The VALLEY of the GIANTS

By PETER B. KYNE

Author of "Cappy Ricks"

CHAPTER XIV.

—15—

The dictograph which Shirley had asked Bryce to obtain for her in San Francisco arrived on the regular passenger steamer on Thursday morning and Bryce called her up to ask when she desired it sent over.

"Good morning, Mr. Cardigan," she greeted him cheerily. "How do you feel this morning? Any the worse for having permitted yourself to be a human being last night?"

"Why, I feel pretty fine, Shirley. I think it did me a lot of good to crawl out of my shell last night."

"You feel encouraged to go on living, eh?"

"Yes."

"And fighting?"

"By all means."

"Then something has occurred of late to give you new courage?"

"Oh, many things. By the way, Shirley, you may inform your uncle at breakfast Friday morning about my connection with the N. C. O. In fact, I think it would be far better for you if you made it a point to do so."

"Why?"

"Because both Ogilvy and myself have a very strong suspicion that your uncle has a detective or two on our trails. I judge your uncle will learn today that you dined with Ogilvy, Moira and me last night."

"Oh, dear! That's terrible." He could sense her distress.

"Ashamed of having been seen in my company, eh?"

"Please don't. Are you quite serious in this matter?"

"Quite."

"Uncle Seth will think it so—so strange."

"He'll probably tell you about it. Better beat him to the issue by 'fessing up, Shirley. Doubtless his suspicions are already aroused, and if you inform him that you know I am the real builder of the N. C. O., he'll think you're a smart woman and that you've been doing a little private gum-shoe work of your own on behalf of the Laguna Grande Lumber company."

"Which is exactly what I have been doing," she reminded him.

"I know. But then, I'm not afraid of you, Shirley—that is, any more. And after Friday morning I'll not be afraid of your uncle."

"I feel as if I were a conspirator."

"I believe you are one. Your dictograph has arrived. Shall I send George Sea Otter over with it? And have you somebody to install it?"

"Oh, bother! Does it have to be installed?"

"It does. You place the contraption—hide it, rather—in the room where the conspirators conspire; then you run wires from it into another room where the detectives listen in on the receivers."

"Could George Sea Otter install it?"

"I think he could. There is a printed card of instructions, and I dare say George would find the job no more baffling than the ignition system on the Napier."

"Will he tell anybody?"

"Not if you ask him not to."

"Very well, then. Please send him over. Thank you so much, Bryce Cardigan. You're an awful good old sort, after all. Really, it hurts me to have to oppose you. It would be so much nicer if we didn't have all those redwood trees to protect, wouldn't it?"

"Let us not argue the question, Shirley. I think I have my redwood trees protected. Good-by."

He had scarcely finished telephoning his home to instruct George Sea Otter to report with the express package to Shirley when Buck Ogilvy strolled into the office and tossed a document on his desk. "There's your little old temporary franchise, old thing," he announced; and with many a hearty laugh he related to Bryce the ingenious means by which he had obtained it. "And now if you will phone up to your logging camp and instruct the woods-boss to lay off about fifty men to rest for the day, pending a hard night's work, and arrange to send them down on the last log train today, I'll drop around after dinner and we'll fly to that jump-crossing."

"I'll telephone Colonel Pennington's manager and ask him to kick a switch-engine in on the Laurel creek spur and snake those flat cars with my rails aboard out to the junction with the main line," Bryce replied. And he called up the Laguna Grande Lumber company—only to be informed by no less a person than Colonel Pennington himself that it would be impossible to send the switch-engine in until the following afternoon. The Colonel was sorry, but the switch-engine was in the shop having the brick in her firebox renewed, while the mogul that hauled the log trains would not have time to attend to the matter, since the flats would have to be spotted on the side-track at Cardigan's log landing in the woods, and this could not be done until the last loaded log train for the day had been hauled out to make room.

"Why not switch back with the mogul after the log train has been hauled out on the main line?" Bryce demanded pointedly.

Pennington, however, was not trapped. "My dear fellow," he replied patronizingly, "quite impossible, I assure you. That old trestle across the creek, my boy—it hasn't been looked at for years. While I'd send the light switch-engine over it and have no fears—"

"I happen to know, Colonel, that the big mogul kicked those flats in to load the rails!"

"I know it. And what happened? Why, that old trestle squeaked and shook and gave every evidence of being about to buckle in the center. My engineer threatened to quit if I sent him in again."

"Very well. I suppose I'll have to wait until the switch-engine comes out of the shop," Bryce replied resignedly, and hung up. He turned a troubled face to Ogilvy. "Checkmated!" he announced. "Whipped to a frazzle. The colonel is lying, Buck, and I've caught him at it. As a matter of fact, the mogul didn't kick those flats in at all. The switch-engine did—and I know it. Now I'm going to send a man over to snoop around Pennington's roundhouse and verify his report about the switch-engine being in the shop."

He did so. Half an hour later the messenger returned with the information that not only was the switch-engine not in the shop but her firebox had been overhauled the week before and was reported to be in excellent condition.

"That settles it," Buck Ogilvy mourned. "The Colonel is as suspicious as a rhino. He doesn't know anything, but he smells danger just the same."

"Exactly, Buck. So he is delaying the game until he can learn something definite." He drummed idly on his desk for several minutes. Then:

"Buck, can you run a locomotive?"

"With one hand, old man."

"Fine business! Well, I guess we'll put in that crossing tomorrow night. The switch-engine will be in the roundhouse at Pennington's mill tomorrow night, so we can't steal that; but we can steal the mogul. I'll just send word up to my woods boss not to have his train loaded when the mogul comes up late tomorrow afternoon to haul it down to our log landing. Of course, the engine crew won't bother to run down to Sequoia for the night—that is, they won't run the mogul down. They'll just leave her at our log landing all night and put up for the night at our camp."

"But how do you know they will put up at your camp all night, Bryce?"

"My men will make them comfortable, and it means they can lie abed until seven o'clock instead of having to roll out at five o'clock, which would be the case if they spent the night at this end of the line. There is a slight grade at our log landing. I know that, because the air leaked out of the brakes on a log train I was on a short time ago, and the train ran away with me. Now, the engine crew will set the airbrakes on the mogul and leave her with steam up to throb all night; they'll not blow her down, for that would mean work firing her in the morning. Our task, Buck, will be to throw off the airbrakes and let her glide silently out of our log landing. About a mile down the road we'll stop, get up steam, run down to the junction with the main line, back in on the Laurel Creek spur, couple onto those flat cars and breeze merrily down to Sequoia with them. They'll be loaded waiting for us; our men will be congregated in our dry-yard just off Water street near B, waiting for us to arrive with the rails—and bingo—we go to it. After we drop the flats, we'll run the engine back to the woods, leave it where we found it, return a-flying. You can get back in ample time to superintend the cutting of the crossing!"

"Spoken like a man!" quoth Buck Ogilvy. "You're the one man in this world for whom I'd steal a locomotive. 'At-a-boy!"

Had either of the conspirators known of Pennington's plans to entertain Mayor Poundstone at dinner on Thursday night, it is probable they would not have cheered until those flat cars were out of the woods.

• • • • • • •

Mayor Poundstone and his wife arrived at the Pennington home in Redwood boulevard at six forty-five Thursday evening. It was with a profound feeling of relief that his honor lifted the lady from their modest little "flivver," for once inside the Pennington house, he felt, he would be free from a peculiarly devilish brand of persecution inaugurated by his wife about three months previously. Mrs. Poundstone wanted a new automobile. And she had entered upon a campaign of nagging and complaint, hoping to wear Poundstone's resistance down to the point where he would be willing to barter his hope of salvation in return for a guarantee of peace on earth.

"I feel like a perfect fool, calling upon these people in this filthy rattletrap," Mrs. Poundstone protested.

Mayor Poundstone paused. "In pity's name, woman," he growled, "talk about something else. Give me one night of peace. Let me enjoy my dinner and this visit."

"I can't help it," Mrs. P—— retorted with asperity. She pointed to Shirley Sumner's car parked under the porte-cochere. "If I had a sedan like that, I could die happy. And it only cost thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars."

"I paid six hundred and fifty for the rattletrap, and I couldn't afford that," he almost whimpered. "You were happy with it until I was elected mayor."

"You forget our social position, my dear," she purred sweetly.

He could have struck her. "Hang your social position," he gritted savagely. "Shut up, will you? Social position in a sawmill town! Dammit, you'll drive me crazy yet," Poundstone gurgled, and subsided.

The Pennington butler, a very superior person, opened the door. The Poundstones entered. At the entrance to the living room the butler announced sonorously: "Mayor Poundstone and Mrs. Poundstone."

"Glad to see you aboard the ship," Colonel Pennington boomed with his best air of hearty expansiveness. "Well, well," he continued, leading Mrs. Poundstone to a divan in front of the fire, "this is certainly delightful. My niece will be down in two shakes of a lamb's tail. Have a cigarette, Mr. Poundstone."

In the midst of the commonplace chatter incident to such occasions, Shirley entered the room; and the Colonel leaving her to entertain the guests, went to a small sideboard in one corner and brought forth the "materials," as he jocularly termed them. James appeared like magic with a tray, glasses and tiny servilettes, and the Colonel's elixir was passed to the company.

"Dee-licious," murmured Mrs. Poundstone. "Perfectly dee-licious. And not strong!"

"Have another," her hospitable host suggested, and he poured it, quite oblivious of the frightened wink which the mayor telegraphed his wife. Poundstone prayed to his rather nebulous gods that Mrs. P. would not discuss automobiles during the dinner.

Alas! The Colonel's cocktails were not unduly fortified, but for all that, the two which Mrs. Poundstone had assimilated contained just sufficient "kick" to loosen the lady's tongue without thickening it. Consequently, about the time the "piece de resistance" made its appearance, she threw caution to the winds and adverted to the subject closest to her heart.

"I was telling Henry as we came up the walk how greatly I envied you that beautiful sedan, Miss Sumner," she gushed. "How an open car does blow one around, my dear!"

"Yes, indeed," said Shirley innocently.

"Heard the McKinnon people had a man killed up in their woods yesterday, Colonel," Poundstone remarked, hoping against hope to divert the conversation.

"Yes. The fellow's own fault," Pennington replied. "He was one of those employees who held to the opinion that every man is the captain of his own soul and the sole proprietor of his own body—hence that it behooved him to look after both, in view of the high cost of safety appliances. He was warned that the logging cable was weak at that old splice and liable to pull out of the becket—and sure enough it did. The free end of the cable snapped back like a whip, and—"

"I hold to the opinion," Mrs. Poundstone interrupted, "that if one wishes for a thing hard enough and just keeps on wishing, one is bound to get it."

"My dear," said Mr. Poundstone impressively, "if you would only confine yourself to wishing, I assure you your chances for success would be infinitely brighter."

There was no mistaking this rebuke; even two cocktails were powerless to render Mrs. Poundstone oblivious to it. With the nicest tact in the world, Shirley adroitly changed the subject to some tailored shirtwaists she had observed in the window of a local dry goods emporium that day, and Mrs. Poundstone subsided.

About nine o'clock, Shirley, in response to a meaning glance from her relative, tactfully convoyed Mrs. Poundstone upstairs, leaving her uncle alone with his prey. Instantly Pennington got down to business.

"Well," he queried, apropos of nothing, "what do you hear with reference to the Northern California-Oregon railroad?"

"Oh, the usual amount of wind. Colonel. Nobody knows what to make of that outfit."

Pennington studied the end of his cigar a moment.

"Have they made any move to get a franchise?" he asked bluntly. "If they have, I suppose you would be the first man to hear about it. I don't mean to be impertinent," he added with a gracious smile, "but the fact is I noticed that windbag Ogilvy entering your office in the city hall the other afternoon, and I couldn't help wondering whether his visit was social or official."

"Social—so far as I could observe," Poundstone replied truthfully, wondering just how much Pennington knew.

"Preliminary to the official visit, I dare say."

The Colonel puffed thoughtfully for a while—for which the mayor was grateful, since it provided time in which to organize himself. Suddenly, however, Pennington turned toward his guest and fixed the latter with a serious glance.

"I hadn't anticipated discussing this matter with you, Poundstone, and you must forgive me for it; but the fact is—I might as well be frank with you—I am very greatly interested in the operation of this proposed railroad. If it is built, it will have a very distinct effect on my finances."

"In just what way?"

"Disastrous."

"I am amazed, Colonel."

"You wouldn't be if you had given the subject very close consideration. Such a road as the N. C. O. contemplates will tap about one-third of the redwood belt only, while a line built from the south will tap two-thirds of it. The remaining third can be tapped by an extension of my own logging road; when my own timber is logged out, I will want other business for my road, and if the N. C. O. parallels it, I will be left with two streaks of rust on my hands."

"Ah, I perceive. So it will, so it will!"

"You agree with me, then, Poundstone, that the N. C. O. is not designed to foster the best interests of the community. Of course you do. I take it, therefore, that when the N. C. O. applies for its franchise to run through Sequoia, neither you nor your city council will consider the proposition at all."

"I cannot, of course, speak for the city council—" Poundstone began, but Pennington's cold, amused smile froze further utterance.

"Be frank with me, Poundstone. I am not a child. What I would like to know is this: will you exert every effort to block that franchise in the firm conviction that by so doing you will accomplish a laudable public service?"

Poundstone squirmed. "When I have had time to look into the matter more thoroughly—"

"Tut-tut, my dear man! Let us not straddle the fence. Business is a game, and so is politics. Neither knows any sentiment. Suppose you should favor this N. C. O. crowd in a mistaken idea that you were doing the right thing, and that subsequently lumberless fellow-citizens developed the idea that you had not done your public duty. Would some of them not be likely to invoke a recall election and retire you and your city council—in disgrace?"

"I doubt if they could defeat me, Colonel."

"I have no such doubt," Pennington replied pointedly.

Poundstone looked up at him from under lowered lids. "Is that a threat?" he demanded tremulously.

"My dear fellow! Threaten my guest!" Pennington laughed patronizingly. "I am giving you advice, Poundstone—and rather good advice, it strikes me. However, while we're on the subject, I have no hesitancy in telling you that in the event of a disastrous decision on your part, I should not feel justified in supporting you."

He might, with equal frankness, have said: "I would smash you." To his guest his meaning was not obscure. Poundstone studied the pattern of the rug, and Pennington, watching him sharply, saw that the man was distressed. He resolved on a bold stroke.

"Let's not beat about the bush, Poundstone," he said with the air of a father patiently striving to induce his child to recant a lie, tell the truth, and save himself from the parental wrath. "You've been doing business with Ogilvy; I know it for a fact, and you might as well admit it."

Poundstone looked up, red and embarrassed. "If I had known—" he began.

"Certainly, certainly! I realize you acted in perfect good faith. You're like the majority of people in Sequoia. You're all so crazy for rail connection with the outside world that you jump at the first plan that seems to promise you one. Have you promised Ogilvy a franchise?"

There was no dodging that question. A denial, under the present circumstances, would be tantamount to an admission; Poundstone could not guess just how much the Colonel really knew, and it would not do to lie to him, since eventually the lie must be discovered. He resolved to "come clean."

"The city council has already granted the N. C. O. a temporary franchise," he confessed.

Pennington sprang furiously to his feet. "Dammit," he snarled, "why did you do that without consulting me?"

"Didn't know you were remotely interested." Now that the ice was broken, Poundstone felt relieved and was prepared to defend his act vigorously. "And we did not commit ourselves irrevocably," he continued. "The temporary franchise will expire in twenty-eight days—and in that time the N. C. O. cannot even get started."

"Have you any understanding as to an extension of that temporary franchise, in case the N. C. O. desires it?"

"Well, yes—not in writing, however. I gave Ogilvy to understand that if he was not ready in thirty days, an extension could readily be arranged."

"Any witnesses?"

"I am not such a fool, sir," Poundstone declared with asperity. "I had a notion—I might as well admit it—that you would have serious objection to having your tracks cut by a jump-crossing at B and Water streets." And for no reason in life except to justify himself and inculcate in Pennington an impression that the latter was dealing with a crafty and far-seeing mayor, Poundstone smiled boldly and knowingly. He leaned back nonchalantly and blew smoke at the ceiling.

"You oily rascal!" Pennington soliloquized. "You're a smarter man than I thought. You're trying to play both ends against the middle." He recalled the report of his private detective and the incident of Ogilvy's visit to young Henry Poundstone's office with a small leather bag; he was more than ever convinced that this bag had contained the bribe, in gold coin, which had been productive of that temporary franchise and the verbal understanding for its possible extension.

"Ogilvy did business with you through your son Henry," he challenged. Poundstone started violently. "How much did Henry get out of it?" Pennington continued brutally.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars retainer, and not a cent more," Poundstone protested virtuously—and truthfully.

"You're not so good a business man as I gave you credit for being," the Colonel retorted mirthfully. "Two hundred and fifty dollars! Oh, Lord! Poundstone, you're funny. Upon my word you're a scream." And the Colonel gave himself up to a sincerely hearty laugh. "You call it a retainer," he continued presently, "but a grand jury might call it something else. However," he went on after a slight pause, "you're not in politics for your health; so let's get down to brass tacks. How much do you want to deny the N. C. O. not only an extension of that temporary franchise but also a permanent franchise when they apply for it?"

Poundstone rose with great dignity. "Colonel Pennington, sir," he said, "you insult me."

"Sit down. You've been insulted that way before now. Shall we say one thousand dollars per each for your three good councilmen and true, and for yourself that sedan of my niece's? It's a good car. I imagine it will please Mrs. P. immensely and grant you surcease from sorrow. Of course, I will not give it to you. I'll sell it to you—five hundred down upon the signing of the agreement, and in lieu of the cash I will take over that jitney Mrs. Poundstone finds so distasteful. Then I will employ your son, Henry, as the attorney for the Laguna Grande Lumber company and give him a retainer of twenty-five hundred dollars for one year. I will leave it to you to get this twenty-five hundred dollars from Henry and pay my niece cash for the car. Doesn't that strike you as a perfectly safe and sane proposition?"

Had a vista of paradise opened up before Poundstone, he could not have been more thrilled. He had been absolutely honest in his plea to Mrs. Poundstone that he could not afford a thirty-two-hundred-and-fifty-dollars sedan, much as he longed to oblige her and gain a greatly-to-be-desired peace. And now the price was dangling before his eyes, so to speak. At any rate it was parked in the porte-cochere not fifty feet distant!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cloth for Hard Wear.

A new textile fabric which, it is claimed, will tend to lower the present high cost of men's clothing is being placed on the market by a Pudsey (Yorkshire) manufacturer, writes Henry F. Grady from London. The London agents of the manufacturer state that the new cloth is made entirely of silk noil (or short fibers); and that, while superior in wearing properties to a pure worsted, it can be sold at the price of the best wool fabrics. It is said to be strong and almost untearable, very suitable for hard wear, and can be obtained in grays, browns and blacks.

Not at All.

"Did you admire the nuances of that singer?" "Why, everything she had on was as old as the hills."

LITTLE MOTHER

By EDNA BOUTWELL.

The old-fashioned clock chimed 6. As if it were a signal, the Winsome Lady opened the door, and peered down the dusky hall, her eyes filled with welcome for the little figure hastily approaching.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came," whispered the Winsome Lady, drawing the tiny figure within the room and closing the door.

The frail hands caressingly stroked the brown hair. For a moment there was silence, then the Littlest Mother spoke:

"You are a dear girl, Ruth, and I love you. I'm sorry you're going. But it's better, as you weren't made for settlement work. Are you going to marry the Doctor Man?"

The girl raised her head quickly. "Marry him?" she scoffed. "I'd sooner die!"

"You say things so beautifully. But talk to me," begged the Winsome Lady, as she resumed her former position.

"I think you need a love story. It sometimes proves a cure for a certain sickness. I'll tell you my own love story."

"Yours!" smiled the girl, her brown eyes filled with a tender light.

"It was long ago," began the Littlest Mother, bending her white head, "when I was a girl. I lived in Ireland, by the sea. I loved and was loved by Tammas Wynne. One lovely moonlight night as we strolled hand in hand up the side of a woodland hill, I told Tammas that I was sure there were fairies about."

"'Fairies—little men!'" mocked he, "'there are no such things!'"

"We heard a peal of shrill laughter, but could see no one. Then Tammas turned boyishly to me and said: 'Wait for me, Ellen, wait for me!' With this he was gone. I waited for a long time and then, being childishly afraid, I went after him." Here the speaker's voice broke, but she continued gravely as if grown weary with the telling: "At the top of the hill I found Tammas—dead. Dead, with a smile on his face, and in his hands—a tiny silver button! The fairies had punished him and left their sign."

The girl's eyes were luminous with unshed tears. "But you don't believe that—do you?" queried the girl as they both arose.

"Of course! Everyone believed it! But it's children I've always wanted. At night I dream of them, with their little hands that they hold out to me. I went to night school for long years—to be a teacher; but I came here, out of pity. I think today is my birthday, and I've saved enough to buy a ticket to Ireland. I don't feel like cleaning—in fact I don't feel very well—" She hesitated as the door opened and revealed the handsome, debonair doctor.

"I heard the story," he announced, flushing, "and Ruth, forgive me! I'm not in the service, because I belong to the secret service.

"Oh, my dear," and the girl kissed him. "Why didn't you tell me? I thought you were a slacker!"

And the Littlest Mother, being worldly wise, slipped quietly out, into the crowded street.

Suddenly she heard her name called. She turned and confronted a big Irish policeman known as Tim Reilly. By the arm he held a girl with painted lips and wide, frightened eyes.

In his rich brogue he narrated to the tiny lady, how the "slick un," as the girl was famed, had been caught stealing again.

"An' it's me as will give 'er her doos," he grinned.

"Let me whisper in your ear, Tim," commanded the Littlest Mother, as if she did not mind the curious throng.

"Sure an' I will," shouted Tim, straightening up; "ye air a saint. Take her if ye can find good in the folkes of her."

The wee lady's eyes twinkled like stars as she drew the girl into a doorway, while Tim dispersed the crowd.

"Take this," she said, giving the girl a roll of bills, "and try to be a better girl."

The girl looked shrewdly after the disappearing figure. "God—what a fool!" she sneered, and fled.

The Littlest Mother reached her cheerless room at last, and sank wearily down in a chair facing the distant sunset.

Below the window stood a wanderer, his violin tucked lovingly beneath his chin. Seeing the weary figure, he started to play a haunting melody.

The weary look fled, and the Littlest Mother, chancing to raise her eyes, gave a cry of rapture. For there, hung on the faded wall, was a picture of the Madonna and Child—the birthday gift of her friends.

"Tammas," whispered the Littlest Mother, "see the baby—and look—the mother smiles at me."

She stretched out eager, trembling hands toward the picture and almost unconsciously repeated these sweet old words she loved so well:

"Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart—"

Well, this is the end of a perfect day.

Near the end of a journey, too——"

Her voice broke as the wanderer ceased his playing, and she bowed her head on her hands, murmuring: "I've waited long, Tammas—I'm coming—I'm coming!"

And the dying sunset touched with a lingering caress the bent head, and the glory of it filled the room.

KEEP FIRE BURNING 50 YEARS

Watch Fire of Cherokee Maintained Half Century as Memento to the Great Spirit.

Miami, Okla.—Down in the Spavinaw hills, near the little hamlet of Murphy, Okla., there burns an Indian camp fire that has not been quenched for 50 years. It is the watch fire of the Cherokees, a fire that is kept burning as a memento to the Great Spirit that the Indians remember his goodness to them and that their hearts are true.

No one knows when the fire was kindled, not even Chief Charlie Tee Hee, but B. F. Abernathy, a white man who lives in Murphy, says it was burning 33 years ago when he took up his residence there. It does not always show signs of life, but down in the cone of ashes that has accumulated until it is three feet high, are embers that are kept alive by introduction of a gum that is taken from a tree. Many of the Indians believe the fire cannot die on account of it being a symbol of a covenant between God and man.

On special occasions, such as stomp dances, one of which is going on now, the fire is allowed to become a good sized camp fire and then the braves sit around it and smoke a peculiar pipe, an act that renews the individual covenant of each. But be it great or small, the fire is kept alive by an attendant, the present one being George Potato, on whose land the ceremonies are held.

ENRICHED BY DEED OF 1848

Finding of Ancient Document Raises Woman From Comparative Poverty to Wealth.

New York.—The finding of an old deed, dated November 21, 1848, has elated Mrs. Mary A. Barney of Jaggar avenue, Flushing, from comparative poverty to wealth. Her fortune is estimated well into five figures. The ancient document has been lost for more than 20 years. It gives ownership rights to 16 acres of property at Oyster bay, L. I., overlooking the sound.

The deed, which was found among some old papers, conveyed the property to Daniel Baymon, Mrs. Barney's grandfather, 72 years ago, but as it had been mislaid, Mrs. Barney was unable to obtain possession of the property. Upon its discovery, however, the present occupants agreed to vacate, and as soon as the legal technicalities have been gone through Mrs. Barney will become undisputed owner.