THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS

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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 aerie, 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 rollway. 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 Daily'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 prescience 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 into 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 flaring 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 bunchgrasser. 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, finding difficulty and floundering a little by reason of the stone which had 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 Daily'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

"Blunderer!" She Said Aloud.

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 bowlder looking up, her face illumined by that 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" Daily, 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 narrow, 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 Daily'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 caulks 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 Daily?"

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 Daily 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."

Daily turned back to the lighted room.

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandry my place. Harrison, I'll have to take your filing 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 Daily'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.

Daily's was on the eve of a change.

The girl was putting a thick, white plate, hot from boiling water, before him, deftly laying the simple cutlery, pushing back an intruding dish. There was an air of detachment about her. No portion of her garments touched him. She was always so, aloof in a quiet way. Now, as she tended the stranger silently, one of her long braids slipped over her shoulder and fell across his hand. He drew away from the contact sharply and a dozen pairs of eyes saw the action.

"Hell!" murmured a man at the other side in mild amazement.

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

As he wrote these words the young man's bright blue eyes softened like a woman's and a grim line settled about his lips. He knew, on the word of the greatest specialist of two continents, that the dignified old gentleman to whom they were addressed, a white-haired gentleman with the finest bearing and the gentlest heart, tied irrevocably to an invalid chair, had at the most but a scant year to live. Yet he wrote of hope and travel and returning health, wrote determinedly with a force that must communicate something of its light to the lonely wreck left by the tide of life stranded at the edge of that mighty, flowing stream, the metropolis.

He finished the letter with a commendation so tender, so indicative of a

Looked Around and Called Himself at Home.

great affection, that it did not sound like a man's, a son's to a father—rather like a daughter's to an ailing mother, signed, sealed and stamped it, and sat for many minutes holding it in his hand, staring hard with drawn brows at the yellow pine of the new walls. Again the faint shadow of sadness, of regret, flickered from the past across his features. Then he sighed, rose with his graceful quickness and straightened his shoulders. As he closed the desk and stepped from the office he felt that he had gathered up the reins of the new life.

(To be continued.)

GIVE LIBERALLY TO CAUSE

Converted Chinese Are Unusually Generous in Their Support of Christian Work.

The question is sometimes asked whether the natives in our foreign fields really contribute in any adequate way toward the support of Christianity, says a writer in the Living Church. This is a perfectly reasonable question, since self-support is one of the signs of a vital coherent national church. As a partial response it is worth noting that within the last few months Chinese Christians have made the following gifts: (1) $10,000 toward a hall for St. John's college, Shanghai, commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Doctor Pott; (2) $2,000 toward pledge of $8,500 for the Cathedral School for Girls, Hankow; (3) $8,000 promised for the auditorium of St. Mary's, Shanghai; (4) a residence, erected at a cost of some $4,000, for Doctor MacWillie, Wuchang, as a mark of appreciation for the work done by him as head of the Red Cross during the revolution; also (5) $5,000 has been contributed toward the purchase of land for the enlargement of a hospital; (6) $7,000 given outright for the purchase of land for St. Luke's hospital, Shanghai.

These are very recent instances of Chinese generosity, in addition to which there is a constant increase in giving toward the general support of Christian work.

BOYS BUILT THE COTTAGE

Demonstrated How Easily Abode for Tuberculosis Patient Might Be Constructed.

The tuberculosis society of a certain locality needed a demonstration cottage for the crusade against the white plague and they placed their need before the boys of the public school shops. One class of eighth-grade boys volunteered, and two days after the job was started the complete cottage was delivered to the society, writes N. F. Fultz in Popular Mechanics.

The cottage is constructed in sections and can be assembled or dismantled in thirty minutes. The sections are not so heavy but that they can be handled with ease by two men. There are seven sections—namely, the floor, two sides, two ends and two roof sections.

A house built in this manner was placed on the courthouse lawn as a permanent fixture. Among other things brought out in the construction was the fact that a cottage may be built by a boy at a cost less than $50. Thus a stricken parent, brother or sister may be provided by the hands of a young mechanic with the first means that may bring him or her back to health.

A Prudent Provision.

"Jones is nothing if not thorough. No matter how he starts out, he always gets to the bottom of things."

"Then it is very lucky for him that he didn't start out as a sea captain."

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EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Charles E. Gearhart, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, by the probate court of Taney county, Missouri, bearing date the 14th day of October, 1915.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to me for allowance within six months from the date of the said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within one year from the date of the last publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

JOICE GEARHART, Executrix.
First publication Oct. 14, 1915. 20 48

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Springfield, Missouri.
October 11, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Charles F. Dennis, of Bradleyville, Mo., who, on February 9th, 1910, made adjoining farm homestead serial No. 04394, for west 1-2 of lot 2, northeast 1-4, section 4, township 24 n, range 18 w, fifth principal meridian, has filed notice of intention to make five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before clerk of county court, at Forsyth, Missouri, on the 13th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Enoch Combs of Cedar Valley, Mo., James W. Reese of Forsyth, Mo., and William C. Reese and Joseph J. Selvidge, both of Bradleyville, Mo.

J. H. BOWEN, Register.
First publication Oct. 14, 1915. 20 48

Probate Court Docket

November term, 1915, Probate Court of Taney County, Missouri.

First Day, November 8, 1915.

Estate of William Lewallen, a ward, Geo Lewallen, guardian and curator, annual settlement.

Estate of Mary E. Dilks, a ward, J. H. Dilks, guardian and curator, annual settlement.

Estate of Wm L. Mayden, a ward, L. J. Mayden, guardian and curator, annual settlement.

Estate of A. J. Tannehill, deceased, Jennie Tannehill, administratrix, first settlement.

Estate of W. C. and E. V. Yandall, minors, J. W. Yandall, guardian and curator, final settlement.

J. L. MORROW, Probate Judge.

New Victory for Children.

Every day childhood achieves some new felicity. The latest is the news that slippers are going out. The government vouches for it. A mere fifteen and one-half million pairs were manufactured in this country during the last year, "a marked decrease over other reports." Manifestly, the effects of the "spare the rod" system are beginning to be felt.—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

Wouldn't Do.

Mrs. Day—I thought you had made your plans to send your Harry to Yale?

Mrs. Weeks—I had, but it wouldn't do. You don't know what a fright he is in blue.—Puck.

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