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MACARONI or SPAGHETTI

Cook this delicious, healthful, economical food often, live better at less cost and at the same time save signature of Paul F. Skinner on each package. The signatures are valuable and will obtain you beautiful silverware absolutely free. Drop us a postal asking for free particulars and we will reply by return mail, sending you, in addition, a handsome 36-page book of recipes.

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NO BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Stranger Possibly Resented Fact That He Had Been Caused Some Inconvenience to Ascertain Time.

On one of the recent stormy nights a man was hastening home with his overcoat buttoned up to his neck. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to unbutton his coat in order to get at his watch.

Just then he saw a man of well-dressed appearance coming in the distance, and remarked to himself: "I'll ask this gentleman the hour of the night, and so save myself the trouble of unbuttoning my coat."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up, the man who wanted to know the time touched his hat politely and said:

"Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the cold wind beat against his unprotected chest.

Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon it, he scrutinized it an instant, and said:

"Yes!"

Then he passed on without another word.

Dire Threat.

"No, Lena," said the mistress, "I cannot give you a recommendation. You are lazy, incompetent and slovenly, and it wouldn't be right for me to give others the impression that you are a good servant."

"Listen hare, Mrs. Yones," cried Lena, shaking her fist in the lady's face, "if you ain't bane giving me das recommendation Ay bane stay here till you do."

She got it.

Ought to Work.

"Alas, I have never been kissed."

"That shows lack of enterprise on your part. Your sister has a fiance, I believe."

"Yes."

"Why don't you meet him occasionally in the dark hall?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

FOOD FACTS
What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician down in Georgia went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food; and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that this food is a wonderful rebuilder and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and patients gain, just as I did in strength and weight, very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change.

"I began to use Grape-Nuts and in two weeks I could walk a mile, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public."

Trial 10 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work wonders.

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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.

—7—

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. 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. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily'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 stumpage he claims title to and Sandry thinks he has bought as the East Belt. Hampden sets up 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. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. He decides to get out his contract first and fight for the stumpage afterward. Poppy scents trickery and flirts with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and Siletz ride to the seashore and Siletz sees the ocean for the first time.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

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 starved 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.

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 Siletz from this shelter, "oh, I hurt! I hurt!"

"S'h! S'h!" 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.

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

She said nothing, 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 up huge, 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's got us. There hain'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," Daily's big voice deepened with bitterness, "that we was payin' seven dollars a day—an' he was worth it, for there hain't a filer 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 fer a talk—an' they come back an' packed like sheep! Damn their hides! He had contracks fer two years at them wages—an' they signed like fools—scrambled fer the chance! An' some of 'em's ben fightin' 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 loaded their duffle 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 Daily firmly when he entered the long room, "eat first an' think after. A empty stommick'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.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Call of the Wind.

The night lay thick over the Siletz country. High above, the pine tops sang with a roar, soft-voiced but far-reaching as thunder. Mystery and loneliness pressed upon the wilderness like a finger. It quivered the sharp ears of Black Bolt, pricked forward, listening, it padded the feet of Coosnah running ahead in the trail.

"Yes," flamed the younger man, "Siwashes—but I have five million feet of logs at the mouth of my slough! I'll float my contract on time. Mr. Hampden—and then I'll look into the little matter of my East Belt."

That day he got his first letter from Poppy Ordway. It was heavy and satiny and it breathed an insidious perfume.

Also it was brilliant with excitement and hinted at great things.

"I'm certain Hampden's crooked," she wrote; "I've found a man who knows him—and he's in the commissioner's office. He's young and he's susceptible and he thinks I'm one of the 'ring!' Oh, but it's exciting. I 'passed him a tip'—isn't that the way you men would say it?—that I had a 'snap' in view, but that I already had a homestead in Arizona—and the thing progresses. The mention of Hampden and 'snap' did for him—and I'm all but over the brink of a fraudulent entry even now! He's offered—in my case, specially—to come down on the price of my 'patent' two hundred dollars—of course clandestinely; I'm to say nothing about it to the 'ring!' Ye gods! I'm wild with the luck. More later."

February was passing. The days of fitful sunlight were becoming more frequent. The camp was humming with business. Silent, bent on the thing in hand, the Indians worked without need of encouragement.

The slough was bank-full and its surface was covered from dawn to dark with a floor of logs slowly drifting on every tide downward to the backwater.

At the slough's mouth a huge cradle was slowly forming in its braces. Here the little loading donkey puffed and tooted, grappling many-ton timbers with its two drag-hooks, placing them here and there. The mass of chains covered the bottom of the cradle a few feet apart.

Twelve men worked continually at the great marine monster, packing the logs inside the cradle, carrying the giant chains up and over as the snug floor reached the top, lacing the whole together and at last lifting the center gently, thus giving to the thing its likeness to a vast cigar.

A timber-scaler, sent down by the Portland firm, was constantly in attendance.

A shack had been thrown up at the head of the raft and a watch was kept by day and night.

"We can't trust Hampden a minute, John," said Sandry; "I'm learning suspicion." Indeed he was learning many things. Only John Daily in the sanity of his just nature watched this Johnny Eastern take his rough knocks and come up with his teeth set.

These two were growing together in a slow affection. The big room had in a sense, become home to Sandry

Mystery and Loneliness Pressed Upon the Wilderness.

and the evenings when Ma sat in her little rocker and Siletz braided her mats with Coosnah beside her filled his toil-worn soul with peace.

The Preacher had slipped away as silently and mysteriously as he had come, with a blessing upon all and a promise to return—"when you shall need me, my children."

CHAPTER XV.

"There Is No Law for a Genius."

March came in like a lamb with delicate weather, crystal clear and opal bright, and with it came Miss Ordway. Sandry was glad to see her, but the critical point was at hand and he scarce took time to eat or sleep from the great work of the contract.

The mammoth raft was ready, the largest, according to Daily, that the camp had ever sent out in all its life, and a special boat from the Portland Mills company would lay off Yaquina to receive it on the sixteenth.

On the night of the second, Daily caught a glimmer of white on the lintel. It was a paper, stuck in with a thumb-tack.

"Watch your raft," it said, "for powder."

That was all, and it was unsigned. Daily told Sandry of the incident and showed the warning.

So for the remaining nights the great raft was lighted from end to end and four of the Indians patrolled it in shifts, armed with rifles and under orders to shoot at the first sign of trouble.

The work went forward rapidly. The Siwashes, born and raised in the timber country, knew all the work of the camp and they needed no driving. They were a godsend to Sandry in the pressing days and he came to look upon them with a wide tolerance.

"'In serving you we serve S'letz,'" he quoted to himself, "'for she's your woman.'" And an odd sensation prickled his skin, tingled at the roots of his hair. Some way, somehow, these were Siletz' people—these silent, shiftless, well-taught creatures, who made no use of their talents, yet who did hard, unnecessary labor at the call of the blood.

That night, with the raft and even the two engines under guard and all the length of track patrolled, he came in tired, worn to a thin edge with sleeplessness, tense and taut as a singing wire, to meet Miss Ordway.

She slipped her hand into his arm with a little, familiar gesture and turned him about.

"Come along and relax," she said, "you're almost hysterical."

"I believe I am," said Sandry wearily, though as he stepped out into the night, soft already with the breath of spring as is the way with the coast country, where the seasons shoulder each other suddenly for place, he looked uneasily for Siletz.

"Let's go up to the old rollway. It's deserted and I have things to tell you—oh, many things!"

She laughed, her little rippling laugh that was so soft and rich, and it soothed the man's strained nerves like a narcotic.

Miss Ordway sat down, or rather climbed up, on a log that lay beside the rollway and drew her gray broadcloth aside.

Sandry settled himself beside her and took off his hat. The soft, changed breath of the night air was grateful to him.

"Whe-ew! I'll be thankful when this strain is over, that raft headed out to sea and my contract fulfilled! I never knew business was so strenuous."

Miss Ordway looked at him through the dusk with admiring eyes.

"But look how you're succeeding! Why, it's great!"

"Yes—but for how much of it can I thank myself? Hampden has me in a bad hole about my great East Belt—the best timber in the region and the base, practically, of the Dillingworth's future—and but for these Indians I would be now—well, I hate to think where I'd have been."

"S'h!" said Miss Ordway; "not so fast about that bad hole. Instead, Mr. Walter Sandry, we've got your friend Hampden in the deepest hole he was ever in in all his life. In fact, when we say the word, he'll turn over the East Belt with both hands."

Sandry held out a hand and Miss Ordway took it, not after her usual manner of hail-fellow, but with a gentle, proprietary motion. She tapped the breast of her princess gown.

"I have right here copies of filings on sixteen claims, all duly put through by 'cash entry' by as many different men—and I know that Hampden owns all these numbers, that he furnished the money for building the cabins, for filing fees, for advertising, for final proofs at the land office and for the government price of the land. In return for all this these bogus entrymen—your drifting gentry of the spiked boots and the 'turkey' in most cases—received four hundred dollars each for the breaking of their faith with the government. No wonder Hampden is rich!"

For a long moment Sandry sat in a silence so deep that he ceased to breathe. He was grasping the magnitude of the man's daring—the gigantic risk he ran with his safety in the uncertain hands of sixteen men.

And also he was beginning to comprehend, wonderingly, the daring of this woman, her finesse, her cleverness and her success.

"Wonderful!" he said at last; "it is past belief! And how, for the love of heaven, did you ever wind up that commissioner to put his own head in the noose by giving you those proofs?"

Miss Ordway looked away down the fast darkening slough, and there was that in her narrowed, smiling eyes which, had Sandry seen, would have shocked him from her.

"He didn't give," she said oddly; "I took."

And something in the speech silenced the man.

"Sometimes," went on this clever woman, "one will take—providing there is a great enough incentive. I had a great incentive."

She ceased, waiting, and against his will Sandry supplied the question.

"What?"

"You," said Miss Ordway in a whisper.

With her pretty, inimitable gesture of daring she put up a hand, laid it against his cheek and drew his face toward her.

"Boy," she said in a curiously choked tone, as if emotion dominated her, "oh, boy! With your youth and your eagerness, your inherent strength and your losing battle! Did you not know that you were as fire to me?"

She slipped off the log and stood before him, her hands clasped across her breast and all her magnificent beauty a lure in the spring dusk.

"Ah!" she laughed recklessly, "you have set me flaming, like a line of fire at night! And I care nothing that I tell you—there is no law for a genius!"

And, turning swiftly, she went down the slope, away from him, leaving him as she had done once before with his head whirling under the spell of her beauty and her daring. But this time she had left far more, for within him there surged and rioted emotions that defied control—joy and triumph and savage desire to even scores with the man who had so cruelly pressed him, relief at the prospect of saving so easily his East Belt and his future; and, bursting through the rest, the tingle of her words, the amazed comprehension of them.

The days that followed were hard ones for the young owner of the Dillingworth. He did not see that he had taken the silent little girl of the hills, and that the dominant, clever woman of the world had taken him. Yet such were the facts in the vague, half-formed shape that affairs had assumed.

With a splendid tact Miss Ordway kept away from him, presenting at such times as they chanced to meet a serene poise that was as charming as her abandon had been that night by the rollway. On the other hand, Siletz watched him with troubled eyes. There was that in features and voice that frightened her, as a loving woman is ever frightened when trouble rides the shoulder of the beloved.

Therefore one night soon after Sandry's talk with Miss Ordway, Siletz followed him as he went to the office after supper. It was a black night, and Sandry was not aware of her presence until a touch fell on his shoul-

Under Orders to Shoot at the First Sign of Trouble.

der, almost as light and soft as that of the mist upon his face.

"Sandry," said Siletz.

He turned swiftly and all the vexatious ache of his heart seemed to culminate suddenly in a desire to take her in his arms.

"Yes?" he said, yielding to the influence of the misty darkness and the nearness of this girl who typified the wild so alluringly, "the Night Wind breathes upon my heart. Why is it, Little S'letz?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PLAN NEW CITY FOR CHINA

Hankow, Destroyed in Revolution, May Be Rebuilt in the Form of a Triangular Island.

The recent agitation regarding the proposed rebuilding of that part of Hankow, China, destroyed during the revolution, has developed into plans which may make the city a triangular island, and for this an English company offered (in July, 1914) to furnish $50,000,000 at the close of the war then pending.

Commissioner Yan Tu has drawn up a comprehensive plan of improvement. One preliminary survey and one minute survey have been made, and all preparations for laying out the sites, digging the new canal and constructing the river bridges are being actively pushed on.

The best part of the city is now a strip of land along the river Yangtze, and this has been turned into concessions, so that nothing can be done in regard to it.

Next in importance is the land between the river and the old market place, which is the only area on which developments can be made. As the lower end of the market place is connected with the concessions, no extension can be made on that side.

At the rear is a shallow lake, and without great effort it cannot be turned into a market.

A comprehensive review of the situation which recently appeared in the Chinese National Gazette has met with widespread approval. It says: "The strip of land behind the concessions and the site of the lake are all distant from the river, hence transportation is difficult. Chinese commerce should extend and expand, and other undertakings must be effected.

"Those in charge of the project now intend to open a canal, beginning at the upper part of the Han river, extending along the rear of the concessions and joining the Yangtze river. Thus Hankow will be a triangular island.

"On every side of it vessels will be able to cast anchor, and the development of industries and commerce will go forward by leaps and bounds."

Philosophical Poodle.

Said the portly, paunchy poodle, with the pie-bald, cone-shaped noodle, "Quite likely you detest my style and breed. But to envy I'm a stranger. I'm no dog in the manger. To let others do their pleasure is my creed. I'm aware that I'm no beauty. Still, I don't think it my duty to worry o'er the errors of the world. I prefer calm cogitation to pester and vexation, and to lounge here with my caudle tightly furled."—Kansas City Star.

Sarcasm.

She—"What's his penchant?" He—"Antiques." She (glaring through lorgnette)—"Is that one of them with him?"—Judge.

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, sallow and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water. Drink before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will flush the poisons and toxins from stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels and cleanse, sweeten and purify the entire alimentary tract. Do your inside bathing immediately upon arising in the morning to wash out of the system all the previous day's poisonous waste, gases and sour bile before putting more food into the stomach.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so hot water and limestone phosphate act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. Men and women who are usually constipated, bilious, headachy or have any stomach disorder should begin this inside bathing before breakfast. They are assured they will become real cranks on the subject shortly.—Adv.

Boston's Nocturnal Habits.

A wild pigeon that has a haunt somewhere near the old Boston City club has formed a habit of coming down into the street late at night for his supper.

Several nights lately as I have come through Beacon street I have seen the bird having its midnight meal. It strikes me as something unusual for pigeons to do so.

Shouldn't self-respecting pigeons be at roost at such an hour?—Boston Post.

Don't Neglect Kidneys

Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Prescription, Overcomes Kidney Trouble

It is now conceded by physicians that the kidneys should have more attention as they control the other organs to a remarkable degree and do a tremendous amount of work in removing the poisons and waste matter from the system by filtering the blood.

The kidneys should receive some assistance when needed. We take less exercise, drink less water and often eat more rich, heavy food, thereby forcing the kidneys to do more work than nature intended. Evidence of kidney trouble, such as lame back, annoying bladder troubles, smarting or burning, brickdust or sediment, sallow complexion, rheumatism, maybe weak or irregular heart action, warns you that your kidneys require help immediately to avoid more serious trouble.

An ideal herbal compound that has had most remarkable success as a kidney and bladder remedy is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. There is nothing else like it. It is Dr. Kilmer's prescription used in private practice and it is sure to benefit you. Get a bottle from your druggist.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation, send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

All the Difference.

A motorist, who was touring in Ireland, one day met a native who was driving a donkey and cart.

Thinking he would like to have a little fun at the man's expense, he began:

"What is the difference, Pat, between your turnout and mine?"

"Oh, not a great dale," promptly replied Pat. "Shure, the donkey's in the shafts in the wan and on the sate in the other."

NEW TREATMENT FOR ASTHMA

Relief in Every Rub

To quickly ease the struggle for breath, stop the wheezing and bring blessed relief, ask your druggist for an original yellow box of true Mustarine which costs about 25 cents.

Apply plentifully night and morning, and remember to rub up and down only, over the entire chest from the throat to the stomach. True Mustarine is made by the Begy Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y. It is also fine for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia. Get the genuine.

Extreme Pacifism.

"Soldiers in Europe are fighting with gas bombs and liquid fire."

"What are we coming to?"

"I don't know, but so long as there are places in the world where a man may hide himself, I know I'm not coming to that."

One Kind.

"Pa, what are blood relations?"

"War stories, my son."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Use Murine after Exposure to Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Restores, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Sends Eye Book on request.

Dallas, Tex., 1915 postal receipts aggregated $1,132,210.77.