

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
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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 Sletz 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 the 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 Fraser was crooked or a fool."

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

"Then Hampden's got th' strange-holt—dama his soul to hell! He knows about the contract an' he'll bilk it if he can. But Fraser 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 its 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 affront of his words. Sandry's boyish face flushed painfully.

"Inexperience," he said bluntly, "fades 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 Fraser."

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

Sandry regarded his 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 Yaguina 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' scairt out by th' Yella Pines! Ef it ain't plum' 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.

"Can't stand the atmosphere," said Little Smith, settling his round, narrow-brimmed hat a trifle forward on his bullet head, "it's gettin' too cultured. We'll be asked to stop swearin' next, an' eatin' with our spoons. Me fer th' timber right. I don't like civillization."

"Let them go," said Sandry grimly. "I'll learn how and tend hook myself if necessary."
Days slipped by so swiftly that Sandry scarce found time to count them and they were all too short. He was out before day had even crept up the

eastern slopes of the great Cascades and was still going when it died half across the Pacific to the west. He ate like a logger and slept without a dream.
The dampness freshened his cheeks and curled his hair into a riot under his gray felt hat; and Sletz, glancing sidewise 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 Coosmah, 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.
Mr. 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 important realm, "taint thick. It's spread or 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 try all means."

"H'm. I'm keen 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 unannounced opening and dovetailing of plans.

The next day but one a fitful, blowy, fearful day, she ventured forth, clad in a smart suit of corduroy that had done service on many a bride path in the far metropolis—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 Sletz swinging drunk-enly 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 Sletz came around the fling 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."

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

Sandry moved slightly and Sletz 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 fell back a step at sight of her eyes. They were all savage, flaming with a rage which astounded him.

"Why—why—Sletz!" he cried, catching her by the wrist as she passed him, "I didn't know you felt like this about the horse!"
But she flung his grasp loose in a perfect fury and dashed up the steps to the kitchen, the sobs coming wildly. With an indescribable sensation sending shivers down his spine, the young owner went to his office.

When Miss Ordway returned late in the day her smart habit was stained with mud, her little cap was charmingly awry, and she bore all the earmarks of adventure.

"But I know Hampden of the Yellow Pines," she whispered intimately as Sandry assisted her to dismount. "If I did have to manage a rather spectacular fall and ruin my coat in your unpeppable mud, I think he'll furnish admirable data."

"What?" cried Sandry, "you did that? Well, for the love of heaven! No wonder you can portray other folks' emotions! You simply go out and make your situations!"

(To Be Continued.)

GRANDMOTHER IS ONLY 38.

Mississippi Woman Is Mother of Twelve, Grandmother of Five.
Meridan, Miss.—Triplets, born at the Matty Hersee hospital in this city will be given a shower by women residing in the vicinity of the hospital. The mother, a poor woman, did not anticipate three arrivals, and had barely provided for one.

The triplets were born to Mr. and Mrs. James Hecker, residing near Enterprise, Clarke county, but the mother had come to the hospital here. When the triplets arrived the mother was no less surprised than Dr. K. T. Klein the hospital surgeon, as such addition to the hospital patients was unexpected. Two of the triplets are girls and weigh seven pounds each, while the boy weighs eight pounds, and all are lusty youngsters.

Mrs. Reeves, the mother, is now the nine to come singly. She is also the grandmother of five children, the oldest of which is 6 years old. She was married when she was 16, and is now only 38. Efforts will be made to give the family financial assistance—Washington Post.

WHITLOCK, COMING HOME FOR REST, EXPECTS TO RETURN TO BELGIUM



Brand Whitlock, American minister to Belgium, who sailed for New York on the Holland-America steamer Emden said his trip to America had no political purpose whatever. Its sole object was to give him a short rest and an opportunity to get back his health, which had been undermined by fifteen months of uninterrupted work at a high pressure. The minister looks like a man completely fagged out from nervous strain, but he said he confidently expected to be back at his post at Brussels soon after the new year. He has already arranged for his return passage on the steamer Rotterdam, sailing from New York on Dec. 28.

HE'S A BULLET PIN CUSHION.

Plucks One Lead Pellet From Arm, Expectorate Another.

Bullets make no impression upon Nathan Lewis, of 1204 McElderry street, according to his evidence in the criminal court, where he was a star witness against William Edwards, charged with assault with intent to murder and carrying a deadly weapon. Lewis and Edwards had an argument. Edwards procured a revolver and shot at Lewis. One bullet struck Lewis in the arm, but he merely plucked it out and threw it away. The second bullet went thru Lewis' mouth while he was smiling over the failure

of the first shot to do him injury, and it did nothing more than loosen one of his teeth.

He spat the leaden pellet out, and was proceeding to use his fists on Edwards when the pair were separated.

Harry B. Wolf pleaded self-defense for his client, and Judge Stump gave him the benefit of the doubt and dismissed the charges.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Blind Boys Are Boy Scouts.

Nearly 100 blind boys, pupils of the Pennsylvania Institute for the Blind at Overbrook, have been organized into a special division of boy scouts by Walter Cowing, scout master, and T. R.

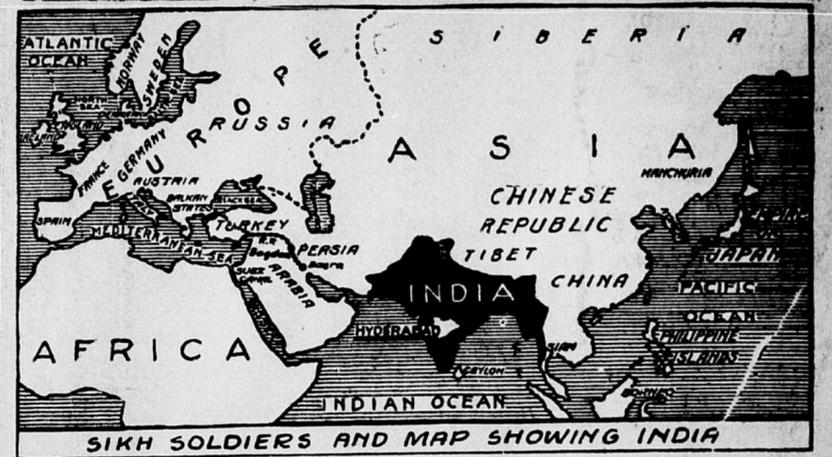
FLYING BOAT WITHOUT WINGS MEETS TEST SUCCESSFULLY



YOLANDA II AND PART OF PARTY AT TEST.

A new type of boat, a "glider," a sort of hydroaeroplane without wings, the first of its kind to answer expectations, was tested on the Hudson river near Nyack, N. Y. The test was a success. The boat is called the Yolanda II. The trials were witnessed by Senator Don Julio Betancourt, the Colombian minister; Francisco Escobar, ex-consul general of Colombia, and Senator Montijo, private secretary to Minister Betancourt. The Yolanda II measures 35 by 20 feet, and her cabin houses eleven persons. The motive power is supplied by two 150 horsepower engines. Two giant aeroplane

REPORTS OF UNREST IN INDIA, MOST POPULOUS DEPENDENCY, WORRY GREAT BRITAIN



SIKH SOLDIERS AND MAP SHOWING INDIA

London denies that there is serious unrest in India, but there have been circumstantial reports of trouble in the great dependency, including reports of the deposition by the people of Hyderabad of their nizam or ruler, owing to his staunch support of the British rule. It was even said that Earl Kitchener, formerly commander of the troops in India, had gone there to quell the disturbances. It is now known, however,

that Kitchener has gone to the Balkans. In the past few weeks some German papers have asserted that British rule in India and also in Egypt is seriously menaced by the Teuton-Bulgar advance in the Balkans.

Merrill, scout commissioner. Recently the boys who compose the blind troop took their first hike to Rocky Spring farms near Devon.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GOBBLER ADOPTS CAT'S LITTER.

Persian Kittens Being Carefully Nurtured by Big Turkey.

"Bill," the turkey gobbler, for ten years the mascot of the Jamison ranch, near his beach, distinguished himself recently when he adopted a litter of orphaned kittens. "Bill," seeming to understand their loneliness, sits over them in their box.

The kittens are Persian angoras and have to be fed from a bottle. Their adopted parent, refusing to leave his charges, compels his mistress to take his meals to him.—Los Angeles Herald.

Reverse Points of View.

Father—What do you think of a boy who throws orange skins on the pavement?
Son—I don't know. What do you think of an orange skin that throws a man on the pavement?—Evening Leader.

Accomplished.

Smart Young Man—What do you think of Brown?
Indignant Old Gentleman—Brown, sir! He is one of those people that smack you on the back before your face and hit you in the eye behind your back.—T.H. Bits.

When a Feller Needs a Friend - By BRIGGS



To Overcome Eczema

Never mind how often you have tried and failed, you can stop burning, itching eczema quickly by applying a little Semo furnished by any drugist for 25c. Extra large bottle, \$1.00. Healing begins the moment Semo is applied. In a short time usually every trace of pimples, black heads, rash, eczema, freckles and similar skin diseases will be removed.
For clearing the skin and making it vigorously healthy, Semo is an exceptional remedy. It is not greasy, sticky or watery and it does not stain. When others fail it is the one dependable treatment for all skin troubles.
Semo, Cleveland.