THE VALLEY *of the* GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

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NO QUARTER.

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-year-old Bryce Cardigan. At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor at Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret. While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty. After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Colonel Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Colonel Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes. John Cardigan is despairing, but Bryce is full of fight. Bryce finds a burl redwood felled across his mother's grave. He goes to dinner at Pennington's on Shirley's invitation and finds the dining room paneled with burl from the tree. Bryce and Pennington declare war, though Shirley does not know it. Bryce bests Jules Rondeau, Pennington's fighting logging boss, and forces him to confess that Pennington ordered the burl tree cut. Pennington butts into the fight and gets hurt. Bryce stands off a gang of Pennington's lumbermen. Shirley, who sees it all, tells Bryce it must be "goodby." Bryce renews acquaintance with Moira McTavish, daughter of his drunken woods-boss. Bryce saves the lives of Shirley and her uncle when a logging train runs away.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

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At the sound of Bryce's voice, Shirley raised her head, whirled and looked up at him. He held his handkerchief over his gory face that the sight might not distress her; he could have whooped with delight at the joy that flashed through her wet lids.

"Well, since you insist," he replied, and he slid down the bank.

"Bryce Cardigan," she commanded sternly, "come down here this instant."

"I'm not a pretty sight, Shirley. Better let me go about my business."

She stamped her foot. "Come here!"

"How did you get up there—and what do you mean by hiding there spying on me, you—you—oh, you!"

"Cuss a little, if it will help any," he suggested. "I had to get out of your way—out of sight—and up there was the best place. I was on the roof of the caboose when it toppled over, so all I had to do was step ashore and sit down."

"Then why didn't you stay there?" she demanded furiously.

"You wouldn't let me," he answered demurely. "And when I saw you weeping because I was supposed to be with the angels, I couldn't help coughing to let you know I was still hanging around, ornery as a book agent."

"How did you ruin your face, Mr. Cardigan?"

"Tried to take a cast of the front end of the caboose in my classic countenance—that's all."

"But you were riding the top log on the last truck—"

"Certainly, but I wasn't hayseed enough to stay there until we struck this curve. I knew exactly what was going to happen, so I climbed down to

"Well, Since You Insist."

the bumper of the caboose, uncoupled it from the truck, climbed up on the roof, and managed to get the old thing under control with the hand-brake; then I skedaddled up into the brush because I knew you were inside, and — By the way, Colonel Pennington, here is your axe, which I borrowed this afternoon. Much obliged for its use. The last up-train is probably waiting on the siding at Freshwater to pass the late lamented; consequently a walk of about a mile will bring you a means of transportation back to Sequoia. Walk leisurely—you have lots of time. As for myself, I'm in a hurry, and my room is more greatly to be desired than my company, so I'll start now."

He lifted his hat, turned, and walked briskly down the ruined track.

Shirley made a little gesture of dissent, half opened her lips to call him back, thought better of it, and let him go. When he was out of sight, it dawned on her that he had risked his life to save hers.

"Uncle Seth," she said soberly, "what would have happened to us if Bryce Cardigan had not come up here today to thrash your woods-boss?"

"We'd both be in Kingdom Come now," he answered truthfully. "But before you permit yourself to be carried away by the splendor of his action in cutting out the caboose and getting it under control, it might be well to remember that his own precious hide was at stake also. He would have cut the caboose out even if you and I had not been in it."

"No, he would not," she insisted, for the thought that he had done it for her sake was very sweet to her and would persist. "Cooped up in the caboose, we did not know the train was running away until it was too late for us to jump, while Bryce Cardigan, riding out on the logs, must have known it almost immediately. He would have had time to jump before the runaway gathered too much headway—and he would have jumped, Uncle Seth, for his father's sake."

"Well, he certainly didn't stay for mine, Shirley."

She dried her moist eyes and blushed furiously. "Uncle Seth," she pleaded, taking him lovingly by the arm, "let's be friends with Bryce Cardigan; let's get together and agree on an equitable contract for freighting his logs over our road."

"You are now," he replied severely, "mixing sentiment and business; if you persist, the result will be chaos. Cardigan is practically a pauper now, which makes him a poor business risk, and you'll please me greatly by leaving him severely alone—by making him keep his distance."

"I'll not do that," she answered with a quiet finality that caused her uncle to favor her with a quick, searching glance.

He need not have worried, however, for Bryce Cardigan was too well aware of his own financial condition to risk the humiliation of asking Shirley Sumner to share it with him. Moreover, he had embarked upon a war—a war which he meant to fight to a finish.

CHAPTER IX.

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George Sea Otter, summoned by telephone, came out to Freshwater, the station nearest the wreck, and transported his battered young master back to Sequoia. Here Bryce sought the doctor in the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company's little hospital and had his wrecked nose reorganized and his cuts bandaged. It was characteristic of his father's son that when this detail had been attended to, he should go to the office and work until the six o'clock whistle blew.

Old Cardigan was waiting for him at the gate when he reached home. George Sea Otter had already given the old man a more or less garbled account of the runaway log-train, and Cardigan eagerly awaited his son's arrival in order to ascertain the details of this new disaster which had come upon them. For disaster it was, in truth. The loss of the logs was trifling—perhaps three or four thousand dollars; the destruction of the rolling stock was the crowning misfortune. Both Cardigans knew that Pennington would eagerly seize upon that point to stint his competitor still further on logging equipment, that there would be delays—purposeful but apparently unavoidable—before this lost rolling stock would be replaced. And in the interim the Cardigan mill, unable to get a sufficient supply of logs to fill orders in hand, would be forced to close down.

"Well, son," said John Cardigan mildly as Bryce unlatched the gate, "another bump, eh?"

"Yes, sir—right on the nose."

"I meant another bump to your heritage, my son."

"I'm worrying more about my nose, partner. In fact, I'm not worrying about my heritage at all. I've come to a decision on that point: We're going to fight and fight to the last; we're going down fighting. And by the way, I started the fight this afternoon. I whaled the wadding out of that bucko woods-boss of Pennington's, and as a special compliment to you, John Cardigan, I did an almighty fine job of cleaning. Even went so far as to muss the Colonel up a little."

"Wow, wow, Bryce! Bully for you! I wanted that man Rondeau taken apart. He has terrorized our woodsmen for a long time. He's king of the mad-train, you know."

Bryce was relieved. His father did not know, then, of the act of vandalism in the Valley of the Giants. This fact strengthened Bryce's resolve not to tell him.

Arm in arm they walked up the garden path together.

Just as they entered the house, the telephone in the hall tinkled, and Bryce answered.

"Mr. Cardigan," came Shirley Sumner's voice over the wire.

"Bryce," he corrected her.

She ignored the correction.

"I—I don't know what to say to you," she faltered. "I rang up to tell you how splendid and heroic your action was—"

"I had my own life to save, Shirley."

"You did not think of that at the time."

"Well—I didn't think of your uncle's, either," he replied without enthusiasm.

"I'm sure we never can hope to catch even with you, Mr. Cardigan."

"Don't try. Your revered relative will not; so why should you?"

"You are making it somewhat hard for me to—to rehabilitate our friendship, Mr. Cardigan."

"Bless your heart," he murmured. "The very fact that you bothered to ring me up at all makes me your debtor. Shirley, can you stand some plain speaking—between friends, I mean?"

"I think so, Mr. Cardigan."

"Well, then," said Bryce, "listen to this: I am your uncle's enemy until death do us part. Neither he nor I expect to ask or to give quarter, and I'm going to smash him if I can."

"If you do, you smash me," she warned him.

"Likewise our friendship. I'm sorry, but it's got to be done if I can do it. Shall—shall we say good-by, Shirley?"

"Yes-s-s!" There was a break in her voice. "Good-by, Mr. Cardigan. I wanted to know."

"Good-by! Well, that's cutting the mustard," he murmured sotto voce, "and there goes another bright day dream." Unknown to himself, he spoke directly into the transmitter, and Shirley, clinging half hopefully to the receiver at the other end of the wire, heard him—caught every inflection of the words, commonplace enough, but freighted with the pathos of Bryce's first real tragedy.

"Oh, Bryce!" she cried sharply. But he did not hear her; he had hung up his receiver now.

The week that ensued was remarkable for the amount of work Bryce accomplished in the investigation of his father's affairs—also for a visit from Donald McTavish, the woods-boss.

"Hello, McTavish," Bryce saluted the woods-boss cheerfully and extended his hand for a cordial greeting. His wayward employee stood up, took the proffered hand in both of his huge and callous ones, and held it rather childishly.

"Weel! 'Tis the wee laddie hissel'," he boomed. "I'm glad to see ye, boy."

"You'd have seen me the day before yesterday—if you had been seeable," Bryce reminded him with a bright smile. "Mac, old man, they tell me you've gotten to be a regular go-to-hell."

"I'll nae deny I take a wee drappie now an' then," the woods-boss admitted frankly, albeit there was a harried, hangdog look in his eyes.

"Mac, did Moira give you my message?"

"Aye."

"Well, I guess we understand each other, Mac. Was there something else you wanted to see me about?"

McTavish sidled up to the desk. "Ye'll no be firin' auld Mac oot o' hand?" he pleaded hopefully. "Mon, ha ye the heart to do it—after a' these years?"

Bryce nodded. "If you have the heart—after all these years—to draw pay you do not earn, then I have the heart to put a better man in your place. It's no good arguing, Mac. You're off the pay roll onto the pension roll—your shanty in the woods, your meals at the camp kitchen, your clothing and tobacco that I send out to you. Neither more nor less!"

"Who will ye put in ma place?"

"I don't know. However, it won't be a difficult task to find a better man than you."

"I'll nae let him work," McTavish's voice deepened to a growl.

"You worked that racket on my father. Try it on me, and you'll answer to me—personally. Lay the weight of your finger on your successor, Mac, and you'll die in the county poor farm. No threats, old man! You know the Cardigans; they never bluff."

McTavish's glance met the youthful master's for several seconds; then the woods boss trembled, and his gaze sought the office floor. Bryce knew he had his man whipped at last, and McTavish realized it, too, for quite suddenly he burst into tears.

"Dinna fire me, lad," he pleaded. "I'll gae back on the job an' leave whusky alone."

"Nothing doing, Mac. Leave whisky alone for a year and I'll discharge your successor to give you back your job. For the present, however, my verdict stands. You're discharged."

"Who kens the Cardigan woods as I ken them?" McTavish blubbered. "Who'll fell trees wi' the least amount o' breakage? Who'll get the work out o' the men? Who'll— Ye dinna mean it, lad. Ye canna mean it."

"On your way, Mac. I loathe arguments."

"I maun see yer faither aboot this. He'll nae stand for sic treatment o' an auld employee."

Bryce's temper flared up. "You keep away from my father. You've worried him enough in the past, you drunkard. If you go up to the house to annoy my father with your pleadings, McTavish, I'll manhandle you." He glanced at his watch. "The next train leaves for the woods in twenty minutes. If you do not go back on it and behave yourself, you can never go back to Cardigan woods."

"I will nae take charity from any man," McTavish thundered. "I'll nae bother the owd man, an' I'll nae go back to yon woods to live on yer bounty. I was never a man to take charity," he roared furiously, and left the office. Bryce called after him a cheerful good-bye, but he did not answer. And he did not remain in town; neither did he return to his shanty in the woods. For a month his whereabouts remained a mystery; then one day Moira received a letter from him informing her that he had a job knee-bolting in a shingle mill in Mendocino county.

In the interim Bryce had not been idle. From his wood crew he picked an old, experienced hand—one Jabez Curtis—to take the place of the vanished McTavish. Colonel Pennington, having repaired in three days the gap in his railroad, wrote a letter to the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company, informing Bryce that until more equipment could be purchased and delivered to take the place of the rolling stock destroyed in the wreck, the latter would have to be content with half deliveries; whereupon Bryce irritated the Colonel profoundly by purchasing a lot of second-hand trucks from a bankrupt sugar-pine mill in Lassen county and delivering them to the Colonel's road via the deck of a steam schooner.

"That will insure delivery of sufficient logs to get out our orders on file," Bryce informed his father. "While we are morally certain our mill will run but one year longer, I intend that it shall run full capacity for that year. To be exact, I'm going to run a night shift."

"Our finances won't stand the overhead of a night shift, I tell you," his father warned.

"I know we haven't sufficient cash on hand to attempt it, dad, but—I'm going to borrow some."

"From whom? No bank in Sequoia will lend us a penny."

"Will you sound the Sequoia Bank of Commerce?"

"Certainly not. Pennington owns the controlling interest in that bank, and I was never a man to waste my time."

Bryce chuckled. "I don't care where the money comes from so long as I get it, partner. Desperate circumstances require desperate measures,

"I'll Nae Take Charity From Any Man."

you know, and the day before yesterday, when I was quite ignorant of the fact that Colonel Pennington controls the Sequoia Bank of Commerce, I drifted in on the president and casually struck him for a loan of one hundred thousand dollars."

"Well, I'll be shot, Bryce! What did he say?"

"Said he'd take the matter under consideration and give me an answer this morning. He asked me, of course, what I wanted that much money for, and I told him I was going to run a night shift, double my force of men in the woods, and buy some more logging trucks, which I can get rather cheap. Well, this morning I called for my answer—and got it. The Sequoia Bank of Commerce will loan me up to a hundred thousand, but it won't give me the cash in a lump sum. I can have enough to buy the logging trucks now, and on the first of each month, when I present my pay roll, the bank will advance me the money to meet it."

"Bruce, I am amazed."

"I am not—since you tell me Colonel Pennington controls that bank. That the bank should accommodate us is the most natural procedure imaginable. Pennington is only playing safe—which is why the bank declined to give me the money in a lump sum. If we run a night shift, Pennington knows that we can't dispose of our excess output under present market conditions. It's a safe bet our lumber is going to pile up on the mill dock; hence, when the smash comes and the Sequoia Bank of Commerce calls our loan and we cannot possibly meet it, the lumber on hand will prove security for the loan, will it not? In fact, it will be worth two or three dollars per thousand more then than it is now, because it will be air-dried."

"But what idea have you got back of such a procedure, Bryce?"

"Merely a forlorn hope, dad. Something might turn up. The market may take a sudden spurt and go up three or four dollars. And whether the market goes up or comes down, it costs us nothing to make the experiment."

"Quite true," his father agreed.

"Then, if you'll come down to the office tomorrow morning, dad, we'll hold a meeting of our board of directors and authorize me as president of the company to sign the note to the bank. We're borrowing this without collateral, you know."

John Cardigan entered no further objection, and the following day the agreement was entered into with the bank. Bryce closed by wire for the extra logging equipment and immediately set about rounding up a crew for the woods and for the night shift in the mill.

For a month Bryce was as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper-hanger with the itch, and during all that time he did not see Shirley Sumner or hear of her, directly or indirectly.

Moira McTavish, in the meantime, had come down from the woods and entered upon her duties in the mill office. The change from her dull, drab life, giving her, as it did, an opportunity for companionship with people of greater mentality and refinement that she had been used to, quickly brought about a swift transition in the girl's nature. With the passing of the coarse shoes and calico dresses and the substitution of the kind of clothing all women of Moira's instinctive refinement and natural beauty long for, the girl became cheerful, animated, and imbued with the optimism of her years.

Moira worked in the general office, and except upon occasions when Bryce desired to look at the books or Moira brought some document into the private office for his perusal, there were days during which his pleasant "Good morning, Moira," constituted the extent of their conversation.

Bryce had been absent in San Francisco for ten days. He had planned to stay three weeks, but finding his business consummated in less time, he returned to Sequoia unexpectedly. Moira was standing at the tall bookkeeping desk, her beautiful dark head bent over the ledger, when he entered the office and set his suitcase in the corner.

"Is that you, Mr. Bryce?" she queried.

"The identical individual, Moira. How did you guess it was I?"

She looked up at him then, and her wonderful dark eyes lighted with a flame Bryce had not seen in them heretofore. "I knew you were coming," she replied simply.

"You had a hunch, Moira. Do you get those telepathic messages very often?" He was crossing the office to shake her hand.

"I never noticed particularly—that is, until I came to work here. But I always know when you are returning after a considerable absence." She gave him her hand. "I'm so glad you're back."

"Why?" he demanded bluntly.

She flushed. "I—I really don't know, Mr. Bryce."

"Well, then," he persisted, "what do you think makes you glad?"

"I had been thinking how nice it would be to have you back, Mr. Bryce. When you enter the office, it's like a breeze rustling the tops of the redwoods. And your father misses you so; he talks to me a great deal about you. Why, of course, we miss you; anybody would."

As he held her hand, he glanced down at it and noted how greatly it had changed during the past few months. From her hand his glance roved over the girl, noting the improvements in her dress, and the way the thick, wavy black hair was piled on top of her shapely head.

"It hadn't occurred to me before, Moira," he said with a bright impersonal smile that robbed his remark of all suggestion of masculine flattery, "but it seems to me I'm unusually glad to see you, also. You've been fixing your hair different. Is this new style the latest in hairdressing in Sequoia?"

An unknown person buys the Valley of the Giants for $100,000.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT MEMORIES OF HOME

How Visitor to London Zoological Gardens Held Converse With Lonely Tibetan Yak.

The shaggy old Tibetan yak at the "zoo" died some while ago and a new yak occupied his shed and inclosure.

Yesterday a visitor stood watching the yak munching at a truss of hay in his manger. He called the yak and it took no notice. Then, having read Hooker's "Himalayan Journals," he remembered the calls of the Tibetan maidens when they bring the yaks home at sunset.

The visitor uttered the call. The yak dropped a mouthful of hay, gave a deep grunt, and came shambling to the bars of its stable. The visitor patted and fondled it, and grunted yak language and it licked his hand, and when he left the yak house it ran out of its shed and followed him around its large barred inclosure.

He returned later and found the yak still restless. It had deserted its meal; it paced the inclosure and made plaintive noises. The visitor gave the Tibetan girl's call again, and again the yak ran to him. "Good heavens!" cried a stranger, "how do you tame 'zoo' animals like that?" He was told the secret.

"Poor old yak, poor old fellow," said the stranger. "How can we guess what chords you have touched—what memories of snow and ice, and praying wheels and idols, of Tibetan girls with turquoise ornaments in their braided hair? Look how troubled the old yak is—it isn't fair to give home-sickness to prisoners at the zoo!"—London Daily Mail.

Queer Wedding Presents.

The following are a few of the many curious wedding presents that have been received by those about to enter the bonds of matrimony.

A well-known author received on his marriage, from a rival man of letters, a scrapbook containing a collection of all the adverse criticisms his works had ever received; while a popular artist was on similar occasion presented with a set of elementary works upon self-instruction in drawing and painting.

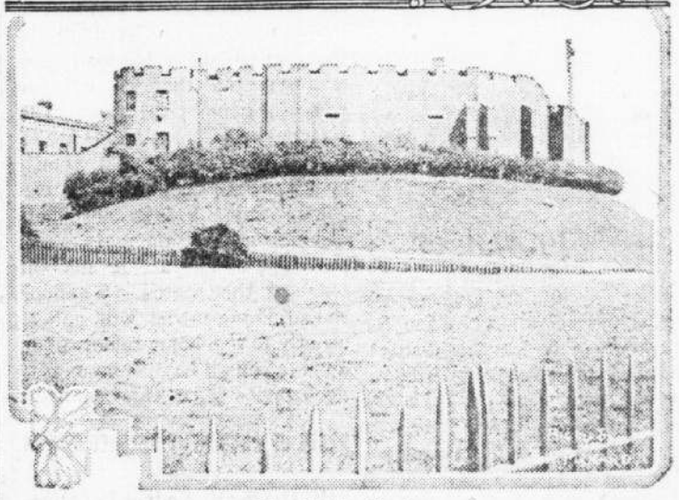
Unusually vexatious was the gift received from his neighbors by an inane octogenarian who had married a pleasure-loving woman more than fifty years his junior. It took the form of a large brass cage, "intended"—so ran the accompanying note—"to restrain the wayward flight of a giddy young wife who had married a decrepit old fool for his money."

Nutmeg Once a Perfume.

In olden times the ladies in England used nutmegs as a perfume. The nutmegs were set in silver and ornamented with pearl and precious stones and hung from a lady's belt like a modern scent-bottle.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.—Bishop Cumberland.

"Rare Olde Chester"



The Castle, Chester.

FEW cities in England retain so distinct a flavor of medieval times as "Rare Olde Chester," on the River Dee. Winchester is hoary with age—so are Gloucester, Canterbury, Coventry and countless other places in the kingdom, writes Katherine Shepherd Smith in the Springfield Republican.

But should one disembark at Liverpool with a mind intent upon studying English lands, people—and, above all, English history—Chester, sixteen miles distant, would be an ideal place in which to set out upon such a pilgrimage.

There, more easily than almost anywhere else, one can trace the very beginnings of England. Chester's ancient walls still surround the site of the Roman deva, or Devana Castra (camp of the Dee). The Anglo-Saxons called it Chester.

Phantom City of the Past.

The Romans, whose occupancy lasted four centuries, selected this high, picturesque spot overlooking the river and the mountains of North Wales, for the station of their famous 20th Legion.

Excavating a solid rock to a depth of four to ten feet, upon which to found the camp, they built roundabout their defensive walls.

The Roman camp was in the form of a parallelogram and Chester followed the same lines in the original streets of the city. The four principal thoroughfares now cross at right angles the rocky Roman oblong.

After the Romans there came, in turn, the Welsh, Saxons, Danes and Normans. Chester was not taken by William the Conqueror until 1070.

In viewing the city the walls claim one's first attention. The present residents seem to live in a phantom city of the past, and almost to be a part of that medieval period in which they are so well versed. They tell you, apologetically, that only on three of their four sides do the walls follow the exact lines of those built by the Romans, and that they are not of earlier date than the fourteenth century.

But a stroll of two miles upon these great arms of masonry, which have encircled the city for seven hundred years, should satisfy the most exacting antiquarian.

As one traverses this now peaceful promenade, frequent reminders of a turbulent past are encountered. The most impressive of these—perhaps because the most tangible—is the Phoenix or King Charles tower, bearing an inscription recording that from this tower King Charles I, in 1645, viewed the battle of Rowton Moor, and a local chronicler relates how the king "witnessed with growing mortification and despair the defeat of his army and the overthrow of his last field force."

Besides the King Charles tower, others bordering the parapet of the old walls are the Bonwaldesthorne and the water tower; then there are those known as Morgan's Mount and Pemberton's Parlor.

Historic Watch Towers.

During all the assaults made upon Chester these and other watch towers, long since dismantled, were vantage points for the guardians of the old city, who, when scanning the valley of the Dee and the mountain passes of nearby Wales, gave little heed, we can believe, to the beauty of the panorama spread out before them, which today claims the attention and delight of every beholder.

Bonwaldesthorne, clothed with vines and reached by the greenery of swaying tree tops, is by far the most picturesque of towers.

Chester Castle is rather disappointing, but much as one wants a castle to be up to the mark, everything else in Chester is so satisfying that this one "fly in the ointment" should be overlooked.

The only remaining relic of the Norman period, during which time the castle was built, is the Julius Caeser tower, a square keep, which, having been incased in red sandstone, has now an adequate appearance of age.

Chester Cathedral, like many others in England, is interesting, both in itself and for its history. Since the time of the Roman deva the ground upon which it stands has been occupied by a Christian church.

Hugh Lupas, with the aid of Norman monks, established here a Benedictine monastery—one of those early centers, not alone of religion, but of learning, also.

In 1541, after the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, the abbey church became the Cathedral of Chester, and remains of Norman construction, dating back to 1093, are incorporated in the cathedral, but most of it dates from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Since 1819 restorations have been made at intervals, as is the custom in practically all European cathedrals.

"The Chester Imp."

In monastic times the abbey was rich and of much importance. The "Chester mysteries," or miracle plays, were performed each year before its gates, when a fair was held on the feast of St. Werbergh, the patron saint of Chester. A curious custom prevailing among builders in the middle ages was that of carving grotesque figures—not only on the exteriors of churches, like gargoyles, but often on their interiors. Perched coyly in a corner high up on the cathedral, is such a joke, known as "The Chester Imp."

A reminder of more recent days is found in two flags draped on the wall of the south aisle of the cathedral which were carried by the British at the battle of Bunker Hill; not far from these are displayed the colors of the Chester Guards, borne at Quebec.

A wonderful work of restoration to be seen in Chester is that in the Church of St. John. This was a cathedral church and dates from the late eleventh century. It was occupied by a Norman bishop in 1073, but in a few years he removed the seat of his bishopric to Coventry. The church as restored today—a gem of Norman architecture—includes only sections of the nave and transepts that belonged to the original structure. Standing apart from it are the picturesque ruins of the ancient choir.

Safety First.

Fresh eggs were retailing at about $1 a dozen the day we met a nice old man on a country road and narrowly missed running him down. As our fender grazed him we were horrified to see the big box he was carrying slip from under his arm and a deluge of priceless eggs scatter over the road.

It seemed a sure case of bankruptcy for us as we backed to where he stood, but we found him smiling.

"Come pretty close that time," he remarked, "but that's all right. No harm done. Them eggs are hard boiled, and I'm jest takin' 'em to the country picnic!"—Exchange.

Its Place.

"Where is this picture of the prize hen to go in the paper?"

"I suppose they will put it in the layout."

"She believes everything he tells her." "Not a bad idea. Why don't you try it out yourself."

SUNDAY DAY OF MERRIMENT

Practically Only Break in the Otherwise Uneventful Lives of Filipino Men and Women.

It is the women of Manila who market the produce there. Early every morning long lines of these farmer wives, with great cigars in their mouths, and large baskets of wares on their heads, can be seen striding along the narrow trails toward the capital city, where market is held.

Strong and happy, they wade through the streams and the mud, calling out to one another as they go, and only stopping to get a fresh light for their cigars from some one of their number or some one whom they chance to meet. Once at market they chat, smoke, laugh and barter for hours over a few small tomatoes, some green squash, a live chicken, eggs, fruit, sugar or anything they happen to have, and toward noon they straggle home, having had a good visit and sold or exchanged their wares.

Sunday is the only really strenuous day for the Filipinos. It is the big market day when people come from all the surrounding country, and it is the time when cockfights are allowed. Men spend a good share of their time during the week in training their pet roosters, and on Sunday, early and late, they can be seen going to and from the pit, carrying their gamecocks under their arms.

Excitement runs high and their joyous shouts can be heard for a long way. Some women can attend the fights, but most of them do the double duty of attending mass and then patronizing the market, which is just across the street from the church. All day Sunday they are active and excitable, but the next day they settle back into their quiet, uneventful lives.—Chicago Daily News.

Inducement.

Husband and wife were at the movie show. During a love scene she nudged hubby and inquired:

"Why is it you never made love to me like that?"

"Because," he responded prosaically, "I didn't get paid for it, like that chap."—Film Fun.