THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

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ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER X.

The Fight in the Timber.

When Sandry awoke next morning the gray day was alight outside his pane and he could hear the rumble of the dinkey as it rocked up from the lower rollway. 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 Daily.

Siletz came in 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 pace, 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 Daily in the door to the kitchen. She, too, was watching her.

"Mrs. Daily," 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 realm 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 carpet of needles at their feet, and it was some time after the first sounds from ahead had come to him dimly that he wakened 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 Daily who fronted him. Behind the two the 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 were armed with pikes and peavies to a man—and these are deadly weapons. Daily's crew carried axes and several had cant hooks.

"I told your Johnny Eastern to stay off this here land!" cried the owner of the Yellow Pines, 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 an' stay off! This land belongs to me by right of good money paid—an' you tore down O'Connel's homesteader'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 Daily, the easy-going, tactful foreman, who had righted many toppling crises, but from Jim Anworthy, the curly-headed young scapegrace who was the worriment and favorite of Ma Daily. He flung himself forward with a whoop.

"Rotten are we! 'Live clean to th' heart!"

And with a lightning pass he slapped Hampden square in the face, leaping backward like a cat. In a flash the two groups of men had mingled and the silent woods rang with a conflict that was a delight to every heart in the mixup, with the exception, perhaps of Hampden, who was too small and mean of nature to love anything for its own sake.

Sandry on the outskirts beheld it with consternation.

"Daily!" he cried at the top of his voice, "Stop it! Call them off! John Daily!"

But he caught a glimpse of his foreman's face and it was alight with a rollicking laugh and his great hands, doubled into slugs, were pounding into the melee like pistons. Here and

Began a Systematic Search for Word of the Narrow Tract.

there a face ran blood and one blue shoulder, shoving up for a minute, gaped like open lips. It had been ripped to the bone by a pike point, and it belonged to Collins, the insolent giant. Suddenly Sandry felt himself helpless and small, a reed before a flood, and he was filled with wonder at the force of these untamed dwellers of the wilderness. He had seen men fight before, but never like this, in such deadly enmity, with such glorious disregard of consequences. They had leaped together facing cant hook and peavey as if they went to a pillow fight, and there was a laughter of rage upon most of the faces he could glimpse in the surging mass.

"Men!" he shouted, jumping up on a stump. "Hampden! Hampden! Daily! Hampden!"

A bare arm shot forward into a face which crumpled and sank out of sight and the owner of the arm looked up at him.

"Come off your perch, Johnny!" he cried with the insolence of indifference, and even in the excitement of the moment the thrust went home to the young owner. His jaw tightened and he marked the man, one of the fallers, for future reckoning.

How the fight would have ended Sandry, thinking it over afterward, could never decide. They were evenly matched in intent, the two factions, and nearly so in numbers, though Hampden's force was a trifle the stronger.

Blows rained fast and furious. Blood was flowing freely and the oaths and laughter had given place to panting silence.

"You low-down cheat!" he heard Daily say as he closed with Hampden. "We'll—settle—a few things—now."

There was the scent of heated flesh and of warm blood in the close, moist air, and the clump and swish and crunch of heavy boots threshing the fern. From under the trampling feet he caught sight of a limp figure, crumpled on its side.

Something in its ghastly stillness caught at his heart and set a purpose in its horrified amaze.

He must stop this thing at any cost. Springing down he caught up a long blacksnake whip lying coiled beside a stump. It had evidently come with the Yellow Pines outfit, for what purpose he did not know, for there was not such an article anywhere in camp.

Raising his arm he whirled it back to send the long lash singing in among the struggling mass, when a sound, coming clearly out of the brooding stillness of the great pine woods, arrested him.

It was the high, silvery note of a flute. Shrill and clear, it cut into the rush of the fight like a flashing blade. The men heard it, even through the fight rage. Here and there the furious action halted a moment, without volition, it seemed, and a man drew quickly out on one side. In the moment's hush that followed a whole cascade of sparkling notes fell from the ridge like a handful of diamonds trickling down, and sweet and tender came the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light."

Daily caught his antagonist by the throat and hurled him backward, opening up a space in the locked and panting swelter.

"The Preacher!" he panted. "The Preacher's comin'!"

With common consent the two factions fell apart, the Yellow Pines owner getting to his feet blind with the uncaring anger of the bully.

So it was the Preacher who was coming thus with the herald of those silver notes—the Preacher whose worn old Bible lay in the little south room and whose name brought the light of gladness into the somber face of Siletz.

Sandry, still holding the trailing whip, waited expectant. What he beheld, when at last the player came out in a watery bar of the slanting light, astounded him beyond measure.

The stranger wore a garment of some coarse brown fiber, buttoned down from the throat to the feet and belted at the waist with hempen rope. He carried his flute high with a martial air, as if it told of victory and conquest, and his thin form walked lightly and erect. White and fine and delicately lined, the face above shone radiantly from between heavy hair which fell in long, loose curls, white as the winter snow. Blue eyes, under level brows, looked out with the half-vacant innocence of the very young. For him the world had stopped some time ago. As he emerged through the fern, Sandry saw that the brown garment was wet to the knees, the heavy shoes upon his feet sodden with earth.

"Ah, John, my son!" he said in a voice as gentle as his eyes, "it has been long since we met! I have wearied 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 Pines, 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 Daily, "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 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 Daily, "there are those there who are always there?"

There was a quick sliding of something like fear in his voice.

"All there," said Daily kindly as the peculiar arrival turned away.

"He is a bit embarrassing at times, Mr. Sandry," he apologized, "but innocent—and a bit o' the God he preaches. Says he's the father of all things fatherless. It's the strongest grip of his trouble, the idea that he's a father to

Answered His Wistful Query With the Plaintive Sweetness.

everybody an' everything that needs him—regular 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."

(To Be Continued.)

BETHLEHEM FIRE CAUSED GREATEST LOSS SINCE WAR BEGAN TO ANY MUNITIONS PLANT

WATCHING FIRE in BETHLEHEM PLANT--- SCENE in GUN SHOP

Persons generally well informed on conditions in the great munitions plant of the Bethlehem Steel Company at South Bethlehem, Pa., estimate the loss in the machine shop fire at from $1,000,000 to $4,000,000. In the burned building are said to have been 800 field guns being built for the allies, and they are supposed to have been destroyed. The great American war munition plant is now working on contracts worth millions of dollars from Great Britain, France and Russia. Since the outbreak of the war and the flooding of this country with munition contracts, no other corporation engaged in the war contract business has suffered so serious a loss, perhaps, as that sustained by the great organization of which Charles M. Schwab is the head. The building that was destroyed was one of the boring mills and was a combination of the old pattern shop and machine shop No. 4. Shortly after the war started and when war munition contracts started to flow west the two buildings were combined and increased from one to four stories in height. The reconstruction and equipment necessary entailed an expenditure, according to a well known citizen of Bethlehem, of $3,000,000.

WHITMAN HOME AT AUCTION.

Birthplace of the Good Gray Poet to Be Sold Next Wednesday.

The birthplace of Walt Whitman, the "Good Gray Poet," has just gone under the hammer, Auctioneer Theodore F. Archer having knocked it down to the highest bidder on the old Whitman place, north of Huntington, L. I.

The Whitman place for a dozen years has been in the possession of Frank J. Rogers, who has leved there and worked the ninety-acre farm in the estate. The house, farming implements, live stock and automobile farm truck are to be sold.

Past the old Whitman estate now runs the Cross Island trolley line, connecting Huntington and Amityville. President Ralph Peters of the Long Island railroad, which owns the trolley line, named a stopping place in front of the farm "Whitman" in honor of the poet. All other stops on the line are designated by numbers only.

The poet is said to have penned some of his best verse beneath the trees of the old farm.—New York Times.

Evidence of Insanity.

The following experience of a Mississippi lawyer was related by himself:

"I was defending a prisoner for horse stealing, and seeing no other means of defending him, under the circumstances, I set up the plea of insanity. I argued it at length, read many extracts from works of medical jurisprudence, and had the patient attention of the court. The prosecuting attorney did not attempt to reply to my argument or controvert my authorities.

"I seemed to have things my own way, and whispered to the prisoner that he needn't be uneasy. Then came the judge's charge, in which he reminded the jury that there was no dispute between counsel as to the facts of the case. Indeed, there could not have been, for several witnesses had sworn positively that they saw the client steal the horse.

"But," concluded the court, "the plea of insanity has been set up, and I charge you, gentlemen of the jury, that it should receive your very grave and serious deliberation; but I must be allowed to say, gentlemen, that for myself, upon a review of the whole case, I can discover no evidence of insanity on the part of the prisoner, except, perhaps, in the selection of his counsel."

Obeying Orders.

F. E. Smith recently told the story of the captain of hussars who gave a dinner to the men of his squadron the night before they left for the front.

"Now, my lads," he said, "treat this dinner as you will the enemy."

And they set to with a will.

After the dinner he discovered one of the men stowing away bottles of champagne into a bag, and, highly indignant, he demanded what he meant by such conduct.

"I'm only obeying orders, sir," said the man.

"Obeying orders?" roared the captain. "What do you mean, sir?

"You told us to treat the dinner like the enemy, sir, and when we meet the enemy, sir, what we don't kill we take prisoners."—Tid-Bits.

FRENCHMEN AT FRONT BECOME WELL DIGGERS

GETTING WATER AT THE FRONT

Water being a prime necessity at the battle front as well as elsewhere and being difficult to transport to the fighting men, some French soldiers took advantage of a swerve in the struggle to dig a well. This photograph was taken very close to the first line of battle in France.

What Did He do With It?

"The manager of my store," declared the merchant to a little coterie of friends, "is a peculiar genius. Why, would you believe it, when he draws his weekly salary, he keeps out only $1 for spending money and sends the rest to his wife in Indianapolis."

His listeners—with one exception, who sat silent and reflective—gave vent to loud murmurs of wonder and admiration.

"Now, it may sound thin," added the speaker, "but it's true, nevertheless."

"Oh, I don't doubt it at all," quickly rejoined the quiet one; "I was only wondering what he does with the dollar!"—Chicago News.

What Thin Folks Should Do to Gain Weight

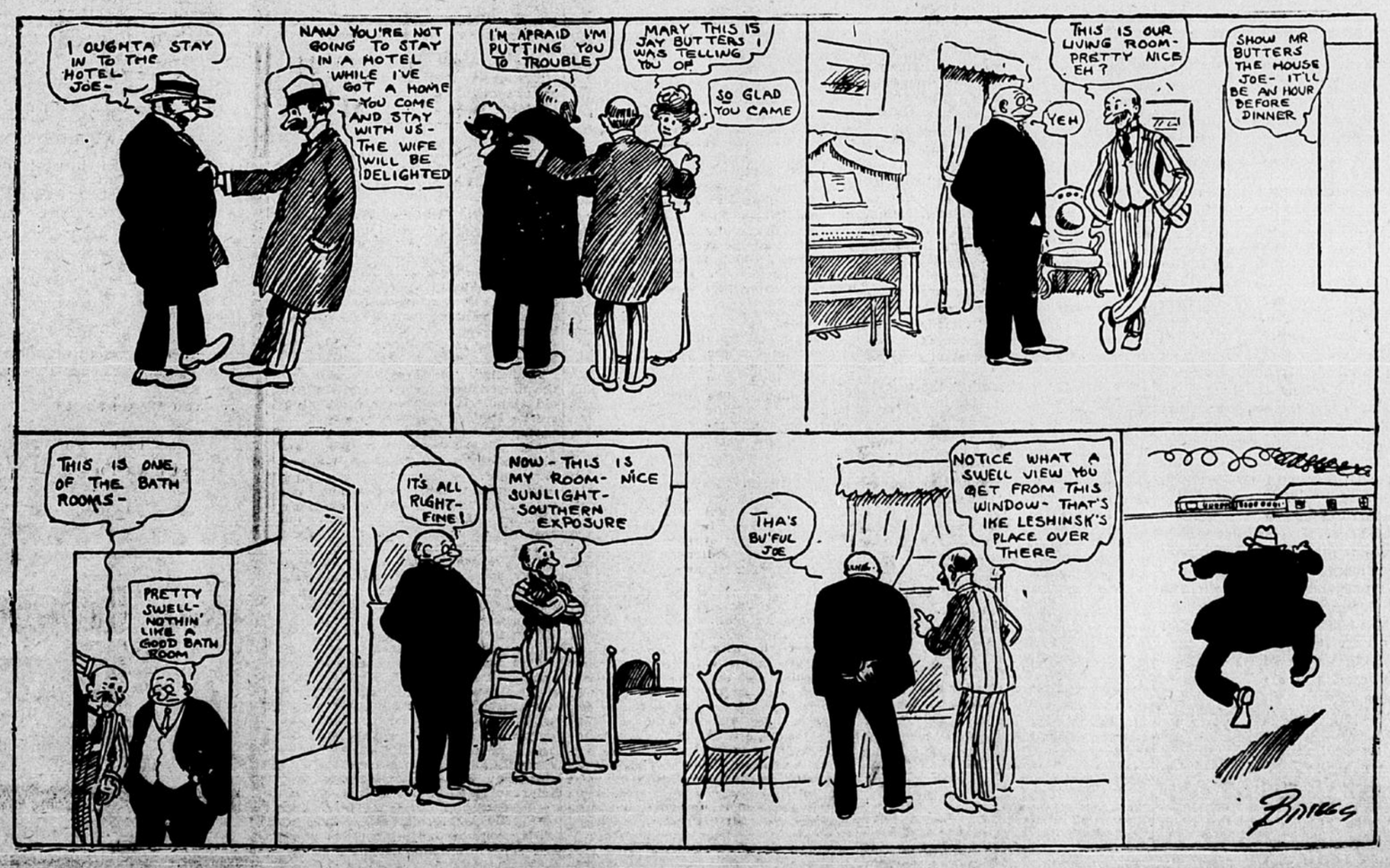
Good Advice For Thin, Undeveloped Men and Women.

Thousands of people suffer from excessive thinness, weak nerves and feeble stomachs who, having tried advertised flesh-makers, food-fads, physical culture stunts and rub-on creams, resign themselves to life-long skinniness and think nothing will make them fat. Yet their case is not hopeless. A recently discovered combination of assimilative agents has made fat grow after years of thinness, and it is also unequalled, judging from reports, for repairing the waste of sickness or faulty digestion and for strengthening the nerves. This remarkable preparation is called Sargol. Six strength-giving, fat-producing assimilative elements of acknowledged merit have been combined in this preparation, which is endorsed by prominent people everywhere. It is absolutely harmless, inexpensive and efficient.

A few weeks systematic use of Sargol should go far to produce flesh and strength by correcting faults of digestion and by supplying nourishing fats to the blood. If not, every druggist who sells it is authorized to return the purchase price. Increased nourishment is obtained from the food eaten, and the additional fats that thin people need are thus provided. The McBride & Will Drug Co. and other leading druggists supply Sargol and say there is a large demand for it.

While this new preparation has from reports given splendid results as a nerve-tonic and vitalizer, its use is not recommended to nervous people unless they wish to gain at least ten pounds of flesh.

It Will Happen in the Best Regulated of Families - - - - By BRIGGS



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