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HOW SHIPS GET LATE MAIL

# THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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"CRAZY—LIKE A FOX."

Synopsis.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day old Bryce Cardigan. The redwood, with its cousin the sequoia, is the oldest and biggest thing on earth. It grows nowhere but in California. Most of the redwoods have gone; those remaining are apparently doomed to the ax and saw. The sequoias are safe to future generations in Sequoia and Yosemite National parks. The "Save the Redwoods League" has been organized with the purpose of establishing a Redwoods National park.

CHAPTER II—Continued.

—2—

Of all their adventures together, however, those which occurred on their frequent excursions up to the Valley of the Giants impressed themselves imperishably upon Bryce's memory. How well he remembered their first trip, when, seated astride his father's shoulders with his sturdy little legs around Cardigan's neck and his chubby little hands clasping the old man's ears, they had gone up the abandoned skid-road and into the semi-darkness of the forest, terminating suddenly in a shower of sunshine that fell in an open space where a boy could roll and play and never get dirty. Bryce looked forward with eagerness to those frequent trips with his father "to the place where Mother dear went to heaven."

When Bryce was six years old, his father sent him to the public school in Sequoia with the children of his loggers and mill-hands, thus laying the foundation for a democratic education all too infrequent with the sons of men rated as millionaires. Bryce's boyhood was much the same as that of other lads in Sequoia, save that in ...

... staying at the hotel, and there's nobody to play with. My uncle's name is Pennington. So's my aunt's. He's out here buying timber, and we live in Michigan."

Her gaze wandered past Bryce to where his Indian pony stood with her head out of the window of her box-stall contemplating her master.

"Oh, what a dear little horse!" Shirley Sumner exclaimed. "Whose is he?"

"'Tain't a he. It's a she. And she belongs to me."

"Do you ride her?"

"Not very often now. I'm getting too heavy for her, so Dad's bought me a horse that weighs nine hundred pounds. Midget only weighs five hundred." He considered her a moment while she gazed in awe upon this man with two horses. "Can you ride a pony?" he asked, for no reason that he was aware of.

She sighed, shaking her head resignedly. "We haven't any room to keep a pony at our house in Detroit," she explained, and added hopefully: "But I'd love to ride Midget. I suppose I could learn to ride if somebody taught me how."

He looked at her again. At that period of his life he was inclined to regard girls as a necessary evil. For some immutable reason they existed, and perforce must be borne with, and it was his hope that he would get through life and see as little as possible of the exasperating sex. Nevertheless, as Bryce surveyed this winsome miss through the palings, he was sensible of a sneaking desire to find favor in her eyes—also equally sensible of the fact that the path to that desirable end lay between himself and Midget.

"Well, I suppose if you want a ride I'll have to give it to you," he grumbled, "although I'm pretty busy this morning."

"Oh, I think you're so nice," she declared.

"Hello, Little Boy."

"It Gonna See How I'm to Keep the Mill Runnin'!"

Bryce Cardigan comes home to his blind father.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER III.

HONOR CLAIMED BY WELSH

JAPAN TO GET DOCUMENTS

The KITCHEN CABINET

GOOD THINGS TO TRY.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SALADS.

Nellie Maxwell

First "4th of July" Celebration

by John Dickinson Sherman

"Scientific" Legislators

What Dreams Mean

GERMANY BUYS STATE ROADS

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

By the PRINCESS SHEHERAZADE

Condensation by Alfred S. Clark

The marvellous tales that Scheherazade told to King Shahriar, stories of love and adventure and mad magic cannot be attributed to any one author for the very good reason that there never was an author. They are popular stories that, perhaps about the year 1450, were put into the present form by a professional story-teller, presumably a Persian.

In primitive communities where few of the people can read, and where books are difficult to get, these professional readers are in great demand. They pick up here and there tales that appeal to all and bind them into a long narrative. Some people have thought that Homer's long poems originated in this way.

Everywhere in the near east the traveler finds these story-tellers today. An eager audience collects to hear them, each paying a small fee for the privilege of listening. The entertainer declaims as he walks to and fro and always stops his narrative just before an exciting climax, so that he will be assured of listeners on the morrow. His audience follows his recital with breathless interest, especially when he illustrates thrilling episodes with lively pantomime.

Year after year these groups of listeners gathered centuries ago. The story-teller discarded the tales that did not hold the attention of his listeners. Gradually the process of elimination went on until only the best were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. Then some unknown benefactor of mankind had them written down and connected them with the framework of Scheherazade and Shahriar. And these are the Arabian Nights that have delighted children and grown men and women ...

... self to a sheep's carcass and was borne away by a vulture. And of the giant who roasted men and whom Sinbad blinded with a red-hot iron. And of the terrible Old Man of the Sea who sat upon Sinbad's shoulders and could not be shaken off until he was intoxicated with wine and Sinbad slew him.

The Story of the Forty Thieves.

Of Ali Baba and his discovery of the stone that swung wide when a voice cried "Open, Sesame!" In the cave was the booty of forty thieves and Ali Baba took home sacks bulging with gold and silver. The robbers traced him and in the guise of a merchant the captain lodged with him. In the yard were stored great jars, one filled with oil and the others concealing the thieves. Ill would it have fared with Ali Baba had not Morgiana, a cunning slave, detected the trick and with boiling oil scalded to death the wicked miscreants. The captain escaped, but returned in a new disguise and again did Morgiana save her master by stabbing his enemy. So Ali Baba married her to his son and he lived joyously upon treasures from the cave.

Many Other Fascinating Stories.

Of the Magic Horse of ebony and ivory, so fashioned that its rider, by pressing divers buttons, could fly whither he willed. It bore a Persian prince to a great palace in a metropolis girt about with greenery. There he looked into the eyes of a princess and they were enraptured. It befell that they rode away on the Magic Horse, but before they were wed an evil man abducted the princess. The disconsolate prince wandered far and at last he found her whom he loved and again they journeyed through the air to his home, where they were married with exceeding pomp and lived happily.

Of a poor fisherman who drew his net from the sea and found therein but a brass bottle. He cut open the top and there streamed forth a cloud of smoke. It collected and, behold! it was a genie, so huge that his head was in the clouds. He would have killed his rescuer had not the wily fisherman insisted that never could he have come from the bottle. The silly genie squeezed himself inside, whereupon the fisherman clapped on the top, nor would he remove it until the genie swore to serve him faithfully. This oath it was that led to the finding of the ensorcelled prince with legs turned to stone and the lake wherein swam fish of four colors that had once been men. After marvelous happenings the prince was made as other men and the ...

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