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VOLUME 62. MILTON, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1921. No. 3

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The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE
Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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cheap political aspirations had been equally devastated because of a certain damnable document in the possession of Bryce Cardigan, many events of importance were transpiring. On the veranda of his old-fashioned home John Cardigan sat tapping the floor with his stick and dreaming dreams which for the first time in many years were rose-tinted. Beside him Shirley sat, her glance bent musingly out across the roofs of Sequoia and on to the bay shore, where the smoke and exhaust steam floated up from two sawmills—her own and Bryce Cardigan's. To her came at regularly spaced intervals the faint whining of the saws and the rumble of log trains crawling out of the log dumps; high over the piles of bright, freshly sawn lumber she caught from time to time the flash of white spray as the great logs tossed from the trucks hurtled down the skids and crashed into the bay. At the docks of both mills vessels were loading, their tall spars cutting the sky line above and beyond the smokestacks; far down the bay a steam schooner, loaded until her main deck was almost flush with the water, was putting out to sea, and Shirley heard the faint echo of her siren as she whistled her intention to pass to starboard of a wind jammer inward bound in tow of a Cardigan tug.

"It's wonderful," she said presently, apropos of nothing.

"Aye," he replied in his deep, melodious voice, "I've been sitting here, my dear, listening to your thoughts. You know something, now, of the tie that binds my boy to Sequoia. This"—he waved his arm abroad in the darkness—"this is the true essence of life—to create, to develop the gifts that God has given us—to work and know the blessing of weariness—to have dreams and see them come true. That is life, and I have lived. And now I am ready to rest." He smiled wistfully. "'The king is dead. Long live the king.' I wonder if you, raised as you have been, can face life in Sequoia resolutely with my son. It is a dull, drab sawmill town, where life unfolds gradually without thrill—where the years stretch ahead of one with only trees, among simple folk. The life may be hard on you, Shirley; one has to acquire a taste for it, you know."

"I have known the lilt of battle, John-partner," she answered; "hence I think I can enjoy the sweets of victory. I am content."

"And what a run you did give that boy Bryce!"

She laughed softly. "I wanted him to fight; I had a great curiosity to see the stuff that was in him," she explained.

Next day Bryce Cardigan, riding the top log on the end truck of a long train just in from Cardigan's woods in Township Nine, dropped from the end of the log as the train crawled through the mill yard on its way to the log dump. He hailed Buck Ogilvy, where the latter stood in the door of the office.

"Big doings up on Little Laurel creek this morning, Buck."

"Do tell!" Mr. Ogilvy murmured morosely.

"It was great," Bryce continued. "Old Duncan McTavish returned. I knew he would. His year on the mourner's bench expired yesterday, and he came back to claim his old job of woods boss."

"He's one year too late," Ogilvy declared. "I wouldn't let that big Canadian Jules Rondeau quit for a farm. Some woods boss, that—and his first job with this company was the dirtiest you could hand him—smearing grease on the skid road at a dollar and a half a day and found. He's made too good to lose out now. I don't care what his private morals may be. He can get out the logs, hang his rascally hide, and I'm for him."

"I'm afraid you haven't anything to say about it, Buck," Bryce replied dryly.

"I haven't eh? Well, any time you deny me the privilege of hiring and firing you're going to be out the service of a rattling good general manager, my son. Yes, sir! If you hold me responsible for results I must select the tools I want to work with."

"Oh, very well," Bryce laughed. "Have it your own way. Only if you can drive Duncan McTavish out of Cardigan's woods I'd like to see you do it. Possession is nine points of the law, Buck—and Old Duncan is in possession."

"What do you mean—in possession?"

"I mean that at ten o'clock this morning Duncan McTavish appeared at our log landing. The whisky fat was all gone from him and he appeared forty years old instead of the sixty that he is. With a whoop he came jumping over the logs, straight for Jules Rondeau. The big Canuck saw him coming and knew what his visit portended—so he wasn't taken unawares. It was a case of fight for his job—and Rondeau fought."

"The devil you say!"

"I do—and there was the devil to pay. It was a rough and tumble and no grips barred—just the kind of a fight Rondeau likes. Nevertheless Old Duncan floored him. While he's been away somebody taught him the hammer lock and the crotch hold and a few more fancy ones, and he got to work on Rondeau in a hurry. In fact he had to, for if the tussle had gone over five minutes Rondeau's youth would have decided the issue."

"And Rondeau was whipped?"

"To a whisper. Mac floored him, and choked him until he beat the ground with his free hand in token of surrender; whereupon old Duncan let him up, and Rondeau went to his shanty and packed his turkey. The last I saw of him he was headed over the hill to Camp Two on Laguna Grande. He'll probably chase that assistant woods boss I hired after the consolidation out of Shirley's woods and help himself to the fellow's job. I don't care if he does. What interests me is the fact that the old Cardigan woods boss is back on the job in Cardigan's woods, and I'm mighty glad of it. The old horsethief has had his lesson and will remain sober hereafter. I think he's cured."

"The infamous old outlaw!"

"Mac knows the San Hedrin as I know my own pocket. He'll be a tower of strength when we open up that tract after the railroad builds in. By the way, has my dad been down this morning?"

"Yes. Moira read the mail to him and then took him up to the Valley of the Giants. He said he wanted to do a little quiet figuring on that new steam schooner you're thinking of building. He thinks she ought to be bigger—big enough to carry two million feet."

Bryce glanced at his watch. "It's half after eleven," he said. "Guess I'll run up to the Giants and bring him home to luncheon."

He stepped into the Napier standing outside the office and drove away. Buck Ogilvy waited until Bryce was out of sight; then with sudden determination he entered the office.

"Moira," he said abruptly, approaching the desk where she worked, "your dad is back, and what's more, Bryce Cardigan has let him have his old job as woods boss. And I'm here to announce that you're not going back to the woods to keep house for him. Understand? Now, look here, Moira. I've shilly-shallied around you for months, protesting my love, and I haven't gotten anywhere. Today I'm going to ask you for the last time. Will you marry me? I need you worse than that rascal of a father of yours does, and I tell you I'll not have you go back to the woods to take care of him. Come, now, Moira. Do give me a definite answer."

"I'm afraid I don't love you well enough to marry you, Mr. Ogilvy," Moira pleaded. "I'm truly fond of you, but—"

"The last boat's gone," cried Mr. Ogilvy desperately. "I'm answered. Well, I'll not stick around here much longer, Moira. I realize I must be a nuisance, but I can't help being a nuisance when you're near me. So I'll quit my job here and go back to my old game of railroading."

"Oh, you wouldn't quit a ten-thousand-dollar job," Moira cried aghast.

"I'd quit a million-dollar job. I'm desperate enough to go over to the mill and pick a fight with the big bandsaw. I'm going away where I can't see you. Your eyes are driving me crazy."

"But I don't want you to go, Mr. Ogilvy."

"Call me Buck," he commanded sharply.

"I don't want you to go, Buck," she repeated meekly. "I shall feel guilty, driving you out of a fine position."

"Then marry me and I'll stay."

"But suppose I don't love you the way you deserve—"

"Suppose! Suppose!" Buck Ogilvy cried. "You're no longer certain of yourself. How dare you deny your love for me? Eh? Moira, I'll risk it."

Her eyes turned to him timidly, and for the first time he saw in their smoky depths a lambent flame. "I don't know," she quavered, "and it's a big responsibility in case—"

"Oh, the devil take the case!" he cried rapturously, and took her hands in his. "Do I improve with age, dear Moira?" he asked with boyish eagerness; then, before she could answer, he swept on, a tornado of love and pleading. And presently Moira was in his arms, and he was kissing her, and she was crying softly because—well, she admired Mr. Buck Ogilvy; more, she respected him and was genuinely fond of him. She wondered and she wondered, a quiet joy thrilled her in the knowledge that it did not seem at all impossible for her to grow, in time, absurdly fond of this wholesome red rascal.

"Oh, Buck, dear," she whispered, "I don't know, I'm sure, but perhaps I've loved you a little bit for a long time."

"I'm perfectly wild over you. You're the most wonderful woman I ever heard of. Old rosy-cheeks!" And he pinched them just to see the color come and go.

* * * * * * *

John Cardigan was seated in his lumberjack's easy chair as his son approached. His hat lay on the litter of brown twigs beside him; his chin was sunk on his breast, and his head was held a little to one side in a listening attitude; a vagrant little breeze rustled gently a lock of his fine, long white hair. Bryce stooped over the old man and shook him gently by the shoulder.

"Wake up, partner," he called cheerfully. But John Cardigan did not wake, and again his son shook him. Still receiving no response, Bryce lifted the leonine old head and gazed into his father's face. "John Cardigan!" he cried sharply. "Wake up, old pal."

The old eyes opened and John Cardigan smiled up at his boy. "Good son," he whispered, "good son!" He closed his sightless eyes again as if the mere effort of holding them open wearied him. "I've been sitting here—waiting," he went on in the same gentle whisper. "No, not waiting for you, boy—waiting—"

His head fell over on his son's shoulder; his hand went groping for Bryce's. "Listen," he continued. "Can't you hear it—the Silence? I'll wait for you here, my son. Mother and I will wait together now—in this spot she fancied. I'm tired—I want rest. Look after old Mac and Moira—and Bill Dandy, who lost his leg at Camp Seven last fall—and Tom Ellington's children—and—all the others, son. You know, Bryce. They're your responsibilities. Sorry I can't wait to see the San Hedrin opened up, but—I've lived my life and loved my love. Ah, yes, I've been happy—so happy just doing things—and—dreaming here among my Giants—and—"

He sighed gently. "Good son," he whispered again; his big body relaxed, and the great heart of the Argonaut was still. Bryce held him until the realization came to him that his father was no more—that like a watch, the winding of which has been neglected, he had gradually slowed up and stopped.

"Goodby, old John-partner!" he murmured. "You've escaped into the light at last. We'll go home together now, but we'll come back again."

And with his father's body in his strong arms he departed from the little amphitheater, walking lightly with his heavy burden down the old skid road to the waiting automobile. And two days later John Cardigan returned to rest forever with his lost mate among the Giants, himself at last an infinitesimal portion of that tremendous silence that is the diapason of the ages.

When the funeral was over Shirley and Bryce lingered until they found themselves alone beside the freshly turned earth. Through a rift in the great branches two hundred feet above a patch of cerulean sky showed faintly; the sunlight fell like a broad golden shaft over the blossom-laden grave and from the brown trunk of an adjacent tree a gray squirrel, a descendant, perhaps, of the gray squirrel that

"He Was a Giant Among Men."

had been wont to rob Bryce's pockets of pine nuts twenty years before, chirped at them inquiringly.

"He was a giant among men," said Bryce presently. "What a fitting place for him to lie!" He passed his arm around his wife's shoulders and drew her to him. "You made it possible, sweetheart."

She gazed up at him in adoration. And presently they left the Valley of the Giants to face the world together, strong in their faith to live their lives and love their loves, to dream their dreams and perchance when life should be done with and the hour of rest at hand, to surrender, sustained and comforted by the knowledge that those dreams had come true.

[THE END.]

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Hyacinth.

Hyacinth, according to a Grecian fable, the son of a Spartan king, was beloved by Apollo and Zephyr, and as he preferred the Sun-god, Zephyr drove Apollo's quoit at his head and killed him. His blood became the flower.

In Tribulation.

When thou art in tribulation, and all these things are come upon thee, even in the latter days, if thou turn to the Lord thy God, and shalt be obedient unto His voice (for the Lord thy God is a merciful God), he will not forsake thee.—Deuteronomy, 4:30, 31.

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FACTS ABOUT INSECTS.

Startling Figures Regarding Family of a Potato Bug.

Few persons, observes the American scientist, Mr. James Buckland, realise how enormous is the number of insect species or how amazing is their power of multiplication.

The number of insect species is greater by far than that of the species of all other living creatures combined. Although more than 300,000 have been described, probably twice that number remain to be examined. Virtually all living animals, as well as most plants, supply food for these incomputable hordes.

The fecundity of certain insect forms is astounding. Riley once computed that the progeny of the hop aphis, which sees thirteen generations born to it in a single year, would, if unchecked to the end of the twelfth generation, multiply to the inconceivable number of ten sextillions of individuals.

Supplementing that calculation, Forbush says that, if this brood were marshalled in line, ten to the inch, it would extend to a point so sunk in the profundity of space that light from the head of the procession, traveling at the rate of 184,000 miles a second, would take 2,500 years to reach the earth.

Kirkland has computed that in eight years the progeny of one pair of gipsy moths could destroy all the foliage in the United States. A Canadian entomologist asserts that in one season the descendants of a pair of potato bugs would, if unchecked, number 60,000,000.

The voracity of insects is almost as astounding as their power of reproduction. The daily ration in leaves of a caterpillar is equal to twice its own weight. If a horse were to eat as much, he would require a ton of hay every twenty-four hours. Forbush says that a certain flesh-eating larva will consume in twenty-four hours 200 times its original weight; a human child, to do as well, would have to eat, in the first day of its life, 1,500 pounds of beef.

Trouvelot, who made a special study of the subject, affirms that the food taken by a single silkworm in fifty-six days equals 86,000 times its original weight at hatching. What destruction this one insect would cause if even a one-hundredth part of its eggs ever hatched.

The facts show how great is the value to man of the insect-eating birds.

Among the Violets.

The finding of the year's first violets is an important annual event. Even though it may not be the first wild flower the first of the violet tribe is notable. It is the earliest gift of the floral family that is most commonly known and most generally loved. Every one loves the violets. Perhaps no other flower has been so universally admired. Homer, whose gentle allusions to nature are not frequent, tells of "meadows of softest verdure, purpled over with violets." The Greeks knew why some of the violets were purple. Aphrodite, wandering barefoot in the vernal woods, was impiously wounded by a thorn. The white violets received the blood which dripped from the divine foot, and thus acquired their purple hue. Not so pretty a story is that told by an English poet, who holds that the white violets were audacious girls who presumed to compare their beauty with that of Aphrodite. The angry goddess appealed to Eros for judgment, and the love god mischievously declared in favor of the maidens. Whereupon Aphrodite proceeded to flog the brazen hussie till they were quite blue, a color they have since retained.

Marriage "Lines."

Some of the older houses in Holland have two doors, which are only used for marriages and deaths. By one door the bride and groom enter, and through the other they are carried out when dead.

In Sweden and Norway, a legal marriage at one time was not allowed to be solemnized until both parties had produced certificates stating that they bore genuine vaccination marks.

Single persons are said to be more plentiful in Scotland and Ireland, and the smallest proportion are to be found in the United States of America.

Unmarried women in Brazil have a special mourning color—it is scarlet.

Marriage in Turkey is said to be a most prosaic affair, it being, in the majority of cases, quite a business matter. When a man wishes to wed his parents obtain a list of houses where eligible females are to be found, and the mother then calls at these.

"What can your daughter do?" she asks, whereupon embroideries carpets, rugs, etc., are usually exhibited, as evidence of the handiwork of the wished-for housewife. If these are approved by the mother, she takes the goods home to her son, and induces him to marry the clever young lady.

If, on the other hand, she does not think much of the work she makes some diplomatic excuse and passes on to another house on the list. If, however, the young man is not liked by the opposite parents, the lady is advised to seek elsewhere.

God Gives Light and Strength.

Give yourself to God's perfect love to work out His perfect will. For all He means you to do He will surely give light and strength. The throne of the Lamb is surely proof that there is no surer way for us to riches and honor than through His poverty.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

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