

THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed his son's future as a corporation attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequola—and Henry lost.

"It might be arranged, Colonel," he murmured in a low voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your fat at the front gate and drive home in Shirley's car. I'll arrange matters with her." He laughed shortly. "It means, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a later model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Shirley, who was sleepy and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bored her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him and for the first time retired without offering her cheek for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own virtuous couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He laid the flattering unction to his soul that Bryce Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a marked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I blocked the young beggar from getting those rails out of the Laurel Creek spur," he mused, "or he'd have had his jump-crossing in overnight—and then where the devil would I have been? Up Salt creek without a paddle—and all the courts in Christendom would avenge me nothing."

He was dozing off, when a sound smote upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening intently, his head cocked on one side. The sound grew louder; evidently it was approaching Sequola—and with a bound the Colonel sat up in bed, trembling in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the deep, rumbling diapason he heard a sharp click—then another and another. He counted them—six in all.

CHAPTER XV.

The success of Bryce Cardigan's plan for getting his rails down from Laurel creek depended entirely upon the whimsy which might seize the crew of the big mogul that hauled the last load of logs out of Cardigan's red-woods on Thursday afternoon. Should the engineer and fireman decide to leave the locomotive at the logging camp for the night, Bryce's task would be as simple as turning a hose down a squirrel hole. On the other hand, should they run back to Sequola with the engine, he and Ogilvy faced the alternative of "borrowing" it from the Laguna Grande Lumber company's roundhouse; and that operation, in view of the fact that Pennington's night watchman would be certain to hear the engine leaving, offered difficulties.

Throughout the afternoon, after having sent his orders in writing to the woods-boss, via George Sea Otter (for he dared not trust to the telephone), he waited in his office for a telephone call from the logging camp as to what action the engine crew had taken. Finally, at a quarter of six, Curtis, his woods-boss, rang in.

"They're staying here all night, sir," he reported.

"House them as far from the log landing as possible, and organize a poker game to keep them busy in case they don't go to bed before eight o'clock," Bryce ordered. "In the meantime, send a man you can trust—Jim Harding, who runs the big bull-donkey, will go down to the locomotive to keep steam up until I arrive."

I doubt if a rabbit could get through it comfortably."

"Not a bit of it," the old man replied. "Somebody has gone to work and planked that old skid road and put up a hand rail on each side, while the trall through the Giants has been grubbed out and smoothed over. All that old logging cable I abandoned in those chopplings has been strung from tree to tree alongside the path on both sides. I can go up there alone now, once George sets me on the old skid road; I can't get lost."

"How did you discover this?" Bryce demanded.

"Judge Moore, representing the new owner, called round this morning and took me in tow. He said his client knew the property held for me a certain sentimental value which wasn't transferred in the deed, and so the Judge had been instructed to have the skid road planked and the forest trail grubbed out—for me. It appears that he was right."

"This is perfectly amazing, partner. 'It's mighty comforting,' his father admitted. 'Guess the new owner must be one of my old friends—perhaps somebody I did a favor for once—and this is his way of repaying. I'd like to know the name of the owner. I'd like mighty well to say thank you to him. It isn't usual for people nowadays to have as much respect for sentiment in an old duffer like me as the fellow has. He sort of makes me feel as if I hadn't sold at all.'"

Buck Ogilvy came out of the Bon Gusto restaurant with Moira, just as Bryce, with George Sea Otter at the wheel of the Napier, drove up to the curb. They left Moira at her boarding house, and rolled noiselessly away.

At nine o'clock they arrived at Cardigan's log landing and found Jim Harding, the bull-donkey engineer, placidly smoking his pipe in the cab. Bryce hailed him.

"That you, Jim?"

"Yon bet."

"Run up to Jabbe Curtis's shanty and tell him we're here. Have him gather his gang and bring two pairs of overalls and two jumpers—large size—with him when he comes."

Presently the woods-boss, accompanied by thirty of his best men, came down to the log landing. At Bryce's order they clambered aboard the engine and tender, hanging on the steps, on the roof of the cab, on the cow-catcher—anywhere they could find a toe-hold. Buck Ogilvy cut off the air; and the locomotive and tender began to glide slowly down the almost imperceptible grade. With a slight click it cleared the switch and slid out onto the Cardigan lateral, swiftly gathering speed. A quarter of a mile down the line Buck Ogilvy applied the brakes and eased her down to twenty miles per hour.

At the junction with the main line Buck backed briskly up into the Laguna Grande woods, and coupled to the two loaded flat cars. The woods gang scrambled aboard the



Surveyed Pennington Calmly.

flats, and the train pulled out for Sequola. Forty minutes later they rumbled down Water street and slid to a grinding halt at the intersection of B street.

From the darkness of Cardigan's drying yard, where they had been waiting, twenty picked men of the mill crew now emerged, bearing lanterns and tools. Under Buck Ogilvy's direction the dirt promptly began to fly, while the woods crew unloaded the rails and piled them close to the sidewalk.

Suddenly a voice, harsh and strident with passion, rose above the thud of the picks and the clang of metal.

Seth Pennington leap from an automobile and advance upon Buck Ogilvy. Ogilvy held a lantern up to the Colonel's face and surveyed Pennington calmly.

"Colonel," he began with exasperating politeness. "I presume you are Colonel Pennington—my name is Buchanan P. Ogilvy, and I am in charge of these operations. I am the vice president and general manager of the N. C. O., and I am engaged in the blithe task of making a jump crossing of your rails. Have a cigar." And he thrust a perfecto under the Colonel's nose. Pennington struck it to the ground, and on the instant, half a dozen rough rascals emptied their shovels over him. He was deluged with dirt.

"Stand back, Colonel, stand back, if you please. You're in the way of the shovellers," Buck Ogilvy warned him soothingly.

Bryce Cardigan came over, and at sight of him Pennington choked with fury. "You—you—" he spluttered, unable to say more.

"I'm the N. C. O.," Bryce replied. "Nice little fiction that of yours about the switch-engine being laid up in the shops and the Laurel creek bridge being unsafe for this big mogul." He looked Pennington over with frank admiration. "You're certainly on the job, Colonel. I'll say that much for you."

"You've stolen my engine," Pennington almost screamed. "I'll have the law on you for grand larceny."

"Tut-tut! You don't know who stole your engine. For all you know, your own engine crew may have run it down here."

"I'll attend to you, sir," Pennington replied, and he turned to enter Mayor Poundstone's little flivver.

"Not tonight, at least," Bryce retorted gently. "Having gone this far, I would be a poor general to permit you to escape now with the news of your discovery. You'd be down here in an hour with a couple of hundred members of your mill crew and give us the rush. You will oblige me, Colonel Pennington, by remaining exactly where you are until I give you permission to depart."

"And if I refuse—"

"Then I shall manhandle you, truss you up like a fowl in the tonneau of your car, and gag you."

To Bryce's infinite surprise the Colonel smiled. "Oh, very well!" he replied. "I guess you've got the bulge on me, young man. Do you mind if I sit in the warm cab of my own engine? I came away in such a hurry I quite forgot my overcoat."

"Not at all. I'll sit up there and keep you company."

Half an hour passed. An automobile came slowly up Water street and paused half a block away, evidently reconnoitering the situation. Instantly the Colonel thrust his head out the cab window.

"Sexton!" he shouted. "Cardigan's cutting in a crossing. He's holding me here against my will. Get the mill crew together and phone for Rondeau and his woods-crew. Send the switch-engine and a couple of flats up for them. Phone Poundstone. Tell him to have the chief of police—"

Bryce Cardigan's great hand closed over the Colonel's neck, while down Water street a dark streak that was Buck Ogilvy sped toward the automobile, intending to climb in and make Pennington's manager a prisoner also. He was too late, however. Sexton swung his car and departed at full speed down Water street, leaving the disappointed Buck to return panting to the scene of operations.

Bryce Cardigan released his hold on Pennington's neck. "You win, Colonel," he announced. "No good can come of holding you here any longer. Into your car and on your way."

"Thank you, young man," the Colonel answered, and there was a metallic ring in his voice. He looked at his watch in the glare of a torch. "Plenty of time," he murmured. "Quite deliberately he climbed into the mayor's late source of woe and breezed away."

Colonel Pennington did not at once return to his home, however. Instead he drove up to the business center of the town. The streets were deserted, but one saloon—the Sawdust Pile—was still open.

He had dispatched the Black Minorca to hold up the work until the arrival of reinforcements, Colonel Pennington fairly burned the streets en route to his home. He was desirous of getting into a heavy ulster before venturing forth again into the night air.

The violent slam with which he closed the front door after him brought Shirley, in dressing gown and slippers, to the staircase.

"Uncle Seth!" she called. "What's the matter?"

"There's the devil to pay," he answered. "That fellow Cardigan is back of the N. C. O. after all, and he and Ogilvy have a gang of fifty men down at the intersection of Water and B streets, cutting in a jump-crossing of our line."

He dashed into the living room, and she heard him calling frantically into the telephone.



Bryce Cardigan Saw the Flash of a Rifle.

yard, Bryce Cardigan saw the flash of a rifle and felt a sudden sting on his left forearm. He leaped around in front of the cowcatcher to gain the shelter of the engine, and another bullet struck at his feet and ricocheted off into the night. It was followed by a fusillade, the bullets kicking up the freshly disturbed earth among the workers and sending them scurrying to various points of safety. In an instant the crossing was deserted, and work had been stopped, while from the top of the adjacent lumber pile the Black Minorca poured a stream of lead and filthy invective at every point which he suspected of harboring a Cardigan follower.

"I'd like to plug him," Buck murmured.

"What would be the use? This will be his last night in Humboldt county."

A rifle shot rang out from the side of B street; from the lumber pile across the street, Bryce and Ogilvy heard a suppressed grunt of pain, and a crash as of a breaking board. Instantly out of the shadows George Sea Otter came padding on velvet feet, rifle in hand—and then Bryce understood.

"All right, boss," said George simply as he joined Bryce and Ogilvy under the lee of the locomotive. "Now we get busy again."

"Safe-o, men," Ogilvy called. "Back to the job." And while Bryce, followed by the careless George Sea Otter, went into the lumber yard to succor the enemy, Ogilvy set an example to the men by stepping into the open and starting briskly to work with a shovel.

At the bottom of the pile of lumber the Black Minorca was discovered with a severe flesh wound in his right hip; also he was suffering from numerous bruises and contusions. George Sea Otter possessed himself of the fallen cholo's rifle, while Bryce picked the wretch up and carried him to his automobile.

"Take the swine over to the Laguna Grande Lumber company's hospital and tell them to patch him up," he ordered George Sea Otter. "I'll keep both rifles and the ammunition here for Jules Rondeau and his woods gang. They'll probably be dropping in on us about 2 a. m., if I know anything about Colonel Pennington's way of doing things."

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down the stairs, pausing behind the heavy portieres at the entrance to the living room.

"That you, Poundstone?" she heard him saying rapidly into the transmitter. "Pennington speaking. Young Bryce Cardigan is behind that N. C. O. outfit, and it's a logging road and not intended to build through to Grant's Pass at all. Cardigan and Ogilvy are at Water and B streets this very instant with a gang of fifty men cutting in a jump-crossing of my line, curse them! They'll have it in by six o'clock tomorrow morning if something isn't done—and once they get it in, the fat's in the fire."

"Telephone the chief of police and order him to take his entire force down there, if necessary, and stop that work. To blaze with that temporary franchise! You stop that work for two hours, and I'll do the rest. Tell the chief of police not to recognize that temporary franchise. He can be suspicious of it, can't he, and refuse to let the work go on until he finds out? And you can be hard to find for two hours, can you not? Delay, delay, man! That's all I want. . . . Yes, yes, I understand. You get down about daylight and roast the chief of police for interfering, but in the meantime!"

"Thank you, Poundstone, thank you. Good-by!"

He stood at the telephone, the receiver still held to his ear and his right forefinger holding down the hook while the line cleared. When he spoke again, Shirley knew he was calling his mill office. He got a response immediately, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

"Sexton? Pennington speaking. I've sent over the Black Minorca with a rifle and sixty rounds of ammunition."

"What? You can hear him shooting already? Bully boy with a crockery eye! He'll clean the gang out and keep them from working until the police arrive. You've telephoned Rondeau, have you? . . . Good! He'll have his men waiting at the log landing, and there'll be no delay. Sexton, we've got to block them. It means a loss of millions to me if we fail!"

Shirley was standing in the doorway as he faced about from the telephone. "Uncle Seth," she said quietly, "use any honorable method of defeating Bryce Cardigan, but call off the Black Minorca. I shall hold you personally responsible for Bryce Cardigan's life, and if you fall me, I shall never forgive you."

"Silly, silly girl!" he soothed her. "Don't you know I would not stoop to bush-whacking? There's some shooting going on, but it's wild shooting, just to frighten Cardigan and his men out the job."

"You can't frighten him," she cried passionately. "You know you can't. He'll kill the Black Minorca, or the Black Minorca will kill him. Go instantly and stop it."

"All right, all right!" he said rather humbly, and sprang down the front steps into the waiting car. "I'll play the game fairly, Shirley, never fear."

She stood in the doorway and watched the red tail-light, like a malevolent eye, disappear down the street. And presently as she stood there, down the boulevard a huge gray car came slipping noiselessly—so noiselessly, in fact, that Shirley recognized it by that very quality of silence. It was Bryce Cardigan's Napier.

"George!" she called. "Come here." The car slid over to the gate and stopped at the sight of the slim white figure running down the garden walk. "Is Mr. Cardigan hurt?" she demanded in an agony of suspense.

George Sea Otter grunted contemptuously. "Nobody hurt 'cept the Black Minorca. I am taking him to your company hospital, miss. He tried to shoot my boss, so I shot him myself once through the leg. Now my boss says: 'Take him to the Laguna Grande hospital, George.' Me, I would drop this greaser in the bay if I was the boss."

She laughed hysterically. "On your way back from the hospital stop and pick me up, George," she ordered.

He touched his broad hat, and she returned to the house to dress.

Meanwhile Colonel Pennington had reached the crossing once more, simultaneously with the arrival of Sam Perkins, the chief of police, accompanied by two automobiles crammed with patrolmen. Perkins strutted up to Bryce Cardigan and Buck Ogilvy.

"What's the meaning of all this row, Mr. Cardigan?" he demanded.

"Something has slipped, Sam," Bryce retorted pleasantly. "You've been calling me Bryce for the past twenty years, and now you're mistaking me? The meaning of this row, you ask?" Bryce continued. "Well, I'm engaged in making a jump crossing of Colonel Pennington's tracks, under a temporary franchise granted me by the city council of Sequola. Here's the franchise." And he thrust the document under the police chief's nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Looking On. "What part of the army appeals to you most?" "The outside."—Some States.

Odds and Ends—And Out of the Ordinary



HOUSTON, TEX.—All divorce records in Texas were shattered here in one day recently when district judges of two courts divorced 214 couples in less than three hours. Judge Harvey, facing a docket of 1,500 divorce cases, made 868 persons single again when he granted 184 divorces. His previous record for a day was 150 cases. Judge Boyd came next with the remainder of the cases. While the two judges were busy untying matrimonial knots the marriage license clerk was busy making knots over or preparing to tie new ones. Less than

an hour after they were divorced Pete Wittek and Mrs. Emma Oberpriller were married. Rosie White and Harry Jones, negroes, were a little too hasty. They got a license to be married before their respective cases were called, and failed to get divorces.

BURNS, WYO.—Rover, the conscientious watchdog at the home of Ray E. Coad, a banker, is "in dutch." Mrs. Coad undertook to lower a kitchen window and her hands were caught between the sashes. Fifteen painful minutes elapsed before she managed to attract the attention of Mrs. O. E. Kipp, a neighbor. Rover declined to permit her to enter the house. She would Rover permit anyone else to enter until his master was summoned from the bank. After what seemed hours to his suffering spouse, Coad arrived and released her.

LINGEE, WYO.—Ten children in 6½ years—this is the record of Mrs. and Mrs. Clarence J. Walker. The climax occurred when Mrs. Walker gave birth to three healthy girls.

One Eloquent Word.

An old negro brother, seated far back in a crowded experience meeting, stood up, gained the attention of the leader, and said: "Kin I say jes' one word?" "You can," said the leader. "Go ahead."

Then, with all his might, he shouted, "Hallelujah!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SOUND ADVICE ABOUT EATING

Alabama Lady Says We Impose on Nature by Overeating, but Thedford's Black-Draught Will Make You Feel Better.

Paint Rock, Ala.—Recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors, Mrs. Mary Manning, of this place, says: "I never have and never expect to find better medicine than Black-Draught. When I've had a cold and needed a laxative, I used Black-Draught. I use it for sour stomach, headache and indigestion, and it does the work."

"I believe most ills we have are caused from inactive liver. We impose on nature by overeating, and then the liver don't act. We get lazy and no-account. It is hard for us to do our work, and we'd get real sick if we didn't take something. The best remedy I have found yet is Black-Draught. It doesn't leave you constipated, and I feel better after taking a round of it."

Made from purely vegetable ingredients, Black-Draught acts in a natural way, and is free from the bad after-effects of so many mineral drugs. Get a package today. Be sure that it bears the word "Thedford's."

Thedford's is the only genuine Black-Draught liver medicine.—Adv.

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.

Mixed Speech. "There goes a fellow who's a high flyer." "You don't say! What's his altitude record?"

MURINE Night and Morning. Have Strong, Healthy Eyes. If they Tingle, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Softens, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Drug Stores. Write for Free Eye Book. Sales Exp. Sells Co. Chicago

Well-Known Remedies.

A few days ago the public library gave an examination to the young women who wished to enter a library class. Among the questions concerning current events was, "who is Babe Ruth?" One of the girls exclaimed, "Well, at least I know the answer to that one," and wrote, "Babe Ruth is a race horse."—Indianapolis News.

Have a Clear Sweet Skin

Touch pimples, redness, roughness or itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment, then bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rinse, dry gently and dust on a little Cuticura Talcum to leave a fascinating fragrance on skin. Everywhere 25c each.—Adv.

Well-Known Remedies. Mr. B was ill with a cold, and the doctor who was summoned prescribed old-fashioned remedies, "calomel and quinine internally and antiphlogistine to be applied externally."

It proved very effective and the maid boasted of his quick recovery to one of the neighbors. "And Mrs. B didn't do hardly anything to cure him," she added. "She gave him quinine and calomel and covered his chest with alabastine."

OH, DEAR! MY BACK!

Merciful Heavens, how my back hurts in the morning! It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking "Anuric" (anti-uric acid). This can be obtained at almost any drug store, in tablet form.

When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night, get Dr. Pierce's Anuric, it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial package.

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Dr. Pierce's Anuric is the best medicine for the kidneys and for backache that I have ever taken. For some time, my kidneys have been giving me a lot of trouble. I suffered with backaches and rheumatism in my joints and limbs causing me a lot of misery. On learning of the 'Anuric Tablets' I began their use and they have given me real relief when all other kidney medicines failed to help.

"I am glad to recommend 'Anuric' to others who suffer with this ailment."—MRS. E. C. WILSON, 600 S. Sixth St.

1000 Eggs in Every Hen

New System of Poultry Keeping—Get Dollar a Dozen Eggs—Famous Poultryman TELLS HOW

"The great trouble with the poultry business has always been that the laying life of a hen was too short," says Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of "Poultry Success." The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 180 more. Then she goes to market. Yet every pullet is born or hatched with over one thousand minute egg germs in her system—and will lay those on a highly profitable basis over a period of four to six years' time if given proper care.

How to work to get 1,000 eggs from every hen; how to get pullets laying early; how to make the old hens lay like pullets; how to keep up heavy egg production all through cold winter months when hens are highest; triple egg production; make slacker hens hustle; \$5.00 profit from every hen in six winter months. These and many other money-making poultry secrets are contained in Mr. Trafford's "1000 EGG HEN" system of poultry raising. One copy of which will be sent absolutely free to any reader of this paper who keeps six hens or more. Eggs should go to a dollar or more a dozen this winter. This means big profit to the poultry keeper who gets the eggs. Mr. Trafford tells how. If you keep chickens and want them to make money for you, cut out this ad and send it with your name and address to Henry Trafford, Suite 205-N, Time Bldg., Blythe Station, N. Y., and a free copy of this 1000 EGG HEN will be sent by return mail.

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