

# The Heart of Night Wind

By Vingie E. Roe

Illustrations by Ray Walters

## A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

CHAPTER I.

Out of the Vine Maples. Siletz sat, her knees drawn up to her chin, on the flat top of a fir stump. Beside her lay Coosnah, heavy muzzle on huge paws, his eyes as pale as the girl's were dark. They were hill-bred both. Perhaps that accounted for the delight both found in the solitude of this aerle, where they could look down toward the west on the feathery, green sea of close-packed pine and fir, of spruce and hemlock—and toward the east on the narrow strip of tide-water slough and the unpainted shacks of the lumber camp huddled above its railway. It was the magnificent timber country of the great Northwest.

Siletz was wondering, as she always did, how far the mountains ran to the south, how far it was to that 'Frisco of which she had heard so much from the tramp loggers who came and went with the seasons, their "turkeys" on their backs and the joyous liberty of the irresponsible forever tugging at their eccentric souls.

Over the facing ridge she knew that the cold Pacific roared and coaxed on the ships, to play with them in the hell of Vancouver coast. She could hear it sometimes when the pines were still; yet she had never seen it.

She had pictures of it in her mind, many pictures. She knew well how it would look when she should see it—a gray floor, a world of it, shot through with the reds and purples of a tardy sun. Of the cities she had no clear pictures. They were artificial, man-made, therefore alien to her, who knew only nature, though she had listened intently to roamers from every corner of the globe; for Dally's lumber camp had seen a queer lot.

It all resolved itself into these dreams when she sat on the edge of a fir stump, or, better yet, in the exalted cloud-high airiness of the very apex of the Hog Back.

There had been no sun, neither today nor for many days; and yet there was as surely presence of approaching night as if shadows forewarned Siletz had hoped for a break, one of those short pageants when the sun should shoot for a moment from the gloom, transfiguring the world. Now, as she scanned the west, the dog suddenly rose from beside her, peering down with his huge head thrust forward, his pendulous ears swaying. A hundred feet below in a tangle of vine maple something was laboring. Presently the slim trees parted and out of their tangle struggled a horse, a magnificent black beast with faring nostrils and full, excited eyes. After every few steps it turned its head to right or left with the instinct of the mountain breed to zigzag, and as often the man in the saddle pulled it sharply back.

With the first sight of the intruders the girl on the high stump had sprung up, leaning forward, a growing excitement in her face. It was the horse that caused it. Something was stirring within her all suddenly and her heart beat hard. She gripped her braids tight in both hands and swallowed.

"Blunderer," she said aloud. "Oh, the blunderer!"

Then she cupped her hands at her lips and called down: "Let him alone! He knows how to climb! Let him alone!"

The man looked up startled, and tightened his grip on the rein. The gallant animal went down upon its side, rolling completely over, to lodge feet downward, against a stone. The man swung sidewise out of the saddle, saving himself with a splendid quickness. Before he could gather himself for action the girl tore down upon him.

"What have you done?" she cried wildly, "what have you done to it?"

She dropped on her knees and her hands went fluttering over the black head in a very passion of pity, touching the white star on the forehead, smoothing the quivering nostrils.

"Why didn't you let him climb his own way? He knew—he's a bunch-grasser. Nothing could go straight up!"

She raised her eyes to him and he saw they were burning behind a film of tears. He saw also what gave him a strange feeling of shock—a faint, blue tracery extending from the left corner of her lips downward nearly to the point of the chin, a sharply broken fragment of a tattooed design. Her eyes were very dark and her hair, parted after the first fashion of woman, was straight and very dark also.

The accusing words irritated him. "You're right," he said coldly, "nothing could—in such a country. Stand back, please."

Siletz looked up at him and instinctively rose to her feet, though her slim body was alert with an unconscious readiness for prevention of something.

But the man only stepped to the black's head, tightened the rein a bit and clucked encouragingly.

"Come up," he said sharply, "up, boy!"

The horse stretched its head forward, arched its neck, gathered its

feet and lurched mightily upward fluting difficulty and floundering a little by reason of the stone which he saved it from rolling down the mountain. It placed its feet gingerly, bracing against the declivity, shook itself vigorously, drew a good, long breath and turned its soft nose to investigate the girl. With a little gurgling cry her hands went out again to caress it, hungrily, forgetful of the man, her face alight with the joy of its escape from injury. She smiled and passed her hands along the high neck, over the shoulder, down to the knee, bending to finger with a deft swiftness the fetlock and pastern.

When she looked up again she smiled at the man frankly, her anger gone.

"He's all right, but you want to give him the rein. He knows how to go up all right. All Oregon horses can climb if you give them their time and way."

He slipped the bridle over his arm. "I'm looking for Dally's lumber camp. Can you tell me how to get there and how near I am?"

"It's right over the ridge. You'll see it from the top!"

"Thanks," he said, lifted his soft, gray hat perfunctorily and turned up the slope.

He took the ascent straight, with a certain grimness of purpose. Soon he felt a slight pull on the reins toward the left, which slackened immediately to repeat itself to the right. The black was trying to zigzag in the narrow play of the confining bridle. After an interval that tried him severely in muscle and breath the stranger reached the sharp crest of the ridge.

Below him lay the valley, the winding slough, the yellow huddle of the camp, the toy railway, with its tiny engine, the donkey whose puffing rose in a white spiral, the rollways and the huge log trail winding up the other slope like a giant serpent. Even as he looked there came the staccato toots of the whistle-bob whose invisible line crept away into the hills above the cables, the engine got down to work with a volley of coughs, the spools screamed and the great steel rope lifted heavily along the trail.

Presently a long, gray shape, ghostly and sinister, came creeping over the lower ridge, gliding down the face of the hills, silent, relentless, a veritable thing of life. He leaned forward, watching it come to rest above the rollway, halt a little while the antlike men darted here and there, and then roll sidewise into position against the stays.

When the small play of the woods was over, just as he started down he glanced involuntarily back along the way he had come.

The girl still stood by the boulder looking up, her face illumined by that

ow, its pine floor innocent of covering. From end to end ran two long tables, neat in white oilcloth, with intervals of catchup bottles, pepper sauce, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, and solidly built receptacles for salt and pepper. Along both edges stood an army of white earthenware plates, flanked by bone-handled knives and forks and tin spoons.

At the west, beside an open door, was a high pine desk littered with papers, a telephone hung at one side. A small table stood before a window, with a rocking chair in proximity—one of those low, old-fashioned rocking chairs that old women use, and that invariably hold a patchwork cushion with green fringe, and a white knitted tidy. That rocker was part of Dally's camp. It had followed the march of progress as the camp cut its way into the hills.

"It's my one comfort," Ma was wont to say, "though land knows I don't get to set in it more'n a quarter what I'd like."

As the loggers slid noisily on to the benches, their cauks giving up the mud they had held purposely for the swept floor, Siletz came and went, setting the substantial viands in the open spaces left in the expanse of white oilcloth. She exchanged a word here and there, always a sensible word, something of the work, the day, or the men themselves. She was putting a plate of cookies, sugar-sanded, with currants on top, between Jim Anworthy and a black-haired Pole, when a foot struck the step at the west door. There was something in the sound that drew every head around at once. A stranger stood against the misty darkness between the jambs.

He was young, apparently about twenty-five or six, well set up, with straight shoulders above narrow hips and a poise that claimed instant attention. He removed his soft hat, holding it in his hand, while his bright, blue eyes looked impersonally over the room. Over his shoulder a pair of big, dark ones peered anxiously, while a black muzzle with a small white patch nosed his elbow aside.

"John Dally?"

It was a call that demanded, not a question.

From the head of the nearest table a giant of a man, easy natured, lax featured, loose joints banded together by steel sinews, rose lumberingly.

"I'm him," he said.

The man in the door brought his eyes sharply to focus on his face, reading it with lightning rapidity.

"I'm the Dillingworth Lumber company—or most of it," he said clearly, "and I've come to stay. Where shall I put my horse?"

There was a startled silence after these amazing words. An unexpressed ejaculation went from face to face up and down the tables. Then John Dally showed why he was the best foreman in that region. He got himself loose from the end bench and walked over to the door.

"All right, Mr.—?"

He waited easily, as if it was perfectly natural for strangers to drop from a hilltop and announce themselves the ruling power of the country, or more strictly speaking one of the ruling powers, for there were two.

"Sandry," finished the other, "Walter Sandry—from New York."

"Come in, Mr. Sandry—you're just in time."

Dally turned back to the lighted room.

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandry my place Harrison, I'll have to take your filling shed for tonight. Tomorrow we'll fix things in better shape."

The saw-filer, an important personage and one to be conciliated, frowned in his plate, but the foreman had lost sight of him. He reached out a huge, hard hand and took the bridle-rein from the newcomer.

Already this man was standing inside the rude building, with a high-headed air of force, of personality that made itself felt in the most stolid nature present. He glanced down the double line of faces and for a second, just a fractional, fleeting moment, seemed to hesitate. Then he laid his hat on the small table, walked round to Dally's empty seat, swung a leather puttee and a well-built shoe over the bench and sat down. He was in place, and a vague feeling of adjustment, of solidity, accompanied him, as if he was there, as he said, to stay. Every man in the room felt it; and one of those strange sensations of portent communicated itself to them, as when the everyday affairs of life come to a turn in the road.

It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain.

John Dally came to him.

"Now, what would you like, Mr. Sandry?" he asked. "Will you come into the hills with us, or would you rather rest around camp? You come a long ways, I guess."

"Yes, from New York."

"I was thinkin' yesterday mebby you'd rather just loaf around—"

"Yesterday? Did you expect me?"

"Oh, yes. I got a letter from Mr. Fraser last week. He said the company had made a change and I might look for a visit."

"I think I'll go about," said Sandry. Outside it was fresh and slightly

But not even the importance of the arrival of the Dillingworth Lumber company could keep silent this bunch of men from the ends of the earth.

They were free lances, following wherever fancy and the lumber camps led them through the mountains and the big woods, contented in this place or moving on, bound by no rules, as independent and unholdable as the very birds of the air.

In three minutes the laughter was sweeping gustily again, accompanied by the solid clink of cook-shack dishes, the clatter of knives for the most part used as very adequate shovels, and Walter Sandry was forgotten or passed over.

An hour later he stood alone in the middle of a tiny room at the south of the building, looking fixedly at the yellow flame of a glass hand-lamp on a stand. Under the lamp was a woolly mat of bright red yarn, a wonderful creation—under that a thin, white scarf, beautifully clean, the ironed creases standing out stiffly. Beside the lamp lay a pink-tipped conch shell and a Bible.

Sandry looked longest at the Bible beside the lamp and presently he took it up curiously, fingering it with a quizzical, weary smile.

Its edges were thin and frayed and he noticed that it was greatly worn.

Walter Sandry smiled and glanced at random through the book.

"Motherhood," he said half aloud, "Is there nowhere a father?—a dear old chap of the earth, a gentle old man with white hair? One who has raised a son?" As if in answer to the whimsical words, the fragile leaves

separated at the tragic record of King David and the words of that ancient father-heart stared up at him. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" vital in their anguish. With a snap he closed the book, holding it tightly clasped in his hands while he stared into the flame of the lamp with knit brows and twitching lips.

It was as if the fateful cry had touched some sore spot in his heart, set throbbing some half-healed pain. For a moment a shadow as of a vague remorse darkened his expressive face. Then a resolute strength tightened his lips and he laid the Bible gently down and blew out the light.

It was cold in the little room and the rain was dripping from the eaves.

CHAPTER III.

The Wondrous Hills at Dawn.

He was awakened next morning by the thunder of heavily shod men storming in from the bunkhouse. The smell of cooking was in the air and the crack under his door showed lamp-light.

The rain was still dripping softly from the eaves. As Sandry came into the eating room the old woman of the kitchen was looking over the crowd of men as impersonally as he himself had done the night before, with a poise as assured and a subtle force as strongly indicated.

Her bright, old eyes, blue as his own, met his lifted glance as he heated.

"Set down in the place you had last night, Mr. Sandry," she said in a rich voice, "it's yours now. John'll move down a notch."

She went back into the mysterious region of pies and doughnuts, and Sandry was conscious of a slight feeling of wonder. He was already taken in as one of the family in a subtle way, and it did not quite suit him to be so. If he missed certain lifelong attributes of service and surrounding, if he took his place among these rough men with an inward tremor of rebellion, he made no sign.

Again the girl he had met on the farther side of the mountain tended in silence, a trifle more aloof. She was clad in the same sort of blue flannel shirt the men wore, with a red tie under the turndown collar and a rather short blue skirt showing her feet laced trimly into miniature boots. The latter were even full of small steel cauks.

It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain.

John Dally came to him.

"Now, what would you like, Mr. Sandry?" he asked. "Will you come into the hills with us, or would you rather rest around camp? You come a long ways, I guess."

"Yes, from New York."

"I was thinkin' yesterday mebby you'd rather just loaf around—"

"Yesterday? Did you expect me?"

"Oh, yes. I got a letter from Mr. Fraser last week. He said the company had made a change and I might look for a visit."

"I think I'll go about," said Sandry. Outside it was fresh and slightly

cold. A thick, white fog struck him in the face with an almost palpable touch. It lay close to the earth, a sluggish monster spread down in the valleys as if for warmth. Through its enshrouding whiteness a lantern gleamed faintly across the slough.

Already the little locomotive was getting up steam and the donkey showed a red throat for an instant as McDonald shoved in more wood.

From ahead came shouts and a laugh or two as the men straggled up to the rollway.

There were five cabins set around on the edge of the small, sloping mountain meadow which gave back ground for Dally's camp; and in all the windows lights were gleaming in one cabin a door opened and a man came out, stopping a moment on the sill to reach up and kiss a woman, who stood silhouetted against the light, when the door closed and Sandry could not see the man, though he could hear his footsteps. The foreman swung ahead in the path.

"They're a foot-ly here," he said, "tidewater slough. Tain't deep."

They stopped at the foot of the ridge where the donkey, the rollway and the track terminal huddled against the bold uplift, and Dally introduced him to Hastings and Murphy the latter of whom hung out of the window of his diminutive cab and peered at the stranger out of laughing eyes whose forbears had twinkled on Donegal's blue bay and Erin's red-cheeked daughters with impartial joy.

"Ah, Mister Dillingworth," he said heartily, "an' phat d'ye t'ink av the West Coast now?"

"Sandry, Murphy," caught up Dally easily, yet with a warning note.

"Shure! Sandry 'tis! Excuse me, Mister Sandry, but ain't th' scenery foine?"

"What I've seen, yes, Murphy," answered Sandry after a slight pause. As he turned after Dally the Irishman stuck his tongue in the corner of his lips and drummed a minute on the sill, the broad smile lessening on his reckless face.

"An' phat d'ye know about thot?" he asked retrospectively of the fog.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEARN WAY TO MAKE LIVING

Good Advice for All Women Was That Tendered at Woman's Club at Pittsburgh.

A woman of wealth, but who is nevertheless identified with civic work and is a practicing lawyer, lately gave a talk before a Pittsburgh mothers' club. Here is a part of what she said:

There is one question to which every woman ought to be able to answer. Yes. It is this: "Can you earn a living if you should need to do?"

If there is one lesson more than another that has been emphasized in recent years it is that the untrained suffer most when a pinch comes. Another lesson that is most sufficiently understood is that there is practically no security in fortune.

Be prepared, is advice for a woman as well as for a nation. Train your daughters, you mothers, to something that will pay a return sufficient at least for a livelihood. It can do no harm, and it may mean just the difference between happiness and misery in later life.

There is nothing more pathetic than the sight of some unfortunate woman, brought up to a competency and utterly unprepared to support herself, who has been suddenly reduced to poverty. We all know some such woman. Pottering along at things that are of no real use, at work given by pitying friends or strangers, more or less laced by contact with a world that is foreign to her, sinking little by little to meaner surroundings and more desperate makeshifts, she at last disappears, sucked under in the maelstrom she has neither the strength nor the training to resist.

Surely you don't want to run even the faintest chance of becoming such a derelict, you don't want your daughters to run any such risk. So be prepared. Be fit for something, trained to something, ready to take hold if you must. Know at least one thing so well that people will be glad to pay you for doing it. Be able to say Yes if the world should ask you if you can return fair value for a living. It is the surest of human safeguards.

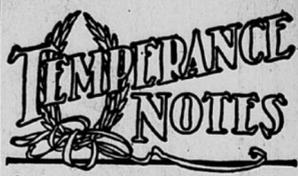
Iodine for Treating Wounds.

Many inquiries reach the editor of this page on how best to apply iodine to a cut or abrasion in order to prevent it from becoming infected. One of the most convenient methods is to use a stick impregnated with iodine. These can be obtained at any drug store. They come in bunches packed twenty in a small glass tube. The tip of each stick has a head like a match, made of resublimated iodine 60 per cent, and iodide of potassium 40 per cent. This when dipped in water liberates an average 10 per cent solution which would be applied freely to the cut and left to dry.

In using iodine it is essential to remember that the wet dressing may be applied. Exposure to the air will do no harm, and the sore should be covered only when there is danger of it being irritated by coming in contact with foreign bodies and thus being torn open.

Scientists Interested in Find.

At a recent scientific gathering, Professors Edgeworth, David and Wilson described a completely mineralized human skull found near Warwick, in the Darling Downs of Queensland. It probably dates from a period when the great fossil mammals were still living, and is earlier than any other human remains hitherto found in Australia.



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

LICENSE—HIGH TO MINIMUM. In Massachusetts the minimum cost of a first class saloon license is \$1,000. The maximum is not fixed by law, but there are instances on record where licenses have sold for \$7,500 and \$10,000. The average price is about \$3,500.

How does it work—this license system raised to its highest power? The New York Commercial—certainly not a dry advocate—speaking of the increase of the license fee in the state of New York from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year, says:

"It seems plausible to reduce the number of drinking places and raise their status by imposing heavy license fees, but in practice it results in turning over the business to a few brewers who are able to finance the license fees and to drive independent dealers out of business. In some cities in Massachusetts brewers and wholesale dealers control practically all of the saloons and hotels and form syndicates to handle the monopoly so given to them by the high license law. It would be easy to form a syndicate in New York city that would pay \$10,000 a year for each license taken out. The revenue might be increased by giving such a monopoly, but the liquor business would be run for all there was in it, and social conditions would not be improved. Massachusetts has given high license a fair test and the results are not what its original advocates promised."

ALCOHOL AND INSANITY.

"The seeming indifference of the public and the authorities appears incomprehensible when it is considered what havoc is wrought by alcohol. We spend millions of dollars annually to stamp out and protect the public from infectious diseases, yet the harm done by alcohol is infinitely greater than that caused by all the infectious diseases put together. In our annual admissions to Bellevue hospital of over 3,000 patients (in the wards for mental diseases) more than ten per cent were suffering from insanities due directly to alcohol, and in more than forty per cent alcohol had played a most important part in the causation of the insanity. It seems to me that it would be the greatest aid to humanity if measures might be taken to reduce the consumption of this poison to a minimum, and to provide proper curative institutions for those who have formed a habit but have not passed the curative stage into one of complete mental and physical degeneration. Such an institution should be custodial as well as educational. In such institutions many will find recovery, while, for those who do not, proper restrictions will prevent their leading a life of crime."—Dr. M. S. Gregory of Bellevue Hospital, New York.

FIVE REASONS.

Dr. Henry Williams of New York, an eminent specialist in nervous and mental diseases, has summed up his investigation concerning alcohol in these words:

"I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. If you do this, I am bound to believe in the light of what science has revealed:

"1. That you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver and kidneys, your heart, your blood vessels, your nerves, and brain;

"2. That you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for working in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic.

"3. That you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals.

"4. That you are distinctly lessening your chances for maintaining health and attaining long life; and,

"5. That you are entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery."

DRINK AND ACCIDENTS.

The following report was sent by the Bessemer & Lake Erie Railroad company to the interstate commerce commission:

Average number of employees February 15, 1915, to September 1, 1915.....	3,300
Average number Water Wagon club members February 15 to September 1, 1915.....	1,500
Total number accidents causing employees to lose three or more days' time.....	224
Number of the 224 employees injured who are members of the club.....	43
Percentage of total number of members injured.....	6.62
Percentage of club members injured.....	2.86
Percentage of men injured who are not club members.....	9.63
Percentage of total club members to total number injured.....	19.19

TOTAL ABSTINENCE ADVANCE.

Total abstinence is no longer a ridiculed fanaticism. It sits in royal state on the throne of empire and of kingdoms, and in republics sways, in ever-increasing measure, the voting citizenship. It safeguards the soldier, the aviator and the crew of the submarine. It gives a clear brain to the railroad man, the athlete, the autoist and the commercial, industrial and agricultural worker. It says: "The first man to be taken off and the last man to be taken on is the man who drinks."—Anna A. Gordon.



"Blunderer!" She Said Aloud.

light he had noticed, and he was quick enough to comprehend that it was passionate longing for the big black behind him. She had forgotten his presence. Out of the ferns had crept the mammoth mongrel. They two stood together in a subtle comradeship which struck him by its isolated sufficiency.

CHAPTER II.

An Amazing Arrival.

It was quitting time—quitting time in the coast country, which means whatever time the light fades. Presently the loggers came creeping down the trail, sturdy men in spiked boots laced to the knee, blue flannel shirts, and, for the most part, corduroys. They trooped down to the cook-shack, a long building of unpainted pine, its two side doors leading, the one into the dining room, the other sheltered by a rude porch, into the kitchen.

Inside, "Ma" Dally, a white-haired general of meals and men in their order, creaked heavily from oven to pine sink, her placid face flaming with the heat of the great steel range.

The eating room was long and nar-