THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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MODERN LIFE AMONG THE OLD, OLD REDWOODS

Here's good reading—a stirring tale by an able author about red-blooded people in an unique environment. Peter B. Kyne is an Argonaut as the redwoods of which he writes with loving appreciation. Nevertheless, he has sailed the Pacific, been a soldier in the Philippines, and has served as a cadet-pilot in France with the A. E. F. And the sheer merit of his literary workmanship has given this clerk in a California country store deserved nation-wide popularity as a short-story writer and novelist.

The characters in "The Valley of the Giants" are flesh-and-blood people—Americans—the sort we know—our kind: Dan Cardigan, pioneer lumberman among the redwoods, a strong man with a great heart, the soul of a dreamer and the unshaken faith of the frontiersman; he loves his redwoods even while he cuts his way to fortune through them. Colonel Pennington, the modern captain of industry, with no more conscience than a circular saw, no bowels of compassion, and contempt for the law except as a means of camouflage. Bryce Cardigan, present-generation American of the right kind, who takes up the fight when his father falls in the fray and successfully battles against odds to save his heritage, even while his heart is divided between his blind sire and his dear-est enemy. Shirley Sumner, niece of Colonel Pennington, a first-class American girl, with a mind of her own, a heart, red blood and good sportsmanship.

And the story is as timely as its environment is unique. There is only one redwood country, and when the California redwoods are gone the redwoods are gone from the earth. John Cardigan and his like have laid most of them low, and threaten those that remain. So it is that a great cry has gone up from the people to save for future generations some of those forest giants that were full-grown when Christ was born—with their cousins the sequoias they are the oldest and biggest living things of earth. So it is that the "Save the Red-woods" league has sprung into existence. So it is that con-gress is investigating the conditions preparatory to legisla-tion for the establishment of a Redwoods national park.

The American of the future will be able to see the Big Trees (Sequoia gigantea) in all their glory; Yosemite, Sequoia and General Grant national parks assure that. But unless money is given for the purchase of a great curve of red-woods (Sequoia sempervirens) by congress, California or public subscription the redwoods are doomed to the ax and saw, with the exception of a few small and inadequate pa-serves. And among these same redwoods lies "The Valley of the Giants."

CHAPTER I.

In the summer of 1870 a tornado whimsied about into the new world of Texas and the Southwest and then headed for the Pacific. It was the last great blow of the southeast depression and it left in its wake a trail of ruin and desolation. Many substantial citizens of the South were stripped rifle and an axe and cutting bull. With a few dollars in their pockets and a few cents in their pockets, they took up land and began life anew in the wilderness. Among these were Dan Cardigan, his wife and their son Bryce, a boy of ten. Dan was a man of powerful build, weighing 240 pounds, and stood six feet two inches in his bare feet. He was a man of tremendous energy and determination, and he had dropped out from his log, he pictures, and shouted to his team of oxen in such powerful lusty and strode resolutely into the timber at the mouth of the river.

The man was John Cardigan. In the course of the period. He was a man of the pioneer type. This is the tale of the descendants of John Cardigan and how he chosen land the pioneer leader in the gigantic task of hewing a home-way to know the likes of women's love and of falsehood and the scorn that comes of the loss of a perfect love and to know the tremendous joy of accomplishment and worldly success after infinite labor, and to feel the utmost of life he was to know—the dull despair of failure and ruin and the crime of those things there is a tale to be told, the story of a courageous man who, when his one fell in the fresh-ness of his youth, left behind him a tale of life with its love and hate-red, its bitterness, its labor, its joys and sorrow, a tale of that unconquer-able spirit which is the very soul of the American people.

Along the coast of California there was a time when the land was the timbered foothills of the Coast Range was covered with redwood trees, an average width of thirty miles. In the first three decades subsequent to the first three decades subsequent to the discovery of gold in California the lure of gold drew countless adventurers to the redwood belt. Here they found a country of unsurpassed beauty, where the air was filled with the spicy fragrance of the redwood trees, where the streams were full of trout and salmon, and where the forests were filled with game. Here they found a country of unsurpassed beauty, where the air was filled with the spicy fragrance of the redwood trees, where the streams were full of trout and salmon, and where the forests were filled with game. Here they found a country of unsurpassed beauty, where the air was filled with the spicy fragrance of the redwood trees, where the streams were full of trout and salmon, and where the forests were filled with game.

They Come at Length to a Little Amphitheater.

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