scene of military parades. public meetings and fashionable promenades during the old French regime. Rising 100 feet above Dufferin Terrace and 300 feet above the St. Lawrence, is the famous old Citadel with its stone walls and frown ing cannon. In winter the shoulder of this hill is the starting point of the triple toboggan slide down which the gnyly-clad merrymakers speed the full length of the terrace. But a few yards from them is the "Governor's Garden." the chief attraction of which is a huge shaft of granite erected in 1828 to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, both of whom were killed in the battle on the plains of Abraham near by, which ended the rule of the French.

History, however, is not the only in teresting thing about Quebec. It is a handsome, well-built city, with fine streets and splendid public buildings. out-doors, and there is sport aplenty in both summer and winter. When the ice king has spread his mantle of ermine over the heights, the people en-loy every known winter sport including snowshoeing, tobogganing, skiing, bob sledding, hockey and skating. In the summer near-by fishing resorts are well patronized, and camping and boatsands. There are many side trips of great interst including those to Mont-morency Falls, a cataract 100, feet pre, the famous shrine; the Quebec bridge, the greatest engineering feat of the kind in the world: the Indian Lorette, still the home of the Huron Indians, and Point Levis, opposite Que-bec, with its three forts from which Wolfe shelled Quebec more than a cen tury and a half ago.

We don't know any better way of getting along in this world than by just doing the decent thing. Success experts may go right along preaching the doctrine of skill and application and energy and efficiency and what not, but when you get it all boiled down the fact remains that success is nothing more than doing the right thing because it's the right thing to do. There never was a decent chap who There never was a decent chap who wasn't a success, nor an indecent one who was. Cheats sometimes get rich and bull-necked selfishness now and then gets to the top, but they don't succeed. Nothing but decency wins friendship and approbation and a welcome anywhere, and that's all that counts in the end.—Detroit Free Press.