

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful. He writes to his father that he intends to get a handful of the wealth in the uncut timber of the region. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Bolt, his saddle horse. In an emergency he proves to the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he calls her "the Night Wind in the Pines" and kisses her.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Newcomer Among the Pines.
One day soon after the men returned with word of the raft's safe delivery into the hands of Captain Gratz, Sandry, working over his books in the little office, heard a strange voice within.

"Oh, no," it was saying in fresh, sweet accents—and the very tone said East—"You need not wait. I'm going to stay. If this is the office, or headquarters of this place, I'll find whoever is in charge. Just put my trunk on that pile of timber. Be careful! Oh, do be careful! That case contains my typewriter, and it's more precious than gold! There—that's right. Now, what do I owe you?"

There was an answer and the clink of money, and Sandry rose just as the office door opened. It was the East that confronted him. Fifth avenue itself, the whole inimitable metropolis refined into one woman.

"I must beg a thousand pardons," she said, her clear blue eyes raised to his face, "and a lot of indulgence. I want to be taken in. Do you think anyone in this delightful place will do it?"

"The whole camp will fight for the privilege," promised Sandry rashly, falling in instantly with her bantering tone and responding to the frankness of her smile. He watched her sit down gracefully in the chair that he hurriedly pulled forward. With the first glimpse of her the old nostalgia had returned upon him and his heart clamored for home.

"You are from New York," he said simply.

"Yes. And I suppose I must explain at once. You westerners are so insistent on reasons. My name is Poppy Ordway—and I am of that unfortunate and much criticized species, the woman with a life work."

The smile she turned upon him was electric, full of that heady quality which is distinctive of the vital woman, the woman of strong and excitable passions; it appealed to Sandry instantly, so that a thrill of gladness ran through him to his very finger tips.

"I have written a few short stories which have been well received in the eastern magazines, but they fail to satisfy me. I have my first novel drafted, and it is over there on your lumber pile along with my precious typewriter. It is a tale of the lumber region—and I've come out to work on the ground. Do you think I can find sanctuary?"

"Well see that you do," said Sandry pleasantly, "and you couldn't have struck a better spot for local color anywhere in the Northwest. We are elemental here, right down to the primitive, and we are swamped with 'atmosphere.' You just come along to Ma Daily," he promised, already using the tone of half-fellow which their common nativity and her frank manner had established between them.

Hungry he watched her gather up her skirts and precede him up the little path to the cook-shack, where Ma Daily was already standing in the door to take inventory. Every little movement was so familiar, so potent in its suggestion of home.

Chatting lightly, the stranger stepped up on the porch and smiled at the white-haired old woman.

"Ma Daily," said Sandry—he had long since lost the sense of resentment at the family atmosphere of the camp—"this is Miss Ordway of New York—a famous author—and she has come West to write a new book. Luckily she struck us in her search for local color. Can we take her in?"

Ma Daily looked at the visitor sharply and Sandry saw a scarce perceptible change pass over her cheery features. The vital blue eyes of the younger woman gave back the scrutiny with perfect openness.

"Please do, Mrs. Daily," she said in her sweet voice. "Please, please do."

"Don't know," said Ma slowly; "there ain't any room."

"I'll abdicate," put in Sandry quickly; "she may have my room and I'll put up a cot in the office."

Just at that moment Siletz came in at the west door and, crossing the big room, stood looking out upon the group on the porch. Her dark eyes rested first with a fleeting glance on Sandry and then she saw the other. She did not speak but leaned against the door-jamb drinking in this apparition. In the little pause that fell presently she turned to the old lady.

"Yes, mother," she said softly, "please do."

The stranger flashed a brilliant glance at her, and with an inimitably pretty gesture reached out a gloved hand and patted her arm, bare under the rolled-up sleeve.

"Mr. Sandry," called John Daily, standing on the foot-log, "will ye come down here a minnit?"

"Siletz," said Ma, when the glittering guest had been shut away in Sandry's little south room, "what for do you want we should keep her?"

"Why—I don't know, mother," said the girl simply, "only she's too beautiful to let go. She looks like the sun on snow."

"Yes. Yes. I think she does," returned Ma inscrutably, "and's about as cold and false."

As Sandry joined his foreman he saw that something had ruffled the usually placid temper of the slow giant.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Hamden of the Yella Pines is in the office," said Daily sharply, "an' from his looks he's got somethin' nasty up his sleeve."

"Oh, yes—Hamden—he's one of the owners, isn't he?"

The two men walked back to the office and found, seated in the swing chair, with his feet on Sandry's desk, a short, square man with a face and manner which set Sandry on edge at the first glance. They both bespoke a nature self-satisfied to the point of pride, a crafty shrewdness that had been eminently successful and an adamant hardness of purpose.

"Ah, Mr. Sandry," he said, taking his feet from the table with insulting slowness, "I'm Hamden—of the Yella Pines—and I come over on a little matter o' business."

Sandry bowed.

"Glad to know you, Mr. Hamden," he said civilly, though the memory of the damaged railway came suddenly up before him, biasing his appraisal of the man.

"And I might as well get it over with, for it's bound to be against the grain a bit."

As he spoke, a smile that was meant to be insolently apologetic but succeeded only in being clumsy, creased his weathered face, drawing his small, sharp eyes into narrow slits.

"Yes?" said Sandry coldly.

"It's about that track o' stumpage you're slashin' your log-trail across."

"Yes?" said Sandry again. "What about the tract? It isn't specially good and we're leaving it. Intend to cross it and cut into the East Belt?"

There was a slight tone of satisfaction in his voice, for the East Belt stumpage was a little the best thing in all this magnificent timber country, and the eyes of the Yellow Pines people had been on it enviously for years, according to John Daily.

"Just so. Just so," said Hamden, "only I'm afraid we'll have to stop your operations, Mr. Sandry. The fact is, we've just bought this tract, an'—"

"The hell you say! Hamden!"

The logger nodded. The purport of Hamden's visit had been freely spread in the camp.

Daily turned to Sandry.

"They's a new cabin settin' across our trail up in the track between here'n the East Belt. Mr. Sandry, let's go up an' take a look at it," he said.

"I guess Hamden's pushin' his bluff."

With a surge of anger Sandry turned abruptly, and the two men struck up the new trail.

"I'll have to settle that man, Daily," said the owner; "has he been doing such things ever since the two companies have been rivals?"

"Pretty much. Sometimes we've been doin' 'em," returned Daily grimly. Sandry laughed.

"Well, you westerners believe in fixin' things first-hand, anyway, which helps some."

Far up in the heavy timber they came into a small natural clearing some 200 feet in extent, set like a hole amid the solid bulk of the close-crowding pines. In the center was a tiny log shack, shake-roofed, without doors or windows, the very least a man might do in grudging compliance with the homestead law. They looked at it from all sides, noticed a few blazes on the nearest trees, read a clumsily executed trespass notice, and returned to camp.

"And us with our big contract with the Portland Lumber mills!" said Sandry. "I begin to see, Daily, you gather out ten men and go up and take that shack to pieces just as quick as you know how. Don't leave a trace. Bring the timbers away and start fellin' from that end to meet the trail."

As the foreman went among the men picking his crew, Sandry turned down across the slough toward the office. Once settled at his desk, he took out the records of the Dillingworth company and began a systematic search for word of the narrow tract of hill and timber between the camp and the fine East Belt.

When Daily returned at quitting time to report the demolition of the cabin and the start of the new cutting, he had found nothing.

With a Face and Manner Which Set Sandry on Edge.



young Easterner, you can't run yer log-trail across our land."

Hamden rose, his little eyes shining with savage triumph.

Sandry rose also.

"I'll neither take the trouble to go to Salem nor pay the least attention to your threats," he said, and his manner was coolly unconcerned, "and I should advise that you get this company out of your head as quickly as possible. And now good day."

He turned, as if the interview were at an end, and seated himself at the desk from which Hamden had just risen.

"By gosh, you'd better!" said the other with a snap of his heavy jaws as he strode past Daily and out of the open door.

"An', by God, we will!"

This last came in the deep boom of the foreman, who was watching the departing lumberman with the bitter enmity of years of fighting.

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Sandry in profound disgust.

"Just what I've thought of him for years—damned spectacular bluff!"

CHAPTER IX.

Hamden and the East Belt.

In the press of business and the pleasant mulling over the whole old city of New York with Miss Ordway, Sandry forgot all about Hamden in the next few days. Ma Daily had nothing to say, keeping a grim silence, which Sandry noticed. As for Siletz, she followed her with fascinated eyes whenever she appeared. Miss Ordway did not eat with the men. Her mornings were given up entirely to the incessant clicking of the typewriter in the seclusion of the little room, and she emerged after the noon hour, at with Ma Daily and Siletz, and invariably took a short walk in the afternoon.

In the evenings Sandry came in, and they sat in the empty eating room, discussing with a common knowledge that seemed to shut them apart together, the things of the great outside world. At such times Siletz listened in quiet eagerness, her dark face aglow and her eyes like mysterious pools in the shadow of her heavy hair.

That week there were several arrivals at Daily's camp—well-clad, responsible-looking business men from Portland; and before they left, Sandry had landed such an order for logs as plunged the camp into the hardest work, longest hours and highest overtime it had ever known.

Also he sent out word to Toledo that he had use for all the men he could lay hands on.

An extra crew was put to building the log trail up through the slashed opening to the East Belt, and activity characterized the hills.

The incessant shrill toots of the donkey, the scream and cough of its fussy labors, the rumble and clatter of the log train, began to be music in Sandry's ears, and the letters he wrote to his father became brighter, filled with the exhilaration of accomplishment.

For a day or two the work went forward finely and the new logs of the fresh-laid trail gleamed white against the green of the mountain. Then Collins, sent into the uncut timber ahead to blaze for further operations, returned to the works in double-quick time.

"John," he said to the foreman, for none of the men would award Sandry the right of consultation unless it was unavoidable, even yet, so distinct and deep-rooted was their aversion to the Easterner and his rawness; "John, this's a new homesteader's shack settin' square across the trail."

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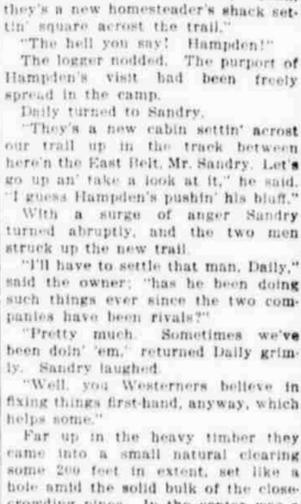
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"That's st! Age," he said uneasily. "Are these all the records, Daily? Has anything ever been destroyed? I can find nothing bearing on this piece of land, and yet the statement turned over to me by Frazer distinctly says that everything from the southwest section corner here at the camp within a radius of five miles north and east belongs to us, with numbers, and all data. What does this Hamden mean, and what sort of a tract is this strip? I see no mention made of it."

"No—that strip was part of the East Belt. The company bought it four years ago from a busted speculator, who sold 'em first the north stumpage an' then this at a sacrifice price. That's why Hamden's always been so sore over it. He wanted it himself. Stafford, the speculator's name was. A smooth man from the East. There was some hitch about titles—specially about this here strip, an' the deal hung fire for some time an' Hamden danced a war dance, he was so blame anxious to knock it, but old Frazer beat him to it an' won out. Finally it was settled an' the strip come under the East Belt deed."

"Oh, I see!" said Sandry, shifting a sheet of papers. "Here it is, Well, that's a relief. And now for this Mister Hamden."

But Hamden was for himself and with a vengeance.

That evening Sandry met Siletz across the little meadow back of the camp, where he had gone for the mail sack, left swinging on the forked stick set up beside the county road.

"Been up on the ridge?" he asked, vexed that it should take a slight effort

to keep his voice to the commonplace. This girl in her natural setting always took him out of the everyday, affected him like a play with lowered lights, soft music and alien scenes.

"Yes," she said dreamily, falling into the whimsical speech that only escaped her when she stood apart on the hills, or listened to the pines, "it came tonight."

Sandry had gone a little way to meet her and the camp was shut from sight by a clump of spruce, new growth and low-branched.

"Yes—the light. Oh, the great lights—red and gold and purple. When the sun breaks through just at the last. And I know the ocean is under it—blue and purple, too, like the hills. Some day I'll see it."

"You picture these things, don't you?" he said, "the things you have never seen—the sea and the cities and the outside world?"

"Yes—I know them all—my way. Sometimes I don't think I want to see them in their way—the real way. They might not be so beautiful. The Preacher says the glories of the world are a lure of the Devil. But I don't think so. It don't seem as if God would make things beautiful and let the Devil have them to ruin people with—and God made all things. And we are his best things."

"You believe that?" asked Sandry, with an odd note in his voice.

"Believe it?" said the girl wonderingly. "Of course. Don't you?"

"Well—it's been a long while since I've believed anything."

The girl was near to him now, the dreamy look of her eyes dissipated in amazement.

"You're lost!" she said simply. "The Preacher would say so—even Wahloowah would say so, and old Kolawmie!"

"Wahloowah—Kolawmie? Who are they?"

"The Indian woman you saw me talking to in the glade and an old, old man of the Siletz. He who believes nothing will be punished by the Great Spirit—even as the preacher says in his way. And the Bible."

"That sudden mist in her eyes touched Sandry."

"And so you would have me believe, little Siletz?" he asked gently. The mist had thickened under the heavy lashes, and a look of distress was on her face where every emotion bared itself in unguarded innocence to the observer.

"Oh, dear heaven!" she breathed, "yes—oh, yes, you must! Why you would—you would—" but she could get no further with the appalling thought.

"And you?" probed Sandry curiously. "Have you visions of the soul's reward and punishment? Are you bound for celestial peace?"

"Yes," she said solemnly, "I must save my soul, though I lose the whole world."

The majestic Bible language cast over the man a feeling of smallness and he dropped his eyes.

"All right, Siletz," he said, smoothing the braid in his fingers, "I'll be-

lieve anything you say—set me up a totem pole or attend Sunday school at Toledo. Only forget it. By George, what a head of hair! If I were a woman I'd give a thousand dollars for it!"

He lifted the rope and weighed it critically.

"Why, what for?" asked Siletz, her eyes still solemn.

"To have it, of course. You're dreadfully unsophisticated. Come along."

And swinging the mail sack he turned toward camp. Siletz came silently at his heels, falling in behind with a certain instinct, and Sandry had an unpleasant suggestion of wilderness processions he had seen entering Toledo, enlivened by brilliant hues and canine adjuncts. He turned whimsically for a look at the rear. Coosnah brought it up with a faithfulness to detail that was convincing.

At the western door of the cook-shack they were met by Miss Ordway, blooming like a hothouse plant behind plate glass, an incongruous element in her belted dress of light broadcloth. She leaned in the doorway with inimitable grace, an immaculate hand on either side.

"The wild huntress!" she smiled at Siletz.

"No," said the girl, "I never hunt. I love the deer best in the fern."

"Yes?" said Miss Ordway curiously, and Sandry, kicking the clinging earth from his caulked boots, saw the diving spirit of the writer probing this elemental nature. "Why? Wouldn't you be proud of an antlered head with the mark of your skill between the eyes?"

Siletz flung out a hand in a quick gesture.

"Oh, no, no—I could never do it. Unless," she finished, still in that earnest manner, "someone I loved were starving. Then I could."

Sandry looked at the two sweet faces, one so lovely in its smiling, amused alertness, the other so abandoned to the feeling her own words had stirred, and a deep admiration for both filled him.

"Wild to the wild," he said under his breath. "What are you, little Siletz? I wonder if I'll ever know?"

"Siletz," broke in the foreman, passing in his lumbering fashion, "the Preacher's comin'. I heard today he's been seen a couple times—once crossin' the Big Slough below the bridge, an' once in the hills."

For the first time since he had known this girl with her varied nature, Sandry saw the swift lighting of girlish excitement in her face as she flashed around at Daily.

"Oh!" she cried gladly, "how soon will he be here, I wonder?"

"Don't know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LENDING A HELPING HAND

Teamster Gave Handcart Pusher a "Lift" That Was Something to Be Appreciated.

Here is an interesting street scene, drawn by a writer:

The handcart was of a familiar sort—a pair of high wheels with a long platform of slats resting on the axle and a crossbar at one end for a handle. A man stands behind the crossbar and breathes it to propel the vehicle.

The handcart was piled high with big bags filled with waste paper—a cumbersome, heavy load that would have been hard to handle anywhere, and was doubly troublesome going up the slope from Nassau street to Broadway. The handcart man had to bend over the bar and push with all his might to keep the load moving at all.

Coming up behind him was a driver with an empty truck, drawn by a pair of big horses. When the driver saw what was ahead, he started up his team a little and skillfully set the end of the pole square in the middle of the rear-most bag on the handcart, where he could push to the greatest purpose without disturbing the load. Thus the horses began to push the handcart up the hill.

All the handcart man had to do was to stand up, hold on to the handlebar, and keep the handcart straight. The big horses, guided by the friendly driver, were doing the pushing; and so, easily enough, the man got his load up the rest of the slope and round to the easy level of Broadway.—New York Sun.

British Sex Equation.

There are more women than men in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Consequently, as a member of the house of lords pointed out in debate, to grant the parliamentary franchise to women in the British Islands "would mean the handing over of the country and of the empire to a female electorate, which was a perilous step to take." Still, considering the fighting qualities of the militant sisters who want to vote, the empire might be in safe hands if it came to an armed encounter with a foreign foe. However, the argument was effective, for the lords defeated the woman suffrage bill which was before them by a vote of 104 to 69.

Reasonable Advance.

There is a young author in Haiti-fame who is determined to achieve fame in the writing line if it takes his whole life. Accordingly, he is even willing to defray the cost of putting on the market the numerous novels he writes from year to year.

On the occasion of his last visit to his publisher, however, he was somewhat vexed, a rather unusual thing for him. "Why," asked he, "do you charge me more this time than before?"

"Well," said the publisher, with the utmost frankness, "the compositors were constantly falling asleep over your last novel."—Harper's Magazine.

NO CONSCRIPTION IN CANADA

No War Tax on Land—Embargo on Shipment of Live Stock Removed.

During the prevalence of the foot-and-mouth disease in some portions of the United States, an embargo was placed upon inter-state shipments. This also had an effect upon shipments to Canada, and necessarily an embargo was placed upon them, making it almost impossible for upwards of a year to ship cattle into Canada, from the United States. This was especially hard on the settler. As a result, Western Canada lost a number of settlers, they being unable to take their live stock with them. Canada is practically free from horse and cattle diseases, and the wish of the authorities is to keep it so.

Recently, though, an order has been issued by the Department of Agriculture, removing the embargo, and settlers are now free to take in the number of head of horses or cattle that are permitted by the Customs authorities and the freight regulations. This will be welcome news to those whose intention it is to move to Canada, taking with their stock that they have had in their possession for six months, and which it is the intention to use on land that they will farm in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta.

There are thousands of splendid homesteads of 160 acres each in any of these provinces that may be had upon the payment of a ten-dollar entry fee and fulfilling the requisite living and cultivation duties. These lands are well adapted to the growing of all the small grains, and besides, having an abundance of grass, and sufficient shelter, they are well adapted to the raising of stock.

If one prepares to purchase land, there could be no better time than the present. Prices are low, and particulars may be had from any of the land companies, of which there are several, or from the Canadian Pacific and Canadian Northern railways, whose holdings are in the older settled districts, and whose terms are exceedingly easy to the settler. What these lands will do in the matter of production cannot be more strongly emphasized than in reading the reports of the crops throughout all parts of the Canadian West in 1915. Yields of 50, 60, and as high as 70 bushels of wheat to the acre were numerous, while reports of yields of from 20 to 45 bushels per acre were common. Oats as high as 120 bushels per acre are reported, 50 and 60 bushels per acre being ordinary. The prices realized by farmers have placed most of them on "easy street."

Lately there have appeared articles in a number of United States newspapers to the effect that there was conscription in Canada, or that such a law was likely to be put into effect. We have it from the highest authority in the Dominion that there is no truth in the statement. Sir Robert Borden at the opening of Canadian parliament on January 17th, said:

"In the first few months of the war I clearly stated that there would not be conscription in Canada. I repeat that statement today."

This statement should set at rest the conscription talk that has been so freely used to influence those who may be considering settling in Canada during the war.

It has also been said that there was a war tax on land. Hon. Dr. Roche, Minister of the Interior, over his own signature has denied this, and the premiers of the different provinces join in saying "such a report is absolutely untrue, and has no foundation whatever in fact, nor is there likely ever to be any such tax upon land in Canada."

The general prosperity of Western Canada farmers and business institutions is such that Canada is well able to take care of the extra war expenses without any direct war taxation. This has been well illustrated by the magnificent response to the Dominion Government's recent bond issue, which was more than doubly subscribed for within the first eight hours of its being offered to the public.

(The above appears as an advertisement and is paid for by the Dominion Government which authorizes its publication.)

When a man sneers at a woman's business ability he makes a noise like sour grapes.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
The antiseptic powder to be shaken into shoes and used in foot-bath. It relieves painful, swollen, smarting, aching, tired feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. The greatest comfort discovery of the age. Sold everywhere. 25¢. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Gillette, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, nor from summer to winter without a fall.

Dr. B. F. Jackson, Celebrated Physician, handed down to posterity his famous prescription for female troubles. Now sold under the name of "Femina." Price 50c and \$1.00.—Adv.

You seldom meet a married man who admits that he knows it