

# THE HEART NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST  
By VINGIE E. ROE  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED WALTERS  
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## CHAPTER IX.

Hampden and the East Belt. In the press of business and the pleasant mulling over the whole old city of New York with Miss Ordway, Sandry forgot all about Hampden in the next few days. Ma Daily had nothing to say, keeping a grim silence, which Sandry noticed. As for Silets, she followed her with fascinated eyes whenever she appeared. Miss Ordway did not eat with the men. Her mornings were given up entirely to the incessant clicking of the typewriter in the seclusion of the little room, and she emerged after the noon hour, ate with Ma Daily and Silets, and invariably took a short walk in the afternoon.

In the evenings Sandry came in, and they sat in the empty dining room, discussing with a common knowledge that seemed to shut them apart together, the things of the great outside world. At such times Silets listened in quiet eagerness, her dark face aglow and her eyes like mysterious pools in the shadow of her heavy hair.

That week there were several arrivals at Daily's camp—well-clad, respectable-looking business men from Portland; and before they left, Sandry had landed such an order for logs as plunged the camp into the hardest work, longest hours and highest overtime it had ever known.

Also he sent out word to Toledo that he had use for all the men he could lay hands on.

An extra crew was put to building the log trail up through the slashed opening to the East Belt, and activity characterized the hills.

The incessant shrill toots of the donkey, the rumble and clatter of the log train, began to be music in Sandry's ears, and the letters he wrote to his father became brighter, filled with the exhilaration of accomplishment.

For a day or two the work went forward finely and the new logs of the fresh-lead trail gleamed white against the green of the mountain. Then Collins, sent into the uncut timber ahead to blaze for further operations, returned to the works in double-quick time.

"John," he said to the foreman, for none of the men would award Sandry the right of consultation unless it was unavoidable, even yet, so distinct and deep-rooted was their aversion to the Easterner and his rapacity; "John, they's a new homesteader's shack settin' square across the trail."

"The hell you say! Hampden!" the logger nodded. The purport of Hampden's visit had been freely spread in the camp.

Daily turned to Sandry. "They's a new cabin settin' across our trail up in the track between here'n the East Belt, Mr. Sandry. Let's go up an' take a look at it," he said. "I guess Hampden's pushin' his bluff."

"With a surge of anger Sandry turned abruptly, and the two men struck up the new trail.

"I'll have to settle that man, Daily," said the owner; "has he been doing such things ever since the two companies have been rivals?"

"Pretty much. Sometimes we've been doin' 'em," returned Daily grimly. Sandry laughed.

"Well, you Westerners believe in fixing things first-hand, anyway, which helps some."

Far up in the heavy timber they came into a small natural clearing some 200 feet in extent, set like a hole amid the solid bulk of the close-crowding pines. In the center was a tiny log shack, shake-roofed, without doors or windows, the very least a man might do in grudging compliance.

### A Message To Thin Weak Scrawny Folks

An Easy Way to Gain 10 to 30 Pounds of Solid, Healthy, Permanent Flesh.

Thin, nervous, undeveloped men and women everywhere are heard to say, "I can't understand why I do not get fat. I eat plenty of good, nourishing food." The reason is just this: You cannot get fat, no matter how much you eat, unless your digestive organs assimilate the fattening elements of your food instead of passing them out thru the body as waste.

What is needed is a means of gently urging the assimilative functions of the stomach and intestines to absorb the oils and fats and hand them over to the blood, where they may reach the starved, shrunken, run-down tissues and build them up. The thin person's body is like a dry sponge—eager and hungry for the fatty materials of which it is being deprived by the failure of the alimentary canal to take them from the food. A splendid way of working to overcome this sinful waste of flesh building elements and to stop the leakage of fats is to try Sargol, the famous flesh building agent that has been so widely sold in America in recent years. Take a little Sargol tablet with every meal and see if your cheeks don't quickly fill out and rolls of firm, healthy flesh form over your body, covering each bony angle and projecting point. McBride & Will Drug Co. and other good druggists have Sargol, or can get it from their wholesaler, and will refund your money if you are not satisfied with the gain in weight it produces as stated on the guarantee in each large package. It is inexpensive, easy to take and highly efficient.

NOTE:—Sargol is recommended only as a flesh builder and while excellent results in cases of nervous indigestion, etc., have been reported, care should be taken about using it unless a gain of weight is desired.

with the homestead law. They looked at it from all sides, noticed a few biases on the nearest trees, read a clumsily executed trespass notice, and returned to camp.

"And us with our big contract with the Portland Lumber mills!" said Sandry. "I begin to see, Daily, you gather out ten men and go up and



With a Face and Manner Which Set Sandry on Edge.

take that shack to pieces just as quick as you know how. Don't leave a trace. Bring the timbers away and start falling from that end to meet the trail."

As the foreman went among the men picking his crew, Sandry turned down across the slough toward the office. Once settled at his desk, he took out the records of the Dillingworth company and began a systematic search for word of the narrow tract of hill and timber between the camp and the fine East Belt.

When Daily returned at quitting time to report the demolition of the cabin and the start of the new cutting, he had found nothing.

"That's strange," he said uneasily. "Are these all the records, Daily? Has anything ever been destroyed? I can find nothing bearing on this piece of land, and yet the statement turned over to me by Fraser distinctly says that everything from the southwest section corner here at the camp within a radius of five miles north and east belongs to us, with numbers, and all data. What does this Hampden mean, and what sort of a tract is this strip? I see no mention made of it."

"No—that strip was part of the East Belt. The company bought it four years ago from a busted speculator, who sold 'em first the north stumpage and then this at a sacrifice price. That's why Hampden's always been so sore over it. He wanted it himself. Stafford, the speculator's name was. A smooth man from the East. There was some hitch about titles—especially about this here strip, an' the deal hung fire for some time an' Hampden danced a war dance, he was so blame anxious to knock it, but old Fraser beat him to it an' won out. Finally it was settled an' the strip come under the East Belt deed."

"Oh I see!" said Sandry, shifting a

leaf of papers. "Here it is. Well, that's a relief. And now for this Mister Hampden."

But Hampden was for himself and with a vengeance.

That evening Sandry met Silets across the little meadow back of the camp, where he had gone for the mail sack, left swinging on the forked stick set up beside the county road. It had been a very wet day, with heavier showers than usual, and the veils of fog clung low along the hills. The little drops of mist were thick on her flannel shirt and on the two braids which hung down across her breast, round and girlish under the clinging woolen garment. As she came up to him he noticed the look of her eyes, and knew that something had stirred the emotions beneath that quiet exterior.

"Been up on the ridge?" he asked, vexed that it should take a slight effort to keep his voice to the commonplace. This girl in her natural setting always took him out of the everyday, affected him like a play with lowered lights, soft music and alien scenes.

"Yes," she said dreamily, falling into the whimsical speech that only escaped her when she stood apart on the hills, or listened to the pines. "It came tonight."

"It?" Sandry had gone a little way to meet her and the camp was shut from sight by a clump of spruce, new growth and low-branched.

"Yes—the light. Oh, the great lights—red and gold and purple. When the sun breaks through just at the last. And I know the ocean is under it—blue and purple, too, like the hills. Some day I'll see it."

"You picture those things, don't you?" he said. "The things you have never seen—the sea and the cities and the outside world?"

"Yes—I know them all—my way. Sometimes I don't think I want to see them in their way—the real way. They might not be so beautiful. The Preacher says the glories of the world are a lure of the Devil. But I don't think so. It don't seem as if God would make things beautiful and let the Devil have them to ruin people with—and God made all things. And we are his best things."

"You believe that?" asked Sandry, with an odd note in his voice.

"Believe it?" said the girl wonderingly. "Of course. Don't you?"

"Well—it's been a long while since I've believed anything."

The girl was near to him now, the dreamy look of her eyes dissipated in amazement.

"You're lost!" she said simply. "The Preacher would say so—even Wabloonwah would say so, and old Kolawmie!"

"Wabloonwah—Kolawmie? Who are they?"

"The Indian woman you saw me talking to in the glade and an old, old man of the Silets. He who believes nothing will be punished by the Great Spirit—even as the preacher says in his way. And the Bible."

That sudden mist in her eyes touched Sandry.

"And so you would have me believe, little Silets?" he asked gently. The mist had thickened under the heavy lashes, and a look of distress was on her face where every emotion bared itself in unguarded innocence to the observer.

"Oh, dear heaven!" she breathed, "yes—oh, yes, you must! Why you would—you would—but she could get no further with the appalling thought."

"And you?" probed Sandry curiously. "Have you visions of the soul's reward and punishment? Are you bound for celestial peace?"

"Yes," she said solemnly. "I must save my soul, though I lose the whole world."

The majestic Bible language cast over the man a feeling of smallness and he dropped his eyes.

"All right, Silets," he said, smoothing the braid in his fingers. "I'll believe anything you say—set me up a totem pole or attend Sunday school at Toledo. Only forget it. By George,

what a head of hair! If I were a woman I'd give a thousand dollars for it!"

He lifted the rope and weighed it critically.

"Why, what for?" asked Silets, her eyes still solemn.

"To have it, of course. You're dreadfully unsophisticated. Come along."

And swinging the mail sack he turned toward camp. Silets came silently at his heels, falling in behind with a certain instinct, and Sandry had an unpleasant suggestion of wilderness processions he had seen entering Toledo, enlivened by brilliant hues and canine adjuncts. He turned whimsically for a look at the rear. Coosnah brought it up with a faithfulness to detail that was convincing.

At the western door of the cook-shack they were met by Miss Ordway, blooming like a hot-house plant behind plate glass, an incongruous element in her belted dress of light broadcloth. She leaned in the doorway with immitable grace, an immaculate hand on either side.

"The wild huntress!" she smiled at Silets.

"No," said the girl. "I never hunt. I love the deer best in the fern."

"Yes?" said Miss Ordway curiously, and Sandry, kicking the clinging earth from his caulked boots, saw the divining spirit of the writer probing this elemental nature. "Why? Wouldn't you be proud of an antlered head with the mark of your skill between the eyes?"

Silets flung out a hand in a quick gesture.

"Oh, no, no—I could never do it. Unless," she finished, still in that earnest manner, "someone I loved were starving. Then I could."

Sandry looked at the two sweet faces, one so lovely in its smiling, amused alertness, the other so abandoned to the feeling her own words had stirred, and a deep admiration for both filled him.

"Wild to the wild," he said under his breath. "What are you, little Silets? I wonder if I'll ever know?"

"Silets," broke in the foreman, passing in his lumbering fashion, "the Preacher's comin'. I heard today he's been seen a couple times—once crossin' in the Big Slough below the bridge, an' once in the hills."

For the first time since he had known this girl with her varied nature, Sandry saw the swift lighting of girlish excitement in her face as she flashed around at Daily.

"Oh!" she cried gladly, "how soon will he be here, I wonder?"

"Don't know."

(To Be Continued.)

### The Next Step.

Be the noblest man that your present faith, poor and weak and imperfect as it is, can make you be. Live up to your present growth, your present faith. So, and so only, do you take the next straight step forward, as you stand strong where you are now; so only can you think the world will be drawn back and there will be revealed to you what lies beyond.—Phillips Brooks.

### No Rivalry.

A visitor was being shown over a big cotton mill by the proprietor, who proudly displayed some of the fabrics produced. Holding up a piece of printed calico, he said: "Our latest pattern. Excellent work, isn't it?" "It's all right," said the visitor, "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we turn out in my works!" "Same line?" asked the host, somewhat offended. "No," rejoined the other: "ours is gunpowder!"

### Quotation Often in Order.

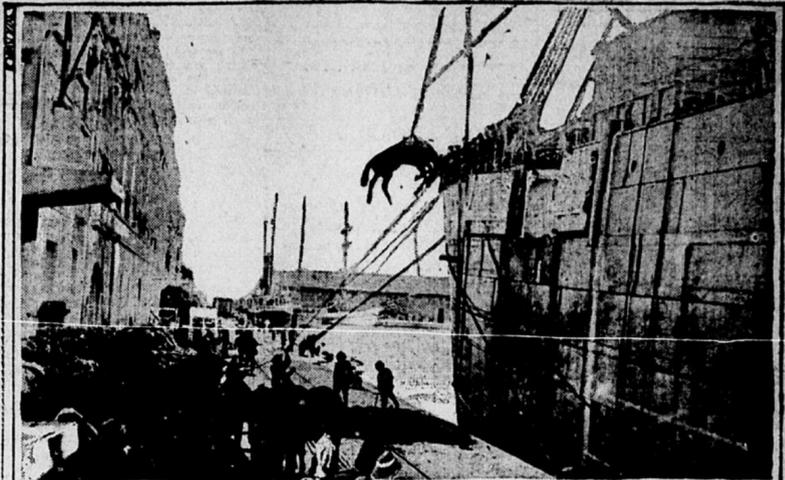
A great man quotes bravely, and will not draw on his invention when his memory serves him with a word as good.—Emerson.

### Shortened Length of Lance.

The war lance of the middle ages was about sixteen feet long, the present-day lance rarely exceeds eleven feet.

## ALLIES IMPROVE PORT OF SALONIKI TO

### HELP IN LANDING MEN AND SUPPLIES



GETTING CAVALRY HORSE ASHORE AT SALONIKI—FRENCH SOLDIERS AT SALONIKI

M. Skouloudis, the new premier of Greece, having announced his intention of maintaining an attitude of "very benevolent neutrality" toward the entente powers, it is expected that the sending of allied troops to and from the Greek port of Saloniki will

proceed without interruption by the Greeks. A dispatch from Athens to Paris says that by agreement with the local authorities the entente allies will construct a jetty and make a new road at Saloniki to facilitate communication between the wharves and the railroad terminus. The authorities also

have given the entente allies permission to use part of the wharves to land troops when the wharves are not required for Greek transports. The pictures show the disembarkment of a cavalry horse at Saloniki and French troops marching in the city.

### FEARS SURGEON'S KNIVES.

Man Tries to Keep Awake to Prevent Amputation of Leg.

Washington Gower, of Winchester, Va., whose foot was injured about two months ago near Shepherdstown by a barrel of apples falling off a wagon and striking him, has defied the doctors to amputate his leg and is forcing himself to stay awake, fearing an attempt will be made to perform an operation. The physicians, it is stated, informed Mr. Gower that it would be necessary to cut his leg off near the knee to prevent blood poisoning, but he demurred, and, in spite of the dire predictions of the doctors, the injured man is reported to be much improved.

### His Trouble.

A stenographer was out of a job. He was discussing the best ways and means of rehabilitating his ebbing bank roll with a friend who also was listed among the unemployed. Said the friend: "If I were you I'd write a letter for money."

"I have already done so," replied the stenographer.

"For how much?"

"Oh \$3,000."

"Well—" asked the friend in astonishment.

"Well," repeated the shorthand man sadly, "the letter asking for the \$3,000 is all ready to mail, but I'll be darned if I can think of anybody to mail it to."

### Fighting at Long Range.

When people read that armies are engaging each other at 2,000 yards' distance they are apt to imagine that the combatants can see each other. But, as a matter of fact, they can not. At that distance it is impossible to distinguish between a man and a horse, and even at 1,200 yards, especially

### MAY CALL ON BURIAN

TO EXPLAIN SINKING OF TORPEDOED ANCONA

The Arrangement Vital. A man was brought before a police court charged with abusing his team and using loud and profane language on the street, says the Literary Digest. One of the witnesses was a pious old dandy, who was submitted to a short cross-examination.

"Did the defendant use improper language while he was beating his horses?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, he talk mighty loud, suh."

"Did he indulge in profanity?"

The witness seemed puzzled. The lawyer put the question in another form:

"What I mean, Uncle Aus, is—did he use words that would be proper for your minister to use in a sermon?"

"Oh, yes, suh, yes, suh," the old man replied with a grin that revealed the full width of his immense mouth; "but they'd have to be 'rang'd different'."

### Wins Fame at 70.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the man who, technically at least, captured Warsaw, is within a few months of his 70th birthday. Until the war broke out he was a rather inconspicuous figure, and until recently was not widely known as a military leader. Prince Leopold is a veteran in military experience. His military education was received in the Austro-Hungarian army before Bavaria became a part of Germany. He took a prominent part in the Austro-Prussian-Italian war of 1866. He fought entirely thru that war and came off without a scratch.



FOREIGN MINISTER BURIÁN

Should it develop that the loss of lives in the destruction of the Ancona, thru a submarine attack gives the United States ground for action, President Wilson will send a vigorous note to the Vienna government demanding a prompt disavowal of the act, reparation and guarantees that the incident will not be repeated. But no action will be taken until definite information has been obtained from Ambassador Page at Rome and Fenfield at Vienna. The latter will make his representations to the Austro-Hungarian minister of foreign affairs, Baron Burián.

One seed of cotton planted and replanted will produce 40,000,000,000 seeds in six years.

## Coughs and Colds are Dangerous!

One out of every three people die of Lung Diseases—all started with a Cough.

At First Sign of Cough take Dr. King's New Discovery.

Few of us realize the danger of Coughs and Colds. We consider them common and harmless ailments. However statistics tell us every third person dies of a lung ailment.

Dangerous Bronchial and Lung diseases often follow a neglected cold. As your body struggles against cold germs, no better aid can be had than Dr. King's New Discovery. Its merit has been tested by old and young. In use over 45 years. Get a bottle to-day. Avoid the risk of serious Lung ailments. All druggists.

## Movie of a Man Starting the Bowling Season

By BRIGGS



POSITION THE START OVER FOUL LINE BALL IN GUTTER SORE THUMB BALL TWO KNOCKED DOWN ONE KNEE HURTS THE POSE SPEED A STRIKE SWELLED UP