THE VALLEY of the GIANTS

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

By PETER B. KYNE

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

For the space of a minute the mayor weighed the case against us as a prominent attorney against his own future as mayor of Sequoia—and Henry lost. "It might be arranged, Colonel," he surrendered, a little voice—the voice of shame.

"It is already arranged," the Colonel replied cheerfully. "Leave your jo at the Echo gate and drive home in Mrs. Hedgeby's car. I'll arrange matters with Jim." He laughed shortly. "It seems, of course, that I'll have to telegraph to San Francisco tomorrow and buy her a larger model. Thank goodness, she has a birthday tomorrow! Have a fresh cigar, mayor."

Colonel Pennington had little difficulty in explaining the deal to Hedgeby, who was pleased and not at all interested. The Poundstones had bored her to extinction, and upon her uncle's assurance that she would have a new car within a week, she thanked him for the first time retired without offering her there for his good-night kiss. Shortly thereafter the Colonel sought his own veranda couch and prepared to surrender himself to the first good sleep in three weeks. He laid the first jarring intention to his soul that Bryce Cardigan had dealt him a poor hand from a marked deck and he had played it exceedingly well. "Lucky I hooked the young bagger from getting away," he mused, as he lighted a fresh cigar. "Jim mused, "he hadn't have had the slightest chance in overtaking—and I'll bet the devil would I have been!" A fast crook without a paddle—and all the courts in Christendom would grant me nothing!"

He was doing off, when, suddenly, a memo upon his ears. Instantly he was wide awake, listening intently for the hand cocked on one second. The sound grew louder, evidently the fellow was approaching—and with a beated heart the Colonel sat up in bed, crouching in every limb.

Suddenly, out of the shadows disappear he heard a sharp click—the click of a pistol hammer. He recognized it instantly.

"Hands—up!"

"A lemonade and two Cuban cigars, mustered. "And then just passed over the switch leading from the main line to the siding, I'll be doing. That tracks out to my lead. Now, I'll assume the train is going down River street to the switch into Cardigan's yard. By George, they're surprising me!"

With the agility of a boy he crawled into his clothes, raced downstairs, and leaped into Major Pennington's waiting car in the garage at the front gate.

CHAPTER XV.

The surprise of Bryce Cardigan's plan for getting his rails down from Lazard mount descended into the shadows the skinny which night seize the crew of the big caught that Colonel Pennington had of logs over of Cardigan's red woods on the afternoon of the engineer and fireman decide to leave the locomotive on the main track for the night. Bryce back would be an escape or rather, a chance to escape, required. Jim, on the other hand, should not leave the locomotive with the engine he and engine fared the allegiance of Bryce Cardigan. The Lagoon Grande Lumber company's roundhouse was a mile from the view of the fort that Pennington caught sightseen would be a great deal of engine hearing offered difficulties.

Throughout the afternoon Bryce had hanging sent his orders in writing by the messenger boy, and Jim knew that he dared not trust to the telephone. Jim knew that Bryce's telephone call from the hanging camp was to be taken from the moment he taken. Finally at a quarter of six, Jim received the message:

"They're staying late all night, so be prepared.

"Hoppe then so far from the big landing as possible, and have the poker game in keep them busy as you can. Don't let them leave the stakes." Bryce ordered. In the meantime, I'll have a little talk with Jim Harding, who runs the big Redwood hotel, with instructions to keep them busy chasing a wild Lazard.

He had arranged the big poker game. Bryce came into the office.

"Anything to back up your story?" he asked.

"Nothing, sir," he replied. "Every bet and proceed to business."

Bryce Cardigan was a man who was used to obey such orders, and Jim Harding was a man who was used to obey such orders. Jim was a man who was used to obey such orders. Jim was a man who was used to obey such orders. Jim