

The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS BY PETER B. KYNE

A BLACKBERRY PIE

Synopsis—Blaine in the California railroad region. John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and money...

CHAPTER V—Continued.

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

work, amiable, tenderly nurtured little Bryce Cardigan must put his turkey in his back and go into the woods looking for a job as a lumberjack. "Hushed, eh? Did I or did I not hear the six o'clock whistle blow at the mill? He's a dollar a day!"

John Cardigan here spoke of a most important factor in the situation. The crying need of the country was a feeder to some transcontinental railroad. Bryce Cardigan was a man with a 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 blackberry pie proves that he's just a natural, simple, sane, original citizen—just the kind of person a girl can have for a dear friend without incurring the risk of having to marry him."

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DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

"Ah," said one of the young Baltimore orioles, "it won't be long now before it is spring and in the spring everything so fine happens. 'We choose our mates and our mates take us after a long while.' 'Yes, I heard my father was ever so long waiting for my mother. He said that sometimes he'd ask her a hundred times a day to marry him.' 'That was what they said of my father,' said the first young Oriole, 'more oriole whose name was Jackie Oriole while the second speaker was named Willie Oriole.' 'It is what they said of my father, too,' said another oriole, 'and that my mother kept my father waiting the same way.' 'Just what happened in our family,' said yet another. 'And in ours,' said still another, 'it's the way of the Baltimore orioles,' said Jackie. 'But I'll keep after the one I care for until I win her,' he said, cocking his head on one side. 'So will I,' said Bryce. 'I don't want to take the wrong one. No, indeed, I'd rather wait for the right one, I would.' 'But dear me,' said Jackie, 'how the little dears will keep us waiting.' 'It won't be long now before we begin our courtship,' said Bryce. 'And we'll go North again,' said Jackie. 'When did your parents leave for the South?' asked Bryce. 'The third week in September,' said Jackie. 'Mine left the fourth week,' said Bryce. 'We leave about the same time, don't we? Our great family is much alike—every Baltimore oriole is much alike.' 'It's very sensible,' said Jackie. 'It's nice to think of being further North when they have their beautiful summer. In fact, we go ahead of the summer. We go North, so I've heard, for last year I wasn't around in the early spring, when things are beginning to come out. 'That's very sensible. We see the lovely spring and the summer, and we leave about everything is starting to go, the leaves, the summer birds, and the mistletoe flowers.' 'My father is so handsome,' said Bryce. 'That it is no wonder my mother loved him.' 'Ah, your handsome, too,' said Jackie, 'and your turn will come soon.' 'Ah,' said Bryce, 'I don't want to be so handsome as I do want to be loved and to have a happy time. Oh, happiness, that's the finest thing in the whole world.' 'It is,' agreed Jackie, 'and it is just what my family have brought me up to believe.' 'Same with me,' said Bryce. 'My mother was such a good homemaker,' said Jackie. 'Ah, yes,' said Bryce, 'our home life was very lovely. That's the way it should be. What's the use in having a home life if it isn't happy and nice and comfy and cozy and cheery with each trying to make it so nice for the other. 'That's the nice part of a home and a home life that it can be made so jolly and nice. 'Why, where my family lived last summer there was the nicest family. They lived in their garden and on their back porch so much of the time and without any visitors around I'd hear them laughing and joking and doing things for each other and having such a fine time. And when birthday came! Well, such celebrations as they used to have. 'And they never forgot that birds liked crumbs of birthday cake, too.' 'Well,' the Master Orioles all said, 'we must be moving North soon. It's almost springtime again.' 'And in the meantime,' said another, 'let us not waste too much time in talking, but let us eat lots of grub and worms before we go, for that helps along nice people.' So the happy, cheerful, gay Baltimore oriole family worked hard eating and destroying hard insects and bugs and chirping all the time, saying, 'We like people and we try to help them! Let's all eat yet another bug.' 'And,' added Bryce, 'it's a very pleasant thing to do, too!'



"I Told You He Was Different."

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PICTURESQUE IN THEIR RUIN

Famous Old Abbeys and Priors Abound in the English County of Yorkshire.

When it comes to selecting the region of abbeys and priories in England there is but one country to think of. That county is Yorkshire, which has no less than 25 famous abbeys and priories within its boundaries, several of them renowned all over the world as being the finest and most beautiful ruins and some of them possibly expected to view in this connection. Twenty-five, at least, of those beautiful spots, the ancient foundations of religious houses selected in Yorkshire centuries ago. Of course not all those 25, in their ruins and environment, are so amazingly beautiful and picturesque today. Kirkstall abbey, charming as it still appears in certain ways, is too much overshadowed by the smoke of Leeds and the murky, evil-smelling water of the Aire. But when the old monks first came to this abbey, the vale where it rested was almost surely as delightful as Fontaine's wondrous scene is today! However, most of the Yorkshire abbeys even yet retain their pristine delightful surroundings, their fairytale loveliness, and have thus won a world-wide renown, and are visited by tens of thousands of folk from every quarter of the globe year by year.



"Birds Like Crumbs."

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