

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND
A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST
By VINGIE E. ROE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

Since of Daily's lumber camp streets a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., at head 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 of the great timber of the region. He gives Siletz permission to ride Black Bolt, his noble horse. In an emergency he proves to be the foreman that he does not lack judgment. Siletz tells him of the freacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the name of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the bush of a tender moment he calls her "The Night Wind in the Pine" and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's to material for a romance of the timber region. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep off a tract of stumps he claims title to and Sandry can find written evidence of title to the tract. His men pull down the cabin. Sandry commences to write and Poppy Ordway and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The freacher strikes the light. 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 stumps afterward.

CHAPTER XVII.

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 bucklers breadcraus flashing among the everlasting green, the whole inland mass of detail working together. "What do you think of our chances now, John?" asked the owner. "Ah, ha! Not so reason why we won't win. The Dillingworth," said John Dally whimsically, "she's been 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 west-end stumps—"

"Dally shook his head. "I'm gettin' completely messed up," he said. "Well, she was. Her mortgages aggregated a half million—in three different places. About half of them I paid. The rest in hanging fire. Frazer, who should have been a mighty rich man, got out with a quarter of a million sat. I don't understand him."

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

pleased and flattered by your offer, but I don't just fancy your knowing this Hampden man. He's—his 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—ain'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."

"Seh! 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 center 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-throated 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 fallage out of her face, and she saw the passion growing in him to the point of idolatry—which flung her soul with riotous 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.

for Hampden—and the subtle implication pushed the advantage. His face was flushed and he sat straight on his horse, his khaki-and-blue-clad figure making a not ungraceful picture against the background of vivid green. He whipped at his laced boots, wet from the ferns, and promptly spoke out of a full heart.

"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 stargaze, "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, 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 that 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 inimitable 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.

Siletz 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.

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

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

"Siletz," 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 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 Kolawine would speak in his government cabin at the reservation to the north.

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

"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.

DRIVING AWAY MONS

ANCIENT CEREMONY, SCENTLY HELD IN JAPAN

Superstition Dying Slowly—the Empire of the Mikado—Held in an Annual Custom for Twelve Hundred Years

Ceremonies were held recently throughout the Japanese empire—in household, shrine and ten—to drive away the demons of ill-fate. The date corresponds to the Chinese New Year, marking the transition from winter to spring under the ancient calendar.

Tradition long observed in Japan holds the demons of ill-fate may be kept away during the year's peeling them with hard beans and hanging outside the door a branch of holly-hock and the head of a pig. The idea is that the herring, one odor is distasteful to the demon will keep the evil one from entering house, and that if he succeeds in entering he will be blinded by the beans. Each member of the household takes as many beans as he has ears, and throws them in all directions and in all the rooms of his house.

It was about 1,200 years ago, during the reign of the Emperor Monmu, that the first ceremony of removing the rite from China, the emperor incorporated it with the object of stamping out an epidemic of plague throughout the land.

The recent modern celebration was like this: Toward every household wives become busy preparing for the celebration: beans are piling in kettles and feasts are prepared for the family god and the fam. Meanwhile the husbands clean a shrine, light the sacred lights a burn incense, while awaiting the beans and the feast.

Paroled beans are offered a wooden box to the family god, as the family clap their hands and reverently bow before the shrine. Then a master carrying the box of beans, sets round his house, followed by his children to pelt out the demons of ill-fortune. When he throws beans toward the direction of the god of good fortune he cries out: "Come in, for!" and when he pelts toward the opposite direction he shouts: "Go out, emons!" Children gather the scattered beans and vie with each other in eating who gets most.

There is a superstition regarding the word "bean" which may explain why it plays such a part in the ceremony. The Japanese for "bean" is "name" and "name" means "health." Therefore the bean is the emblem of good fortune.

British Income Tax Seventy-four years ago a act of parliament was passed which is still very vigorous and "doing it bit" in the war, the London Chronicle states. It was the famous income tax act of 1842, brought in by Peel to take up the loss of revenue caused by his reform of the tariff, and most of its provisions have been reimposed each year ever since. It was intended to be only a temporary measure, at both Peel and Lord Russell renewed it, and Gladstone passed a continuant act in 1853, which extended the income tax to Ireland, it having applied previously to Great Britain only.

Our income tax is, however, older than Peel, for it was first imposed in 1799 to raise funds for the carrying on of the war with France, and continued year by year until 1816, the year after Waterloo. For the next quarter of a century (happy days!) there was no income tax, but since 1842 its yield has steadily grown, and it now forms a permanent part of the fiscal system. In 1799 at 2 in the pound sterling it produced £490,000; in 1914 it is 8 1/2 it produces £69,508,000. The highest rate between 1812 and 1914 was 14 s. in 1802 (for the Boer war); the lowest rate, 4 s. was reached in 1874.

Community Forum. Discussing the advantages of the community forum as the embodiment of fundamental ideals of American government, Dr. F. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education, says: "No government will ever be safer or wiser than the popular sentiment of the masses of the people. The one guaranty that this sentiment will not be wrong is the systematic provision of the means of organized public discussion. Democracy is the educational form of government. Other forms of control may be more efficient, but government through public discussion means more in the advancement of the race."

Real Harbinger of Spring. The groundhog is accepted by many as giving the first clue to when spring may be expected. Others wait for the robin, but all will concede that among the real harbingers of spring is the small boy playing "keeps." When the genuine vernal spirit is in the air it unerringly is manifested by Young America who instinctively turns to marbles. The fever is not on him long, but it is never-failing and always coincident with the break-up of winter.

Divided Prayers. It was just before Christmas and Tommy was praying for Santa Claus to bring him a long list of things he wanted. Finally mother said: "I am afraid you are asking for too much at one time." The next night he ended his prayer with the usual list, then added: "And please bring me a big dog and cart; I will pray for the harness tomorrow."

Get the Habit of Drinking Hot Water Before Breakfast. Says we can't look or feel right with the system full of poisons. Millions of folks bathe internally now instead of loading their system with drugs. "What's an inside bath?" you say. Well, it is guaranteed to perform miracles if you could believe these hot water enthusiasts.

There are vast numbers of men and women who, immediately upon arising in the morning, drink a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This is a very excellent health measure. It is intended to flush the stomach, liver, kidneys and the thirty feet of intestines of the previous day's waste, sour bile and indigestible material left over in the body which, if not eliminated every day, become food for the millions of bacteria which infest the bowels, the quick result is poisons and toxins which are then absorbed into the blood causing headache, bilious attacks, foul breath, bad taste, colds, stomach trouble, kidney misery, sleeplessness, impure blood and all sorts of ailments.

People who feel good one day and badly the next, but who simply can not get feeling right are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from any druggist or store-keeper. This will cost very little but is sufficient to make anyone a real crank on the subject of internal sanitation.

Just as soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and freshening, so limestone phosphate and hot water act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels. It is vastly more important to bathe on the inside than on the outside, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities to the blood, while the bowel pores do.

Some men don't know enough to stop boring after they strike oil. Dr. Pierce's Peppets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Peplet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Vaudeville Novelty. "She sings in a glass tank." "Ah, a diving diva."—Louisville Courier-Journal. They Sure Do. "Oh, yes, the professor is a very learned man. His specialty is international law. His thesis on that subject won him his doctor's degree."

"Well, goodness knows the international laws need a lot of doctering." Dressed Wife as Widow. Realizing that he was dying, Karl Kellams, three days before his death, asked his wife to buy a black mourning dress and veil so that he could see her as she would appear at the funeral. To satisfy him, Mrs. Kellams dressed in mourning and stood at his bedside. Kellams had been sick of tuberculosis for some months. He recently returned from Phoenix, Ariz., where he had gone in the hope that the change in climate would benefit him.—Philadelphia Record.

Free Concert. "Hello!" said a voice at the other end of the phone. "Is that the night clerk?" "Yes," replied that functionary. "What can I do for you?" "I want you to send somebody up and make that man in the next room stop snoring. I can't sleep a wink."

"What room are you in?" asked the clerk. "No. 53. It's the man in No. 61 who is doing the snoring."

"But my dear sir," said the clerk, "do you realize that the man in No. 51 is Signor Squallerini, the famous tenor, and that we are not charging you a cent extra for the privilege of hearing him?" GOOD REPORT Doctor Proved Value of Postum. Physicians know that good food and drink, properly selected, are of the most importance, not only for the relief of disease but to maintain health even when one is well.

A doctor writes, "I count it a pleasure to say a good word for Postum with which I have been enabled to relieve so many sufferers, and which I count, with its valued companion Grape-Nuts, one of the daily blessings." "Coffee was banished from my own table some time ago and Postum used regularly in its place." (Coffee is injurious to many persons, because it contains the subtle, poisonous drug, caffeine.)

I frequently find it necessary to instruct patients when they take Postum for the first time to be quite sure that it is properly made according to directions, then it has a clear, soft brown color and a rich, snappy taste as well as health giving qualities.

The above letter, received over two years ago, is fully confirmed by a recent letter from the doctor, in which he says: "It is a pleasure to render a good report covering a product of which I am so enthusiastic a friend. "I am using in my home your Postum Cereal in both its forms. And what is more, I am having it used in the families of several patients in which there are children, and all unite in endorsing the fine qualities of your admirable product."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c pks. Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly, 15c and 50c tins. Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup. "There's a Reason" for Postum.—sold by Grocers



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



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

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 will hang him as Hampden—and that before he can fleh the East Belt with its store of wealth."

TOOK SPLINTER FROM HEART

Extraordinary Operation That French Surgeons Are Reported to Have Successfully Carried Out.

An operation unique in the annals of surgery, the extraction of a fragment of hand-grenade from the heart, was described recently at the Paris Academy of Medicine by Professor Armand Gautier of Bordeaux.

The patient, a young Parisian sergeant of rather delicate constitution, who was present at the session, was wounded at St. Hubert, in the Argentine, on October 1. A splinter one-half inch square and one-eighth inch thick lodged in the heart, where it remained four and a half months. On February 17 Dr. Maurice Beauvais, chief of the ambulance in the Hue Jacques Dulud, Neuilly, undertook to extract it.

CELEBRATE DAY OF LIBERTY

Festivities of Swiss Cantons to Which All Visitors to the Country Are Attracted. August 1 is the day when the liberty of the Swiss cantons is celebrated. At Geneva one of the favorite forms of celebration is to throw colored lights on the great fountain of "jet d'eau" that rises out of the lake. Every color of the rainbow plays over the lowering column of white spray, washing it in this shining rainbow dress. At night the water seems to float in the air like a jet of water in acknowledgment. It is the highest fountain in the world. At the place where the waters of Lake Geneva narrow into the harbor, ready to flow into the River Rhone, a small breaker has been built. Beside it a great water main with a nozzle six inches in diameter is suspended, with the end turned to such a way as to throw the water high in the air. This is done by what is termed gravity pressure, and the water is carried down by living to rise as high as the great storage reservoir where it has its source, in the hills east of Geneva.

Two Babies.

Mrs. News—O, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely. Such a delicate little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose, and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels. Mr. News—Is it as nice as your baby? Mrs. News—Mercy! No, not half—New York Weekly.