

# THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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## "JULES RONDEAU"

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California 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 Sumner, a visitor, at Sequoia, 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 Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despairing, but Bryce is full of fight.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

John Cardigan shook his head. "I'm mortgaged to the last penny," he confessed, "and Pennington has been buying Cardigan Redwood Lumber Company first-mortgage bonds until he is in control of the issue. He'll buy in the San Hedrin timber at the foreclosure sale, and in order to get it back and save something for you out of the wreckage, I'll have to make an unprofitable trade with him. I'll have to give him my timber adjoining his north of Sequoia, together with my Valley of the Giants, in return for the San Hedrin timber, to which he'll have a sheriff's deed. But the mill, all my old employees, with their numerous dependents—gone, with you left land-poor and without a dollar to pay your taxes. Smashed—like that!" And he drove his fist into the palm of his hand.

"Perhaps—but not without a fight," Bryce answered, although he knew their plight was well-nigh hopeless. "I'll give that man Pennington a run for his money, or I'll know the reason."

The telephone on the table beside him tinkled, and he took down the receiver and said "Hello!"

"Mercy!" came the sweet voice of Shirley Sumner over the wire. "Do you feel as savage as all that, Mr. Cardigan?"

"For the second time in his life the thrill that was akin to pain came to Bryce Cardigan. He laughed. "If I had known you were calling, Miss Sumner," he said, "I shouldn't have growled so."

"Well, you're forgiven—for several reasons, but principally for sending me that delicious blackberry pie. Thank you so much."

"Glad you liked it, Miss Sumner. I dare to hope that I may have the privilege of seeing you soon again."

"Of course. One good pie deserves another. Some evening next week, when that dear old daddy of yours can spare his boy, you might be interested to see our burl-redwood-paneled dining room Uncle Seth is so proud of. Would Thursday night be convenient?"

"Perfectly. Thank you a thousand times."

She bade him good-night. As he turned from the telephone, his father

and he added fiercely: "And I'll attend to the battle for Father. We may lose, but that man Pennington will know he's been in a fight before we finish."

He broke off abruptly, for he had just remembered that he was to dine at the Pennington house the following Thursday—and he was not the sort of man who smilingly breaks bread with his enemy.

All about Bryce were scenes of activity, of human endeavor, and to him in that moment came the thought: "My father brought all this to pass—and now the task of continuing it is mine! All those men who earn a living in Cardigan's mill and on Cardigan's dock—those sailors who sail the ships that carry Cardigan's lumber into the distant marts of men—are dependent upon me; and my father used to tell me not to fail them. Must my father have wrought all this in vain? And must I stand by and see all this go to satisfy the overwhelming ambition of a stranger?" His big hands clenched. "No!" he growled savagely. "Give me your last five annual statements, Mr. Sinclair, please."

The old servant brought forth the documents in question. Bryce stuffed them into his pocket and left the office. Three quarters of an hour later he entered the little amphitheater in the Valley of the Giants and paused with an expression of dismay. One of the giants had fallen and lay stretched across the little clearing. In its descent it had demolished the little white stone over his mother's grave and had driven the fragments of the stone deep into the earth.

The fact that the tree was down, however, was secondary to the fact that neither wind nor lightning had brought it low, but rather the impious hand of man; for the great jagged stump showed all too plainly the marks of cross-cut saw and axe; a pile of chips four feet deep littered the ground.

For fully a minute Bryce stood dumbly gazing upon the sacrilege before his rage and horror found vent in words. "An enemy has done this thing," he cried aloud to the wood-goblins. "And over her grave!"

It was a burl tree. At the point where Bryce paused a malignant growth had developed on the trunk of the tree, for all the world like a tremendous wart. This was the burl, so prized for table-tops and paneling because of the fact that the twisted, wavy, helter-skelter grain lends to the wood an extraordinary beauty when polished. Bryce noted that the work of removing this excrescence had been accomplished very neatly. With a cross-cut saw the growth, perhaps ten feet in diameter, had been neatly sliced off much as a housewife cuts slices from a loaf of bread.

He guessed that these slices, practically circular in shape, had been rolled out of the woods to some conveyance waiting to receive them.

What Bryce could not understand, however, was the stupid brutality of the ralders in felling the tree merely for that section of burl. By permitting the tree to stand and merely building a staging up to the burl, the latter could have been removed without vital injury to the tree—whereas by destroying the tree the wretches had evidenced all too clearly to Bryce a wanton desire to add insult to injury.

"Poor old Dad!" he murmured. "I'm glad now he has been unable to get up here and see this. It would have broken his heart. I'll have this tree made into fence posts and the stump dynamited and removed this summer. After he is operated on and gets back his sight, he will come up here—and he must never know. Perhaps he will have forgotten how many trees stood in this circle."

He paused. Peeping out from under a chip among the litter at his feet was the moldy corner of a white envelope. In an instant Bryce had it in his hand. The envelope was dirty and weather-beaten, but to a certain extent the redwood chips under which it had lain hidden had served to protect it, and the writing on the face was still legible. The envelope was empty and addressed to Jules Rondeau, care of the Laguna Grande Lumber Company, Sequoia, California.

Bryce read and reread that address. "Rondeau!" he muttered. "Jules Rondeau! I've heard that name before—ah, yes! Dad spoke of him last night. He's Pennington's woods-boss and—"

An enemy had done this thing—and in all the world John Cardigan had but one enemy—Colonel Seth Pennington. Had Pennington sent his woods-boss to do this dirty work out of sheer spite? Hardly. The section of burl was gone, and this argued that the question of spite had been purely a matter of secondary consideration.

Evidently, Bryce reasoned, someone had desired that burl redwood greatly, and that someone had not been Jules Rondeau, since a woods-boss would not be likely to spend five minutes of his leisure time in consideration of the beauties of a burl table-top or panel-

Hence, if Rondeau had superintended the task of felling the tree, it must have been at the behest of a superior; and since a woods-boss acknowledges no superior save the creator of the pay-roll, the recipient of that stolen burl must have been Colonel Pennington.

Suddenly he thrilled. If Jules Rondeau had stolen that burl to present it to Colonel Pennington, his employer, then the finished article must be in



Bryce Stood Dumbly Gazing Upon the Sacrilege.

Pennington's home! And Bryce had been invited to that home for dinner the following Thursday by the Colonel's niece.

"I'll go, after all," he told himself. "I'll go—and I'll see what I shall see."

### CHAPTER VI

When Shirley Sumner descended to the breakfast room on the morning following her arrival in Sequoia, the first glance at her uncle's stately countenance informed her that during the night something had occurred to irritate Colonel Seth Pennington and startle him out of his customary bland composure.

"I thought I heard you asking somebody to dinner, and as you don't know a soul in Sequoia except young Cardigan, naturally I opined that he was to be the object of our hospitality."

"I dare say it's quite all right to have invited him, isn't it, Uncle Seth?" "Certainly, certainly, my dear. Quite all right, but, er—ah, slightly inconvenient. I am expecting other company Thursday night—unfortunately, Brynton, the president of the Bank of Sequoia, is coming up to dine and discuss some business affairs with me afterward; so if you don't mind, my dear, suppose you call young Cardigan up and ask him to defer his visit until some later date."

"Certainly, uncle. What perfectly marvelous roses! How did you succeed in growing them, Uncle Seth?" He smiled sourly. "I didn't raise them," he replied. "That half-breed Indian that drives John Cardigan's car brought them around about an hour ago, along with a card. There it is, beside your plate."

She blushed ever so slightly. "I suppose Bryce Cardigan is vindictive himself," she murmured as she withdrew the card from the envelope. As she had surmised, it was Bryce Cardigan's. Colonel Pennington was the proprietor of a similar surmise.

"Fast work, Shirley," he murmured banteringly. "I wonder what he'll send you for luncheon. Some dill pickles, probably."

She pretended to be very busy with the roses, and not to have heard him.

Shirley, left alone at the breakfast-table, picked idly at the preserved figs the owlish butler set before her. Vaguely she wondered at her uncle's apparent hostility to the Cardigans; she was as vaguely troubled in the knowledge that until she should succeed in eradicating this hostility, it must inevitably act as a bar to the further progress of her friendship with Bryce Cardigan. And she told herself she did not want to lose that friendship. She wasn't the least bit in love with him, altho she realized he was rather lovable. And lastly he was a good, devoted son and was susceptible of development into a congenial and wholly acceptable comrade to a young lady absolutely lacking in other means of amusement.

She finished her breakfast in thoughtful silence; then she went to

the telephone and called up Bryce. He recognized her voice instantly and called her name before she had opportunity to announce her identity.

"Thank you so much for the beautiful roses, Mr. Cardigan," she began. "I'm glad you liked them. Nobody picks flowers out of our garden, you know. I used to, but I'll be too busy hereafter to bother with the garden. By the way, Miss Sumner, does your uncle own a car?"

"I believe he does—a little old rat-tetrap which he drives himself."

"Then I'll send George over with the Napier this afternoon. You might care to take a spin out into the surrounding country. By the way, Miss Sumner, you are to consider George and that car as your personal property. I fear you're going to find Sequoia a dull place; so whenever you wish to go for a ride, just call me up, and I'll have George report to you."

"But think of all the expensive gasoline and tires!"

"Oh, but you mustn't look at things from that angle after you cross the Rocky mountains on your way west. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

"I don't know. I haven't thought that far ahead."

"For some real sport I would suggest that you motor up to Laguna Grande. That's Spanish for Big Lagoon, you know. Take a rod with you. There are some land-locked salmon in the lagoon."

"But I haven't any rod."

"I'll send you over a good one."

"But I have nobody to teach me how to use it," she hinted daintily.

"I appreciate that compliment," he flashed back at her, "but unfortunately my holidays are over for a long, long time. I took my father's place in the business this morning."

"So soon?"

"Yes. Things have been happening while I was away. However, speaking of fishing, George Sea Otter will prove an invaluable instructor. He is a good boy and you may trust him implicitly. On Thursday evening you can tell what success you had with the salmon."

"Oh, that reminds me, Mr. Cardigan. You can't come Thursday evening, after all." And she explained the reason. "Suppose you come Wednesday night instead."

"We'll call that a bet. Thank you." She chuckled at his frank good humor. "Thank you, Mr. Cardigan, for all your kindness and thoughtfulness; and if you will persist in being nice to me, you might send George Sea Otter and the car at one-thirty. I'll be glad to avail myself of both until I can get a car of my own sent up from San Francisco. Till Wednesday night, then. Good bye."

As Bryce Cardigan hung up, he heaved a slight sigh. It was difficult to get out of the habit of playing; he found himself the possessor of a very great desire to close down the desk, call on Shirley Sumner, and spend the remainder of the day basking in the sunlight of her presence.

Following his discovery of the outrage committed on his father's sanctuary, Bryce wasted considerable valuable time and effort in a futile endeavor to gather some further hint of the identity of the vandals; but despairing at last, he dismissed the matter from his mind, resolving only that on Thursday he would go up into Pennington's woods and interview the redoubtable Jules Rondeau. Bryce's natural inclination was to wait upon M. Rondeau immediately, if not sooner, but the recollection of his dinner engagement at the Pennington home warned him to proceed cautiously; for while harboring no apprehensions as to the outcome of a possible clash with Rondeau, Bryce was not so optimistic as to believe he would escape unscathed from an encounter.

have been pinning one on about this time every night since my return."

"Shirley belongs to the Band of Hope," the Colonel explained. "She's ready at any time to break a lance with the Demon Rum. So we will have to drink her share, Mr. Cardigan. Pray be seated."

Bryce seated himself. "Well, we lumbermen are a low lot and naturally fond of dissipation," he agreed. "I fear Miss Sumner's prohibition tendencies will be still further strengthened after she has seen the mad-train."

"What is that?" Shirley queried.

"The mad-train runs over your uncle's logging railroad into Township nine, where his timber and ours is located. It is the only train operated on Sunday, and it leaves Sequoia at five p. m. to carry the Pennington and Cardigan crews back to the woods after their Saturday-night celebration in town. As a usual thing, all hands with the exception of the brakeman, engineers, and fireman, are singing, weeping or fighting drunk."

"Do they fight, Mr. Cardigan?" "Frequently. I might say usually. It's quite an inspiring sight to see a couple of lumberjacks going to it on a flat-car traveling thirty miles an hour."

"How horrible!" "Yes, indeed. The right of way is lined with empty whisky bottles."

Colonel Pennington spoke up. "We don't have any fighting on the mad-train any more," he said blandly. "Indeed! How do you prevent it?" Bryce asked.

"My woods-boss, Jules Rondeau, makes them keep the peace," Pennington replied with a small smile. "If there's any fighting to be done, he does it."

"You mean among his own crew, of course," Bryce suggested.

"No, he's in charge of the mad-train, and whether a fight starts among your men or ours, he takes a hand. He's had them all behaving mildly for quite a while, because he can whip any man in the country, and everybody realizes it. I don't know what I'd do without Rondeau. He certainly makes those bohunks of mine step lively."

"Oh-h-h! Do you employ bohunks, Colonel?"

"Certainly. They cost less; they are far less independent than most men and more readily handled. And you don't have to pamper them—particularly in the matter of food. Why, Mr. Cardigan, with all due respect to your father, the way he feeds his men is simply ridiculous! Cake and pie and doughnuts at the same meal!"

"Well, Dad started in to feed his men the same food he fed himself."

"I suppose the habits one forms in youth are not readily changed in old age, Colonel."

"But that makes it hard for other manufacturers," the Colonel protested. "I feed my men good plain food and plenty of it—quite better food than they were used to before they came to this country; but I cannot seem to satisfy them. Your respected parent is the basis for comparison in this country, Cardigan, and I find it devilish inconvenient." He laughed indignantly and passed his cigarette-case to Bryce.

"Uncle Seth always grows restless when some other man is the leader," Shirley volunteered with a mischievous glance at Pennington. "Don't you, Nunky-dunk?"

"Quite true, Mr. Cardigan. When she was quite a little girl I came under her spell myself."

"So did I, Colonel. Miss Sumner has doubtless told you of our first meeting some twelve years ago."

"Quite so. May I offer you a cocktail, Mr. Cardigan?"

"Thank you, certainly. Dad and I

## The KITCHEN CABINET

The mountain of success is steep and rough,  
Who gains the summit climbs a weary way;  
And, though brave feet grow stronger with rebuff,  
The rocky path a coward's steps may stay.

### A HOT WEATHER LUNCHEON.

Even in warm weather a hot soup is enjoyed, especially those made of fresh green vegetables, such as peas, spinach, vegetable oysters or celery. Cucumber soup may not be so well known but it is a most appetizing one.

**Cream of Cucumber Soup.**—Have ready one cupful of stewed cucumber, rubbed through a sieve. Take the liquor in which the cucumber was cooked, reduce it to half a cupful by boiling, and set aside. Put into a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, season with salt, pepper, and when the butter is hissing hot, stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Add three cupfuls of cold milk and stir constantly until it boils. When the mixture is as thick as a thin cream sauce add the cucumber and the half-cupful of liquor. Mix thoroughly, boil up once and serve.

**Eggs à la Bourgeoise.**—Cut slices of bread half an inch thick and trim off the crust; lay on a buttered platter and sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Beat eggs enough to cover the bread; season with salt and pepper and grated nutmeg; pour over the bread and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set.

**Creamed Fish With Potato.**—Prepare creamed salmon as usual and put a layer of the fish in a baking dish, cover with a layer of cold, mashed potato, then add another layer of fish until the dish is full and the potato on top. Dot with bits of butter, sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake brown in a hot oven.

**Macaroni With Codfish.**—Take one cupful of cold-boiled macaroni, add one cupful of cold-boiled codfish flaked fine. Put into a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, grated cheese and sufficient milk to moisten. Bake until brown.

**Potato Border.**—Make a rim of mashed seasoned potato around a washed-buttered platter. Fill the center with creamed fish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are brown.

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of good looks.—"Barnaby Rudge."

### WHAT TO HAVE FOR LUNCHEON.

For a warm weather luncheon, and this means one easy to digest and not too heavy, try a fish dish for the main course, a salad and a light dessert with an iced or a hot drink as one prefers.

**Curried Salmon.**—Chop a small onion very fine and fry brown in one tablespoonful of butter. Mix one teaspoonful of curry powder with one tablespoonful of flour and a pinch of salt. Stir into the butter. Add slowly one cupful of hot water, stirring briskly. When the sauce is thick add one cupful of flaked salmon and cook until well heated.

**Currant Pie.**—Bake a pastry shell and fill with the following: Mash one cupful of currants with one cupful of sugar, or use the same quantity of fresh currant jam, prepared by using crushed currants and sugar in equal measures, or slightly less sugar. Add two beaten egg yolks, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a quarter of a cupful of water; mix well and cook until smooth and thick. Cool, fill the shell and cover with a meringue made from the beaten whites with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Brown in the oven and serve at once.

**Peas and Carrots.**—Clean and dice enough carrots to make two and one-half cupfuls. Steam until tender; put through a sieve; add butter and flour, one tablespoonful each; one beaten egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt and a few dashes of pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Press into a ring mold, cover with greased paper and steam twenty minutes. Fill the center with cooked seasoned peas and garnish with parsley.

**Tomato Hors d'Oeuvres.**—Arrange slices of tomato cut one-half inch thick on thin rounds of browned cornmeal mush. Cover the tomato with a paste made of cottage cheese mixed with a few chopped nut meats and add a seasoning of chopped chives and radishes. Garnish with radish roses or with olives. Serve at dinner.

**Worth Cultivating.** Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?—Victor Hugo.

**Washington's Peculiar Hobby.** George Washington's principal diversion was training baby foxes. He was fond of fox hunting. He took the animals home, and trained them in all kinds of tricks, which he often exhibited to friends.

**Weight's Indian Vegetable Pills** are simply a good old-fashioned medicine for regulating the stomach, the liver and bowels. Get a box and try them.—Adv.

**Object, Consolidation.** "There's a great deal of romance in some of these personal advertisements."

"Well!" "A lone widower would like to meet the lady in mourning who cried all through a Charlie Chaplin picture."

## MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



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

Or an Outside Nail. He had bought a house. It had been such a bargain that he couldn't risk waiting till his fiancée saw it. But she was delighted to hear the news and questioned him eagerly about it.

"How many clothes closets are there, Henry?" she demanded. "There are six," replied the man, proudly. "But that's hardly enough, Henry."

"What do you want with more than six closets? That's enough to hang your clothes in, is it not?" "Yes, dear," replied the maiden firmly. "But you'll want part of one for your clothes, won't you, Henry?"

## Nervous Spells—Near Heart Failure E tonic Stopped It

Mr. C. B. Loatz, writing from his home at Lay, Md., says, "I had been taking medicine from four specialists, but believe me, friends, one box of E tonic has done me more good than all the remedies I have ever tried. I was in awfully bad shape. About half an hour before meals, I got nervous, trembling and heart pressure so bad I could hardly walk or talk. One box of E tonic stopped it."

E tonic quickly produces these truly marvelous results, because it takes up the poisons and gases and carries them right out of the body. Of course, when the cause is removed, the sufferer gets well. Everyone that wants better health is told to have just a little faith—enough to try one box of E tonic from your own druggist. The cost is a trifle, which he will hand back to you if you are not pleased. Why should you suffer another day, when quick, sure relief, is waiting for you? Adv.

He Didn't Have to Lie. Dick had been spending the day with a little playmate, and when his mother called for him he hopped in the machine and settled himself comfortably, saying: "Thank heavens that's once I didn't have to tell a lie."

His mother asked what he meant, and he said: "Well, you see Mike's mother wasn't home, so I didn't have to say I had a good time, 'cause I didn't."

## Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

**Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.** Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Not That Kind of Exchange. A man and his wife at a fair were looking for the so-called women's exchange, the wife having some fancy work she wished to barter for the work of others. "Will you direct us to the women's exchange?" the husband asked of a man they met.

The man gazed at the wife, whose good looks were proverbial in three counties. "Great Scott, man!" he exclaimed impulsively. "You don't want to swap off that woman, do you?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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"I'll Give That Man Pennington a Run for His Money."

looked up. "What are you going to do to-morrow, lad?" he queried. "I have to do some thinking to-morrow," Bryce answered. "So I'm going up into Cardigan's redwoods to do it."

"The dogwoods and rhododendrons are blooming now," the old man murmured wistfully. Bryce knew what he was thinking of. "I'll attend to the flowers for Mother," he assured Cardigan



"He Can Whip Any Man in the Country."

and I suppose the habits one forms in youth are not readily changed in old age, Colonel."

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some persons are perfectly killing at killing time.