THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

"Two of the [illegible] are for sale; two [illegible] and one is an [illegible]. The fourth is a politician. I've known them all since boyhood, and if I dared come out in the open, I think that even the crooks have sentiment enough for what the Cardigans stand for in this county to decline to hold me up."

"Then why not come out in the open and save trouble and expense?"

"I am not ready to have a lot of notes called on me," Bryce replied dryly. "Neither am I desirous of having the Laguna Grande Lumber company start a [illegible] in the redwood lumber market by cutting prices to a point where I would have to sell my lumber at a loss in order to get hold of a little ready money. I tell you the man has me [illegible] and the only way [illegible] is to [illegible] out when [illegible]."

"How [illegible] he? I [illegible]

"Two of the Five Councilmen Are for Sale."

[illegible]

Bryce [illegible] desk [illegible] Moira [illegible] Mr. Ogilvy. Mr. Ogilvy, Miss McTavish. [illegible] Mr. Ogilvy [illegible] give it to Mr. Ogilvy."

Moira [illegible] withdrew. Mr. Buck Ogilvy groaned. "God speed the day when [illegible] come out from under and I'll be permitted to [illegible] office hours!" he murmured. He picked up his hat and withdrew via the general office. Half an hour later, Bryce looked out and saw him draped over the counter, engaged in animated conversation with Moira McTavish. Before Ogilvy left, he had managed to impress Moira with a sense of the unmitigated horror of being a stranger in a strange town, forced to sit around hotel lobbies with drummers and other lost souls, and drew from Moira the assurance that it wasn't more distressing than to have to sit around a boarding-house night after night watching old women tat and tattle.

This was the opening Buck Ogilvy had sparred for. Fixing Moira with his bright blue eyes, he grinned boldly and said: "Suppose, Miss McTavish, we start a league for the dispersion of gloom. You be the president, and I'll be the financial secretary."

"How would the league operate?" Moira demanded [illegible].

"Well, it might begin by giving a dinner to all the members, followed by a little motor trip into the country next Saturday afternoon," Buck suggested.

Moira's [illegible] glance [illegible] him steadily. "I haven't known you very long, Mr. Ogilvy," she reminded him.

"Oh, I'm easy to get acquainted with," he retorted [illegible]. "Besides, don't I [illegible]?" He pondered [illegible]. "I'll tell you what, Miss McTavish. Suppose we put it up to Bryce Cardigan. If he says it's all right we'll pull off the party. If he says it's all wrong, I'll go out and drown myself, and fairer words than these has no man spoken."

"I'll think it over," said Moira.

"By all means. Never decide such an important matter in a hurry. Just tell me your home telephone number, and I'll ring up at seven this evening for your decision."

Reluctantly Moira gave him the number. She was not at all prejudiced against this carroty stranger—in fact, she had a vague suspicion that he was a sure cure for the blues, an ailment which she suffered from all too frequently; and moreover his voice, his respectful manner, his alert eyes and his wonderful clothing were all rather

[illegible] The doctor of a great adventure was in Moira's heart and the flush of a thousand roses in her cheeks when Buck Ogilvy having at length departed, she went into Bryce's private office to get his opinion as to the propriety of accepting the invitation.

Bryce listened to her gravely as with all the sweet innocence of her years and unworldliness she laid the Ogilvy proposition before him.

"By all means accept," he counselled her. "Buck Ogilvy is one of the finest gentlemen you'll ever meet. I'll stake my reputation on him. You'll find him vastly amusing, Moira. He'd make Niobe forget her troubles, and besides, he knows how to order a dinner."

When Moira had left him, Bryce was roused from bitter introspection by the ringing of the telephone [illegible] Shirley Sumner was calling [illegible].

"You're a wee bit surprised, aren't you, Mr. Cardigan?" she said teasingly. "You're wondering why I have telephoned [illegible]."

"No, I haven't had time. The suddenness of it has left me more or less [illegible]. Why did you ring up?"

"I [illegible] advice. Suppose [illegible] very, very much to know [illegible] talking about [illegible] position where [illegible] What would [illegible]"

[illegible]

he flared back at her. "Even for your sake, I decline to simulate friendship or tolerance for your uncle; hence I must be content to let matters stand as they are between us."

She laughed lightly. "So you are still uncompromisingly belligerent—still after Uncle Seth's scalp?"

"Yes; and I think I'm going to get it. I'm not fighting for myself alone

"Just Tell Me Your Home Telephone Number."

but for a thousand dependents—for a principle—for an ancient sentiment that was my father's and is now mine. You do not understand."

"I understand more than you give me credit for, and some day you'll realize it. I understand just enough to make me feel sorry for you. I understand what even my uncle doesn't suspect at present, and that is that

[illegible] Northern [illegible] and [illegible] Now [illegible] You're [illegible] Do you [illegible]

The [illegible] not [illegible] It [illegible] defiantly. "I'll build that road if it costs me my life. If it costs me you. Understand? I'm in this fight to win."

"You will not build that road," she reiterated.

"Why?"

"Because I shall not permit you to. I have some financial interest in the Laguna Grande Lumber company, and I is not to that financial interest that you should build the N. C. O."

"How did you find out that I was behind Ogilvy?"

"Intuition. Then I accused you of it, and you admitted it."

"I suppose you're going to tell your uncle now?" he retorted witheringly.

"On the contrary, I am not. If it will comfort you the least bit, you have my word of honor that I shall not reveal to my uncle the identity of the man behind the N. C. O. The fact [illegible] partial to you both. Forgive [illegible] a joke now."

"Shirley," he told her earnestly, [illegible]

[illegible]

"What is it, son?" he demanded gently as Bryce came up the low steps. "George, choke that contraption off."

Bryce took his father's hand. "I'm in trouble, John Cardigan," he said simply, "and I'm not big enough to handle it alone."

The [illegible] old man smiled and his smile had all the sweetness of a benediction. His boy was in trouble and had come to him. Good! Then he would not fail him. "Sit down, son, and tell the old man all about it. Begin at the beginning and let me have all the angles of the angle."

Bryce obeyed and for the first time John Cardigan learned of his son's acquaintance with Shirley Sumner and the fact that she had been present in Pennington's woods the day Bryce had gone there to settle the score with Jules Rondeau.

With the patience and gentleness of a confessor John Cardigan heard the story now, and though Bryce gave no hint in words that his affections were involved in the fight for the Cardigan acres, yet did his father know it, for he was a parent. And his great heart went out in sympathy for his boy.

"I understand, sonny, I understand. This young lady is only one additional reason why you must win for of course you understand she is not indifferent to you."

"I do not know that she feels for me anything stronger than a vagrant sympathy, dad, for while she is eternally feminine nevertheless she has a masculine way of looking at many things. Her first loyalty is to her uncle; in fact she owes none to me. And I dare say he has given her some extremely plausible reason why we should be eliminated; while I think she is sorry that it must be done, nevertheless in a mistaken impulse of self-protection she is likely to let him do it."

"Perhaps, perhaps. Eliminate the girl [illegible]. She's trying to play fair to you and her relative. Let us concentrate on Pennington."

"The entire situation hinges on that jump-crossing of his tracks on Water street."

"He doesn't know you plan to cross them, does he?"

"No."

"[illegible] to get your crossing in before he finds out, isn't it?"

"Yes, but it's an impossible task. [illegible] I'm not Aladdin, you know. I have to have a franchise from the city council, and I have to have rails."

"Both are procurable, my son. Induce the city council to grant you a temporary franchise tomorrow, and buy your rails from Pennington. He has a mile of track running up Laurel creek, and Laurel creek was logged out three years ago."

"But he hates me, old pal."

"The [illegible] never permits sentiment to interfere with business, my son. He doesn't need the rails, and he does desire your money. Consider the rail problem settled."

"How do you stand with the mayor and the council?"

"I do not stand at all."

"[illegible]"

"Not at all. The Cardigans are not known to be connected with the N. C. O. Send your bright friend Ogilvy after that franchise. He's the only man who can land it. Give him a free hand and tell him to deliver the goods by any means short of bribery. I know [illegible]

[illegible]

admonitory finger. "Your job is to keep out of court. Once Pennington gets the boy on us the issue will not be settled in our favor for years, and in the meantime you perish. Run along now and hunt up Ogilvy."

* * * * * * *

It was with a considerably lighter heart that Bryce returned to the mill office, from which he lost no time in summoning Buck Ogilvy by telephone.

"Thanks so much for the invitation," Ogilvy murmured gratefully. "I'll be down in a pig's whisper." And he was. "Bryce, you look like the devil," he declared the moment he entered the latter's private office.

"I ought to, Buck. I've just raised the devil and spilled the beans on the N. C. O."

"To whom, when and where?"

"To Pennington's niece over the telephone about two hours ago."

Buck Ogilvy smote his left palm with his right fist. "How did you let the cat out of the bag?"

"That remarkable girl called me up and accused you of acting a mere screen for me and amazed me so I admitted it."

Ogilvy dropped his red head in simulated agony and moaned. Presently he raised it and said: "Well, it might have been worse. Think of what might have happened had she called in person. She would have picked your pocket for the corporate seal, the combination of the safe and the list of stockholders, and probably ended up by gagging and binding you in your own swivel chair."

"Don't, Buck. Comfort and advice is what I need now."

"All right. What do you want me to do to save the day?"

"Deliver to me by six o'clock Thursday night a temporary franchise from the city council granting the N. C. O. the right to run a railroad from our drying yard across Water street at its intersection with B street and out Front street."

"Certainly. By all means! Easiest thing I do! All right, old dear! I'm on my way to do my d——dest which angels can't do no more. Nevertheless, for your sins you shall do me a favor before my heart breaks after falling

"Sit Down, Son, and Tell the Old Man All About It."

down on this contract you've just given me."

"Granted, Buck. Name it."

"I'm giving a nice little private, specially cooked dinner to Miss McTavish tonight. We're going to pull it off in one of those private screened corrals in that highly decorated Chink restaurant on Third street. Moira—that is, Miss McTavish—is bringing a chaperon, one Miss Shirley Sumner. Your job is to be my chaperon and entertain Miss Sumner, who from all accounts is most brilliant and fascinating."

"Nothing doing!" Bryce almost roared. "Why, she's the girl that blabbed the secret of the N. C. O. out of me!"

"Do you hate her for it?"

"No, I hate myself."

"Then you'll come. You promised in advance, and no excuses go now. The news will be all over town by Friday morning; so why bother to keep up appearances any longer?"

And before Bryce could protest Ogilvy had thrown open the office door and called the glad tidings to Moira, who was working in the next room; whereupon Moira's wonderful eyes shone with that strange, lambent flame. She clasped her hands joyously. "Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I've always wanted Miss Shirley to meet Mr. Bryce."

CHAPTER XIII

Fortunately for the situation which had so suddenly confronted him, Bryce Cardigan had Mr. Buck Ogilvy; and out of the experiences gained in other railroad-building enterprises, the said Ogilvy, while startled, was not stunned by the suddenness and immensity of the order so casually given him by his youthful employer, for he had already devoted to the matter of that crossing [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] with interest when his secretary laid upon his desk the card of Mr. Buchanan Ogilvy, vice president and general manager of the Northern California [railroad]. "Ah-h-h!" he breathed with an unpleasant resemblance to a bon vivant who sees before him his favorite vintage. "I have been expecting Mr. Ogilvy to call for quite a while. Show him in."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SLOW TO ACCEPT BUDDHISM

People of Japan Loath to Embrace Faith Introduced Into the Country by Korea.

Buddhism was introduced into Japan by Korea in the year 552. It was first embraced by the higher classes, particularly in scholarly circles, but the lower classes still clung to their old faith of Shintoism. The doctrines of Buddhism were written in the Chinese language and the believers offered their prayers in that tongue.

At one time Buddhism made such strides as to become the state religion in Japan, but the people still opposed it with a determination of upholding their own Shintoism, until the statesmen and priests invented an ingenious way of explaining and interpreting the religious principles of Buddhism. They adopted the theory of monotheism as well as polytheism by saying that there is only one supreme power which is personified in the form of various gods and goddesses, according to the different countries and different institutions.

The principles of Buddhism and Shintoism were thus reconciled and, in order to convince the popular mind of this theory, Emperor Shomu patronized a movement to erect a large bronze statue of Daibutsu or Buddha at Nara, the statue being completed in the year 752 after 14 years of casting and construction.

Chinese Tea Myth.

An interesting myth has been woven about the 5 o'clock "tea." According to a Chinese legend, tea was discovered by a son of an Indian king, Darma, who in 519 A. D. paid a semi-religious visit to China. To prove his religious fervor, Darma led an austere life, ate only vegetables, and prayed constantly. He vowed never to sleep that he might devote all his time to prayer but one day, after many years, he was overcome with drowsiness and, against his will, slept. On awakening, he wept bitterly. To show his remorse he cut off his eyelids. The next morning he found the eyelids metamorphosed into two shrubs called "chan," the Chinese for eyelids. The moral of this legend points out that Darma chewed some of the shrubbery and learned its arousing properties. In 1629 the Chinese presented the "chan" or "tea" leaves to the czar, and later they were introduced into London.

Difficult Course.

There are golfers so engrossed in the game that they can think and talk of nothing else. Such a one was taken by an astronomer to look at the moon through a telescope. Asked what he thought of that satellite, the golfer replied: "It's a' richt, but it's aufu' fu' o' bunkers."—Boston Transcript.

The Truth.

"I have seen this article scores of times and you brought it to me as original."

"So it was. It must have been original with somebody."

His Position.

"Nellie says she wouldn't marry the best man in the world."

"Well, did you ever see anybody marry the best man at a wedding?"

CULTURED DUBLIN

Sackville Street, Dublin.

IT HAS been said that Dublin has more the character of a continental than an English city; this is true in a way, but it is not the first thing that strikes the visitor from across the Irish sea. The most striking thing about Dublin is that its architecture bears traces of being all of one time, says a writer in the Christian Science Journal. To us who are used to the extraordinary hotchpotch of London, viewing its characteristics of brick and stone from every [illegible] century, there is something positively [illegible] about the street upon street of square Georgian houses. London always seems to be in a state of violent reaction against everything which is called "eighteenth century." [illegible] those parts of London which most resemble Dublin seem most for[illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] conception of Dublin.

Nor does the eighteenth century appear in the houses alone; there are those in Dublin who carry on the traditions of old world courtliness which has long become rare enough to be remarkable even in Bloomsbury; it is true that they are few in number even here, but they are sufficient to leave a certain fragrance of other days in drawing room and coffee house.

Clad in Romance.

Before getting on board the boat at Holyhead, Great Britain will leave memories of abject Anglesea in the traveler's mind, and when the waste of sea reveals ahead of him the first contours of Ireland, the mountains rise up to greet him with a very different face from that of the flat and cheerless little island he has just crossed. They are almost blatantly green, so that he must perforce murmur platitudes beneath his breath about the "emerald isle." Dubliners are forever conscious of those mountains near by; they escape to them as often as they can and endow them with a symbolical meaning. The Dublin mountains seem to have got misplaced from the far west; they are that part of primeval Connacht which has set itself at the door of Dublin in order to turn the heart of the Gael west rather than east. In the Dublin mountains there travel to and fro the old vagrants with whom lingers the memory of a Celtic poetry and from whom Synge and Yeats and the rest have gathered so much local color.

In Dublin itself this old culture lingers alongside of the modern and English industrialism of the Liffey and the quaysides, and in the dirty streets on the north side one can still come across a ballad singer with a little group round him.

Charles Lever, when he was at Trinity college, dressed as a ballad singer and earned 30 shillings in the Dublin streets, and another and even more famous Trinity college student earned a crown every now and then for a street song. This young man was Oliver Goldsmith, whose statue now graces the entrance to the university, than whom no man could be found more typical of the best period of Dublin's prosperity.

The Bohemian Quarter.

Today all the varied energies, political, literary, social, are concentrated into a space bounded by Grafton street, Stephen's green, Trinity college railings and Merrion square; within these limits there is scarcely a house that does not conceal some enthusiasm. Not the least interesting are the little shops where enthusiasts seek to turn business into an art; the "Sod of Turf," where you can talk and eat and drink in Gaelic, where the fire is a real turf fire and the waitress a real Kerry Girl; the "Crock of Gold," where the gems which produced James Stephens' masterpiece is turned to the making of homespun [illegible] and the like, so that the streets of somber eighteenth century Dublin may blaze with color that would delight a post-impressionist; then there is the Irish bookshop, which, like all the rest, has come into being through a wider enthusiasm than the mere desire to sell books. There is an Arts club of the most respectable type [illegible]

[illegible]

Yeats [illegible] here [illegible] Green [illegible] others [illegible] children [illegible] days of April, 1916, Miss Markievicz held Stephen's green with a troop of boy scouts. A story is told which shows the amazing naïveté of those days. Some English lady visitors had just looked out [illegible] and, looking out of the window, they saw some bare-kneed red-cheeked children digging trenches in the green. "We highly approve of the scout movement," they said. "Let us take them some plates of bread and jam." Judge of their surprise a quarter of an hour later to find themselves prisoners of war in the middle of the green.

Measuring Height of Trees.

To measure the height of a tree which stands so that the length of the shadow can be measured, set a stick upright, letting it form right angle with the surface of the ground. As the length of the shadow of the stick is to the height of the stick, so is the length of the shadow of the tree to the height of the tree. The tree must stand so the length of its shadow can be measured. Multiply the length of the shadow of the tree by the height of the stick, and divide by the length of the shadow of the stick.

The Colors on Santiago Walls.

All Cuban cities offer a motley of tints, but Santiago outdoes them all in the chaotic jumble of pigments. In a single block we found house walls of lavender, sap green, robin's egg blue, maize yellow, sky gray, saffron, deep imperial pink, old rose, light pink, yellow ocher, maroon, tan, vermilion and purple. This jumble of colors with never two shades of the same degree, gives the city a kaleidoscopic brilliancy under the tropical sun that is equally entrancing and trying to the eye.—Harry A. Franck in the Century Magazine.

Thankful for That.

It is said that hatpins to match the color of the eyes are to be worn this year and will be very fashionable. "Indeed," said Brown, as he read the foregoing to his wife, "then I won't have to have green hatpins stuck into my blue eyes."

AMAZING FEATS OF STRENGTH

Pole, Without Seemingly Remarkable Muscular Developments, Breaks Record—Performer's Awful Fate.

Visitors to a well-known London music hall some years ago witnessed a remarkable sight.

It was announced that a Pole, named Letti, would perform some amazing feats of strength.

There appeared upon the stage a little man only five feet in height, and weighing about 140 pounds. Not young, either, for he was only three years off forty.

The audience rubbed their eyes. Was this the much advertised strong man? A huge anchor was brought in, and four men clung to it. This burden, weighing no less than 1,500 pounds, was at once lifted by Letti, who thus beat the record lift by no less than 400 pounds.

He then stood between two eight horsepower cars, to which he attached himself by means of hooks, which he held in his hands. The cars were started simultaneously, but, by sheer finger strength, Letti held them so that they could not move, although the engines were working at full power.

This feat of holding two cars may perhaps be taken as pretty well the limit of human strength. That it is a fearfully risky feat is proved by the horrible accident which recently befell the famous strong man known as Apollon.

At Vichy, before a large audience, he essayed a similar feat, his arms being harnessed by chains to two cars which were driven in opposite directions. He accomplished the performance safely, and then, in answer to applause, tried it again. To the horror of the spectators, he was seen to lose his balance. Before the motors could be stopped, all the muscles of the right side of his chest were torn out. He died almost instantly.

Back to Its Roost Nightly.

Although sometimes seen 400 leagues from land, the frigate bird is said to return every night to its solitary roost.—Brooklyn Eagle.