

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
By VINGIE E. ROE
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CHAPTER XIII.

The Red Bar on the Waters.
A day later Miss Ordway packed an expensive bag of real alligator and made ready for a departure.

"I'm going to Salem, partner," she said. "If Hampden gets anxious enough to inquire openly, tell him I'm after—clothes."

She smiled to herself, thinking of those millions of hers. For its own sake, the pursuit of Hampden was beginning to enthral her professional instinct, but there was a flicker of passion under her lashes, a sleepy look of anticipation, as she glanced aside at Sandry on the step beside her.

"I may be away a week—maybe a month. I'll drop you a line occasionally."

A yearning sense of loss and loneliness gripped Sandry as he took her hand at parting, lending to his clasped fingers a sense of tightness, and to his voice a sense of huskiness. She was home and the things thereof, this woman who was an orchid among the pines, and with her going went something he had scarcely realized, yet which he would sorely miss.

The camp seemed more than usually dreary in the days that followed. The fog ribbons twined and twisted continually along the hills, the pines brought their marching ranks closer in upon the shrinking valley, and Sandry was taken with an acute attack of the blues.

"S'lets," he said abruptly as he met the girl one noon at the pump, "will you ride with me tomorrow? It's Sunday and we can take a lunch. What do you say?"

She did not meet his eyes, her own somber ones glancing down the slough. "Yes," she said quietly.

They were up betimes the following morning. Ma Dally cooked an early breakfast and Sandry sat down for the first time with the girl at table. Conversation languished until a gentle tread sounded on the floor and the preacher came in, his delicate face aglow from the touch of icy water John Dally, too, lumbered in at the same moment.

"Sleep well, father?" he asked.

"As always, son. The hovering of God's hand is like the sound of many wings—hushing—ah, so hushing. Isn't it so,—ah—ah—I have forgot—"

The pathetic, childlike eyes searched Sandry's face in straining inquiry.

"What is it I would remember?" he asked plaintively.

"Nothing, father. It is all well."

Sletz had pushed back the bench for him. Now she laid her slim hand lovingly upon his and looked in his face a smile curving up the lips above the broken sign. As the two hands lay upon the oiled sandry noticed them—

one white and fine veined and shapely, with the slender, pointed fingers of a dreamer—the other olive and shapely and with the same slim-pointed fingers.

"Alike," he mused, "how very much alike. Why, they are counterparts!"

As he led Black Bolt to the hammer block for Sletz to mount he heard snatches of song from the bunkhouse. Collins was outside, stretching a fresh deerhide against the planks.

The owner turned in his saddle and looked back at the camp—his camp—as they trotted away down the green valley. It lay snugly tucked against the pine-clad hills, a primitive force in a primitive country, and he thrilled to its suggestion. As they passed the lower railway he stopped and surveyed the brown slough, a solid floor of logs as far as he could see, even until it lost itself between its low, tulle-edged banks.

"Fine!" he said aloud, "our logs are drifting clear to the backwater at Toledo. We'll meet our date all right."

"Of course," said Sletz, and it was the first word she had spoken.

At a natural clearing they reined in to breathe the horses, and Sandry turned to the girl.

"Sletz," he said, "tell me now it is that you have lived all your life so near the ocean and have never seen it, when you have wanted to so much?"

The rare smile lighted her face and she turned to him.

"I was afraid," she said.

"What? Afraid? Afraid of what?"

"Of how it might look in truth. I know how it looks in my own pictures. It—It might not—look the same."

For a moment the man was silent before the subtle fineness of the thought, amazed to find it in this simple child of the logging country.

"And why now?" he asked curiously.

"Why do you go now?"

"You go," said Sletz as simply as Kotawmie would speak in his government cabin at the reservation on the north.

"You're a great dreamer, Sletz," said Sandry.

She nodded.

The horses, having taken their required rest, started forward of their own will after the manner of hill-bred horses, and silence prevailed, save for the swish and slip of the iron-shod hoofs. It took an hour to reach the crest of the range.

Sletz had fallen a-dreaming, swaying unconsciously to every motion of Black Bolt, one hand swinging outward as encouragement to the dog whose anxious eyes were raised from time to time toward it.

They traveled steadily, and presently the long roll of the surf began to sound insidiously through the thickets of vine maple, to war with the high song of the dominant pines.

"Ho!" said Sletz at last, softly, "hear it! Hear it! Hear it singing with a thousand tongues! Ho!—Ho!"

Sandry looked swiftly back, an odd excitement taking him at the note in her voice—an alien note, beyond his understanding. She had reined up and was sitting erect, her head up high, her lips fallen part, her eyes beginning to glow with a hidden fire. He knew that somewhere in the recesses

of her nature a great tide of emotion was banking in, full flow.

They did not strike Yaquina bay, for the trail led straight west from Dally's, and he knew they would come out on the great cliffs below the lighthouse on Cape Foulweather. Here the land reared itself—as one who shields himself, palms outward—against the insistent thunder of the sea. They mounted the lifting rise of the cliffs, and stood at the edge of a thin fringe of stunted firs where Sandry tied the horses. Sletz had slipped down at once, and he noticed that she was trembling in every limb.

She plunged ahead strongly and Sandry followed, his eyes on her face lest he lose one expression, one small scene of the unfolding of this flower-soul. Without warning it burst upon her around a hummock the great, heaving ocean under a dull sky—and it was gray as her own mist indeed, wide and mysterious and forever moving in its place, fringed with the rolling surf that broke white upon its sands a hundred feet below.

"Grr!" she cried shrilly, "I knew it! A floor under the feet of God!"

To the left a steep path, cut by steps in the sandy earth, led its perilous way down to the beach. Turning swiftly she dropped into it between its walls and began leaping down.

"Sletz!" cried Sandry sharply, "be careful!"

Even as he spoke she lost her footing and went headlong down the cliff, rolling over and over in the sliding sand, to bring up fifteen feet below where the path turned sidewise on a little shelf. Without heed she gathered herself, threw back her braids and rushed on, leaping downward like a deer.

When Sandry reached her she was ankle deep in the surf, gazing with all her stilled nature in her eyes, that yet shone with a martial fire. Then, suddenly, through some rent in the sodden sky, a beam of light shot through the mist, transfiguring it. It was midday and not the time for the reds and purples of the sunset, but for some reason beyond the minds of men, the blue-gray mist caught up the light and turned it into a wondrous bar of crimson, edged with fairy gold, and it lay out across the waters, a path to all the world.

Sandry saw the look of intoxication creep into her eyes, the drunkenness of emotion that dulled them drowsily. Lines drew in her oval cheeks and slowly her face broke into a look of anguish. She put up an arm and covered it, turning toward the beach Sandry caught her in his arms and held her, weeping hard, against his breast.

"I cannot bear it!" cried Sletz from this shelter, "oh, I hurt! I hurt!"

"Sh! Sh!" whispered Sandry huskily, "it is too great—too great—for the Night Wind to behold."

The ride home was silent with Sandry in the lead, his spirit still stirred and shaken by what he had beheld. They did not speak again until the camp lay before them at the big bend

"Sletz," said Sandry then, "Black Bolt is yours. None other shall ever ride him again."

Sh said—"—" but her fingers

tightened in the gallant crest tossing before her.

When they rode up across the small bridge that spanned the slough below the foot-log the foreman was standing beside the hammer-block. He reached an unge, bare arms and swung the girl lightly down, sending a glance across her shoulder that arrested the owner's attention instantly.

"Mr. Sandry," he said simply, "Hampden got us. There nain't a jack in the camp but Collins. He's bought the mill at Toledo an' offered a two-dollar-a-day raise to every timberjack an' riverhog in the county. Even Harris. Dally's big voice deepened with bitterness, 'that we was payin' seven dollars a day—an' he was worth it, for there nain't a flier like him this side o' Frisco—has gone—for nine! Hampden come to the very gate up there on the road an' gathered 'em out for a talk—an' they come back an' packed like sheep! Damn their hides! He had contracts for two years at them wages—an' they signed like fools—scrambled for the chance! An' some o' 'em's ben tight in him a couple o' years! He had wagons waitin' in a string at the bend o' the road—ready to move 'em that had cabins! Burson an' Glick an' McMasters—they all loaden their duffel an' hiked. An' I don't know of another bunch o' loggers this side o' Portland!"

Sandry, his face gone white as sand under his hat brim, stared at the blank windows of the cabins.

"Eat, son," said Ma Dally firmly when he entered the long room, "eat first an' think after. A empty stomach's a poor boiler for workin' steam."

And Sandry, looking into her kindly old face, saw the sanity of her advice. He took her fat hand—and a spoon and the end of a dish towel also—holding it tight in his own for a moment.

"Right you are, ma," he answered, and sat him down.

(To be continued.)

"Men Higher Up."

With genuine regret we have seen the great Scoville revival at Jefferson City brought to a close without the conversion of some "men higher up" in the administration of the state government. Dr. Scoville wrought earnestly for weeks, and that he wrought well the number of converts made by him, among the minor office holders at the capital, bears eloquent testimony. It may have been the hope of bringing "men higher up" to the throne of grace, that induced him to postpone an engagement at Emporia, Kan., for nearly three weeks. The end justified the means. But the means failed, and the end is not yet.

The conversion of uncles, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts, who swarm the various departments at Jefferson City, will not conciliate that staid element in the state which is everywhere crying out against nepotism. Not without the genuine conversion of the "men higher up" who are responsible for these swarmings, can the public mind of Missouri rest in anything like assurance that there has been a change of heart which will mean a change in many appointed offices.

It is a stiff-necked and stubborn generation of "men higher up" whom Dr. Scoville has had to deal with. But let him not despair. Let him return again to the city which has set its light upon a number of hills. For, with a slight paraphrase, while the lamp holds out to burn, the greatest sinner may return.—Globe-Democrat.

Farmers' Week, 1916.

Missouri Farmers' Week is January 3rd to 7th, 1916—beginning Monday, ending Friday night. This event, originated by the State Board of Agriculture, and now jointly in charge of the College of Agriculture and the Board, has grown in work and magnitude until it is usually credited with being the largest event of its type in the United States!

A Farmers' week bulletin by the College sets forth complete detail of the increased scope and service of the Farmers' Short Course beginning on Tuesday mornings and adjourning at three p. m.

The dozen or more associations, live stock and country life organizations, are issuing programs for afternoon sessions; copies of these programs are available on application to the respective secretaries.

The Board of Agriculture assists the associations and other factors of Factors of Farmers' Week, but is especially charged with the responsibility of the evening programs. Monday night instead of being devoted to welcome only, will be the occasion of a strong program. Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday nights are individual in their special attraction, each night

with a variety of messages that reach everybody. The Missouri University Military Band will furnish the music. The week ends with the farmers' banquet given by the College on Friday night.

To secure the worth-saving and worthusing annual surprise badge given by the Commercial Club of Columbia you must register at the office of the State Board of Agriculture, room 112 Agricultural building.

On Wednesday afternoon, January 5th, a state convention or conference on market conditions and marketing will be held in Columbia. All farmers and stockmen of Missouri are heartily urged to attend.

Farmers' Week opens in Columbia Mo., Monday January 3rd. The State Board of Agriculture announces the authorized list of evening speakers who have positively accepted invitations, to date:

John H. Atwood, celebrated orator, speaking on the militant topic of Swords and Plowshares.

President A. Ross Hill; Dean F. B. Mumford; President P. P. Lewis of the State Board.

P. G. Golden, king of corn men and the world's best known community builder.

William Hirth, Missouri's silver-tongued orator and author.

Colonel M. D. Munn, President of the American Jersey Cattle Club.

H. J. Waters, President of Kansas Agricultural College and known to all Missourians as one of the leading agriculturists in America.

R. A. Moore, the Wisconsin corn club man.

J. E. Poole, international authority on live stock, discussing the future of marketing.

Mrs. Virginia C. Meredith of Indiana, celebrated entertainer and nationally popular writer on community betterment.

Dr. D. F. Luckey, State Veterinarian, illustrated Chataqua lecture on animal tuberculosis.

Mr. Cora G. Lewis, of the Board of Administration of Kansas University, Agricultural College and normal school, delightful speaker and distinguished authority on country life.

Colonel M. L. McClure, President of the National Live Stock Exchange and member of the Regional Bank Board.

R. H. McKeen, popular Chataqua speaker on Living at Home, practical preacher of the way and the now, a man really accomplished country life organization and who has a message that reaches the hearts of the people!

Sir Horace Plunkett of England, Miss Margaret Wilson of Washington City, Hon. F. D. Coburn of Kansas, David Lugin of Rome, R. A. Long of Longview Farm, Carl Vrooman of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, and others, have been invited but have not as yet accepted.

She Saw Them

When the European war began and Americans were trying to get back home a party of tourists succeeded in getting berths aboard a Brazilian merchant ship bound for Brazil.

As the ship neared the equator, the captain made the fact known to the tourists, and to his surprise a woman in the party asked him to point it out to her.

The captain knowing how hard it is to explain certain things to a woman felt like giving up; but obeying an impulse, he stepped back, took a hair from his head, handed her his binoculars, and, as she lifted them to her eyes, he held the hair in front of the lenses and asked her if she could see it.

Stretched across the binoculars the hair appeared as large as a ship's cabin and the woman exclaimed in surprise: "Yes, I can see it, and there are two elephants walking across it."

W. S. JONES,
GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
TANEYVILLE, MO.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the annual stockholders' meeting of the Bank of Bradleyville will be held at its banking house in Bradleyville, Missouri, on the 10th day of January, 1916. Said meeting will be convened at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue during at least three hours, unless the object for which such meeting is called be accomplished sooner.

The purpose for which this meeting is called is to elect 5 directors for the said bank, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

J. B. MILLS,
President.

M. B. SLUSHER, Secretary,
First publication Dec. 23, 1915. 21 6

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the annual stockholders' meeting of the Taney County Bank will be held at its banking house in Forsyth, Missouri, on the 10th day of January, 1916. Said meeting will be convened at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue during at least three hours, unless the object for which such meeting is called be accomplished sooner.

The purpose for which this meeting is called is to elect 7 directors for the said bank, to serve during the ensuing year, and for the transaction of any other business that may properly come before the meeting.

J. H. PARRISH,
President.
S. W. BOSWELL, Secretary,
First publication Dec. 23, 1915. 21 6

J. H. PARRISH, PRESIDENT. J. W. REESE, VICE-PRESIDENT.
S. W. BOSWELL, CASHIER.

TANEY COUNTY BANK,
FORSYTH, MISSOURI.

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Surplus and Undivided Profits - - - \$40,000.00.

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C. V. GRAY, CASHIER. A. B. MOORE, ASST. CASHIER.

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Capital Stock - - - \$10,000.00.
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WE PAY 4 PER CENT INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

J. B. MILLS, President M. B. SLUSHER, Cashier

Bank of Bradleyville
Bradleyville, Mo.

Capital Stock Paid In, - - - \$10,000.00
Surplus Earned, - - - 1,000.00

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J. F. MELTON, W. J. LAWRENCE, J. B. MILLS,
J. M. McPHERSON, M. B. SLUSHER, Directors

The Springfield Leader's Annual Bargain Period

begins one month earlier than heretofore. It begins this year on December 1, 1915, and will last until January 31, 1916. During this time only yearly subscriptions to the Daily and Sunday Leader will be received at following rates:

Single Subscription, - - - \$2.50
In Club of 3 or more, - - - \$2.00

This affords an opportunity of subscribing for The Leader for yourself and also of sending it to a member of the family who may be away from home, or to a friend as a Christmas present by which you will be remembered throughout the year. Send club orders direct to the Leader, Springfield, Mo. Send single subscriptions direct or to your postmaster, as most convenient.

The Leader's Seven Points of Excellence

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4. The only paper in Springfield with feature articles by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Dorothy Dix, Dr. Parkhurst, Garrett P. Serviss and other noted writers of the Hearst Syndicate.
5. The best comic section in the world is issued with the Sunday Leader—"The Kaiserjammer Kids," "Happy Hooligan," "Their Only Child," and "Jimmy."
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