

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 Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as "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 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. Poppy, Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Dally's to get material for a romance of the lumber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep off a tract of stampee he claims title to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden asks for a cabin on the East Belt and warns trespassers off. Sandry can find no written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy.

CHAPTER X.

The Fight in the Timber.
When Sandry awoke next morning the gray day was afloat outside his pane and he could hear the rumble of the dinky as it rocked up from the lower railway. By this he knew that breakfast was over and the crews out in the hills. Therefore he got into his clothes in double-quick time, swung up to the cook-shack, washed in the porch and presented himself with apologies to Ma Dally.

Siletz came in in the dusk of the long room and set the cup beside him, quiet, soft-footed, slim and straight in her plain garments. She seemed made for service, the unquestioning service of woman, as she waited upon his needs after the fashion of the primitive mate of man. She placed a last touch here and there, smiled at him and crossing to the west door, snapped her fingers to the big mongrel and stepped out.

Sandry, his hand unconsciously poised with raised spoon, watched her. He saw her hasten as she neared the edge of the level, and finally, as if she could no longer hold herself to the decorum of her pace, break into flight, running like a deer up among the pines with long bounding leaps. As she disappeared he dropped his hand and became aware of Ma Dally in the door to the kitchen. She, too, was watching her.

"Mrs. Dally," he said suddenly, "what is Siletz?"
The old lady turned on him quickly the piercing glance of her sharp eyes.
"Just a girl," she said succinctly.
She turned to her realm and Sandry rose and went out in the mist. He climbed steadily with something of the logger's movement. This much he had learned along with a thousand other things of the free life, and yet he was a novice—Johnny Eastern still.

He was thinking deeply as he climbed, lost in the majestic silence of the hushed pines with the stilling carpet of needles at their feet, and it was some time after the first sounds from ahead had come to him dimly that he awakened to the loud voices of men in quarrel. As he broke through the wall of dripping waist-high fern he came full upon a sight that stirred his blood, and fired his wrath, in spite of his effort to keep calm. There in the new cutting stood Hampden, his face red with fury, his eyes snapping, his doubled fists shaking at Dally who fronted him. Behind the two the men were grouped in menacing bunches. They were huge fellows, every one of them, as if they had been picked purposely, bare-armed, open-throated, wet with the constantly falling, soft mist.

Those of Hampden were armed with pikes and peavies to a man—and these are deadly weapons. Dally's crew carried axes and several had cant hooks.
"I told your Johnny Eastern to stay off this here land!" cried the owner of the Yellow Pines, his voice running up on the last word in a squeak of rage, "an' I'll see 't he does! An' you an' your rotten hogs that you pass as loggers! Rotten outfit, ye are! You'll git off an' stay off! This land belongs to me by right of good money paid—an' you tore down O'Connell's homestead's cabin! That's ag'in the law!"
He thrust out his heavy face boldly, inviting insult, a first movement of violence. It came, not from Dally, the easy-going, tactful foreman, who had righted many toppling crises, but from Jim Anworthy, the curly-headed young scapegrace who was the worst and favorite of Ma Dally. He lunged himself forward with a whoop.
"Rotten are we! Live clean to the heart!"
And with a lightning pass he slapped Hampden square in the face, leaping backward like a cat. In a flash the two groups of men had mingled and the silent woods rang with a conflict that was a delight to every heart in the mixup, with the exception, perhaps of Hampden, who was too small and mean of nature to love anything for its own sake.

Sandry on the outskirts beheld it with consternation.
"Men!" he shouted, jumping up on a stump. "Hampden! Hampden! Dally! Hampden!"
The vindictive triumph in his small

A bare arm shot forward into a face which crumpled and sank out of sight and the owner of the arm looked up at him.

"Come off your perch, Johnny!" he cried with the insolence of indifference, and even in the excitement of the moment the thrust went home to the young owner. His jaw tightened and he marked the man, one of the fallers, for future reckoning.

How the fight would have ended Sandry, thinking it over afterward, could never decide. They were evenly matched in intent, the two factions, and nearly so in numbers, though Hampden's force was a trifle the stronger.

Blows rained fast and furious. Blood was flowing freely and the oaths and laughter had given place to panting silence.

"You low-down cheat!" he heard Dally say as he closed with Hampden. "We'll—settle—a few things—now."

There was the scent of heated flesh and of warm blood in the close, moist air, and the clump and swish and crunch of heavy boots threshing the fern. From under the trampling feet he caught sight of a limp figure, crumpled on its side.

Something in its ghastly stillness caught at his heart and set a purpose in its horrified amaze.

He must stop this thing at any cost. Springing down he caught up a long blacksnake whip lying coiled beside a stump. It had evidently come with the Yellow Pines outfit, for what purpose he did not know, for there was not such an article anywhere in camp.

Raising his arm he whirled it back to send the long lash singing in among the struggling mass, when a sound, coming clearly out of the brooding stillness of the great pine woods, arrested him.

It was the high, silvery note of a flute. Shrill and clear, it cut into the rush of the fight like a flashing blade. The men heard it, even through the fight rage. Here and there the furious action halted a moment, without volition, it seemed, and a man drew quickly out on one side. In the moment's hush that followed a whole cascade of sparkling notes fell from the ridge like a handful of diamonds trickling down, and sweet and tender came the strains of "Lead, Kindly Light."

Dally caught his antagonist by the throat and hurled him backward, opening up a space in the locked and panting swelter.

"The Preacher!" he panted. "The Preacher's comin'!"

With common consent the two factions fell apart, the Yellow Pines owner getting to his feet blind with the uncaring anger of the bully.

So it was the Preacher who was coming thus with the herald of those silver notes—the Preacher whose worn old Bible lay in the little south room and whose name brought the light of gladness into the somber face of Siletz.

Sandry, still holding the trailing whip, waited expectant. What he beheld, when at last the player came out in a watery bar of the slanting light, astounded him beyond measure.

The stranger wore a garment of some coarse brown fiber, buttoned down from the throat to the feet and belted at the waist with hempen rope. He carried his flute high with a martial air, as if it told of victory and conquest, and his thin form walked lightly and erect. White and fine and delicately lined, the face above shone radiantly from between heavy hair which fell in long, loose curls, white as the winter snow. Blue eyes, under level brows, looked out with the half-variant innocence of the very young.

For him the world had stopped some time ago. As he emerged through the fern, Sandry saw that the brown garment was wet to the knees, the heavy shoes upon his feet sodden with earth.

"Ah, John, my son!" he said in a voice as gentle as his eyes, "it has been long since we met! I have wearied on the way for the faces of friends!"

He held out a hand, slim and shapely, yet which bore the look of one-time strength. The foreman took it, after wiping his own swiftly on his corduroys.

"We ben waitin' for you a long time," he said, "an' we're mighty glad you've come."

The stranger nodded and, turning to the shifting lumberjacks, went round among them with a word for each and that same delicate handshake. Before he reached Hampden, the owner of the Yellow Pines, straightening his disheveled clothes, swung out of the group.

As he passed Sandry he glared into his face.
"I'll stop you before another twenty-four hours," he said savagely, "and don't you forget it. Your little deed to the East Belt an' this strip happens to have been made by a bogus owner, who soaked old Frazer for a pile an' cleared it's been filed on as a homestead an' sold to me, an' I'll see you in hell but what I'll get it—all. I was keepin' the belt as a surprise party for you, but I guess it's due right now!"
The vindictive triumph in his small

eyes was a guaranty of his earnestness and Sandry returned it with a glance as earnest. "You speak in riddles, Mr. Hampden," he said coldly, "and I'm inclined to think the pummeling John gave you has injured your mentality."

The Preacher reached him as the other turned away, followed by his men, who shouldered their tools and disappeared through the undergrowth in a shambling file, abandoning the fight for other means.

"A stranger?" asked the newcomer, extending that fine white hand, "a stranger at the camp?"

"The new owner, father," volunteered Dally, "Mr. Sandry."

"Ah, ye! You are young, sir, in the ways of the world! But God guides the feet of the young. It is a labyrinthian path—the way of youth! There are butterflies along it and primroses, and both are so easily trod underfoot! Ah, so easily! And a little farther along there is regret and shadow. Ah, me! Ah, me! What is the way out?"

He turned troubled blue eyes to the foreman and the latter, strong and lumbering as an ox, laid a tight touch upon the sacred flute.

The troubled eyes dropped thereon. "Why—certainly. How could I forget!"

And lifting the instrument and his silver head he answered his wistful query with the plaintive sweetness of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

"That," he smiled, "is the way out, son, in case you should lose yourself in the shadows—the lonely shadows of dishonor and sin."

He laid his hand on Sandry's arm and slowly the young man's face grew darkly crimson. His lips twitched and he turned away. "I'll go down to camp, son," said the preacher to Dally, "there are those there who are always there?"

There was a quick sliding of something like fear in his voice.

"All there," said Dally kindly as the peculiar arrival turned away.

"He is a bit embarrassing at times, Mr. Sandry," he apologized, "but innocent—and a bit of the God he preaches. Says he's the father of all things fatherless. It's the strongest grip of his trouble, the idea that he's a father to everybody an' everything that needs



Answered His Wistful Query With the Plaintive Sweetness.

him—regular lunatic on the point. Pitiful sometimes in his earnestness. But he's loved from Seattle to Santa Barbara, and known all over the coast."

"Let's go down to the trail," said Sandry, changing the subject; "we'll rush the work on the double quick. Put on an extra crew. I'm going to take heed to that swindler's words. He meant what he said. There's something crooked here."

CHAPTER XI.

An Unrecorded Deed.
The Preacher proved to be the strangest thing in all this strange country to Sandry as he watched him in the days that followed. He spoke but seldom and then with a quaint precision, a beauty of speech and thought that amazed the man from the East. But they were old thoughts, Sandry found at last, thoughts formulated in the fire and enthusiasm of youth, hence still burning when youth had fled and age had brought its empty seeming.

"And it is there," he said to himself, "that Siletz gets her manner of speech, though her visions are her own, born of her centered soul."

At the end of the week Sandry went to Salem. When he returned his face was drawn as if from loss of sleep, and he summoned Dally to the office.

Sandry pulled open a drawer in his desk and took out the deed to the East Belt.

"This," he said tensely, "has never been recorded. I searched the records at the land office and our deed is not there. Instead there is a brand new homestead filing in the name of T. J. O'Connell, Dally, either old Frazer was crooked or a fool."

There was a strained note in the owner's voice. His foreman sat in the tip-tilted office chair, open-mouthed and round-eyed.

"Then Hampden's got th' stranglehold—damn his soul to hell! He knows about the contract an' he'll blink it if he can. But Frazer wasn't crooked, Mr. Sandry, I'd stake my life on that."

"Then why did he sell me the East Belt stampee—the prize card in the Dillingworth pack—without a recorded deed? This isn't worth its paper." He waved the folded slip.

"And why didn't you verify all papers, Mr. Sandry, when you made the deal?"

Dally was entirely earnest and unconscious of the effrontery of his words. Sandry's bovine face flushed painfully.

"Inexperience," he said bluntly; "faith in men, though by all the signs I should have lost that, and lastly no conception that such a thing could be done. Our first move now, however, is to find Frazer."

Dally shook his head.
"At new hucker we took on you yesterday in the bunch of new men told me last night that Frazer was in 'Frisco two weeks ago, and was going south. Sailed on the mail boat for Panama."

Sandry regarded his foreman grimly out of sparkling blue eyes.

"Then," he said, after a moment's thought, "we'll save our contract first and fight for our stampee later."

He rose and began gathering up the papers on his desk.

"At noon," said he, thinking rapidly and with astonishing ease in this, his first business crisis, "you will take every man off the present work. We will build no more trail toward the East Belt now. Instead we will lay track as fast as possible into the timber at the head of the valley there to the north. You know that contract calls for six million feet of logs to be in raft at Yaquina Bay by the sixteenth of March. If it is not there we lose our big profits and the connection with this powerful company. Now get busy."

Speculation and comment were rife in camp when Dally announced at noon that all work along present lines was to be dropped and that all hands were to fall to laying track to the north.

"By Jingo," grumbled Collins openly, "we're gettin' scairt out by th' Yella Pines! Ef it ain't plumb dugstun'!"

"Quit!" cried Jim Anworthy, "let a bunch o' cutthroats call us quitters? What's eatin' you, John?"

"Orders," said the foreman warningly, and the men buzzed like a nest of hornets. Among the old hands at the camp it was almost a personal affair and they took it to heart, criticizing with that freedom which characterized their kind and laying the blame upon the new owner, the tenderfoot from the East. Feeling at the abrupt giving up of operations at Hampden's threats ran so high that three old-timers—including Smith the hook-tender, a jewel in the crown of any logging camp—rolled down their sleeves and called for their time.

"Can't stand the atmosphere," said little Smith, setting his round, narrow-brimmed felt hat a trifle forward on his bullet head, "it's gettin' too cultured. We'll be asked to stop swearin' next, an' eatin' with our spoons. Me fer th' timber right. I don't like civilization."

"Let them go," said Sandry grimly. "I'll learn how and tend hook myself if necessary."

Days slipped by so swiftly that Sandry scarce found time to count them, and they were all too short. He was out before day had even crept up the eastern slopes of the great Cascades, and was still going when it died half across the Pacific to the west. He ate like a logger and slept without a dream.

The dampness freshened his cheeks and curled his hair into a riot under his gray felt hat; and Siletz, glancing sidewise from under her level brows, flushed darkly beneath her dusky skin at the wonderful man-beauty of him. She could not forget the day in the fern glade when he had stooped to her for that passing kiss. She felt a constant pulling of all her nature to fall in a little way behind and follow him. This feeling puzzled her and several times she caught herself almost in the act when he passed through the big room, or paced the length of the porch.

She fed sugar to Black Bolt, sat on the seven-foot fir stump on the ridge with an arm over the staid shoulders of Coosnah, watched the wonderful gold lights in Miss Ordway's hair, and dreamed more than ever. Upon the Preacher she waited hand and foot, with a devotion beautiful in its unconsciousness.

Ma Dally went about her business in an unusual silence; and she, too, took in all the details of the author from the East, but with a far different eye.

"Don't like her smile," she soliloquized in the steam of her important realm, "tain't thick. It's spread on mighty thin—like a step-ma's jam."

But to Sandry, when he found one of his rare half-hours of cessation from the rushing work, that same smile, brilliant and well-poised and of the distant world, was a refreshing wind.

"You're working too hard, Mr. Sandry," Miss Ordway often told him, "why don't you go after this Hampden man?"

"Haven't time. This contract may mean the slow gain of years. I must save it first and by all means."

"H'm. I'm keen for the unusual. There may be a lot in this. I believe I'll do a little investigating. You know I spoke of it and you said go ahead—"

"I wouldn't mix up with that man, Miss Ordway. He's the coarsest type I ever met with."

"Trust me," said Miss Ordway briefly, and the next moment could have shaken herself for the self-slavery, half-boastful expression.

And upon the word she put her intention into action, for with her usual far-sightedness she saw an almost uncanon opening and dovetailing of plans.

The next day but one a fitful, blowy, tearful day, she ventured forth, clad in a smart suit of corduroy that had

done service on many a bride in the far metropolis—and she sat Black Bolt like a soldier! Sandry watched her go with an unconscious pride in her urban appearance. She rode astride in his saddle, but though he admired every line of the splendid pair, he was conscious of a comparison which left something to be desired. Black Bolt with Siletz swinging drunk only to the dip and lift of his running stride, had been one. They had been the West. This was the East—and it was artificial.

While Sandry stood at the block watching Miss Ordway cantering down the valley, he heard a light step behind and Siletz came around the filing shed. He turned to her, smiling into her eyes, which lighted slowly as they rested on him.

"Where have you been, Little Squaw?" he asked.

"Over the hog-back."

"Eight miles! You shouldn't go off like that, child. Don't you know you might lose yourself in this wilderness?"

Sandry moved slightly and Siletz glanced across his shoulder down the valley. A gasp, as of indrawn breath made him look up.

Her lips were open and intense astonishment sat upon her face. For a moment she stared at the distant rider. Then she whirled, so swiftly that one of her long braids whipped across Sandry's face like a lash, and dashed into the lean-to.

When she emerged the dark color had drawn out of her cheeks and lips, leaving them ashen. Her face worked and Sandry fell back a step at sight of her eyes. They were all savage, flaming with a rage which astounded him.

"Why—why—Siletz!" he cried catching her by the wrist as she passed him. "I didn't know you felt like this about the horse!"

But she flung his grasp loose in a perfect fury and dashed up the steps to the kitchen, the sobs coming wildly.

With an indescribable sensation sending shivers down his spine, the young owner went to his office.

When Miss Ordway returned late in the day her smart habit was stained with mud, her little cap was charmingly awry, and she bore all the earmarks of adventure.

"But I know Hampden of the Yellow Pines," she whispered intimately as Sandry assisted her to dismount. "If I did have to manage a rather spectacular fall and ruin my coat in your unspeakable mud, I think he'll furnish admirable data."

"What?" cried Sandry, "you did that? Well, for the love of heaven! No wonder you can portray other folks' emotions! You simply go out and make your situations!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KNOWN USE OF ANESTHETICS

Conclusive Evidence That Ancient Surgeons Were Familiar With Methods of Alleviating Pain.

Those who imagine that surger's knowledge began with later generations, and that the discovery of chloroform, revolutionized the science, should read an article recently published by Dr. J. de Fenton in the South African Journal of Science.

Various anesthetizing media and methods were well known both in antiquity and during the Middle Ages. Homer mentions the anesthetic effect of peonthe; Herodotus states that the Scythians obtained similar effects from the vapors of hemp, produced by throwing hemp seed on hot stones. A Chinese physician of the third century B. C. gave his patients a preparation of hemp to make them insensible during surgical operations.

The most important anesthetic of ancient and medieval times was, however, wine of mandragora, the use of which mentioned by a great number of early writers, and is referred to by Shakespeare. More recently, in the year 1750, the German surgeon Weiss, better known as Albinus, amputated the foot of Augustus III, king of Poland, while under the influence of mandragora.

Two other anesthetizing agencies were employed in very early times, viz., arterial compression and hypnotism.

It is said that the ancient Assyrians produced a lethargic state by compression of the carotid artery before performing the operation of circumcision.

Find Curious Siberian Tribe.

The last members of the Siberian expedition promoted by the Oxford university's school of anthropology and the Philadelphia museum have returned to London with a rich collection of material and new information about a strange region.

The strangest tribe met in their travels was the Tungus, a primitive nomad people of the Mongolian type, who live to themselves, have only vague notions about the Russians and the czar and no system of writing. They live in wigwams and have no occupation other than the breeding of reindeer and the hunting of white foxes. Their religion is a belief in good and evil spirits.

A large collection of costumes, weapons, implements and copper and iron ornaments was brought home by the expedition.

Stopping Him.

"I shall never ask you to promise to come home early again," she said sorrowfully when he let himself in at 2 a. m.

"Why not, my dear?" he inquired quietly.

"It's bad enough to be married to a nighthawk and a loafer without making a liar of you, too," she replied, and he had no comeback.

HAD AWFUL WEAK SPELLS

Suffered So Much Felt She Had to Have Relief. Says Cardui Made Her Well.

Elba, Ala.—Mrs. M. T. May, of this place, writes: "I was not especially strong when I married... but after my marriage, I seemed to get very much worse. About two months after I was married, I began to have awful weak spells. Would have had spells of headache, simply felt bad all the time, could hardly do a thing... I suffered so much pain in my left side and had the swimming of the head and congestion and heartburn very bad. In fact I suffered so much I thought I would die. I got into better health than I had been since my marriage. I advise all women... who have weak spells... to take it."

"Mr. —, who ran a store in —, recommended that I take 'Cardui,' and my husband bought me a bottle, which did me so much good that he bought me another, and after the use of three or four bottles I was well; was up doing my work after the use of the first bottle. It's the finest tonic I know of. I got into better health than I had been since my marriage. I advise all women... who have weak spells... to take it."

The thousands of letters, which come to us every year, like the above, certainly are proof of the merit of Cardui, the woman's tonic.

For sale by all druggists.

Careful.
"Will the vaccination mark show, doctor?"
"That depends entirely on you, madam!"—Puck.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

This preparation is a delightful toilet requisite and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.—Adv.

He Got 'Em.

Customer—Give me a pair of splinters.
Clerk—Er—beg pardon?
Customer—A pair of web suspenders.

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

Keeping It Warm.

"You've heard of bottled wrath?"
"You bet. My wife uses a thermos bottle."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unkind.

"Does your wife wear spats?"
"Wear 'em? She starts 'em."