

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

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

Old Reins in New Hands.

The East and the West had met. It was apparent in every essential that had to do with Sandry and his men in common.

It showed when he sat among them at the head of the long table, in the way he used his hands, his knife and his food. It glared when he spoke, it paraded in his clothes, and most of all it stood forth pitilessly when he sat



He Stood Silently Watching the Work Go Forward.

by himself at night in the plain little room under the dripping eaves. They were nearly always dripping, the pane behind the spotless curtains was always black and glittering, there was nearly always the shut-in silence that rain imposes—such dense silence, listening and lonesome.

Sometimes, to be sure, it was only a little Oregon mist that saddened the night outside, but it had the same effect on the young man from the midst of life in New York.

He was East and he knew it. Also, the men had known it from that first speech in the doorway of the cook-shack. They spoke of him among themselves as "Dillingworth," accompanying the word with grins, tasting its flavor as delicately as any spec-tacled professor of the East dallying with a new derivative.

Nowhere in the world is discernment brought to a finer point than in the lumber camps and mills of the Northwest, among that floating gentry of the pike and peavey, the knee-length boot and the "turkey," who pass here and there with the seasons, picking critically at the speech and doings of many places.

Also, nowhere is there a stronger prejudice against any manifestation of personal superiority, any exploitation of what may be east of the Cascades. To them the man and the place are one—East and Easterner.

They felt for him that contempt which only the seasoned feel for the inexperienced. And with the quickness which was his characteristic, the new owner sensed the feeling among them. It only added to that jumble of sensations and impressions which had crowded thick upon him from the first and which he had had no time to assort and get under control. He had simply laid them away for future attention.

In the meantime he went quickly at the work of settling himself in the new environment. A load of lumber was brought up the slough on the punt from the mill at Toledo and four men were put to building a small office. It was set at the edge of the slough, a bit below the cook-shack, where it commanded from its two eastern windows and door the track, the reading donkey, the logtrail and the railway, and from the southern one the winding slough, the rest of the track and the lower railway, where the donkey engine left the logs, its duty done. After that they rolled down with much slashing to the narrow ribbon of water which, with every flood tide backed in from the bay, lifted them high and trundled them, grinding and groaning, slowly down, perhaps to the mill at Toledo, perhaps to be laced together with mammoth chains, built into a great raft and towed out to the ocean to voyage along the coast, down to southern California or up to Portland. A tiny, wheezy tug fussed about the backwater for the express purpose of starting the monster rafts out on the ebb.

Inside the new office were installed a roll-top desk, a case of books, a map or two and several chairs, beside a small stove. Here, with the four pine walls around him, Walter Sandry, at last looked around and called himself at home. The drawers of the new desk were full of documents and memoranda, the history, with statistics and records down to the minutest detail of the Dillingworth Lumber company

These he set himself to master as his first step toward the vast golden goal of the dream that had brought him west.

Very shrewdly he decided to take nothing out of the capable hands of his foreman. There had been a sort of tense pause in the camp pending this development. When it became apparent that things were to go on as usual the work went forward as if a line had been loosened.

Big John Dally had gone about during the few days of uncertainty with the untroubled calm of his quiet nature, though there was a small, very small ache somewhere inside him. Ever since he could remember, his life had been cast in Dally's lumber camp—when his father, old John Dally, had logged with oxen on the eastern slopes of the Coast range and there was no jerewater railroad in to Yaquina bay.

When a 200-foot fir had tottered out of line and sent the old man forever into silence in the roaring thunder of its fall, the boy John, at seventeen, had picked up the reins of government in the camp and carried on the work, abetted and aided by that efficient general, his mother. With the years of his young manhood he had worked, following the wilderness as progress pushed it backward to the bay, seeing little of the outside world save perhaps for a trip, once in three years, to Portland or down to San Francisco, and always during the past it had been the Dillingworth Lumber company into whose vast holdings the camp had cut its way.

Always there had been no hand of power in the hills save his own, no supervision excepting the annual visits of some member of the firm who went over things, nodded, estimated, took figures and went away. He had carried on his camp himself, fought since he could remember with the Yellow Pines company, whose holdings were vast as those of the Dillingworth, and had not thought of change.

When Walter Sandry settled quietly down with no voice in the doings of the camp, Dally drew a good breath and went ahead once more.

As for the new timber magnate, he sat down at the new desk on the first day of his occupancy of the little office on the slough's edge and wrote his first letter.

It was on a printed letterhead:

Dillingworth Lumber Company,
Toledo, Oregon.

Dear Dad: Excelsior! I fancy I'm on top of the world! Wish you could stop here for an hour's chat. The country would amaze you as it has me with its mighty blueness. You feel like an atom crawling on the sea's floor—too small to count. The hills are like our beloved Catskills, only they are their wild cousins from the wilderness, untempered and savage.

There is wealth here, Dad, untold wealth and I intend to get a handful of it. The timber is unsounded. It reaches away to the Siletz reservation on the north—and on beyond. These Indians come into camp once in awhile with baskets, a timid sort of people, fishers, not fighters. The stumpers are magnificent. We are the company, though we have a rival, a formidable one, the Yellow Pines, which operates to the south of us. I have met none of their people as yet, but my foreman tells me there is, and always has been, bad blood between us.

Well, dear old chap, I must not weary you. Write me all the happenings that concern you there. Tell Higgins if he neglects one thing about you I will skin him alive when I come home for a dishing trip.

I hope, sir, you are feeling comfortable and will go into the winter in good shape. When the spring comes on I believe we can bring you out here with comfort—the Pullman service is smooth as glass across the continent. And I know the trip would benefit you.

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 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.

CHAPTER V.

Wild Blood and Horseflesh.

The fall drew on apace. Sometimes the austere gloom of the mighty country thrilled Sandry with a strange, compelling; oftener it held him at a

dripping window with a load of lead on his heart. He had no companions. John Dally, easy, simple, suggesting tried force, was his only comfort. In him he found something vaguely fine, as the plain little stone at the bottom of clear waters takes on a certain simple beauty. They spent an occasional evening together in the little office, talking of the work, and the new owner asked and learned many things. Into the ample heart of white-haired Ma Daily Sandry had stepped that first night, wholly without intent.

"He speaks like a man," she opined decisively, "an' you mark my words he'll prove himself so, if his hands are white."

Of the girl Siletz he had scarcely taken a moment's notice. He did not even know that when she served him silently at the oilcloth covered table the two long braids were tied together at the nape of her neck so that by no chance could they fall against his hand. Neither did he know that the pale Coosnah watched him always with dog eyes. Of these two he knew less than of any others in camp with whom he had as much to do. As for the girl herself, she kept away from his vicinity. Oftener they two, the girl and the dog, silent with a common consent like wild things of the woods, sought the wind-swept top of the great stump on the western ridge. Here Siletz looked down on the drooping slope and wondered of the cities and the sea. He had come from them both. She had never seen a man like him. His clothes were different. His speech was unlike. So were his hands, white and fine grained.

Also there was another of his possessions that she knew in every line and turn, Black Bolt, the splendid horse that stamped and whinnied with impatience in the lean-to behind the filing shed. She could no more let him alone than she could refrain from lying down to drink from a mountain rill. He called to her blood with irresistible force. Day after day she crept shyly to the lean-to and dreamed, watching the slope and the log-trail.

"Oh, you beauty!" she whispered with a soft hand on the arching neck. "Oh, you beauty of the world! God made you strong to serve and beautiful to be loved!"

And at that moment, on that particular day, Walter Sandry stepped into the doorway of the lean-to. At his foot on the sill the girl whirled upon him, her dark eyes wide with fright and confusion.

"I—" she stammered like a child. Sandry looked at her for the first time keenly.

"You are fond of the horse?" he asked.

But her tongue clove suddenly to the roof of her mouth and one of the inherent silences that sometimes fell upon her shut her lips.

She dropped her eyes, twisted her fingers in Black Bolt's mane, and then, with a gliding motion, soft-footed and swift, went past him, running toward the cook-shack.

The incident was nothing in itself, but it set the man thinking of her. He had seen admiration in the eyes she bent on the splendid animal, heard it in the words stilled and incongruous. "Queer youngster," said Sandry to himself.

That night after supper he came out contrary to his custom, from the little south room with its patchwork quilts, its crocheted mat and its antique Bible, into the big eating room.

He found Ma Daily rocking in the little chair, her tired old hands lying comfortably on the Portland Weekly spread out on her slanting lap. The wall lamps in their tin reflectors shivered her white hair exquisitely and brought out softly the thousand kindly creases on her ruddy face.

On the end of the bench drawn up to the stand Siletz was sitting, weaving a mat of long grasses and her fingers were deft as an Indian's.

Behind her on the bench lay Coosnah, head on paws, eyes blinking sleepily.

"Come in, Mr. Sandry," said the old lady in her rich voice. "Draw up a chair, we're restin'."

He sat down and bent a smile as brilliant as his blue eyes on this hardy old mother of the wilderness. From the first he had felt her personality, though he had no time to pay more than a passing attention to it.

"I should think you'd need it," he said. "How do you manage to keep up the stroke?"

"Law bless you!" she laughed easily. "I ben trained to it. I've cooked in camp, young man, for forty-two year straight ahead."

"Then you've seen the growth of the country, the coming of railroads, the making of towns."

"Right from the bottom up. Seen 'em grow from three cabins an' a covered wagon."

"You've witnessed the inroads of the world on this fine timber, too."

"Yes, an' it ain't teched yet. I've seen it cut up over the Range an' down this side, an' they's double stumpers for every acre that's ben cut, between here'n the coast."

Sandry was enjoying her succinct precision of knowledge and expression.

"And you've spent all these years in the midst of this wet-blanket climate?" he smiled. "How in the world did you do it—and keep your cheerfulness?"

"Son," said Ma Daily kindly, "you can knock the country to me, but don't you go doin' it where the men'll hear you. Us web-feet are used to the rain, but we don't like to hear the Easterners talk about it. It's a chip on every Oregonian's shoulder. You don't want to queer yourself."

(To be continued.)

VILLA THREATENS AMERICANS

If Carranza Troops Enter Texas Foreign Lives and Property in Mexico Will be in Danger.

Douglas, Ariz., Oct. 30.—At least fifty and perhaps one hundred Americans in that part of the state of Sonora controlled by Villa partisans were placed in grave danger today by the posting at Cananea of printed copies of the protest which Carlos Randall, acting Villa governor, sent to the State Department at Washington. This protest declared that unless permission given General Carranza to transport troops over American territory to Agua Prieta was not immediately revoked, there would be "no safety for American citizens in Sonora, much less for their property."

Seven Americans already are in the hands of Villa troops, according to information available tonight. James Carr, Sr., James Carr, Jr., Lawrence Carr and William Doran are held at Esqueda, and three linemen employed on the El Tigre power line, Archie McDonald and two others named Nelson and Greene, are prisoners at Fronteras.

It was at first believed these men were kept from coming to the border to prevent information leaking out of the movement of Villa troops, but friends showed much anxiety after learning of the Randall threat.

The acting Villa governor announced today that Agua Prieta already was under siege, but the situation on the surface remained the same.

Big American Interests There.
At Cananea alone American mining interests have property valued at millions of dollars.

The document posted there was signed by J. M. Acosta, a Yaqui chief, in the form of a notice to the Cananea prefect that the governor had sent a protest to Washington.

Washington, Oct. 30.—The State Department received today the protest of Acting Governor Randall of the Villa government in Sonora, against the transportation of Carranza troops through American territory en route to Agua Prieta. There will be no response to Randall.

BOTH COMMITTEES CALLED

National Chairmen of Both Parties Call Meeting for Washington in December.

New York, Oct. 30.—Chairmen of both the Democratic and Republican national committees tonight issued calls for meetings in Washington to select cities for the coming national conventions. The Democrats will meet on December 7 and the Republicans on December 14.

Chicago, St. Louis and Dallas, Tex., have applied for the Democratic convention. The two first named have offered to meet all the expenses of the national committee. Dallas has offered the use of an auditorium and a bonus of \$100,000.

In some quarters there is sentiment in favor of putting New York into the contest, but as yet no formal application has been filed by representatives of this city. It has been more than fifty years since a national political convention was held here. The date for the meeting of the committee was set after William F. McCombs, chairman of the national committee, had conferred with President Wilson by telephone. The date is agreeable to the President, Mr. McCombs said. The chairman also issued a statement saying he regards the date as appropriate inasmuch as it will come in the first week of a new Democratic congress.

SERVICES FOR MISS CAVELL

Great Crowd Pays Tribute to British War Nurse at St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

London, Oct. 30.—A service at St. Paul's cathedral today in memory of Miss Edith Cavell, the British nurse who was executed in Brussels, was attended by a throng which recalled the funeral of Lord Roberts almost a year ago.

Conspicuous among the crowd which waited impatiently in the gloomy fog until the doors were opened was a large number of wounded soldiers, attended by Red Cross nurses. The somber clothing of the congregation which packed the great edifice was relieved here and there by spots of color when military and naval dignitaries in uniform took their places. The only other seats reserved were for the lord mayor, the diplomatic corps of the entente allies and 600 of Miss Cavell's fellow nurses.

Except for the Lord's prayer and the reading of one lesson, the service was entirely musical, no sermon being delivered.

Germans Fired at King George.
Paris, Oct. 28.—Four shells exploded only two hundred yards from King George of England and President Poincare of France during their visit to the front yesterday, according to a Temps correspondent.

Morgan Under the Knife.
New York, Oct. 30.—J. P. Morgan, head of the great banking firm of Morgan & Co., and only a short time ago the victim of an assassin's bullet, was operated on for appendicitis at his home at Glen Cove yesterday. The operation was successful in every way.

General Joffre in England.
London, Oct. 30.—General Joffre, French commander, was a visitor at the war office here yesterday. He had a long conference with Lord Kitchener.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Springfield, Missouri,
October 19, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Charles F. Dennis of Bradleyville, Mo., who, on February 25, 1905, made and joining from homestead serial No. 6393, for west 1/2 of lot 2, northeast 1/4 section 1, township 23 n, range 18 w, 11th 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 10th day of November, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses: Eugene Collins of Cedar Valley, Mo.; James W. Reese of Forsyth, Mo.; and William C. Reese and Joseph J. Solvidge, both of Bradleyville, Mo.

J. H. BOWEN, Register.
First publication Oct. 14, 1915. 20 19

TRUSTEES SALE
Default having been made in the payment of a certain note and the interest thereon, executed by G. F. Heliatic and Wanda Richards, his wife, M. M. Richards and W. R. Richards, secured by a deed of trust executed by said parties, dated October 14, 1914, recorded in book 16 at page 18, in the recorder's office of Taney county, Missouri, the undersigned trustee, at the request of the legal holder of said note, will on Saturday, the 29th day of November, 1915, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the south door of the court house in the town of Forsyth, county of Taney and state of Missouri, for the purpose of satisfying said debt, interest and costs of executing this trust, sell at public vendue to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The northwest quarter of the southeast quarter; the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter; the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter and the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter, all in section 22, township 22 range 18, all in Taney county, Missouri, containing one hundred and sixty acres, more or less.

C. B. SHARP, Trustee.
First publication Oct. 28, 1915. 20 20

TRUSTEES SALE
Whereas, John Shepard and Lenora Shepard, his wife, by their recorded deed of trust, bearing date the 9th day of September, nineteen hundred and fourteen, and recorded in book 12 at page 98, in the office of the recorder of deeds in Taney Co., Mo., conveyed to James A. Weatherman, trustee, the following described real estate, situated, lying and being in the county of Taney and state of Missouri, to-wit:

See 124 w 14, sec 14 and 15 22 n 14 and 15 14 n 14, sec 14, Twp 22, range 22.

In trust, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note in said deed of trust described. And, whereas, said note is due and remains unpaid, now

Therefore, at the request of the legal holder of said note, I will, on Saturday, the 30th day of November, 1915, between the hours of nine o'clock in the forenoon and five o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the court house door in the town of Forsyth, Taney county, Missouri, sell the real estate hereinbefore described at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, for the purpose of paying said note, the interest thereon, and the expense of executing this trust.

JAMES A. WEATHERMAN, Trustee.
CHAS. H. GROOM, Attorney for Beneficiary.
First publication Oct. 21, 1915. 20 19

Canadian Publications.
Canada has 1,538 publications, classified as follows: Dailies, 150; tri-weeklies, 7; weeklies, 1,065; semi-weeklies, 45; monthlies, 250; bimonthlies, 3; and quarterlies, 18. The census shows approximately 1 daily for every 10,000 families and 1 weekly for every 1,500 families in the dominion.

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