

# THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

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

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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 of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., and makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. In an emergency he proves to be a man of whom the foreman has a high opinion. Siletz tells him of the Francher. He discovers that Siletz bears the name 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" and to the surprise of Siletz, Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Dally's to get material for a magazine of the lumber region. Siletz of the Yellow Pines Co. wants Sandry to keep up a tract of timber he claims this to and Sandry has bought the East Hill. Sandry sets up a cabin on the East Hill and waits for Sandry. Sandry's men depart him for Hampden, who has offered money to buy the East Hill. Sandry compares Siletz and Poppy. Sandry and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Francher stops the East Hill. Siletz finds that the deed to the East Hill has never been recorded. He decides to get on his feet and get out of the lumber business. Poppy sends Siletz and Siletz with Hampden to gain his confidence. She tells Siletz that Hampden is a crooked man and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Siletz in search of evidence against Hampden. Sandry and Siletz ride to the seashore and Siletz sees the ocean for the first time. Sandry's men depart him for Hampden, who has offered money to buy the East Hill. Siletz goes to her friends the Swansons and persuades them to work for Sandry to save his contract. Poppy tells Siletz that she has proof of Hampden's fraudulent entries in collusion with the commissioners. She sees Siletz and Sandry talking together and becomes jealous. The big timber raft is started on the way to be blown up and Sandry is dangerously injured. Poppy insists on taking care of Sandry and says she is his promised wife. Siletz says she is his promised wife and I am his man.

### CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"The Preacher!" she gasped aloud. "oh, father! What have I done! I have shut my ears to the winds of God!"

When, an hour later, she came up on the cook-shack porch and stood leaning in the doorway, spent with her wild passion, Ma Dally grimly fed the supper for the men left at camp.

"Mother," said Siletz dully, "she lied."

"Yes—I know it. But what you got to do, child? You love him an' you're right—so would I if I was thirty year younger, for he's a man, East or no East."

The general turned to her work and a sigh heaved her ample breast.

"It's all in the day's work," she thought, "an' you had to take your chance, Johnny—but you're strong, my son, you're a strong man—like yer daddy."

So began a strange time in camp. Dally came home in three days, eager and grim-tipped, and in the pocket of his fannel shirt he carried the big check for which Sandry had worked and struggled. He had delivered the raft in safety, along with the sealer's report, receiving the payment, which had been ready in the hands of a thin, gray man who leaned from the steamer's rail to exchange a few curt words.

Ma Dally cornered him in the kitchen late in the night as he finished his careful rounds of the camp.

"Son," she said gently, "they's a hard knock come to you an' I want to give you warnin', though I know you'll take it standin'. Johnny, as yer daddy took all o' his, an' I've seen him take some corners."

"I know what you've always thought o' Siletz, son, since she was a teeny chap—I've watched her quiet ways open yer heart an' seen her walk in an' I've hoped myself some day it'd all work out, for she's always turned to you in trouble. It's instinct, but son—son, haven't you seen nothin' since Sandry come among us? Hain't ye read the signs?" The foreman had stopped at the sink and lifted a tin dipper of water for a drink. At the last words he put the vessel slowly down untouched and turned an amazed face toward the old lady. His blue eyes were wide, and the mother gasped like a girl in the good man's strength of him—the broad shoulders, the muscled arms, bare to the elbow, the shapely back and the straight hips of the hill climber.

"What you talkin' o' ma?" he asked.

"Jest this. Siletz laid out yer heart fer all to see when they brought Sandry home an' that—that Jezebel woman shamed her before us all. She said on the heels o' th' child's cry of love, that she was Sandry's promised wife. I think she lied—but Siletz is breaker her heart to the Easterner."

Here, without another word, Ma Dally opened a door behind her and creaked through, closing it softly.

Of such inherent fact was she did not wish even her mother to see. John Dally take his hard knock—even though he "took it standin'," with

only a tremor of the hand that held the dipper.

When he met Siletz in the morning he looked at her with eyes a little more haggard—there was a deeper line at the corners of his mouth.

The girl bore traces of the first anguish she had ever known in the palor of her face, the dull look of smoldering flame under the daze of helplessness.

There was no one in the eating room besides themselves. Collins was out in the hills with the crew, for at the first sight of Sandry still alive, Dally had given orders to go on with the work and Siletz had stopped between the tables at supper time.

"Will the Siletz stay?" she had asked simply and it had taken no more than that. The camp went ahead in defiance.

Now Dally stopped her with a great hand on her shoulder and looked hungrily into her face.

"Siletz," he said softly, "is it true?"

She raised her eyes to his and answered as simply, "Yes."

There was no need of many words among these people of strong lives, of straightforward principles.

The big man straightened up a bit and shut his lips hard, as if he bit upon pain, looked after the vanishing fragments of all his dreams that had peopled the hills of the future. His mother had seen that look in the eyes of John Dally the first—who had "took his hard knock standin'"—that look of patient strength. For it she had followed him into the hard life of a lumber camp and never regretted it.

Now it spent itself on the rising hill, visible through the open door across Siletz' dark head, and John Dally the Second was ready to face his loss.

"Siletz," he said gently, "always remember that I'm the best friend you got on earth—I'll be waitin' all my life to help you if you ever need me." And he smoothed his hand hands easily down her arms, lingering a moment with her hands folded in his palms. Then he turned away to the day's work. There was a small undertone of softness in his voice at the last words that was never to leave it again.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Say 'Sandry!'"

Calmly Poppy Ordway took charge of the stricken man in the pine of feet. All of the day and as much of the night as her strength would permit she was beside him, soothing his restlessness, tending him with a skill that showed intelligent training. Outwardly she was as quiet as the spring days. Inwardly she panted and suffered by the abandonment of the passionate nature which sees its desires in danger. More and more she grew to fear and hate the silent, soft-footed girl whose face between his dark braids was a mask of tragedy. With her woman's instinct and her almost unnatural cleverness she knew that that way lay danger. Selfishly, in self-centered passion, this woman loved and to gain the object of that love she felt within her heart that she could wreck the universe. And she could



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### TURN THE CHILDREN LOOSE

Best Way to Develop the Muscles Both of Boys and Girls, According to Specialist.

Turn them loose—that is the best way to develop the muscles of boys and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild—climb trees, jump fences, chase squirrels, play with the dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, hop, skip and jump, and do all sorts of things that a natural human animal wants to do. The trouble is our boys and girls are tamed too much. We are all born wild and in the civilization process have to be tamed more or less. Most of us, however, get tamed too much. We become so tame that we are spoiled.

Don't be afraid of the children getting dirty. Dress them in a Girls should be put into trousers like a boy instead of skirts. Trousers would be much more modest than the ordinary dress of girls three years of age. Their skirts generally hardly reach down to their knees and their legs are bare or it not bare, they are clad

was in twofold danger—from Sandry's death and from Siletz.

Therefore she began to watch Siletz with catlike glances from under her lashes, and to think with all her brilliant brain of some way to eliminate her from the question, of some bond stronger than her work with Hampden to bind herself into Sandry's life, should he recover.

As for Sandry himself, he was far on that road which has no turning. For a day or two he had lain in torpor, to rouse at last, as a high fever set in, to delirium. He began to talk first in a rambling, reminiscent whis per of his early life. He was charming, eager, high-souled boy again, and the woman beside him saw clearly into the clean depths of his life.

But on the second day of his delirium something seemed to fall upon him from the past that drew a line of trouble around his lips and set some great, hard question in the hot, blue eyes. For long intervals he lay silent, as if the tired mind were turning and returning some important thing, to break out suddenly in excited speech.

"No!" he cried out suddenly; "no, by heaven! Not while I'm alive to right it!"

And again: "Legitimate! My God, it's done legitimately!"

This was as the sun, a soft, golden, benign sun of early spring, dropped over the western ridge, sending long, blue shadows across the narrow valley. As the shadows darkened into twilight Ma Dally, bearing some strengthening brew, loomed hugely in the office door.

"I'll take watch now," she said, "you ben on guard a long while. Better go get some rest."

But Poppy Ordway, who was bending closely over the cot, sprang suddenly erect. Her cheeks were flushed, and to her face was a strange excitement. "No," she said firmly, "I shall stay the night out. He is delirious still and I cannot leave him."

Ma Dally, that threw old general of men and meals, took keen note of every small thing in the hushed room, set down the brew and turned away her whole kindly heart filled with suspicion.

Outside in the darkness Siletz stood a little later and looked through the open window at the figure on the white cot, and the watcher beside it. Her hands were clasped tightly together and her dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"If he—dies," she gasped dryly between her parted lips, "I'll kill her and go with him to hell, for he has no God!"

But Sandry did not die. For a week he traveled on strange paths of memory, calling on Ruth to come out of the gloaming of a far land, standing aside to watch Naomi send back the ones she loved, and sometimes crying out sharply, "Oh, Abanem! My son, my son!" Again he laughed bitterly and spoke of lost faith in men.

Throughout the week Poppy Ordway stood such a vigil as only a woman who loves, be she good or bad, can stand. With a clever jealousy she kept everything under her own capable hands only giving grudging place to Ma Dally when she could no longer command her overtaxed strength.

One night she refused to leave Sandry at all, firmly dismissing Ma, who raged inwardly but was no match for her in the open ways of bluff. At midnight the owner of the Dillingworth suddenly opened his eyes, weak and tired, but sane. He saw, on the dim background of faint light from a shaded candle, the transfigured face of the watcher, and with a feeble smile of utter content dropped back to oblivion—this time the oblivion of healing sleep.

With that look, that weak smile, the woman knew that he had turned his face toward life and would journey back to it, and the surge and sway of passionate joy rocked her soul in a storm of emotion.

She stepped lightly and restlessly about, straightening a cloth on a table, tipping the candle shade at a better angle, for she felt imperatively the need of action. She picked up an empty pitcher and in the starlit dark went up the path to the cook-shack still with that bounding, light step of victory, and entered the porch where the pump stood.

There, alone in the night, leaning against a post of the porch, a slim little figure kept alert a midnight vigil. The woman looked at her and all the danger that lay that way arose suddenly before her, rousing her hatred swiftly, and something ugly and catlike prompted her to strike.

She laughed, a little, low, musical laugh, and spoke in a caressing tone. "Congratulations to me," she said softly. "The fever has left him. I'll have my up before the first flowers bloom in the valleys. Dear boy—dear Wait!"

Siletz, a moment before drooping, whirled upon her like a fury. Even in the dusk Miss Ordway saw the hidden fire leap up uncovered in her eyes and heard primal danger whimper in her voice.

"Wait!" she cried, springing toward her and lifting a hand whose slim fingers threatened her throat. "say Sandry!"

### FREIGHT CARS UNDER WATER

Novel Idea That Is Declared to Have Been Given Serious Consideration Recently.

The success of the submarine in the great war of Europe has suggested to imaginative minds wonderful possibilities in the use of the submarine in the business world. It is now proposed to have submarine freight trains, which may be operated at small expense, and with less danger from storms at sea.

To Simon Lake, the well-known submarine inventor, belongs this newest train idea. It takes the form of two or more submersible cars, clear-shaped water-tight, fitted with buoyancy tanks inside and wheels on the bottom, and they go bobbing through the water like corks, to rest on the bottom or lie on the surface at will. They have no propelling machine, nor quarters for crews, and are towed behind a self-propelling submarine, which operates them by means of electric, air-tube connections.

Should the weather be fine, air pumps on the forward boat connecting by air hose to the water ballast tanks of the trailers, regulate whether they shall float a few feet below the surface or upon the top. Should an enemy be sighted, or storm come up, the air pressure is released, the ballast tanks filled with water and the cars quickly sunk out of sight, where all is serene. It is said that some such device as this is now in operation with the submarines of Europe, enabling them to go long distances, with submarine trailers that contain compartments for fuel, oil, fresh water, food supplies and ammunition.

"Wonders of Today," in National Magazine.

Miss Ordway in her broadcloth sprang back against the rough planks of the cook-shack wall, her face gone white in the shadows and sudden, gripping, choking fear in her throat. She put up a useless hand—a trembling hand, palm outward—and strove to speak—once, twice.

Then, "Sandry," she faltered like a craven. She was whipped, scared, her power gone.

But the wild thing died in Siletz as it had lived, on the turn of a moment, and she let out a great breath and covered her face with her hands after a fashion she had.

"No," she whispered in her palms, "he kissed me and I am his woman! Oh, I am unworthy! What would I have done?" And she shuddered, as if in fear.

So the camp went forward. John and his silent crew cut steadily into the timber at the north and sent the logs down to the backwater. Here he kept a guard, for although there was nothing of importance that Hampden could do since he had played for the Dillingworth contract and failed, still he could steal the logs which lay all too close to the mill at the mouth of the slough—and John Dally was strung to a higher pitch than he had ever been in all his lifelong timber war with the Yellow Pines.

As soon as Sandry was able to bear it, Dally told him of the safe delivery of the raft, of his trip home in the Indians' sling, of his subsequent delirium and at last showed him the big check. At sight of the paper, sweat and creased from pocket wear, the sick man's face flushed and his eyes sparkled with blue flame.

"We won, John," he said, "we all won—you, I, Miss Ordway and—Siletz."

There was a little pause before the last word and then he went on.

"I want to shake hands with you all when I'm able. We're a winning bunch."

As soon as Dally had gone Poppy Ordway leaned so close that the subtle perfume of her garments intoxicated him strangely, and said exultantly, "And now for Hampden, Walter—I'm ready to go after him right!"

Sandry looked up at her from his pillow and then out along the spring-tinted hills, and drew his brows together in thought.

Presently he spoke. "You've been so good to me—I can't say how good, how much you have stood for to me—but—but, if you please, Miss Ordway—Poppy, my friend, I'd rather you'd let Hampden alone."

"What?" cried Poppy aloud, while all her instincts were clamoring for adjustment. "What do you mean, Walter Sandry?"

"Can't you see, you clever woman, that I must get Hampden myself? That this score must be settled first-hand?"

And Ma Dally, coming softly along the grass to the door, heard the words.

"Known it," she said with a sharp satisfaction, "he's a man an' I knowed it from th' start."

### CHAPTER XIX.

A Lie and a Theft.

Sandry recovered rapidly. His youth and like strength were powerful aids and the broken bones inside the plaster casts knitted busily. With his return to consciousness, Miss Ordway relaxed her vigilance. She gave up her place without protest to Ma Dally and began to spend a part of her days in the little room. This had been Sandry's urgent request.

"See what you've lost already in time and strength and energy," he pleaded, "please go to your own work."

On one of the first days of Ma Dally's attendance, he asked to see Siletz.

The general was wise and she sent the girl alone. Sandry closed his eyes and lay waiting for the light step that always reminded him of wild things in the forest—so slipping, soft and hushed was it.

Presently he heard it coming down the slope. It slowed as it neared the office and for a long time stopped altogether outside the door. His heart leaped uncontrollably and conflicting emotions flushed his face as he called her softly.

"Come here, Siletz," he heard himself saying, though for his life it was not what he wished to say, and she came and dropped on her knees beside him, clasping her hands on the sheet at his side. There was nothing of the conscious avowal of Poppy's words in her look and attitude, only the simple betrayal of a nature as open as the face. The shining light of joy in her face, the hushed acknowledgment of God's sparing of his life, was all sufficient. In a flash he heard the words of Kolawmie's half-breed:

"—for Siletz is your woman."

And he knew they were true. By every sign of her soul and body they were true, as simply as the flower worships the sun all day. And there in the little south room from whose open window he could hear the click of a typewriter, was the most brilliant woman of his own world whom he had ever known, a woman soon to be famous for her great gift and her marvelous beauty—and she, too, by her open word was "his woman!"

"Little Siletz," he said, though he had meant to use her name alone "Little Siletz!"

But what he would have said was left unspoken, for Ma Dally creaked in the doorway with a bowl of broth.

"My goodness, ma," he said whimsically, "if you don't stop filling me with broth I'll refuse to eat at all. I want a slice of ham and some of your incomparable rice pudding."

"You want what you get. You sip this all."

As Sandry obediently finished the last drop, the general reached in the capacious pocket of her dish apron.

"Here," she said, "see what I found." She held squarely before his eyes a little red morocco notebook, opened at a page far to the back.

"Miss Ordway dropped it as she rode off on the bay this mornin' an' I picked it up."

Without volition, Sandry glanced at the white page, which held a few neatly tabulated notes.

"We ought not to read it, ma," he was saying, "it may be private."

Then a change came over his features and involuntarily he peered closer.

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### Heralding the Outdoor Season



For the woman devoted to out-of-doors a sports coat model, like that shown in the picture, is a good choice for early season wear as a street coat.

At the end of the season it will owe her nothing, for she will have had it always with her. Coats of this character are shown in great variety and they differ little from regulation sports coats. They are more quiet in color and somewhat more trim as a rule.

Not all the models designed for street wear are in quiet colors. The citron shades are much in evidence where smartly dressed women congregate. The checked coat is a favorite for both street and sports wear and is really checked according to the size of its checks—if they are big it

is of the sports sort, while very small checks are about as conservative as the more trying black.

For the young woman the coat pictured is a model that it would be hard to improve upon. It is reinforced at the front with a deep square yoke which improves its lines, giving them a straight direction at the middle front with a generous flare at the sides and back. It buttons to one side and has a collar high enough to be chic and becoming and so constructed that it can be turned back away from the neck when so desired.

Big patch pockets are furnished with a plait at the middle fastened with a button. The buttons at the front are set on in groups, and two buttons finish the oddly cut cuffs.

### General Utility Suit



A suit for the street and general utility is made in a manner that appeals to young women and justifies their judgment. It is new in cut and very smart looking and it looks well in any of the fabrics—including the novel weaves—that have been used for this season's suits.

The skirt is not a new model, but is cut fuller than usual with deep, inverted plaits that extend to the waist line. These are its only distinguishing features. The coat is a novelty, simply and cleverly cut, with raglan sleeves and very full body. At the front a wide overlap terminates at the bust line. The coat fastens here with a half dozen large white bone buttons and on the sleeves. There is a turnover collar of the material and cuffs similar to it with a plaiting let in at the back of each. As in nearly all other tailored suits an extra collar and cuffs of white organdie, which are detachable, recognize the advent of summer.

White pique, white satin, embroidered blisse and lace appear in collars and cuffs, with the various dark colors

used just now for street wear. In collars and rovers and collars and cuffs there are occasional suits in which white broadcloth courageously faces the chance of losing its creamy whiteness and being thrown into the discard. But washable stuffs are prettier, more delicate, and more popular, and the tailored suit, either in wool or silk, is immensely enhanced by their freshness.

Other tailored suits, cut on lines with which we are now familiar, can claim the distinction of originality in certain details of their finishing. One of these has what are known as saddlebag pockets of formidable size set into the skirt. In their silk-branded decoration, fancy silk lining and finishing, the inspiration of Spanish ideas is evident. The coat is cut with a square opening at the front, has scalloped and braided revers and a little low-cut vestee. The neck is finished with a soft ruffle of lace and a soft chemise of lace appears above the vestee.

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possibilities and the sand, bliscit and similar shades stand the same treatment well, as do certain porcelain, Japanese and medium blues.

Scent Bags. Clothes scented with lavender have a delightfully clean, fresh odor. Make your own lavender bags out of bits of colored chiffon. Fill three-quarters full with the dried lavender; tie with ribbon finished with a rosette, and you will have the daintiest sort of scented bags at a very trifling cost.

Julia Bottomley