

# THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST  
By VINGIE E. ROE  
ILLUSTRATIONS by TRAY WALTERS  
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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 tinned 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



It Was a Call That Demanded.

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 hesitated.

"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 caulk.

It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain. John Daily came to him.

"Now, wha, 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. Frazer 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 background for Daily'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 form swung ahead in the path.

"They're a fool-log here," he said. "Hidewater 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 Daily 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 forebears 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 tink av the West Coast now?"

"Sandry, Murphy," caught up Daily 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 Daily 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 that?" he asked retrospectively of the fog.

Out of the near gloom, which was lightening a bit with dawn, the log trail rose, an aggressive snakelike trough climbing uncompromisingly at an angle of 36 degrees, its center a straight pine log sunk to its surface, which was polished like ivory, its slightly curving sides the same. How many tapering trunks had gone into its two miles would be hard to say, for in some places they had sunk and been covered—in the dip, say, over the ridge where the real mountain began, at the turn where it wound around the Shoulder.

Before ten minutes Sandry was breathing heavily, though he said nothing and kept close to Daily's heels. The logger strode forward and upward with an easy, climbing lift that rippled every muscle in his loose body, while the man from the cities strained and heaved in painful labor, slipping on the wet earth, floundering in the rotten bark and brush that lined the way. They climbed beside the trail, not in it. Ahead of them the gang of men had long since disappeared from sight and hearing.

The forenoon that followed was the opening page in a new chapter of his life, and Sandry bent all his faculties to a grasp of outlines.

He stood silently watching the work go forward. They had reached the cutting. Here, in a wide dip high above the world, it seemed to the Easterner, was a huge circle of activity. Close beside the built trail a second donkey engine fused and screamed, reaching out uncanonically on all sides for the great logs, to haul them in with screech of spool and strain of cable and turn them over to the mysterious steel rope that came constantly crawling back on its traveling line. This was called the "yarding engine"—the one at the foot of the trail beside the rollway and the track being known as the "roader."

The monotonous song of the cross-cut saws had begun where the buckers were converting several hundred and fifty-foot trunks into handling sections.

A little below, two foot-wide planks some five or six feet long had been set into a giant yellow pine about eight feet from the ground, one on either side, and on these two men were standing, their flannel shirts open at the throat, their sleeves rolled up from arms of steel and leather, their heads bare. Sandry watched the bending of their backs, every muscle outlined

under the clinging shirts, the play of their knees, the whole easy rippling of their entire bodies with the regular give and take of the long saw. The boards, known as springboards, rose and dipped with the even motion.

These men were fallers, and presently they would lay the towering monarch of the great woods to the fraction of an inch in a given place, ready for the buckers, the hook-tender and the cable.

In the meantime the logs already down were swiftly stripped of their limbs, cut into thirty and forty foot lengths, rolled into the trail with peavey and cant hook, and sent up and over the ridge to the accompaniment of shrill toots from the whistle-hob's restless cord, the straining of rigging and the squeak of fiber on polished fiber.

The built trail ended here in the shallow hollow between the first ridge and the great mountain beyond, though up the face of the latter it was prolonged by a cleared path sharply defined among the dense growth of the timber.

He was impressed by the magnitude of the country. On every hand the lifting hills were clothed in trees, close packed and of such girth and height as to seem almost grotesquely impossible. Humanity was dwarfed to insignificance, like an ant crawling on a cathedral column.

Sandry looked around. Up to this distance the woods were dotted with cuttings where the great stumps glowed white amid the vivid green and the debris of slashings and trimmings which combined with the fern and hazel brush and other under-

growth to make a perfect tangle. But beyond, along the new-cut trail, was nature, dense and untouched, waiting for the hand of pygmy man to come and take her lavish treasures.

By nine o'clock the sun was shining above the peaks and the fog had vanished from the valleys, and although it was late fall there was no feeling of the death of the year. On the contrary, there was a sense of bustle and hurry and work beginning with the advent of the rains. The tidewater slough was bank-full and mud-brown with thick grass and water growths along its edges. The stranger unconsciously drew great breaths of the sweet air of the high hills and began to feel dimly something of their charm.

John Daily was everywhere, looking at this, lending a hand at that, shouting some good-natured instruction here and there, overseeing with an eagle eye each minute detail of the work.

One of the new owner's first impressions was that in this man he had an object of great value. He was just thinking this when there came one long blast from the donkey over the ridge and the men dropped their tools in their tracks, the two on the springboards jumped down, leaving the saw just where the call had caught it, far out on one side, and the foreman came up to him.

"Dinner time, Mr. Sandry," he said, smiling. "I 'spect you're pretty hungry."

"What?" cried Sandry, "why, I hadn't thought of it! Is it possible we've been here five hours?"

"Sure. Time goes fast in the hills." They began to climb the trail, the men straggling out ahead and behind, the youngest forging forward in the eagerness of youth and healthy appetites, the older characters, all of them hardened woodsmen, taking it more leisurely.

Before they were half way up, however, Sandry was breathing heavily.

"Might I ask," said Daily, "something about the change in the company?"

"Certainly. There has simply been an outright sale of the interests, all of which, or nearly all, I bought from Dillingworth & Frazer. A fifth, I believe, is still owned by a Mr. Rakeham, who is somewhere in South America.

I have come out to take absolute charge and learn the timber business."

"I see. And you've had no experience?"

"None," said Sandry a little shortly. "Maryanna Humphrey!—but my feet is tender!" complained a voice behind.

Sandry glanced quickly back. Three lumberjacks were plodding up the slope, their seamed and weathered faces set intently on dinner. On one, a red-headed chap of some thirty-six or eight, powerful and rugged, he set his sharp eyes.

"But I'm acquiring it," he finished, "rapidly. Discharge that man."

Daily did not turn.

"I can't," he said, "he's just quit."

(To be continued.)

### Births in War Time.

It is a popular belief that more boys than girls are born in time of war.

According to a well-known London doctor, however, there is little ground for such an idea. He declares he worked in a district where the strain of war was felt very much because it provided a large proportion of its population to British fighting forces. He found in six months of cases he attended 55 per cent of the births were girls and 45 per cent boys.

### Not Fatal.

"I hear there is an execution in the house over the way."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes, indeed. They're hanging some wall paper."

### Ignorance of the Game.

Emma—Does Ethel know anything about baseball?

Eva—Now! She wouldn't know enough to take a rain-check if they banded her one!

## DUG THE GRAVE FOR HIMSELF

Tragic Incident of the Battlefield Sent From the Front by a German Officer.

Capt. H. Rohrmeier of the One Hundred and Forty-first German reserve infantry regiment writes from the front in the Champagne:

"After a thunderstorm I took a walk behind our lines, to dry my uniform on my body. I visited a small cemetery where many of our soldiers are buried. In the little graveyard I found the chaplain of our regiment saying prayers over the body of a very young hussar. Four old landsturmiers were silently digging a grave.

"After the hussar was buried the chaplain begged the landsturmiers to dig a reserve grave, but only one of them consented and went to work again. He was a small farmer from Baden and the father of a large family. While he worked he told me that he had three sons at the front and two of them had already earned the iron cross. 'Some jolly young fellow will soon be in the ditch that I have made,' he said sadly, after he had finished his job.

"The next morning I came to the cemetery again. Ten or twelve soldiers were standing around the new grave in silent prayer while the chaplain pronounced a benediction. When I stopped nearer I saw that the body which had just been lowered into the earth was that of my landsturmier. The poor man had dug his own grave. During the night a French shell had torn him to pieces."

## FIGHT WELL WITHOUT MEAT

Vegetarian Troops in the Armies of France Conceded to Have Made Splendid Record.

One of the best fighters in the French firing line is the Algerian, who is, practically speaking, a vegetarian.

His usual food consists of wheat and dates, oil and milk, and beyond that figs, oranges, eggs, cheese and vegetables of all kinds.

It is only twice a month at the most that France's North African troops eat meat, and that is when a goat or a lamb is killed, and then the whole village takes part.

Even now, while serving in France, the Algerians feed practically on nothing but dates and wheat porridge mixed with oil.

These troops are the finest of all African soldiers. They live in an extremely rocky country, and are accustomed to enduring long fatiguing climbs from the very earliest infancy. They are able, in fact, to outmatch any European troops, and to do it on much less food.

All able-bodied men in Algeria are compelled to serve three years in the French active army, and seven in the reserve. At war strength the Algerian troops number over a hundred thousand.

## Gospel and Literature Lots.

An interesting memory of old New York, when church and state still had closer relations than now, is recalled by the supreme court's decision on the "gospel, school and literature lots" in the Adirondack forest preserve, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican states. These lots were set aside in various townships by act of the legislature in 1786 to be retained and devoted to promoting the gospel and literature. The lots were patents to the Sacketts Harbor & Saratoga Railway company in 1850, and returned to the state in 1891 by the Everett Lumber company. The supreme court's decision denies title to the land claimed by various squatter occupants and affirms the state's ownership of it.

## Something to Do.

Senator Lodge was talking in Washington about a dull summer resort.

"I know a man," he said, "who took a cottage there last summer to please his wife."

"This cottage," the agent said impressively, during the signing of the lease, "is just a stone's throw from the station."

"Good," said the man. "That will give us something to do on the long summer evenings."

"Yes," said the agent with a puzzled smile. "Yes, how so?"

"It will give us something to do, I said, on summer evenings," the man explained. "We can sit on the front porch and throw stones at the train!"

## The Nobel Fortune.

The decision of the Nobel company to quadruple their capital may recall how a lucky accident laid the foundation of the Nobel fortunes. Alfred Nobel was assisting in his father's factory at Stockholm in the manufacture of nitro-glycerin, when one fateful day in 1867 he discovered that a cask had leaked and some of the nitro-glycerin became mixed with the siliceous sand used as packing. The trivial mishap suggested to him a method of preparing a safe and manageable explosive, and the result was dynamite.

## "Silver Bullets."

Mr. Lloyd-George, whom learned Germans accuse of plagiarizing the expression "silver bullets" from a seventeenth century codex in the Royal Library at Stuttgart, probably took it from some Welsh legend about witches. It was an old belief that witches sometimes assumed the forms of hares. It was another old belief that hares which were not hares, but witches in disguise, were never hurt by ordinary bullets, and could be killed only with silver bullets.

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EXECUTRIN'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Gouhart, deceased, have been granted, by the undersigned, by the probate court of Taney county, Missouri, bearing date the 11th 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 excluded 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.

JOSEPH GEARHAULT, Executor.  
First publication Oct. 11, 1915. 20 18

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

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

October 11, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Charles E. Dennis of Bradleyville, Mo., who, on February 24th, 1915, made and filed with me, Clerk of said county, a certain plat of land, to-wit: Section 14, Township 21 N., Range 18 W., 5th 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 11th day of November, 1915.

Citizens names as witnesses: Emory Combs of Cedar Valley, Mo.; James W. Reese of Forsyth, Mo.; and William C. Reese and Joseph J. Seivida, both of Bradleyville, Mo.

J. H. BOWEN, Register.  
First publication Oct. 11, 1915. 20 18

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## Tolstoy's Magnificent Library.

Count Tolstoy's secretary says that the great writer's library contained 10,000 volumes in 32 languages. There were almost as many books in English as in Russian, 3,415, against 3,505, respectively.