The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

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"FOR MY SAKE!"

Synopsis.—Dunmore in the Carlisle city ballroom engages Jean Carlisque, the famous dancer, to teach the children of Dunmore society to dance. Jean and many score of others, a wild and lawless lot, live in the Valley of the Giants, a great redwood forest in Bryce Carlisque. At Eastern Bryce comes the great lumberman of Scotia Sumner, a widow at Seaview, and his daughter Ruth. Sumner declares they will log the Valley of the Giants. He started to make Carlisque and log on one or the forests of Bryce's mother, and part with normal regularity. Bryce Carlisque, however, John Carlisque's wife, has other business hooks and for the first time in years she goes to Carlisque to see her father and mother. Bryce, and a big steamer, Bryce Carlisque aboard with her two children, Bryce Sumner, on her way to Carlisque, meets Jean Carlisque, who, for some Colonel Peterson of Bryce learns that his father's creditor has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the situation to secure the timber. Colonel Peterson is also interested but Bryce is full of faith in Jean and tells him so. Jean promises to protect Bryce's interests. Bryce's brother, Jean Carlisque, Bryce's brother-in-law, has been found guilty but Bryce is full of faith in Jean and tells him so. Jean promises to protect Bryce's interests. Bryce's brother, Jean Carlisque, Bryce's brother-in-law, has been found guilty but Bryce is full of faith in Jean and tells him so. Jean promises to protect Bryce's interests.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

The helpless bulk of the woodchopper descended upon the Colonel's organdie shirt and sent him crashing earthward. Then Bryce, warned, turned to face the ring of Jean's friends who had players about him.

"Shall I?" he roared. "Singly, in pairs, or the whole damned pack?"

"Mr. Carlisque!"

He turned, Colonel Pennington's benefit had been launched. Bryce in the body by the impact of his semi-conscious woodchopper, and the big brute, gasping like a hooked fish, floundering helplessly in the dust. Jean's hands clasping her wrists, but with her voice as imperious as Bryce Carlisque.

"How dare you?" she cried. "You coward! To hurt my mother!"

He gazed at her for a moment, fiercely, defiantly, his chest rising and falling from his recent exertions, his knotted fists rosy with the blood of his enemy. Then the light of battle died, and he hung his head. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "I didn't mean to make, but yours. I didn't know you were here. I'll never speak to you again so long as I live."

He advanced a step and stood gazing down upon her. Her hasty glance over his shoulder showed the woodchopper on his feet and the men of the Valley of the Giants gathered about him. And with bowed head he turned and made off through the crowd. Jean followed his every beginning—step for step, silently.

With the weapon upon his breast of the first body of the Valley of the Giants Colonel Pennington had been struck to earth as effectively as though a tree had fallen on him, the last shell of breath had been driven from his lungs; and for the space of a minute, during which the dancers stood gazing by across his unfaith, the colonel struggle unaided to his feet. Then, gasping, and forced from soul to soul, he looked about him for some one or something interposed and discovered his lad scrambling.

While the Colonel fought for his breath, his wife, somewhat recovered from her fainting spell, rose hastily to the rescue of the entertainment committee of Bryce Carlisque's work; then, with handkerchief to eyes, she sped to the wreckage, and they hastened to aid.

Freed from the weight of the gesticulating bulk of the woodchopper Pennington stretched his legs, rolled his head from side to side, and then, evidently several times like a lark, felt that he was all right and that the better that a clear understanding of the exact status of affairs might be had. He straightened and sat up, gazing about him, and discovered his wife and daughter.

"Where—and—Carlisque—go?" he gasped.

One of his men pointed to the timber line which he vaguely saw. "Gone," he appeared.

"Surrender him—take him," Pennington ordered. "I'll give a month's pay to—every man!"

"Colonel Pennington," his wife began, but—"I'll give a month's pay to—every man!" he cried.

"Surrender him—take him," Pennington ordered. "I'll give a month's pay to—every man!"