### Nice Enough, But—

A twelve-year-old boy, who had reigned supreme over parents and household all through his dozen years, was surprised one morning to hear the cry of a little baby brother.

"Isn't it nice, Tommy," said the jubilant father, "that we have another baby?"

"Yes, it is nice, father," said Tommy, as he saw the end of his reign; "but what bothers me is, was it necessary?"



### Desperate Remedy.

Frozen Ferdinand—Dat hot drink brung me around all right, doc. But wot's dat you're putting at me feet?

The Ambulance Man—That is a hot soapstone.

Frozen Ferdinand—Take it away an' le'mme freeze.



There are a lot of funny things in this world—besides men and women.

# THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

## A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS by RAY WALTERS



### SYNOPSIS.

—6—

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 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. 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.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### Glimmerings of the Great Game.

The work went forward swiftly along the new line. By the end of the week the new cutting was in full swing, the long saws singing, the buckers' broadaxes flashing among the everlasting green, the whole inlaced mass of detail working together.

"What do you think of our chances now, John?" asked the owner.

"A-1. Hain't no reason why we won't win. Th' Dillingworth," said John Daily whimsically, "she's ben furnishin' th' goods ever sense I can remember."

"True. But she was in pretty close straits for cash. You know she's worth, standing timber, land, options and equipment, something like a million a hundred and fifty-nine thousand dollars, at the pinch price I paid of fifty cents a thousand feet on the stump. At anything like her face value she'd easily double it. And of course you know she's mortgaged to her neck—the East Belt and all the northeast stumpage—"

Daily shook his head. "I'm gettin' completely mussed up," he said.

"Well, she was. Her mortgages aggregated a half million—in three different places. About half of them I paid. The rest is hanging fire. Frazer, who should have been a mighty rich man, got out with a quarter of a million flat. I don't understand him."

"Neither do I, but I'd stake my head on old man Frazer. Why I've worked for him ten years! He bought in in eighty-nine."

"Well, there's a lot of mystery somewhere about, and as soon as I'm at liberty I intend unearthing things."

Miss Ordway was working feverishly these days. Her rose-leaf cheeks were flushed each noon when she came from the little south room, and her sea-blue eyes were full of an inner excitement.

"She'll make good," Sandry told himself, "She's got the dreamer's look, the pride, the joy, the mighty, arrogant egotism. And she's drunk on the atmosphere of the wilderness, the loneliness, the sense of world's-end."

Young and of abundant health, abundant vitality, filled with the urge of ambition, abetted by an unusual cleverness, Miss Ordway was indeed in the way of great things and she knew it. Also with her clear vision she was beginning to see something else that added to the flush in her cheeks, something as great as her goal of fame, and she faced it with her high courage and confidence.

This was the meaning to her of Walter Sandry.

About this time she began to widen her range of vision, to see all over the wild, green country, it seemed to her, and to catch glimmerings of things that sent her to Sandry, so full of vital prescience that she was as a charged wire in her eagerness and her delight.

"Mr. Sandry," she said one evening as they stood together on the foot-log and watched the brown tidewater going down toward the distant sea, "I'm going to tell you something. I believe Hampden is crooked as hades, and I'm going after him."

"That's funny," said Sandry, "do you know, I've had the same notion?"

She stretched out her hand.

"Let's go after him together. What do you say?"

"W-e-ll,"—Sandry took the hand, an exquisite thing, and held it in his own a moment, warmly, closely—"I am pleased and flattered by your offer, but I don't just fancy your knowing this Hampden man. He's—he's coarse and bad, Miss Ordway."

"But isn't it worth a little risk? What big thing is ever accomplished without some risk? And think, Mr. Sandry—isn't Hampden trying to ruin the Dillingworth company? In other words, to ruin you?"

There was a tingling, suggestive timbre in her low voice, a subtle, flattering tone that thrilled the young owner strangely.

"Miss Ordway," he said admiringly, "as a man's friend you're simply great!"

"I may have to make frequent demands on Black Bolt," she said further, "for I cannot navigate in your deluged valleys. I'm a poor mariner."

"S-s-h-h!" warned Sandry, "you don't want to speak about this climate that way. Why, haven't you noticed that the Oregon mist doesn't wet through?"

They laughed together after the fashion of youth and health, though at the last turn of words he felt a vague uneasiness. He remembered Siletz' dark face between her braids and the tears falling on her cheeks.

"Poor little girl!" he said to himself. And on Thursday of that week another horse made its appearance at the camp, a wiry, long-limbed bay, picked up at Toledo.

"This is for you, Miss Ordway," he told the novelist, "so you may come and go at will. No one will have him when you wish to ride. You can always put your hand on a mount at a moment's notice. Black Bolt is so frequently gone when you might need him."

So it came about that the young woman from the East "went after Hampden," and the sharp, crude man of the hills was to be no match for her. By another week she could not fare forth upon the road to the Siletz, ride into Toledo, where she was a matter of wonder in her beauty and her smart clothes, or take the least canter on the rangy bay but what Hampden met her—by the merest chance. She was a revelation to him. In his crude way he was soon at the point where he would have laid down his world for her little finger, and in his loose-fibered soul he swelled with self-approval beneath her notice.

What delicate flattery she employed only she herself knew. It was sufficient at least, for he unwound to her his somewhat eventful and picturesque life with the simplicity of a child. They rode and talked, traversing the lonely ways, piercing the mist, threading trails where Hampden had to ride close at her side to keep the wet foliage out of her face, and she saw the passion growing in him to the point of idolatry—which filled her soul with rioting laughter.

"I'll get it—I'll get it!" she told herself, and there was no place in the universe so interesting as this rain-soaked country, this land of mysterious operations.

"What are these little, deserted huts?" she asked him one day when they had climbed high on a wooded ridge and come upon a tiny cabin, windowless and roofed with shakes. "I've seen several of them."

"Homesteader's cabin," he answered.

"Ah—and where's the homestead? For goodness' sake, did any man ever intend a woman to live here?"

"Well," he said reluctantly, "you see—that is,—no. They don't often come here to live. This here's a snap."

"Ah—yes"—there was a note of vague puzzlement in Poppy's golden voice—"and what is that?"

"Why, a feller comes up an' takes a claim—proves up on it, you know—gets his patent—an' then sells out. Relinquishes his right to the buyer."

"Oh—and this is only a temporary arrangement." She waved a hand around at the dreary clearing among the lesser growth. "The man who built this didn't intend to stay at the beginning. And who was smart enough enough to buy him off when he got tired of staying, I wonder?"

"I did," said Hampden promptly, flushing at the imputation of brains.

"Easy," said Miss Ordway to herself. Aloud she said wonderingly:

"Well, what do you know about that! I fancy you made a pretty pile—or will—out of such a deal, Mr. Hampden? Just think of the perfect oceans and oceans of pretty clothes even a dozen of these great trees would buy! Pardon—I think in clothes because I love them."

The deference of that "pardon" did for Hampden—and the subtle implication pushed the advantage.

His face was flushed and he sat straight on his horse, his khaki-and-blue-flannel clad figure making a not ungraceful picture against the background of vivid green. He whipped at his laced boots, wet from the ferns, and presently spoke out of a full heart. "Yes," he said carelessly, "it does take brains. A man has got to think to make money—an' it takes money to buy the things of this life—pretty clothes, a woman's clothes, Miss Ordway."

He suddenly leaned over and laid his rough hand over hers on the pommel.

"Every tree would buy a dozen trunks full—an' I own millions of trees."

Her heart was pounding and the sparkle was dancing in her eyes.

"Millions? Why, that must cover a great deal of land! Millions of trees?"

"Yes—billions," promised Hampden rashly. He rose in his saddle and looked through a natural opening in the forest down over the dropping ridges.

"Why, look! All that—all that, as far as you can see, to that other ridge and over beyond it and down into the other valley—is mine. I'm a rich man, Miss Ordway, an' I got it—just by this—"

He tapped his forehead significantly and smiled.

"Truly I do admire you," lied Poppy with the naivete of sixteen. "Brains—brains—why, they are nine-tenths of the battle of success and a man without them is beaten at the beginning."

"Partner," she whispered to Sandry as she passed him that night in the eating room, "I've been working. Where can we talk a little by ourselves?"

Sandry, looking at her swiftly, saw the excitement in her eyes, and took fire instantly.

"Alone? Why—let's see. Are you afraid to come out to the forked stick by the road?"

In the darkness Miss Ordway laughed—a little, low ripple of mirth, soft and subtle.

"A tryst!" she said, in that small, intimate whisper that suggested infinite mystery. "Are we out of earshot here?"

"Yes," said Sandry, lowering his voice to hers.

"Do you happen to know where Frazer got all the holdings of the Dillingworth? How he got them?"

"Why, no," said Sandry wonderingly, "I suppose he bought them, as any company would do."

"Yes. So far so good. You know that all this land was government land—that there are still claims lying far back in the mountains open to filing. But all this fine timber close in—all that has a chance of being got at—has been taken—and have you noticed that all of it, or nearly all, belongs to either one or the other of these two lumber companies?"

"By George!" said Sandry, "I hadn't thought of that!"

"And have you noticed that none of these claims seem to have been taken in good faith? That none of the filers have complied in spirit with the homestead law? I have secured these hills for seven miles every way—except west—and at every filing there is the barest hold of tenure—a windowless shack—just enough to nail the law by its letter. Nowhere have I seen a cleared field, nor one sign of tillage. Mr. Sandry, I believe we have stumbled upon a huge government swindle, a case of land-fraud gigantic in its proportions."

Sandry was aghast. "Why, what do you mean? Miss Ordway, do you mean that the companies are crooked?"

"Not so fast. I believe Hampden is crooked, and that possibly Frazer was. For the latter—it is too late and not in our scheme to nail him. But Hampden we'll hang high as Haman—and that before he can filch the East Belt with its store of wealth."

She was leaning very near as she whispered this, and in the burst of mental light which followed her words Sandry put his hands on her shoulders.

"You are positively wonderful!" he breathed, "the most wonderful woman in the whole world. How on earth did you find these things out?"

"Hampden," said Poppy with a shrug of her shoulders under Sandry's hands; "he's furnishing data with a vengeance."

"But why? For the love of heaven, why are you doing all this? I can't just understand."

With a little, soft motion, charming in the airy acceptance of its own daring, the woman of the world put up her hand and laid it with a caress over the one on her shoulder.

Her face, tilted upward in the darkness, shone like a flower and he could just barely see the curving line in her lips, dark against its light.

In the mist and the chill the subtle perfume, that always seemed to strike one's senses only after she had passed,

"The Man Who Built This Didn't Intend to Stay."

suddenly thickened and Sandry beheld on the instant lights and flowers, gay gowns and evening dress of men—the thousand intimate things and sounds of home flashed before him.

Under the touch of her velvet palm his own grip tightened and Poppy Ordway, quick to feel her first real entrance into his inner consciousness, pushed the sudden advantage.

"Why?" she said softly, "why? For—you. Do you think I, who am trained in investigation"—she halted with a little catch of voice and breath—"who have to dig into every promising situation because of my—work—could sit by and see that man down you without plunging into the breach? Indeed no. And we'll win, my—friend—we'll win."

With an intimitable gesture, at once daring and hesitant, she lifted his hand from her shoulder, brushing it as if unconsciously, across her cheek, held it a moment and turned away toward the camp.

### 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 trees. For its own sake, the pursuit of Hampden was beginning to enthrall her professional instinct, but there was a flicker of passion under her lashes, a sleepy look of anticipation, as she glanced sidewise 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 clasp an unwonted 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.

"Siletz," 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 Daily cooked an early breakfast and Sandry sat down for the first time with the girl at table. Conversation languished until a gentle trend sounded on the floor and the Preacher came in, his delicate face aglow from the touch of icy water. John Daily, 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."

Siletz 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 oilcloth 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 hammock-block for Siletz 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 snuggled tight against the pine-clad hills, a primitive force in a primitive country, and he thrilled to its suggestion. As they passed the lower roll-way 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, tule-edged banks.

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

"S'letz," he said, "tell me how 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 Siletz as simply as Kolawmie would speak in his government cabin at the reservation to the north.

"You're a great dreamer, S'letz," 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.

Siletz 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 Siletz 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 Daily'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. Siletz 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,

Sandry Sat Down for the First Time With the Girl at the Table.

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.

"Gray!" 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.

"S'letz!" cried Sandry sharply, "be careful!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## CATS AS DOMESTIC PETS

### Many Famous Men Have Been Fond of the Animals and Made Them Their Companions.

From an esthetic point of view the Persian cat is a perfect being. Its fine, long, silky hair might, if woven, serve to robe Queen Mab. The neck-ruff, the "feathered" ears and feet, the falling whiskers and the squirrel-like tail of a milk-white Persian tabby make it a thing of ideal beauty. The hand longs to stroke it down. As it a creature of ready sympathies, and not suspicious, it is glad to be caressed. Perhaps it is not so intelligent as the tiger-striped cat, but it is quicker to lend itself to the ways of a kind master or mistress.

French men are even greater amateurs of cats than French women, who resemble them in so many things. A cat was suffered by Richelieu to nurse its kittens in his cardinal's hat. Mazarin (but he was an Italian) used to stroke down a cat that he kept in his arms when dictating to his diplomatic secretaries.

The only domestic animal Victor Hugo would allow in his house was a cat, because "domesticity did not curtail its liberty." He had at Guernsey a slate-colored Maltese, with a black muzzle and a black end to its tail, which (the cat, and not the tail) used to sit on his desk when he was writing.

The black cat is the least apt to scratch. It got a bad name when old women were burned for witchcraft, and sometimes, because suspected of being evil spirits in feline guise, shared their fiery fate.

### The Successful Wife.

It is becoming more or less rare to hear of an ideally happy marriage, and this state of things "gives one furiously to think," as they say in France. It may be due to the fact that, although love is easy to gain, it requires tact and care on a woman's part to retain it.

So many girls think that, directly the wedding ring is actually their own they need no longer trouble themselves to be as charming to their husbands as they were in courting time.

The girl who wants to become a thoroughly happy wife, loving and beloved, must tax her strength and patience to attract and please her husband, regardless of the worries of everyday life, to show a smiling face in trouble, to be a real "pal," and to bear and forbear. These efforts must inevitably be crowned with success, and the effort is well worth while.—Exchange.

### What Boys Are Like.

In the American Magazine Frances L. Garside, writing under the title "Just Boys," contributed the following paragraph: "If a boy is quiet, everyone wonders what he is up to now, and if he is noisy everyone knows and disapproves. When a boy enters a room in which there are seated the members of the family and his dog, he always speaks to the dog first."



## EAGER FOR A SETTLEMENT

### Man on Trial Charged With Consuming Moonshine Whisky Got Tired of Law's Delay.

The case had been dragging on for nearly an hour, which was twice as long as it should have lasted in this court. A sunbrowned "cracker" from Decatur had been arrested on a trivial charge, but the two officers on the case could not agree as to whether the defendant had been caught drinking moonshine or not.

Suddenly the prisoner raised his hand, and motioned to Judge Broyles.

"What have you to say, Peter Cooper?" the judge inquired.

"I were just thinkin', it sho' would he'p matters, jedge, ef yo' all would make up yo' mind one way er 'tother. Ef hit's 'guilty,' then I wanter begin sarvin'; ef hit's 'innercent,' I'd like to go out and finish that spree I done started."—Case and Comment.



### Proof.

"Are you sure the world is happier and better?"

"Absolutely. Look at the people who used to make themselves miserable on bicycles and who are now riding in motorcars!"

Wise is the girl who fears a man more than she does a mouse.

An obese man may lose flesh by trying to shave himself.