CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

SHORT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

Durham.—With many prominent state officials and citizens attending, the funeral services of Victor Silas Bryant, prominent attorney, were conducted at the home on Mosshead Heights.

Burlington.—The local company of the National Guard has about complet ed arrangements for the encampment. Captain Copeland, company comman-der, is very much gratified with the interest and enthusiasm the members have shown in the work.

Asheville.-F. W. Monnish, aged 60, was shot and killed at Ridgecrest by J. F. Harris, 52. Monnish, a prominent business man of Tuscaloosa, Ala., was walking along the main street when Harris poured three shots into

Rutherfordton.-George Flack; one of the oldest and best known citizens of Rutherford county, died at his home near Gilkey. He was 85 years old and was a Confederate veteran, having served four years in the Con-

Wilmington,-Selecting Henderson ville as the next meeting place and electing Cyrus D. Hogue, Wilmington, as commander over Walter Clark, Jr., Gray of Winston-Salem, as vice commander, the North Carolina department of the American Legion ad-

Henderson.—The business men Henderson have become thoroughly aroused over the action of the Virginia Corporation Commission the cities in that state in their petition to the Interstate Commerce Commission to give a rehearing in the matter of adjustment of the freight rates as between the two states.

Washington.—Sale of the Liberty shipyard at Wilmington, N. C., to the Wilmington for \$37,500 was announced by the shipping board.

Greensboro.-Mrs. Amanda Bouldin aged 66, who lived on the Winston-Salem road about eight miles from Guilford College, was burned to death

Raleigh.—Governor Bickett pardon-ed James Knotts of Mecklenburg county, who was sentenced in Septem ber, 1914, to 15 years in the peniten tiary for assaulting two Charlotte

Wadesboro.-A number of new residences have recently been completed in the Mont Calm section of the city and others will shortly be erected there. That section of the city is being rapidly built up.

Charlote.—A pageant to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the land ing of the Mayflower is one of the fea-tures planned to take place close to the Thanksgiving season by the First Baptist church, Dr. Luther Little, the

Rocky Mount .- After having been caught in a belt at the plant of the Carolina Stave Company at Log, be tween Enfield and Halifax, J. H. Owens, white, 26 years of age, died on the train while being rushed to this city for medical attention.

Salisbury.-The September term of Rowan superior court which convenes on the 13th has a larger number of divorce cases on its docker than any court in this county has eve carried. There are twenty-five in all.

Asheville -W. L. Brooker, for more than ten years superintendent of the Florence, S. C., public schools, was elected superintendent of the Asheville city schools during a special ses-

Winston-Salem.-Jonn Neal, division sales manager for the R. J. Revnolds Tobacco Company, with head-quarters at Omaha, Neb., died in a with pneumonia. The deceased was a native of this county and was popular

Greensooro.—The Greensboro Min istrial association has lifted its voice against Sunday sport, passing a resolution urging the Greensboro Country club not to strike out a provision in its charter relating to Sunday

Hickory.-Major J. D. Elliott has appointed Councilmen N. W. Clark and E. Lyerly and City Manager R. G. Henry to confer with the town au-thorities of West Hickory and High-land relative to annexation with Hick-

Greensboro.-Two white boys, John and Clifton Stewart, aged 13 and 11, the sons of Adolphus Stewart, a farmer, who lives about four miles from here were drowned in a pond near their father's home.

Shelby.—E. L. Millsaps of States ville, and Miss Maude Wallace, form home demonstrators, speeches in the court house to a crowd that filled the large auditorium They placed special emphasis on the importance of the national farm

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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NO QUARTER

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequola, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-year-old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sunner, a visiter at Sequola, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Glants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial piace of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual rerret. While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequola to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has falled and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despairing, but Bryce is tull of fight. Bryce finds a burl redwood felled across his mother's grave. He goes to dinner at Pennington's on Shirley's invitation and finds the dining room paneled with burl from the tree. Bryce and Pennington's continued the Bryce bests Jules Rondeau, Pennington's shirley does not know it. Bryce bests Jules Rondeau, Pennington's faithing logging boss, and forces him to confess that Pennington ordered the burl tree until the proper serves acquaintance with Moira McTavish, daughter of his drunken woods-boss. Bryce saves the lives of Shirley and her uncle when a logging train runs away.

CHAPTER VIII.-Continued.

At the sound of Bryce's voice, Shirley raised her head, whirled and looked up at him. He held his handkerchief over his gory face that the sight might not distress her; he could have whooped with delight at the joy that flashed through her wet lids.

"Well, since you insist," he replied, and he slid down the bank. "Bryce Cardigan," she co

sternly, "come down here this instant." "I'm not a pretty sight, Shirley. Better let me go about my business."

She stamped her foot. "Come here!"
"How did you get up there—and
what do you mean by hiding there spy-

"Cuss a little, if it will help any," he "I had to get out of your way—out of sight—and up there was the best place. I was on the roof of the caboose when it toppled over, so all I had to do was step ashore and sit

down."
"Then why didn't you stay there?" she demanded furiously.

"You wouldn't let me," he answered lemurely, "And when I saw you weeping because I was supposed to be with the angels, I couldn't help coughing to let you know I was still hanging around, ornery as a book agent."

"How did you ruin your face, Mr.

"Tried to take a cast of the front end of the caboose in my classic coun-tenance—that's all."

"But you were riding the top log on the last truck-'

"Certainly, but I wasn't hayseed enough to stay there until we struck this curve. I knew exactly what was going to happen, so I climbed down to



"Well, Since You Insist."

the bumper of the caboose unc it from the truck, climbed up on the reof, and managed to get the old thing under control with the hand-brake; then I skedaddled up into the brus

because I knew you were inside, and

— By the way, Colonel Pennington, here is your axe, which I borrowed this afternoon. Much obliged for its use. The last up-train is probably waiting on the siding at Freshwater to pass

means of transportation back to Sequoia. Walk leisurely—you have lots of time. As for myself, I'm in a hurry. and my room is more greatly to be desired than my company, so I'll start

He lifted his hat, turned, and walked

briskly down the ruined track. Shirley made a little gesture of dissent, half opened her lips to call him back, thought better of it, and let him go. When he was out of sight, it dawned on her that he had risked his life to save hers.
"Uncle Seth," she said soberly,

"what would have happened to us if Bryce Cardigan had not come up here today to thrash your woods-

"We'd both be in Kingdom Come now," he answered truthfully. "But before you permit yourself to be car-ried away by the splendor of his action in cutting out the caboose and getting it under control, it might be well to remember that his own precious hide was at stake also. He would have cut the caboose out even

if you and I had not been in it."
"No, he would not," she insisted, for the thought that he had done it for her sake was very sweet to her and would persist. "Cooped up in the ca-boose, we did not know the train was running away until it was too late for us to jump, while Bryce Cardigan, riding out on the logs, must have known it almost immediately. He would have had time to jump before the runaway gathered too much head way—and he would have jumped, Uncle Seth, for his father's sake."

"Well, he certainly didn't stay for She dried her moist eyes and blushed furlously. "Uncle Seth," she pleaded, taking him lovingly by the arm, "let's be friends with Bryce Cardigan; let's get together and agree on an equitable contract for freighting his logs over

our road." "You are now." he replied severely "mixing sentiment and business; if you persist, the result will be chaos. which makes him a poor business risk. ing him severely alone by making

"I'll not do that," she answered with quiet finality that caused her uncle to favor her with a quick, searching

for Bryce Cardigan was too well aware of his own financial condition to risk the humiliation of asking Shir Moreover, he had embarked upon -a war which he meant to fight to a finish.

CHAPTER IX.

George Sea Otter, summoned b elephone, came out to Freshwater, the station nearest the wreck, and transported his battered young master back to Sequoia. Here Bryce sought the doctor in the Cardigan Redwood Lumer company's little hospital and had his wrecked nose reorganized and his of his father's son that when this de to the office and work until the six

Clock whistle blew.
Old Cardigan was waiting for him at the gate when he reached home. George Sea Otter had already given the old man a more or less garbled ac count of the runaway log-train, and Cardigan eagerly awaited his son's arrival in order to ascertain the details of this new disaster which had come truth. The loss of the logs was trifling -perhaps three or four thousand dol-lars; the destruction of the rolling was the crowning misfortune Both Cardigans knew that Pennington would eagerly seize upon that point to stint his competitor still further or logging equipment, that there would be delays purposeful but apparently stock would be replaced. And in the interim the Cardigan mill, unable to get a sufficient supply of logs to fill orders in hand, would be forced to

close down.
"Well, son," said John Cardigan mildly as Bryce unlatched the gate 'another bump, eh?"

"Yes, sir-right on the nose." "I meant another bump to your neritage, my son."

"I'm worrying more about my nose partner. In fact, I'm not worrying about my heritage at all. I've come to a decision on that point: We're going to fight and fight to the last; we're go ing down fighting. And by the way, I started the fight this afternoon, I whaled the wadding out of that bucko oss of Pennington's, and as a special compliment to you. John Cardi gan, I did an almighty fine job of cleaning. Even went so far as to muss the Colonel up a little."

"Wow, wow, Bryce! Bully for you! I wanted that man Rondeau taken apart. He has terrorized our woods men for a long time. He's king of the mad-train, you know."

Bryce was relieved. His father did I hen them?" McTavish blubbered.

the late lamented; consequently a not know, then, of the act of vandal-walk of about a mile will bring you a ism in the Valley of the Glants. This

Arm in arm they walked up the garlen path together. Just as they entered the house, the telephone in the hall tinkled, and

Bryce answered, "Mr. Cardigan," came Shirley Sun

"Bryce," he corrected her.
She ignored the correction.
"I—I don't know what to say

you," she faltered. "I rang up to tell you how splendid and heroic your ac-"I had my own life to save, Shirley."

"Well-I didn't think of your uncle's, either," he replied without enthusiasm.
"I'm sure we never can hope to catch even with you, Mr. Cardigan."
"Don't try. Your revered relative will not; so why should you?"
"You are making it somewhat hard

for me to—to rehabilitate our friend-ship, Mr. Cardigan." "Bless your heart," he murmured.

"The very fact that you bothered to ring me up at all makes me your debtor. Shirley, can you stand some plain speaking—between friends, I

"I think so, Mr. Cardigan." "Well, then," said Bryce, "listen to this: I am your uncle's enemy until death do us part. Neither he nor I expect to ask or to give quarter, and I'm going to smash him if I can." ou do, you smash me," she warned him.

out it's got to be done if I can do it. shall we say good-by, Shirley?" "Yes-s-s!" There was a break in er voice. "Good-by, Mr. Cardigan. I

wanted to know." "Good-by! Well, that's cutting the mustard," he murmured sotto voce, "and there goes another bright day dream." Unknown to himself, he spoke directly into the transmitter, and Shirley, clinging half hopefully to the receiver at the other end of the wire, heard him—caught every inflec-tion of the words, commonplace tion of the words, common enough, but freighted with the pathos enough, but freighted with the pathos

of Bryce's first real tragedy.

"Oh, Bryce!" she cried sharply. But he did not hear her; he had hung up is receiver now.

The week that ensued was remarks.

complished in the investigation of his father's affairs—also for a visit from Donald McTavish, the woods-boss. "Hello, McTavish," Bryce saluted

the woods-boss cheerfully and extended his hand for a cordial greeting. His wayward employee stood up, took the proffered hand in both of his huge and callous ones, and held it rather child

"Weel! "Tis the wee laddie hissel" ne boomed. "I'm glad to see ye, boy."
"You'd have seen me the day before
yesterday—if you had been seeable." Bryce reminded him with a bright smile. "Mac, old man, they tell me you've gotten to be a regular go-to-hell."

"I'll nae deny I take a wee drapple now an' then," the woods-boss admit-ted frankly, albeit there was a harried, hangdog look in his eyes,

"Mac, did Moira give you my message?"

"Well, I guess we understand each other, Mac. Was there something else you wanted to see me about?"

McTavish sidled up to the desk.
"Ye'll no be firin' auld Mac oot o'

hand?" he pleaded hopefully. Bryce nodded. "If you have the

heart—after all these years—to draw pay you do not earn, then I have the heart to put a better man in your place. It's no good arguing, Mac. You're off the pay roll onto the pension roll-your shanty in the woods your meals at the camp kitchen, your clothing and tobacco that I send on to you. Neither more nor less! "Who will ye pit in ma place?"

"I don't know. However, it won't be a difficult task to find a better man than you.'

"I'll nae let him work." McTavish's voice deepened to a growl.
"You worked that racket on my fa-

ther. Try it on me, and you'll answer -personally. Lay the weight of your finger on your successor, Mac, and you'll die in the county poor farm. No threats, old man! You know the Cardigans; they never bluff."

McTavish's glance met the youthful naster's for several seconds; then the woods boss trembled, and his sought the office floor. Bryce knew he had his man whipped at last, and McTavish realized it, too, for quite

suddenly he burst into tears.
"Dinna fire me, lad," he pleaded.
"I'll gae back on the job an' leave whusky alone." "Nothing doing, Mac. Leave whisky

alone for a year and I'll discharge your successor to give you back your job. For the present, however, my verdict stands. You're discharged."

"Who'll fell trees wi the least amoun o' the men? Who'll— Ye dinna mean it, lad. Ye canna mean it." "On your way, Mac. I loathe argu-

"I maun see yer faither about this. He'll nae stand for sic treatment of an auld employee."

Bryce's temper flared up. "You keep away from my father. You've worried him enough in the past, you drunkard. If you go up to the ho ings, McTavish, I'll manhandle you." He glanced at his watch. "The next train leaves for the woods in twenty minutes. If you do not go back on it and behave yourself, you can never go back to Cardigan woods."

"I will siae take charity from any man," McTavish thundered. bother the owd man, an' I'll nae go back to you woods to live on yer bounty. I was never a man to take charity," he roared furiously, and left cheerful good-bye, but he did not an neither did he return to his shants



Nae Take Charity From Any

abouts remained a mystery; then one day Moira received a letter from him informing her that he had a job knee

county.

In the interim Bryce had not been idle. From his wood crew he picked an old, experienced hand-one Jabez Curtis-to take the place of the vanished McTavish. Colonel Penning ton, having repaired in three days th gap in his railroad, wrote a letter to the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, informing Bryce that until more equipment could be purchased and de livered to take the place of the rolling stock destroyed in the wreck, the lat ter would have to be content with half deliveries; whereupon Bryce irriated the Colonel profoundly by pur-chasing a lot of second-hand trucks Lassen county and delivering them to

steam schooner. "That will insure delivery of suffclent logs to get out our orders on file." Bryce informed his father. "While we are morally certain our intend that it shall run full capacity for that year. To be exact, I'm going to run a night shift."

"Our finances won't stand the over-head of a night shift, I tell you," his father warned.

"I know we haven't sufficient cash on hand to attempt it, dad, but-I'm

going to borrow some."
"From whom? No bank in Sequoia will lend us a penny."
"Did you sound the Sequoia Bank

"Certainly not. Pennington owns the controlling interest in that bank, and I was never a man to waste my

Bryce chuckled. "I don't care where the money comes from so long as I get it, partner. Desperate circumstances require desperate measures you know, and the day before yester day, when I was quite ignorant of the fact that Colonel Pennington controls the Sequola Bank of Comp drifted in on the president and casually struck him for a loan of one hun-

dred thousand dollars." "Well, I'll be shot, Bryce! What did he say? "Said he'd take the matter under

consideration and give me an answer this morning. He asked me, of course, what I wanted that much money for, and I told him I was going to run a night shift, double my force of men in the woods, and buy some more logging trucks, which I can get rather cheap.
Well, this morning I called for my
answer—and got %. The Sequent to a hundred thousand, but it won't give me the cash in a lump sum. I can have enough to buy the logging trucks now, and on the first of each month, when I present my pay roll, the bank will advance me the money

to meet it."
"Bruce, I am amazed."
"I am not—since you tell me Colenel Pennington controls that bank.
That the bank should accommodate us is the most natural procedure in aginable. Pennington is only playin safe—which is why the bank decline to give me the money in a lump as If we run a night shift, Penning knows that we can't dispose of our excess output under present market conditions. It's a safe bet our lum-ber is going to pile up on the mill dock; hence, when the smash comes and the Sequola Bank of Commerce calls our loan and we cannot possibly neet it, the lumber on hand will prove security for the loan, will it not? In fact, it will be worth two or three dollars per thousand more then than it is now, because it will be air-dried."

"But what idea have you got back of such a procedure, Bryce?

"Merely a forlorn hope, dad. Some thing might turn up. The market may take a sudden spurt and go up three or four dollars. And whether the market goes up or comes down, it costs us nothing to make the experiment."

"Then, if you'll come down to the office tomorrow morning, dad, we'll hold a meeting of our board of directors and authorize me as president of the company to sign the note to the bank. We're borrowing this without collateral, you know."

John Cardigan entered no further

objection, and the following day the agreement was entered into with the extra logging equipment and imme-diately set about rounding up a crew for the woods and for the night shift

For a month Bryce was as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger with the itch, and during all that time he did not see Shirley Sumner or hear of her, directly or indirectly.

Moira McTavish, in the meantim had come down from the woods and fice. The change from her dull, drab life, giving her, as it did, an opportunity for companionship with people of greater mentality and refinement than she had been used to, quickly brought about a swift transition in the girl's nature. With the passing of the coarse shoes and calico dresses and substitution of the kind of cloth ing all women of Moira's instinctive and natural beauty long for, the girl became cheerful, animated, and imbued with the optimism of her years.

Moira worked in the general office, and except upon occasions when Bryce desired to look at the bests or Moira brought some document into the private office for his perusal, there were days during which his pleasant "Good morning, Moira," consti the extent of their conversation,

Bryce had been absent in San Francisco for ten days. He had planned to stay three weeks, but finding his business consummated in less time, he returned to Sequola unexpectedly. Moira was standing at the tall bookkeeping desk, her beautiful dark head bent over the ledger, when he entered the

"Is that you, Mr. Bryce?" she

"The identical individual, Meirs How did you guess it was I?" She looked up at him then, and her wonderful dark eyes lighted with a flame Bryce had not seen in them heretofore. "I knew you were com-ing," she replied simply.

"You had a hunch, Moira. Do you get those telepathic messages very often?" He was crossing the office to shake her hand.

"I've never noticed particularlythat is, until I came to work here. But I always know when you are return ing after a considerable abs She gave him her hand, "I'm so glad

She flushed. "I—I really don's know, Mr. Bryce." "Well, then," he persisted, "what de you think makes you glad?"

"I had been thinking how nice it would be to have you back, Mr. Bryce. When you enter the office, it's like breeze rustling the tops of the redwoods. And your father misses you so; he talks to me a great deal about you. Why, of course, we miss you;

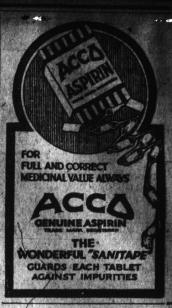
anybody would." As he held her hand, he glanced down at it and noted how greatly it had changed during the past months. From her hand his glance roved over the girl, noting the im provements in her dress, and the way the thick, wavy black hair was piled on top of her shapely head.

"It hadn't occurred to me before Moira," he said with a bright impe sonal smile that robbed his remark of all suggestion of masculine flattery, "but it seems to me I'm unusuall: glad to see you, also. You've been fin ing your hair different. Is this new style the latest in hairdressing in Se

An unknown person buys the Valley of the Giants for \$100,000.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"The original cross examination," remust have been the third degree pro-cedure Eve used on Adam when her husband remained away a large part of the night sitting up with a sick friend." friend."

Taking the Sunny Side.

Every street has two sides, the shady side and the sunny. When two men shake hands and part mark w of the two takes the sunny side; he will be the younger man of the two. Rulwer-Lytton.

