

A BLACKBERRY PIE.

Synopais.—Pioneer in the California redweed 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 et two-day old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequola, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial 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 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 sucie, Cal. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

CHAPTER V-Continued.

"Certainly they can. But I shall have to wait until they are completely matured and I have become completely blind; then a specialist will perform an operation on my eyes, and in all ability my sight will be restored for a few years. However, I haven't given the matter a great deal of con-sideration. And I am about ready to quit now. I'd like to, in fact; I'm

"Oh, but you can't quit until you've seen your redwoods again," Bryce re-minded him. "I suppose it's been a long time since you've visited the Valley of the Glants; your long exile from the wood-goblins has made you a trifle gloomy, I'm afraid." John Cardigan nodded. "I haven't

seen them in a year and a half, Bryce. Last time I was up, I slipped betwe the logs on that old skid-road and broke my old fool neck."

"Pal, it wasn't fair of you to make me stay away so long. If I had only known—if I had remotely suspected

"You'd have spoiled everything-of course. Don't scold me, son. You're all I have now, and I couldn't bear to send for you until you'd had your fling." His trembling old hand crept over and closed upon his boy's hand, so firm but free from signs of toll. "It was my pleasure, Bryce," he continued, "and you wouldn't deny me my choice of sport, would you? Re I never had a college education, and the only real travel I have ever had was when I worked my way around Cape Horn as a foremast hand, and all I saw then was water and hard-ships; all I've seen since is my little world here in Sequola and in San

You've sacrificed enough—too much -for me, Dad."

"It pleased me to give you all the advantages I wanted and couldn't afford until I was too old and too busy to consider them. Besides, it was your mother's wish. And you have enjoyed your little run, haven't you?" cluded wistfully.

"I have, Dad." Bryce's great hand sed over the back of his father's neck: he shook the old man with mock ferocity. "Stubborn old lumber tack!" he chided.

John Cardigan shook with an in ward chuckle, for the loving abuse his boy had formed a habit of heaping or him never failed to thrill him. , In stinctively Bryce had realized that tonight obvious sympathy copiously his father's bruised spirit,; hence he elected to regard the latter's blindness as a mere temporary annoyance, some thing to be considered lightly, all: and it was typical of him nov that the subject had been discussed briefly, to resolve never to refer to

"Tomorrow morning I'm going to put a pair of overalls on you, arm you with a tin can and a swab, and set you to greasing the skidways. Partner, you've deceived me."

"Oh, nonsense. If I had whimpered. that would only have spoiled every-

"Nevertheless, you were forced to cable me to hurry home."

"I summoned you the instant I realized I was going to need you."
"No, you didn't, John Cardigan. You ummoned me because, for the first time in your life, you were panicky and let yourself get out of hand."

His father nodded slowly. "And you aren't over it yet," Bryce con-tinued, his voice no longer bantering lowered affectionately. "What's trouble, Dad? Trot out your old t be very real when it gets my

"It is, Bryce, very real indeed. As I remarked before, I've lost your heritage for you." He sighed. "I waited till you would be able to come home and settle down to business; now you're home; and there isn't any busi-

ess to settle down to."

Bryce chuckled, for ne was indeed far from being worried over business matters, his consideration now being entirely for his father's peace of mind. "All right," he retorted, "Father has the servants go and give up the old weak, anemic, tenderly nurtured little Bryce Cardigan must put his turkey on his back and go into the woods looking for a job as a lumberjack. . . Busted, eh? Did I or did I not hear the six o'clock whistle blow at the mill? Bet you a dollar I did." "Oh, I have title to everything-

"How I do have to dig for good news! Then it appears we still have a business; indeed, we may always have a business, for the very fact that it is going but not quite gone implies and perhaps we may yet scheme a way to retain it. If we can save enough out of the wreck to insure

you your customary home comforts, 1 shan't cry, partner. I have a profes sion to fall back on. Yes, sirree. I own a sheep-skin, and it says I'm an electrical and civil engineer." "What!"

"I said it. An electrical and civil engineer. Slipped one over on you at college, John Cardigan, when all the time you thought I was having a good

"Bu-bu-but-"

"It drives me wild to have a mar sputter at me. I'm an electrical and civil engineer. I tell you, and my two years of travel have been spent studying the installation and construction of big plants abroad.'

"My dear boy! And you've got your degree?'

"Partner, I have a string of letters after my name like the tail of a

comet."
"You comfort me," the old man answered simply. "I have reproached myself with the thought that I reared you with the sole thought of making a lumberman out of you—and when saw your lumber business slipping through my fingers-"

"You were sorry I didn't have profession to fall back on, eh? Or were you fearful lest you had raised the usual rich man's son? If the latter, you did not compliment me, pal, I've never forgotten how hard you always strove to impress me with a sense of the exact weight of my responsibility as your successor.

"How big are you now?" his father veried suddenly.

"Well, sir," Bryce answered, for his father's pleasure putting aside his normal modesty, "I'm six feet two tall, and I weigh two hundred pounds in the pink of condition. I ave a forty-eight-inch chest, with five and a half inches chest-expansion, and a reach as long as a gorilla's. My

underpinning is good, too; I'm not one of these fellows with spidery legs and a barrel-chest. I can do a hundred yards in ten seconds; I'm no slouch say I made football history.'

"That is very encouraging, my boy very. Ever do any boxing?"

Quite a little. I'm fairly up in the manly art of self-defense.

The old man wagged his head approvingly, and they had reached the gate of the Cardigan home before he spoke again. "There's a big buck woods-bass up in Pennington's camp," he remarked irrelevantly. "He's French Canadian imported from north-ern Michigan by Colonel Pennington. I dare say he's the only man in this country who measures up to you physically. He can fight with his fists and wrestle quite cleverly, I'm told. His name is Jules Rondeau, and he's top dog among the lumberjacks. They say he's 'the strongest man in th county." He unlatched the gate. Folks used to say that about me once," he continued wistfully. "Ah, If I could have my eyes to see you

neet Jules Rondeau!" The front portal of the quaint old Cardigan residence opened, and a silver-haired lady came out on the porch and hailed Bryce. She was Mrs. Tully, John Cardigan's old housekeeper, and almost a mother to Bryce.
"Oh, here's my boy!" she cried, and a moment later found herself encircled by Bryce's arms and saluted with a

As he stepped into the familiar entrance-hall, Bryce paused, raised his head and sniffed suspiciously, like a head and snifted suspiciously, far a bird-dog., Mrs. Tully, arms akimbo-watched him pleasurably. "I'smell something," he declared, and advanced a sten down the hall for another snift;

then, in exact imitation of a foxhouse, he gave tongue, and started for the kitchen. Mrs. Tully, waddling after, found him "pointing" two, hot blackpreviously been taken from the oven. He was baying lugubriously, "I'm still a pie-hound, Mrs. Tully, sly been taken from the oven.

and you're still the same dear, thoughtful soul. How many did you make?"

"Two."
"May I have one all for myself, Mrs.

"Indeed you may, my dear." "Thank you, but I do not want It for myself. Mrs. Tully, will you please wrap one of those wonderful ples in a napkin and the instant George Sea Otter comes in with the car, tell him to take the pie over to Colonel Penn-ington's house and deliver it to Miss Sumner? There's a girl who doubtless thinks she has tasted ple in her day, He selected a card from his card-case, sat down and wrote: Dear Miss Sumner:

"Here is a priceless hot wild-blackberry ple, especially manufactured in my honor. It is so good I wanted you to have some. In all your life you

have never tasted anything like it. "Bryce Cardigan."

Some twenty minutes later his unusual votive offering was delivered by, George Sea Otter to Colonel Penning-ton's Swedish maid, who promptly brought it in to the Colonel and Shirley Sumner, who were even then at dinner in the Coionel's fine buriredwood-paneled dining room. Miss Sumner's amazement was so profound that for fully a minute she was mute, contenting herself with scrutinizing alternately the ple and the card that accompanied it. Presently she handed the card to her uncle, who affixed his pince-nez and read the epistle with

"Isn't this young Cardigan a truly remarkable young man, Shirley?" he declared. "Why, I have never heard of anything like his astounding action. If he had sent fou over an armful of American Beauty roses from his father's old-fashioned garden, I could undertand it, but an infernal blackberry pie! Good heavens!"

"I told you he was different," she replied. To the Colonel's amazement she did not appear at all amused. "Bryce Cardigan is a man with the heart and soul of a boy, and I think It was mighty sweet of him to share his pie with me. If he had sent roses, I should have suspected him of trying to 'rush' me, but the fact that he sent a natural, simple, sane, original citi-



"I Told You He Was Different."

zen-just the kind of person a girl incurring the risk of having to marry

The Colonel noticed a calm little smile fringing her generous mouth. He wished he could tell by intuition what she was thinking about—and what effect a hot wild-blackberry pie was ultimately to have upon the value of his minority holding in the Laguna Grande Lumber company.

Not until dinner was finished and father and son had repaired to the library for their coffee and cigars did Cardigan advert to the subject of his father's business affairs.

"Well, John Cardigan," he declared comfortably. "Suppose you start at the beginning and tell me everything right to the end. George Sea Otter informed me that you've been having trouble with this Johnny-come-lately Colonel Pennington. Is he the man who has us where the hair is short?" The old man nodded.

"The Squaw creek timber deal, eh?" Bryce suggested.

Again the old man nodded. "You wrote me all about that," Bryce continued. "You had him blocked whichever way he turned-so effectually blocked, in fact, that the only pleasure he has derived from his investment since is the knowledge that he owns two thousand acres of timber with the exclusive right to pay taxes on it, walk in it, look at it and admire it-in fact, do everything except log it, mill it, and realize on his !nvest nent. It must make him feel like a bally jackass,"

"On the other hand," his father reminded him, "no matter what the Colonel's feeling on that score may be misery loves company, and not until I thousan had pulled out of the Squaw creek country and started logging in the San ment?"

watershed, did' I realize that I

be no doubt but that you cut off your nose to spite your face."

His thoughts harked back to that first season of logging in the San Hedrin, when the cloud-burst had

"Yes." Bryce admitted, "there

caught the river filled with Cardigan logs and whirled them down to the bay, to crash through the log-boom at tidewater and continue out to 'the

open sea.

The old man appeared to divine the trend of his son's thoughts. "Yes, Bryce, that was a disastrous year," he declared. "The mere loss of the logs was a severe blow, but in addition I had to pay out quite a little money to settle with my customers. was loaded up with low-priced order that year, although I didn't expect to make any money. The orders were merely to keep the men employed. You understand, Bryce! I had a good crew, the finest in the country; and if I had shut down, my men would have scattered and—well, you know how hard it is to get that kind of a crew together again. Besides, I had never failed my boys before, and I thought of falling couldn't bear the thought of falling them then. Half the mills in the and there was a lot of distress amon the unemployed. I couldn't do it Bryce."
Bryce nodded. "And when you los

the logs, you couldn't fill those low-priced orders. Then the market comenced to jump and advanced three dollars in three months-

"Exactly, my son, And my tomers began to crowd me to fill thos eld orders. I couldn't expect them to suffer with me; my failure to perform my contracts, while unavoidable, never theless would have caused them loss, and when they wer forced to buy elsewhere, I paid them the difference between the price they paid my competitors and the price at which they orginally placed their or ders with me. And the delay caused them further loss."

He smoked meditatively for a minute. "I've always been land-poor," I explained apologetically. "Whenever had idle money, I put it into timbe in the San Hedrin watershed, because I realized that some day the railros would build in from the south, tag that timber and double its value. I'v wisdom of my course; but"-he sighed -"the railroad is a long time con

ing!".
John Cardigan here spoke of a m important factor in the situation. The erying need of the country was a feeder to some transcontinental railroad. By reason of natural barriers, Humboldt county was not easily accessible to the outside world except from the sea. and even this avenue of ingress and egress would be closed for days at a stretch when the harbor bar was or a rampage. With the exception of a strip of level, fertile land, perhaps five miles wide and thirty miles long and contiguous to the seacoast, the heavily timbered mountains to the north, eas and south rendered the building of railroad that would connect Humbolds county with the outside world a pro-

foundly difficult and expensive task, "Don't worry, Dad. It will come, Bryce assured his father.

"Yes, but not in my day. And whe it comes, a stranger may own your San Hedrin timber and reap the reward of my lifetime of labor.

Again a silence fell between then broken presently by the old man "That was a mistake-logging in the San Hedrin," he observed. lesson that first year, but I didn't camps there, pocketed my pride, paid Colonel Pennington two dollars for his Squaw creek timber, and rebuilt my old logging road, I would have en safe to-day. But I was stubborn I'd played the game so long, you know—I didn't want to let that man Pennington outgame me. It's hard to each an old dog new tricks, and b sides. I was obsessed with the need of protecting your heritage from attack in any direction.

John Cardigan straightened up in his chair and laid the tip of his right index finger in the center of the palm of his left hand. "Here was the situation, Bryce: The center of my palm represents Sequola; the ends of my fingers represent the San Hedrin timber twenty miles south. Now, if the railroad built in from the south, you would win. But if it built in from Grant's Pass, Oregon, on the north from the base of my hand, the terminate of the line would be Sequoia, twenty miles from your timber in the San Hedrin watershed!"

Bryce nodded. "In which event," he replied, "we would be in much the same position with our San Hedrin timber as Colonel Pennington is with his Squaw creek timber. We would have the comforting knowledge that we owned it and paid taxes on it but couldn't do a dad-burned thing with

"Right you are! The thing to do, then, as I viewed the situation Bryce, was to acquire a body of timber north of Sequoia and be prepared for either eventuality. And this I did."

Silence again descended upon them and Bryce, gazing into the open fire place, recalled an event in that period of his father's activities: Old Bill Henderson had come up to their hous to dinner one night, and quite suddenly, in the midst of his soup, the old fox had glared across at his host

"John, I hear you've bought six thousand acres up in Township nine. Going to log it or hold it for invest-

replied enigmatically; "so I though I'd better take it at the price. I sur

ose Bryce will log it some day."
"Then I wish Bryce wasn't such boy, John. See here, now, neighbor.
I'll fess up. I took that money Pennington gave me for my Squaw creek timber and put it back into redwood in Township nine, slam-bang up against your holdings, there. John I'd build a mill on tidewater if you'd sell me a site, and I'd log my timber

"I'll sell you a mill-site, Bfil, and won't stab you to the heart, either Consider that settled."

"That's bully, John; but still, you only dispose of part of my troubles There's twelve miles of logging-road to build to get my logs to the mill, and I haven't enough ready money to make the grade. Better throw in with me, John, and we'll build the road and operate it for our joint interest."

"I'll not throw in with you, Bill, at my time of life. I don't want to have the worry of building, maintaining, and operating twelve miles of private railroad. But I'll loan you—the money you need to build and equip the road. In return you are to shoulder all the grief and worry of the road and give me a ten-year con-tract at a dollar and, a half per thousand feet, to haul my logs down to mum haul will be twenty-five million feet annually, and my maximum fifty

"Sold!" cried Henderson. And it was even s

Bryce came out of his reverie. "And

low?" he queried of his father "I mortgaged the San Hedrin time the north, my son; then after I com menced logging in my new holdings came several long; lean years of familie market dragged in the doldrum and Bill Henderson died, and his boye got discouraged, and ——"

A sudden flash of inspiration illumi nated Bryce Cardigan's brain. "And they sold out to Colonel Pennington,' he cried.

"Exactly. The Colonel took over my contract with Henderson's company, along with the other assets, and it was incumbent upon him, as as ignee, to fulfill the contract. For the past two years the market for redwood has been most gratifying, and if could only have gotten a maximum supply of logs over Pennington's road I'd have worked out of the

"He manages to hold you to a mininum annual haul of twenty-five million

John Cardigan nodded. "He claim he's short of rolling-stock—that wrecks and fires have embarrassed the road He can always find excuses for falling to spot in logging trucks for Cardigan' logs."

"What does Colonel Pennington want, pard?"

"He wants," said John Cardigar slowly, "my Valley of the Giants and right of way through my land from the valley to a log-dump on dies

"And you refused him?" 'Naturally. You know my Yeas of

that big timber." His old heat sauk low on his breast. "Folks call them Cardigan's redwoods acw," he mured. "Cardigan's swiwoods mured. "Cardigan's Furwoods
Pennington would cut them! Oh Bryce, the man hasn't a soul!"

"But I fail to see what the loss Cardigan's redwoods has to do with the impending ruin of the Cardigas Redwood Lumber company," his son reminded him. "We have all the time

er we want." "My ten-year contract has but on more year to run, and recently I tried to get Pennington to renew was very nice and sociable, but-he named me a freight-rate for a renewa of the contract for five years, of three dollars per thousand feet. That rate is prohibitive and puts us out of bust

"Then," said Bryce calmly, "we'll shut the mill down when the loghauling contract expires, hold our tim ber as an investment, and live the simple life until we can self transcontinental road builds into Humpoldt county and enables us to start up the mill again."

"An enemy has done this thing-and over her grave!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Genius.

The book reviewer of Everybody's magazine drops, somewhat unac countably, into these 'magazina' re-flections on genius: "It is the queer est thing in the world, the most un explainable. It burns now in the mind of a tax-collector's son in ancient Rome, now in a tent-maker of Persia now in a livery keeper's son in Lon on, now in a mixer of pills in a dreary Norwegian town. Like the It is a fire that may not be quenched either by failure or success. And whether we know it or not, its rays light the paths of all of us."

Rejecting a Compliment stock exchange, who is now giving up the close of a strenuous life te philanthropic efforts, was in his hey day a tremendous gambler in stocks and, incidentally, he and his partne were rather expert in the gentle ar of making enemies. One of these accosted him with the pleasant remark "Look here, you are the biggest thie on the stock exchange," "Ah," we the answer, "It is evident you do no know my partner,"—London Tit-B!"

CONDENSED NEWS FROM THE OLD NORTH STATE

SHOUT NOTES OF INTEREST TO CAROLINIANS.

Kinston.-Half a dozen monster warehouses and more than that num ber of redrying plants, stemmerles, cooperages and storage houses are being put in shape here for the open-ing of the tobacco season.

Newton .- The remains of Russell G. Boggs, who died in France in the spring of 1918 of Spanish influenza were brought to this city and take to the home of his mother, Mrs. C. U Boggs, near Claremont.

Lumberton.—John Henry Bethean negro, charged with killing Deputy Sheriff J. A. Kitchen, of Robeson county, on the night of July 2, gave imself up to an officer in South Caro ina and is now in jail here.

Newton.-P. A. Hoyle of Newton was elected president of the Farmers Mutual Fire Insurance association Catawba and Burke branch, and M. A. Abernethy of Newton, secretary and he association.

Weldon.-The street bridge over the Roanoke river at Roanoke Rapids has been purchased jointly by North-ampton and Halifax counties and the town of Roanoke Rapids and hereafter will be operated without cost to the traevling public.

Charlotte.—The town of Myere Park will not conduct a school dur ing the coming school year, it was an nounced by Mayor C. H. Gover. falowing an investigation and report by the school committee named recently by the mayor and commissioners of the new town.

Greensboro.-C. A. Edwards, o Needles, Calf., is dead and Harry D. Mullins, of Washington, D. C., and Robert Teague of High Point, are in a local hospital seriously injured, the result of a freight train striking the automobile in which three men were riding at a street crossing here.

Henderson. Work on repairing paved streets in Henderson is to b started. The R. G. Lassiter company are now unloading the necessary equipment at the railroad freight sta tion. This work is to be finished by September 1st so that it will be in good shape by time the tobacco mar-

Durham -- Don Roszel, seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Roszel of this city, shot and probably wound ed William Jones, seven year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Jones, also of Durham, in a play Jel at the Rosze

Wilson .- Two were instantly killed and three others probably fatally injured at Stantonsburg, 10 miles east of here, when a Norfo's Southern pas senger train crashed into an automo bile on a grade crossing.

Raleigh.—Governor Bickett has pardoned Gus Katsandas, of Forsyth county, serving 12 months for bribing an officer, and Allie Taylor, of Lane: county, serving a year for retalling The former's pardon is unconditional.

Waynesville -Out of twenty old of the editors in attendance on the press convention just adjourned here sele ed at random and interviewed on the question of woman suffrage, only one was found decidedly opposed to it.

Greensboro.—Jay Pierce, of High Point, was placed in the Guilford county jail here to await trial at the September term of court here on a charge of bigamy. The city court of the Furniture City found probable cause and ordered Pierce bound over under a bond of \$1,500.

Salisbury.- Salisbury's new fire truck a La France gear motor truck, has been accepted by the city after a public tryout in which the truck more than made good. With 140, pound pressure, about half of its capacity, the truck threw water over the city's tallest buildings, something like 140 feet in the air.

Washington, N. C .- That the state legislatyre will pass an "anti-tick bill" at its special session next month now seems practically assured according to advocates of the measure in this section, who are preparing to push it strongly.

Salisbury -- The Kesler Manufactur ing company started up its cotton mill this morning, after an enforced shutdown of seven weeks, following a dis agreement between employer and em-ployes. The day passed quietly on the bill and trouble is expected.

Raleigh.-After a lapse of a quarter of a century, Trinity college and Durham will resume inter-collegiate foot ball this season with a schedule of six games, five of which already arranged will be played at Trinity.

Wilmington.-The chief of police of this city issued orders to members of his department that they should attend church services on Sunday with more regularity than heretofore. He has arranged to grant leave to one-half the force each Sunday evening for this purpose.

INVENTIVE GENIUS ROBS CALOMEL NAUSEA AND DA

Doctors' Favorite Medicine N Purified and Refined from Objectionable Effects. "Co 'tabs"—the New Name.

Smokeless powder, wireless horseless carriages, colorless less quintne,—now comes nau mei. The new improvement e tabs" is new on sale at drug. For billiousness, constipatio gestion the new calomel tables tically perfect remedy, as er the fact that the manufactures thorized all druggists to refund the customer is not to refund the customer is not to the customer. a swallow of water—that's all. No is no nausea, no griping, no salts. By in ing your liver is thoroughly cleaned you are feeling fine, with a hearty at the Eat what you please—no danger about your business.

about your business.

Calotabs are not sold in bulk. Get as original package, sealed. Price, thirty five cents.—(adv.)

The Main Question "Should Lefthook or Plexus

that prize fight?" "Lefthook should have the b "I am not interested in who has the best of the argument. How al

the fight?"

MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harm-less physic for the little stomach, lives and bowels. Children love its fruity faste. Full directions on each bottle You must say "California."-Adv.

called In an expert accountant to check up the cashier. "Have you dis-covered any evidence of dishonesty?" covered any evidence of dishonesty? I've noticed that he carries a diffe ent umbrella every time it rains," ex plained the head of the firm,

Is recognized by the delicate fascinat-ing influence of the perfume she uses. A bath with Cuticura Soap and hot water to thoroughly cleanse the po-followed by a dusting with Cutic Talcum powder usually means a ci-sweet, healthy skin.—Adv.

Chickens and Chickens.
"Do your neighbor's chickens both er you any?" asked an East side gen deman of his neighbor, who lived near

a large family,
"No," replied the other, thinking that reference was made to the neigh-bor's three comely daughters. "The go down town every day, so we don't see much of them."—Columbus Dis-

One dose of Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" en els Worms or Tapeworm. Its action upon the Stomach and Bowels is beneficial. No and dose or after purgative necessary.—Adv

School Lunches

Scientific tests have shown that the hot lunch served in the schools is a very big factor in developing the child.



O DEATH When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the

kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking **GOLD MEDAL** BARLEMO