

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
By VINGIE E. ROE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the Yellow Pine. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., by most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintendent and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to get a handful of the wealth in the timber of the region. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Bolt, his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pine." He kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Dally's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pine Co. wants Sandry to keep out of a tract of stumpage he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden sets up a cabin on the East Belt and warns Sandry that he can find no written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy.

CHAPTER X.

The Fight in the Timber.
When Sandry awoke next morning the gray day was bright outside his pane and he could hear the rumble of the dinky as it rocked up from the lower railway. By this he knew that breakfast was over and the crews out in the hills. Therefore he got into his clothes in double-quick time, swung up to the cook-shack, washed in the porch and presented himself with apologies to Ma Dally.

Siletz came in the dusk of the long room and set the cup beside him, quiet, soft-footed, slim and straight in her plain garments. She seemed made for service, the unquestioning service of woman, as she waited upon his needs after the fashion of the primitive mate of man. She placed a last touch here and there, smiled at him and crossing to the west door, snapped her fingers to the big mongrel and stepped out.

Sandry, his hand unconsciously poised with raised spoon, watched her. He saw her hasten as she neared the edge of the level, and finally, as if she could no longer hold herself to the decorum of her place, break into flight, running like a deer up among the pines with long bounding leaps. As she disappeared he dropped his hand and became aware of Ma Dally in the door to the kitchen. She, too, was watching her.

"Mrs. Dally," he said suddenly, "what is Siletz?"
The old lady turned on him quickly the piercing glance of her sharp eyes. "Just a girl," she said succinctly. She turned to her room and Sandry rose and went out in the mist. He climbed steadily with something of the logger's movement. This much he had learned along with a thousand other things of the free life, and yet he was a novice—Johnny Eastern still.

He was thinking deeply as he climbed, lost in the majestic silence of the hushed pines with the stilling crash of needles at their feet, and it was some time after the first sounds from ahead had come to him dimly that he awakened to the loud voices of men in quarrel. As he broke through the wall of dripping waist-high fern he came full upon a sight that stirred his blood, and fired his wrath, in spite of his effort to keep calm. There in the new cutting stood Hampden, his face red with fury, his eyes snapping, his doubled fists shaking at Dally who fronted him. Behind the two men were grouped in menacing bunches. They were huge fellows, every one of them, as if they had been picked purposely, bare-armed, open-throated, wet with the constantly falling, soft mist.

Those of Hampden's were armed with pikes and peavies to a man—and these are deadly weapons. Dally's crew carried axes and several had cant hooks.

"I told you Johnny Eastern to stay off this here land!" cried the owner of the Yellow Pine, his voice running up on the last word in a squeak of rage, "an' I'll see 't he does! An' you an' your river hogs that you pass as loggers! Rotten outfit, ye are! You'll git off'n stay off! This land belongs to me by right of good money paid—an' you tore down O'Connell's homestead's cabin! That's ag'in the law!"

He thrust out his heavy face belligerently, inviting insult, a first movement of violence. It came, not from Dally, the easy-going, tactful foreman, who had rights many toppling crises, but from Jim Anworthy, the curly-headed young scapegrace who was the worst and favorite of Ma Dally. He swung himself forward with a whoop,

"Ah, John, my son!" he said in a position had any basis in fact, to his amazement, some of his correspondents maintained that he must be mistaken. In provincial papers hot controversy was waged regarding the exact nature of the appearance.

Bishop Weldon, Dean Hensley, Henson, Bishop Taylor Smith (the chaplain-general), and many other clergy have occupied themselves with the "Angels," at Manchester; Sir Joseph Compton Rickett (president of the National Federation of Free Church Councils), stated that the soldiers at the front had seen visions and dreamed dreams, and had given testimony of powers and principalities fighting for them or against them.

VISIONS SEEN BY SOLDIERS
Men at the Front Firmly Convinced They Have Been Witnesses of Supernatural Things.

In periods of great national stress, when the responsibilities facing a people call for an effort superhuman, the mind is more prone than in times less tense to place dependence upon divine aid and to believe that supernatural powers are exerting their might.

This tendency is embodied in a little column entitled "The Women and Other Legends of the War," written by Arthur Mosch.

The potent character of these tales of latter-day miracles is well exemplified by the fact that the story of "The Women," with its allusion to the appearance of a supernatural host, has been accepted widely in England as fact.

voice as gentle as his eye, "It has been long since we met! I have wandered on the way for the faces of friends!"
He held out a hand, slim and shapely, yet which bore the look of one-time strength. The foreman took it, after wiping his own swiftly on his corduroys.

"We ben waitin' for you a long time," he said, "an' we're mighty glad you've come."
The stranger nodded and, turning to the shifting lumberjacks, went round among them with a word for each and that same delicate handshake. Before he reached Hampden, the owner of the Yellow Pine, straightening his disheveled clothes, swung out of the group.

As he passed Sandry he glared into his face.
"I'll stop you before another twenty-four hours," he said savagely, "and don't you forget it. Your little deed to the East Belt an' this strip happens to have been made by a bogus owner, who soaked old Frazer for a pile an' cleared. It's been filed on as a homestead an' sold to me, an' I'll see you in hell but what I'll get it—all. I was keepin' the belt as a surprise party for you, but I guess it's due right now!"

The vindictive triumph in his small eyes was a guaranty of his earnestness and Sandry returned it with a glance as earnest. "You speak in riddles, Mr. Hampden," he said coldly, "and I'm inclined to think the pummeling John gave you has injured your mentality."

The Preacher reached him as the other turned away, followed by his men, who shouldered their tools and disappeared through the undergrowth in a shambling file, abandoning the fight for other means.

"A stranger?" asked the newcomer, extending that fine white hand, "a stranger at the camp?"
"The new owner, father," volunteered Dally, "Mr. Sandry."

"Ah, yes! You are young, sir, in the ways of the world! But God guides the feet of the young. It is a labyrinthian path—the way of youth! There are butterflies along it and primroses, and both are so easily trod underfoot! Ah, so easily! And a little farther along there is regret and shadow. Ah, me! Ah, me! What is the way out?" He turned troubled blue eyes to the foreman and the latter, strong and



Answered His Wistful Query With the Plaintive Sweetness.

lumbering as an ox, laid a light touch upon the sacred flute.

"The troubled eyes dropped thereon. "Why—certainly. How could I forget!"

And lifting the instrument and his silver head he answered his wistful query with the plaintive sweetness of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

"That," he smiled, "is the way out, son, in case you should lose yourself in the shadows—the lonely shadows of dishonor and sin."

He laid his hand on Sandry's arm and slowly the young man's face grew darkly crimson. His lips twitched and he turned away. "I'll go down to camp, son," said the preacher to Dally, "there are those there who are always there?"

There was a quick sliding of something like fear in his voice.
"All there," said Dally kindly as the peculiar arrival turned away.

"He is a bit embarrassing at times, Mr. Sandry," he apologized, "but innocent—and a bit of the God he preaches. Says he's the father of all things fatherly. It's the strongest grip of his trouble, the idea that he's a father to everybody—an' everything that needs him—regularly lunatic on the point. Pitiful sometimes in his eagerness. But he's loved from Seattle to Santa Barbara, and known all over the coast."

"Let's go down to the trail," said Sandry, changing the subject; "we'll rush the work on the double quick. Put on an extra crew. I'm going to take heed to that swindler's words. He meant what he said. There's something crooked here."

FISH KNOCKS OUT FISHERMAN
Gives Man Black Eye and Breaks His Own Nose—Will Be Kept as Trophy.

It was a starlight night and "Joe" Rivers' good launch Yankee lazily slid through a succession of odd waves. Bill and Skipper Jerry Shively at the wheel measured his full length of six feet five upon the deck. Bang! Something careened off the spokes of the wheel and lay fluttering in the scuppers.

CHAPTER XI.
An Unrecorded Deed.
The Preacher proved to be the strangest thing in all this strange country to Sandry as he watched him in the days that followed. He spoke but seldom and then with a quaint precision, a beauty of speech and thought that amazed the man from the East. But they were old thoughts, Sandry found at last, thoughts formulated in the fire and enthusiasm of youth, hence still burning when youth had fled and age had brought its empty seeming.

"And it is there," he said to himself, "that Siletz gets her manner of speech, though her visions are her own, born of her centered soul."

At the end of the week Sandry went to Salem. When he returned his face was drawn as if from loss of sleep, and he summoned Dally to his office.

Sandry pulled open a drawer in his desk and took out the deed to the East Belt.

"This," he said tensely, "has never been recorded. I searched the records at the land office and our deed is not there. Instead there is a brand new homestead filing in the name of T. J. O'Connell, Dally, either old Frazer was crooked or a fool."

There was a strained note in the owner's voice. His foreman sat in the tip-titled office chair, open-mouthed and round-eyed.

"Then Hampden's got th' strangest hold—damn his soul to hell! He knows about the contract an' he'll blink it if he can. But Frazer wasn't crooked, Mr. Sandry, I'd stake my life on that."

"Then why did he sell me the East Belt stumpage—the prize card in the Dillingworth pack—without a recorded deed? This isn't worth my paper."

He waved the folded slip.
"And why didn't you verify all papers, Mr. Sandry, when you made the deal?"

Dally was entirely earnest and unconscious of the irony of his words. Sandry's boyish face flushed painfully.

"Inexperience," he said bluntly; "faith in men, though by all the signs I should have lost that, and lastly no conception that such a thing could be done. Our first move now, however, is to find Frazer."

Dally shook his head.
"That new bucker we took on yesterday in the bunch of new men told me last night that Frazer was in 'Frisco two weeks ago, and was going south. Sailed on the mail boat for Panama."

Sandry regarded the foreman grimly out of sparkling blue eyes.
"Then," he said, after a moment's thought, "we'll save our contract first and fight for our stumpage later."

He rose and began gathering up the papers on his desk.
"At noon," said he, thinking rapidly and with astonishing ease in this, his first business crisis, "you will take every man off the present work. We will build no more trail toward the East Belt now. Instead we will lay track as fast as possible into the timber at the head of the valley there to the north. You know that contract calls for six million feet of logs to be in raft at Yaquna bay by the sixteenth of March. If it is not there we lose our big profits and the connection with this powerful company. Now get busy."

Speculation and comment were rife in camp when Dally announced at noon that all work along present lines was to be dropped and that all hands were to fall to laying track to the north.

"By jingo," grumbled Collins openly, "we're gettin' scared out by th' Yella Pines! Ef it ain't plumb disgustin'!"

"Quit!" cried Jim Anworthy, "let a bunch o' cutthroats call us quitters? What's eatin' you, John?"

"Orders," said the foreman warningly, and the men buzzed like a nest of hornets. Among the old hands at the camp it was almost a personal affair and they took it to heart, criticizing with that freedom which characterized their kind and laying the blame upon the new owner, the tenderfoot from the East. Feeling at the abrupt giving up of operations at Hampden's threats ran so high that three old-timers—including Smith the hook-tender, a jewel in the crown of any logging camp—rolled down their sleeves and called for their time.

sideview from under her level brows, flushed darkly beneath her dusky skin at the wonderful man-beauty of him. She could not forget the day in the fern glade when he had stooped to her for that passing kiss. She felt a constant pulling of all her nature to fall in a little way behind and follow him. This feeling puzzled her and several times she caught herself almost in the act when he passed through the big room, or paced the length of the porch.

She fed sugar to Black Bolt, sat on the seven-foot fir stump on the ridge with an arm over the staid shoulders of Coosnah, watched the wonderful gold lights in Miss Ordway's hair, and dreamed more than ever. Upon the Preacher she waited hand and foot, with a devotion beautiful in its unconsciousness.

Ma Dally went about her business in an unusual silence; and she, too, took in all the details of the author from the East, but with a far different eye.

"Don't like her smile," she soliloquized in the steam of her importunate realm, "tain't thick. It's spread on mighty thin—like a step-ma's jam."

But to Sandry, when he found one of his rare half-hours of cessation from the rushing work, that same smile, brilliant and well-poised and of the distant world, was a refreshing wind.

"You're working too hard, Mr. Sandry," Miss Ordway often told him, "why don't you go after this Hampden man?"

"Haven't time. This contract may mean the slow gain of years. I must save it first and by all means."

"I'm I'm been for the unusual. There may be a lot in this. I believe I'll do a little investigating. You know I spoke of it and you said go ahead—"

"I wouldn't mix up with that man, Miss Ordway. He's the coarsest type I ever met with."

"Trust me," said Miss Ordway briefly, and the next moment could have shaken herself for the self-slangy, half-boastful expression.

And upon the word she put her intention into action, for with her usual far-sightedness she saw an almost unopened opening and dove-tailing of plans.

The next day but one a fitful, blowy, tearful day, she ventured forth, clad in a smart suit of corduroy that had done service on many a bride path in the far metropolises—and she sat Black Bolt like a soldier! Sandry watched her go with an unconscious pride in her urban appearance. She rode astride in his saddle, but though he admired every line of the splendid pair, he was conscious of a comparison which left something to be desired. Black Bolt with Siletz swinging drunkenly to the dip and lift of his running stride, had been one. They had been the West. This was the East—and it was artificial.

While Sandry stood at the block watching Miss Ordway cantering down the valley, he heard a light step behind and Siletz came around the filing shed. He turned to her, smiling into her eyes, which lighted slowly as they rested on him.

"Where have you been, Little Squaw?" he asked.
"Over the hog-back."

"Eight miles! You shouldn't go off like that, child. Don't you know you might lose yourself in this wilderness?"

Sandry moved slightly and Siletz glanced across his shoulder down the valley. A gasp, as of indrawn breath made him look up.

Her lips were open and intense astonishment sat upon her face. For a moment she stared at the distant rider. Then she whirled, so swiftly that one of her long braids whipped across Sandry's face like a lash, and dashed into the lean-to.

When she emerged the dark color had drawn out of her cheeks and lips, leaving them ashen. Her face worked and Sandry felt back a step at sight of her eyes. They were all savage, flaming with a rage which astounded him.

HOME TOWN HELPS

GOOD APARTMENTS, LOW RENT
Experiment Undertaken at Des Moines, Ia., Asserted to Be a Complete Success.

A practical demonstration to prove that individual apartments with modern plumbing, sanitary conveniences, and absolute privacy for each family, can be built to rent for from \$8 to \$12.50 per month and yet yield a reasonable profit to the builder, was made a short time ago at Des Moines, Ia.

The Octavia Hill association, which has already won renown in solving housing problems, has worked out the plan to the smallest detail and is building the model houses. Forty-five families were provided for in the first block now under construction.

The houses, which are of red brick, are simply finished with sufficient trimming to keep them from being severely plain. One important feature of the property is the provision for the children. About 8,000 square feet of ground in the center of the block will be used for a playground. The rent collectors are trained society workers and will volunteer to start the playground activities.

The investment will reach nearly \$60,000, which is represented by capital stock and a mortgage which pays 4.4 per cent a year. The investment will yield a gross income of 10.9 per cent per year, after deducting taxes, insurance, water rents, cost of collection of rents, social work, depreciation, etc., of 5.7 per cent.

The Des Moines venture is a test case to prove that the unsanitary and bad housing conditions which prevail for the low-salaried workmen are criminally unnecessary. It is voting an unanswerable protest against the crowded tenement, the dilapidated and unsanitary house which is virtually the only kind offered to the man who must pay less than \$15 a month rental.

The association now owns or manages 353 dwellings, housing 2,500 people, and has never failed to pay four per cent a year to its stockholders.

HAS MANY POINTS OF VALUE

Tower in California City That Might Well Be Copied in Other Communities.

In the center of the principal street of Bakersfield, Cal., is a stone tower 80 feet high and 20 feet square, says a writer in Popular Mechanics.

The tower has varied uses. In the top is the city clock; in the middle is a large alarm bell, and around the base is a corridor with entrances on all four sides. Stone benches are provided for tired pedestrians. An additional feature of the interior is a rest room. The tower is just one block from the city hall, the library, and the county courthouse. Because of this, the structure is a convenient meeting place for acquaintances from all parts of the city and county.

SELECT TREES WITH CARE

Matter Worth Great Consideration by the One Who Is Planning a Real Home.

Now that the process of tree moving is so successful, it is a simple matter to annex and preserve as one's own specimens of the numerous beautiful trees which the countryside dweller is apt to run across in his woodland rambles.

Do not make the mistake, however, of thinking that any kind of a tree can be planted in any place; selections need to be made with intelligence and due regard to drainage and soil.

The over-changing beauty of the mountain maple makes it an unusually satisfactory tree for ornamental planting. The branches in winter are beautiful in coloring, as in spring are the buds and blossoms, followed in summer by the developing fruits.

The wild plum tree, too, has possibilities which too many people fail to recognize. The blossoms of this tree are the nearest we get to the cherry blossom display of the Japanese, and although their beauty endures for only a brief season, the trees are especially desirable when planted along roadsides or along walls.

For the Flower Grower.
Sow mignonette in pots for early spring flowering.
To keep geraniums in bloom give a temperature of 60 degrees during the day and 50 degrees at night. Keep them in the driest situation possible, avoiding too much water at the roots and too much artificial manure.

A florist's paper says that on low ground, where they will do quite as well.
One of the mysteries.
Bliggins says he never reads the newspapers because they always make him angry.
"But if he doesn't read 'em how does he know what to get angry about?"
When the Slip Comes.
"The wicked stand in slippery places."
"That's true," replied Senator Borah, "and yet it looks to me as if some mighty good people got the worst of a landslide."

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast

Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons.

Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood, causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or storekeeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Can't Stop 'Em.
"The custom of making New Year's calls has gone completely out of fashion, hasn't it?"
"Yes, and it's a mighty good thing it has. I only wish the bill collectors would abandon their custom of making calls on the second of January."

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE
Take a Glass of Salts at Once if Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidney trouble will act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Preparedness.
"Well, Johnny, did you make any good resolutions for the New Year?"
"Yes, mother. I resolved to take boxing lessons so I can learn to lick that boy next door."

Love is a disease that most girls catch as often as they are exposed.

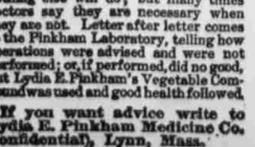
WOMAN AVOIDS OPERATION

Medicine Which Made Surgeon's Work Unnecessary.

Astoria, N. Y.—"For two years I was feeling ill and took all kinds of medicine. I was getting worse every day. I had chills, my head would ache, I was always tired, I could not walk straight because of the pain in my back and I had pains in my stomach. I went to a doctor and he said I must go under an operation. I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 602 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.

Every one dreads the surgeon's knife and the operating table. Sometimes doctors say they are necessary when they are not. Letters after letters comes to the Pinkham Laboratory, telling how operations were advised and were not performed; or, if performed, did no good, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used and good health followed.

If you want advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and told my husband about it. I said 'I know nothing will help me but I will try this.' I found myself improving from the very first bottle, and in two weeks time I was able to sit down and eat a hearty breakfast with my husband, which I had not done for two years. I am now in the best of health and did not have the operation."—Mrs. JOHN A. KOENIG, 602 Flushing Avenue, Astoria, N. Y.