The VALLEY of the GIANTS

Author of "Cappy Ricks" — *By* PETER B. KYNE — *Copyright by Peter B. Kyne*

"SOMETHING NICE—"

Synopsis.—Following the sudden, but entirely natural, death of Captain Matthew Turnbull, his widow, Mary, and their three sons, Matthew, Jr., Mark and Luke, decide to continue the business of the late master mariner. Matthew, Jr., is master of Sequoia, and Mark is master of Redwood, two vessels owned by the family and engaged in coast trade between San Pedro and San Francisco. Luke, the youngest, is left with his mother and sister, Mary, at the family home in San Pedro. Mary's fiancé, Jim Carrigan, comes and for the first time since the funeral of Captain Turnbull, Mary smiles. After graduation from college Mary has been engaged in the business office of the Turnbull fleet, and seems Shirley Kummer to her was the logical successor to Captain Turnbull. Mary's mother and Shirley Kummer think her father's estate should be liquidated at once and Mary's participation in owning or taking an active part in the management of the steamschooner John Carrigan is also opposed, but Mary is full of faith. Shirley thinks Jim Carrigan should not interest himself in the matter. He goes to Mary's home and tells her that he has a chance to buy the steam schooner Fred Burnett, and that he will borrow the money from Mary's father's estate. Mary is amazed at this and tells Jim that her father's estate is not to be touched. Jim Carrigan is now using as a club to beat our brains out the fact that we have the money to hold it.

"Oh, I hinted it to him."

"How did he pay you back?"

"He didn't. He said he'd pay me back next year for having our loan as a dollar and a half a thousand feet, and I naively replied his account with the Turnbull estate was closed. He said he'd square up the loan, principal and interest, next year."

"Why, if Bill Henderson finished the year in the red, he'd probably be thinking of using the same time-honored excuse that you've been handing Pennington."

"Pennington can't set up with a jerk. He'll have to be convinced. That is why I'm going to Sequoia to have a heart-to-heart talk with Captain Jim Carrigan. I forgive you, Mark, for your attitude in general. Now, then, meditate on Jesse, Mark, and Matthew, Jr., and be ashamed of yourselves. Mary, I'm ready to go to Sequoia. Have a steaming gasoline locomotive ready, Mark."

"Yes ma'am. Shall I have it on the house, or shall I charge it to the account?"

"Impertinent. Mary, I'm ready."

"Yes, Mother. Mark, you're a pig."

"Splendid. I've taken a shot at you, Mary, you're a sweetheart."

"Mary, you're a sweetheart, and I feel sorry for you. Mother, you're good to wiggle along without whimpering. Fortunately you've got a husband who gave her rubber cheek three times to the dollar, and a daughter who is a private office. He was in a hurry to get to his office, so we had to run him through the open door a piece of lumber and a couple of sacks of cement before we could get him stopped. He would've been dead in a portion of two minutes if we hadn't been able to get the first cement sack into her breathing. Mother, I'm proud of you."

"I believe you have something on your mind, Mary."

Mary sipped a cup of tea and nibbled absently while her father's remark brought to mind a vaguely disturbing memory. It had to do with Jim Carrigan's attitude toward the estate. Then she remembered that Jim had said that he would borrow the money from Mary's father's estate. Mary's father was not the executor of the estate. Mary herself was executrix. Jim Carrigan had no right to borrow money from her father's estate. Jim knew that. Why, then, had he said it? Mary's father was speaking.

"Mary, I'm afraid you're worrying about something. Is it anything I can help you with?"

"Why, Father, I was thinking about Jim Carrigan. I forgive him