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Thanksgiving Dinner

BELLANS INDIGESTION 25 GBR 6 BELLANS
Hot water
Sure Relief ELL-ANS

Check That Cold Right Away

Dr. King's New Discovery soon breaks a cold and checks a cough

SUDDEN chill—sneez A feeling in the head—and you have the beginning of a hard cold. Get right after it, just as soon as the sniffles start, with Dr. King's New Discovery. For fifty years a standard remedy for colds, coughs and grippe. You will soon notice a change for

You will soon notice a change for the better. Has a convincing, healing taste that the kiddies like. Good for croupy coughs. All druggists, 60c and \$1.20 a bottle.

For colds and coughs New Discovery

Put "Pep" in Your Work Many a man has been a failure in business, many a woman in her home, because constipation has clogged the whole system, storing up poisons that enervate and depress. Dr. King's Pills act mildly and make bowels act naturally. Same old price, 25 cents.

Prompt/ Won't Gripe T.King's Pills



What They Mean.

Some folks complain that the best they get out of life is the worst of it, when what they really mean is that they think the worst life ought to give them is the best of it.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Allags Irritation, Soothes and Heals Throat and Lung Inflammation.

The constant irritation of a cough keeps the delicate membrane of the throat and lungs in a congested condition. Boschee's Syrup has been a favorite household remedy for colds coughs, bronchitis and especially for lung troubles, in thousands of hor all over the world, for the last fifty four years, giving the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with

Nothing Like It. "That chap is a humorous writer

isn't he?"

"Not at all. He writes jokes for the funny papers.".

These are the days in which a man's red nose is more an indictment of his wife's cookery than of his own bibu

The difficulty in arranging a consistent drop in prices lies in the num-ber of selfish objections to making it

Michael Moraled House, Healthy House, Healthy Lie, Have Strong, Healthy Tor, Itc., Tor, Tor, Marie of The Hors, Marie of Littles of

If you are in the wrong an ally is

sp. 25c each everywhere,-Adv. TRICUIN IS CUSTED ON BE THE THE cially it a little of the fragrant Cutianolutings of Cutleura Olntment. Nothing better, purer, sweeter, espe-Cuticura Soothes Baby Rashes
That Itch and burn with hot batha
of, Cuticura Soap followed by gentle
anolntings of Cuticura Olntment
Souther better purer avester gene-

his party without anybody caring. The Acme.
Knicker—Is Jones insignificant?
Bocker—So obscure he can chan

BOULD TO THE SECOND STREET HE VALLEY of the GLANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

CHAPTER XVIII-Continued.

"Oh, my love!" he cried happily. "] hadn't dired dream of such happines until today. You were so unattainable—the obstacles between us were

"Why today, Bryce?" she interrupt-

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 en emy, 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 olly old invertebrate wept and promised me anything if I wouldn't disgrace him. So I promised I wouldn't do anything until the franchise matshould be definitely settled—after which I returned to my office, to find waiting me there no less a person than the right-of-way man for the Northwestern Pacific. He was a per fectly delightful young fellow, and he had a proposition to unfold. It seems the Northwestern Pacific has decided to build up from Willits, and all that powwow and publicity of Buck Ogilpowwow and publicity of Buck Ogil-vy'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 altimately with the terminus of the C. M. & St. P. on Gray's Harbor, Washngton. 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 De Norte redwood—and they'd be left holding the sack."

"Why did they think that, dear?" . "That amazing rascal, Buck Ogllvy, 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 com-pany 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 e 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 ag 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 Lumper Company."

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

"Bryce." Shirley declared. "haven't always told you I'd never permit you build the N. C. O."

"Of course," he replied, "but surely ou're going to withdraw your objec-

ween the N. C. O. and me." And she met his surprised gaze unflinchingly. "Shirley! You don't mean it?"

ft. 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

"Not for my sake?" she pleaded. He

"Do you realize what that resolution neans 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 test-ing 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 to the last time that you shall not build the N. C. O.—because I'm going to combine 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 your rairroad, 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

nurmured, 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 handker-

chief 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 won derful 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.

Cel. 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 disagree We have quarreled over young Cardigan. She's going to marry him. Now, our affairs are somewhat in volved, 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 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 Cardinal did not setum to bis.

The Colonel did not return to his me 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 Sequola and engaged a room. He did not possess sufficient courage to face his niec

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 ailed 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 natter 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 cer tain damnable document in the posses sion 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 dream which for the first time in many years were rose-tinted. Beside him Shirley sat, her glance bent musingly out across the roofs of Sequola 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 whising of the saws and the rumble of log trains crawling out of the log dumps; high over the plies 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 ressels were

shook his head. "I must go on," he 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 tew of a Cardigen tug.

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

"Aye," he replied in his deep, melo-dious voice, "I've been sitting here, my dear, listening to your thoughts. You know something, now, of the tie that binds my boy to Sequola. This"—he waved his arm abroad in the dark-ness—"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 Sequota resolutely with my son. It is a dult, 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 lilt of battle, John-partner," she answered; "hence think I can enjoy the sweets of vic-

tory. 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

"Big doings up on Little Laurel reek this morning, Buck."
"Do tell!" Mr. Ogilyy murmured

"It was great," Bryce continued Duncan McTavish returned. I 4Old knew he would. His year on the mourner's bench expired yesterday. and he came back to claim his old job

"He's one year too late," Ogilvy de-ared. "I wouldn't let that big Canaclared. dian Jules Rondeau quit for 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

"I neven't eh? Well, any time you deny me the privilege of hiring and firing you're going to be out the serv-ice 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 Possession is nine points of the law, Buck—and Old Duncan is in

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 area that 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 tob-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 ham mer 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 whinned?" 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 him up, and Rondeau went to his shanty and packed his turkey. The last I saw of him he was headed over to Camp Two on Laguna Grande. He'll probably chase that as consolidation out of Shirley's woods nd help himself to the fellow's job I don't care if he does. What interests woods bess is back on the tob in Carit. The old horsethief has had his sson and will remain sober hereafter. I think he's cured."

loading, their tall spars cutting the sky line above and beyond the smoke-stacks; far down the bay a steam schooner. loaded until her main deck was shoose fush with the water, was shoose fush with the water.

the way, has my dad been down this

norning?"
"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 mil-lion 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 Napler standing outside the office and drove away Buck Ogilvy waited until Bryce was out of sight; then with sudden deter

mination he entered the effice.
"Moira," he said abruptly, approach ing 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. Un-derstand? Now, look here, Moira. I've shilly-shallled 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 ras-cal 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 an-

"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-thou-sand-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

"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," cried. Her eyes turned to him timidly, and for the first time he saw in their

don't know." she quavered, "and it's a

big responsibility "Oh, the devil take the case!" he eried rapturously, and took her hands in his. "Do I improve with age, dear ness: 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, admired Mr. Buck Ogilvy; mere she respected him and was genuinely of him. She wondered and sh 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 who

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

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

The old eyes opened and John Carligan 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 wearled him. "I've been sitting herewaiting," he went on in the same gentle whisper. "No, not waiting for you, boy-waiting-"

His head fell over on his son's shoulder; his hand went groping for you hear it-the Silence? I'll wait for here, my son. Mother and I will wait together now—in this spot she fancied. I'm tired—I want rest. Look wer after old Mac and Moira—and Bill that Dandy, who lost his leg at Camp Seven By last fall—and Tom Blington's chil-t

San Hedria opened up, but—I've live my live and loved my love. Ah. ver I've been happy—so happy just doin things—aud—dreaming here among m Giants—and—"

Giants—and—"

He sighed gently. "Good son," ha 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 stonged.

"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 departed from the little

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 Glants, himself at last an infinites mal portion of that treme 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 patch of cerulean sky showed faint en shaft over the blossom-laden grave and from the brown trunk of an ac facent tree a gray squirrel, a descend ant, perhaps, of the gray squirrel tha



"He Was a Glant Among Men."

had been wont to rob Bryce's pocket 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 maje it possible, sweetheart."

She gazed up at him in adoration And presently they left the Valley of the Giants to face the world to gether, strong in their faith to live their lives and live 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 knowl edge that those dreams had come true [THE END.]

DIAMOND IS MODERN JEWEL

Beautiful Stone as Wa Know It Today Was Unfamiliar to the An-

The perfectly cut and brilliant dismond the world knows today is not very much more than 50 years old. says a cient world knew little of dis-monds. From the first Pharaoh to the last, through all the pageantry of 31 dynasties, diamonds were unknown in Egypt. From the dawn of history, remained unfamiliar

them for 40 centuries. The conquest of Alexander acros 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 Moorisi conquest of Spain, brought only a trickle of diamonds into western Europe. A fashionable jewelry store in America today carries mere diamond 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 ides existed but were not exactly sure were in current use. And if he asked fo a pair of pliers, you knew if you made a mistake and handed him a monkey wrench he might choke you or some thing. And when, after he has had to out on the chains, you finally pull out of that mud hole, O-oo! "Ain't it . grand and giorious feeling?"-Colum bus Dispatch.

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

A Word of Help to Wome of Middle Age From Mrs. Rane



elf. You are at liberty to use same if you wish."—Mrs. ALICE RAN Morse, Oklahoma.

Change of Life is one of the m critical periods of a woman's existen This good old-fashioned root and he remedy may be relied upon to overcou the distressing symptoms which according the distressing symptoms which a pany it and women everywhere remember that there is no other re nown to carry women so success rough this trying period as Lyd inkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Little Jimmy, having been punished for naughtiness, started mumbling to

"What are you doing now?" asked

his mother. "Tse swearin'," said the youn "but I'se chewin' it up so God hear me."—Boston Transcript.

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs nly—look for the name Californ only—look for the battle the package, then you are sure your the baying the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. Tou must say "California."—Adv.

The Absent Back, Cortlandt Bleecker was supping in a oof garden restaurant the other nigh when his companion nudged him and

"Look, there goes Merriweather. Poor duffer, every cent he earns goes on his wife's back."

"Then, by heaven, he must have lost his job," said Mr. Bleecker, "judging by the dress I saw his wife wearing at a dinner dance last week.

Moving-Picture Films.

Of the average moving picture film, 50 to 75 prints are made, but in the case of one of the most popular ones as many as 250 to 725 prints sometimes been required.

Millions for a New Stomach

One of the greatest American milliaires said to his physician, "A million dellars, Doctor, spot cash and no grumbling, for a new stomach," and then the sick man grouned and turned away. All his wealth could not make him happy or contented, for happiness largely depends upon digestion. Without health where does happiness come in After all the stomach plays a great part in everyday life. Without a healthy stomach and good digestion our blood is thin, watery and poor, our heart action is weak, our liver does not do its duty, and man is miserable and unhappy. Prevent disease by putting the house in order and strengthening the system against the germs of dises

Dr. Pierce, of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., years ago understood diseases and their prevention, and he discovered certain roots and herbs which were nature's remedies, and succeeded in putting them up in a form that could be easily procured at the drug store (liquid or tableta). This he called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This Discovery gives no false stimulation be cause it contains no alcohol or any narcotic. It helps digestion and the assimilation of such elements in the food as are required for the blood. It gives to the blood the food elements the tissues require. For over fifty years it has enjoyed the confidence of the Americas public. Try it now!