

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

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CHAPTER XXVI

The Spirit of the East.

Company H, under Captain Donaldson, they trotted swiftly up with the quickstep of hard-trained infantry and stood in column of fours while the officers sought the head of a file. Daily promptly sent for the young forest ranger, and in less than it takes in the telling these two keen-witted Westerners, the woodsman and the soldier, were ready to grapple with the enemy. Light-marching, kits were dumped upon the ground and the hard-muscled men took to the hills and the timber under quick, decisive orders. Two hours later wagons arrived with commissary supplies and the smoky, blackened valley took on a military air.

It was a Titan struggle, and it was indicative of the force that has conquered nature—the human atoms tolling in semidarkness beneath the threatening forest, choked by the smoke, fayed by the almost unbearable heat, menaced by the flames that at any moment might sweep here or there among the rocks and declivities of the uneven hills and cut off escape.

That was the great danger they guarded against—the possibility of getting hemmed in. Guards were detailed to watch the vanguards of the foe, to note the speed of the flames, the lie of the timber, the hues that were likely to go fastest, following the different growths, but in the mysterious dusk and the silence of vast mingled sounds they were impotent and each man had to take care of himself.

The mighty boom of falling patriarchs of the forest, hoary with a thousand years of age, crashing through obstructing branches, shook the earth each moment. With each such stupendous fall wealth and world-economy and prudence trembled at the sacrifice. It was a carnival of waste, a sacrifice of the gifts of God—and among all those who fought it with heart and hand and brain there was some who knew its worldwide import so well, who lamented it so keenly as the lean, brown forest rangers whose special foe it was.

"And to think a dozen miles of government trails would have prevented this!" cried the leader with an oath.

Out in the valleys beyond, the heavy smoke had obscured the setting sun entirely. Over the crest of the Coast Range it had spread up to the heavens, drifted afar on the changing wind and all the distant valleys of the Willamette knew that the forest fires were burning to the hills.

The papers throughout the state told of it that day, and it awakened no more interest than would have attended the announcement of a heavier run of salmon than was usual in the Columbia.

They were too common, those fires that sported with the national wealth each year, too much a part of everyday life, and they did not know that this was to be a marker of time in the coast country.

Time was when they were unknown, these monsters of destruction—a long-past time it was, when those first forest rangers, the silent Red Men of the hills, had burned out the underbrush each year so that a pony might go anywhere unhindered.

The silent rangers had gone with the years—passed to the Hunting Grounds and the reservations, via civilization, and now the great timber had shed its dry foliage and its pitch, the little growth had sprung up season after season, the vines had crept between and a man might not penetrate the fastnesses without built trails.

So Destiny took up the land and played with it that hot, dry August. All through the early hours of the long night they labored, dirty, blackened, tattered scarcoons of men, running here and there, digging like mad in the wide trench that was to stop the surface flames, sawing unceasingly at the towering trees, while the guards brought twenty-minute tidings of the approaching fire.

High against the dun, smoke-lightened sky the dark canopy of the East Belt whispered and moaned as if in fear, and from time to time Sandry, a haggard, grim-tipped specter of a man, lifted his bloodshot eyes toward it. It was still his own, his future of the Dillingworth, despite the tangle of Hampden's threats, the unrecorded deed and the unfinished trail of the Yellow Pines at the south, and it pulsed at his heart pathetically.

There was still a stretch of almost

impenetrable timber near the summit of the big ridge which must be cut through before the flames reached it, or all would be lost.

"Shall we make it, John?" asked the owner desperately of Daily, who ran by in the smoke with wet rags to lie over the mouths of the men.

"Ought to if the wind stays where it is."

It was two o'clock and that hour in the sleeping world outside when all the elements are at an ebb.

Then, all suddenly, Destiny laughed. And Destiny's laugh was a whooping wind that rose as the elemental ebbs turned. Hell broke loose upon the land and heaven was not. Fire compassed the world. Its increased roar changed to the thunder of the spheres. It appalled the hearts of men, stayed their hands in fright. All throughout the darkness of rolling smoke wherein they worked between the raging torrent and the East Belt that mighty voice commanded cessation.

Instantaneously, without orders, as one man where there was no communication save between those a few feet apart, they dropped their spades, their tattered blankets, their axes. They straightened from their labor, leaving the cross cuts in the trunks. Here and there, above the solemn thunder hoarse voices began to call. It was the time to quit and they realized it instinctively.

"Out! Out! Out!" they cried to each other in the dusk. "Get out! Get out!"

Walter Sandry, working near the apex of the pushing line, saw men beginning to run past him back along the trench and the cutting. He lifted desperate eyes to the ridge whose dim crest he could see between the boles, so near had they won to victory. Only a few more big pines, a dozen saplings, a scant few yards of trench and it would be done—the long lane of safety stretched across the neck of the East Belt!

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" he cried with a great voice that came from the very depths of his lungs with borrowed power. "Stand by me, men! For God's sake stand by!"

He saw dim shapes falter, half turn toward him and start on. Again he raised his stentorian cry and flying figures halted a moment, stopped against their will by its compelling power.

"I'm Johnny Eastern, all right, but I'm going to stay! Who'll stay with me?"

Out of the dense obscurity came Collins, a huge, fantastic figure, and stood beside him without a word. In the tension of the time Sandry reached out a hand and gripped the giant's shoulder.

"A dozen men and we've won!" he cried.

He saw the halting shapes turn, gather another and another, retrace their steps and spring back into the darkness. Every man of them was western born and the taunt had gone home. He leaped himself for the handle of a saw sticking out from the bole of a 150-foot sugar pine and the whining song of the crosscut rose again under the dwarfing roar.

Fourteen men had heard and answered that call, and they were alone in the purgatory of heat and smoke. All the rest were running for their lives down the cleared fall toward the valley beyond the dip.

From time to time Sandry glanced upward at the increasing light. The sugar pine fell with a rending roar, and with Harris, who, he saw for the first time, had been pulling with him, he ran to the next.

He saw as he ran that one of the men, working like a fury to fell the saplings, was Murphy, who had greeted his pompous "Dillingworth" with such grinning irony in the old days.

He had a moment's vague wonder at this odd stripe of humanity that could hold such prejudice, fight with Hampden's men in savage enmity, to join their ranks later with happy irresponsibility at the call of gold, and was still willing to turn back to fight with him on death's brink, because he has returned their taunt of East and West.

One by one, in a tension that drew the skin tight on their faces, they saw the last remaining monarchs fall, the kindling saplings laid on earth, the trench, much narrower and shallower, creep upward to the ridge.

Against time, against heat that scorched their bare arms and tortured their starting eyeballs, against a stifling atmosphere that drove them

considered rather than whether, for the present, the heart can stand the effort. The best protection for the future is a proper adjustment of effort at all times to one's strength—Exchange.

Management of the Body

Extreme Care Should Be Exercised by Those Who Are Afflicted With Defective Heart.

A person with a defective heart must remain, in everything he does well within the limit of his strength. Though able to walk fifteen blocks, he should not walk more than twelve; though able to work three hours, he should work only two, and rest if possible, every hour for a few minutes, to avoid fatigue. When able to get along with seven hours' rest and sleep, he should rest and sleep at least nine hours. His recuperative power is lowered and it takes, when overworked, days and weeks to regain strength which a healthy person recovers in one night. He endangers his future whenever he goes beyond his strength even a little, or only to the point where he begins to feel tired. He may do as much as an average healthy person, but he must divide his work into periods of short duration. What may happen in a year or two must be

considered rather than whether, for the present, the heart can stand the effort. The best protection for the future is a proper adjustment of effort at all times to one's strength—Exchange.

Monkey Died Like a Man.

The death of Bill Snyder, the baboon of the Central park zoo, from acute indigestion, is chronicled in the day's news. Bill was not one of the higher order of the monkey family, his kinship to the human race, if he had any, was remote. Yet surely in the manner of his death he displayed a simian resemblance to man.

He died as hundreds of thousands of beings higher in the scale of evolution die as countless numbers of our "best citizens" die—from overeating. He was as reckless in the indulgence of his appetite for food as the most cultivated member of the human family, and if the circumstances of his death excite surprise, it is that his natural instincts did not preserve him from the fate of the most intelligent human beings.

Bill's death points a dietetic moral

nearer and nearer to the earth for breath, they drew the last blade, sent the last big pine crashing toward the north.

"The ridge was clear in the increasing glow."

"Now!" cried Sandry with the triumph of a general on a victorious field, "now for the ridge and over!"

But even as he dropped his saw and ran, calling his men, Collins' big voice came through the rolling smoke with the calm of finality.

"Ain't no 'over.' It's a ninety-foot drop on to hard rock beyond that ridge."

Sandry stopped in his tracks, his head cleared as if with a whiff of salt air by that call.

The men had closed in with the instinct of their kind to be together in danger, as if so the danger were lessened.

But the Easterner was undaunted. "Then we'll take to the East Belt," he cried, "even though it is a crown fire and coming fast, I think our trench will hold it."

With all confidence he turned to the south. Instinctively the men had drawn in behind him. The neck of the East Belt was a wavering wall of flame. He whirled and glanced back along the fall and the trench. Long streamers of flame were licking across it. The half-looked-for had happened.

The little bunch of fighters were hemmed in, ringed around by fire. Death faced them on every side.

Then, as the owner sent a searching look to every quarter, he sprang forward.

"Here!" he cried, "here! Into it! Every man of you. In, I say!"

At the crest of the sheer ridge an old, abandoned tunnel gaped in the gloom, a dim haven of refuge. Its mouth was overhung by vines, its recess mysterious in the blackness. Sandry sprang to its edge and turned back for the men to pass. They stood, a small, silent bunch, gazing in wordless consternation at the red canopy.

"Now how in hell did it get across the fall?" said Collins hoarsely.

But one by one they stooped and entered the small black hole in the earth. It ran backward into the ridge, scarce the height of a tall man, its floor uneven with the heaps of earth fallen from the roof since some long-forgotten prospector had carved it out.

Here for a moment they breathed more easily, standing close together, a sweating, panting, waiting mass of humanity. Sandry stood at the mouth, the last to enter. He looked out in a hushed amazement at the unchained madness of the burning world. The great fire had reached its zenith. It came booming and roaring to the fall and the trench. Its sound was indescribable. The heat grew until the flesh on Sandry's arms and face rose in blisters. A sheet of flame shot sheer across the tunnel's mouth. Smoke rolled into it and here and there a gasping breath ended in a moan. There was no air to breathe. Like trapped animals the men jumped here

and there, feeling for an opening, a crevice to crawl into, away from the agony of heat and suffocation. And then they lost control of themselves.

"My God!" cried Murphy shrilly. "I can't stand it! Let me out an' I'll die an' get 'er over!"

He came groping to the entrance, facing the increasing heat. His face was a madman's, his mouth open, his fingers crooked like talons. But at the mouth, that was as the gate of hell, he met the Easterner, a straight figure against the light beyond.

"No," said Sandry sternly, "go back and lie down."

"What?" he shrieked, "what? You damned Johnny! You tenderfoot! I'll—!" And he flung himself forward. A smooth, black muzzle came forth and pushed its brazen menace into his face.

"I'll shoot the first man that at-

tempts to pass me," said Sandry hoarsely.

Yelling and cursing, he backed away more than one of the fourteen begged to be allowed to pass, and one of the lumberjacks from Sacramento muttered deliciously of calling his bluff. But the awful moments dragged by and Sandry stood at the entrance. The flames passed all measurement of light and heat. He lost sight of the figures at his feet. He felt himself going into the darkness.

"Slets," he muttered, "little Slets—" When he came to himself again, men were crawling across him. He could breathe better and the light had lessened. He sat up, wincing at the moving of his scorched skin over the muscles underneath, crawled out with the rest and one by one they rose to their feet. The great timber of the East Belt farther down stood scented and green. The effort had not been in vain. The holocaust was checked, the Belt was safe.

Back toward the north stretched a forest of tall, black spikes, picked out here and there by heavy spots of fire where fallen logs, dry and pitch-laden, burned steadily. The green canopy was gone, every vine and bit of brush, every sapling and fern. Only a thin edge still cracked and snapped with streamers of flame along the trench.

"Mr. Sandry," said Harris, the saw-filer, "if you're an Easterner I hope to God the breed fills up the country!"

He extended a hand which Sandry grasped.

"An' me," said Murphy, his grimy features distorted in an expression of mingled gratitude and contrition, "I take it all back—every damn word I ever said against you, an' it's a long list."

"Forget it," said Sandry. He was no longer Johnny Eastern. He had won his right to live and fight among them.

"Is it over, Collins?" he asked, standing his voice.

"Over? Look yonder. Feel th' wind. It's changin' again. Th' fire's backed-crawled toward the Slets basin three miles, I'll bet, while we've been savin' this end. We've only begun to fight."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Shot in the Hills.

At camp they met a party, headed by the foreman, just starting out in search of them. Their absence had been discovered only when Daily, coming in from the north, where his work had been laid out, had asked for Sandry.

At sight of him the three women standing together at the foot-log gave evidence, each in her way, of those emotions which the suspicion of his fate had stirred.

On Ma's face was an unbounded pride that he had come through a man of parts, abundantly able to care for himself among a harder crew. On Miss Ordway's there lay a vast relief, while Slets played with the collar of her blue shirt with trembling fingers and moistened her dry lips.

Sandry turned and looked up at the darkened east with a profound joy. He swept his eyes north to where the red heaven flared and staggered to his office.

"Three hours, ma," he croaked in a voice of warning, "only three hours sleep for all of us. If you give us longer I'll never forgive you."

dry, still somewhat of a boy, parted the yearning question.

"Who would care?" he laughed wryly, "would you, Little Squaw?"

The girl did not answer, but as she turned away the ready mist sprang to her eyes and he reached a contrite hand to her shoulder.

"Forgive me! I know you would!"

It seemed to Slets as the horror swept north and the men were lost for hours in the dim fastnesses, that something was about to happen.

She felt a presence of disaster which Coosnah shared, and they two stood apart for long spaces of time, silent, listening, the muscles of each drawn taut. From time to time the great mongrel would squat upon the ground, lift his heavy muzzle toward the long-drawn, silver note that was the very acme of melancholy.

And then came a dawn when no one came in for breakfast, when the sun, coming over the ridge to the east, was not visible. Only a pale light turned the heavy canopy to shadowed pearl. The three women waited in that silence which ever attends the waiters

for men who face danger. They were used to the silence, for there was no accord between them. Ma Daily had long ago shut this "bird o' th' earth" out of her good heart and Slets hated her with the fury of the woman whose mate is threatened.

At last a solitary Indian came down the valley, running, his mouth full of excitement and dolorous prediction. The whole of the Slets world went. It was the wrath of the Great Spirit turned loose upon a wicked world. It was the judgment. There was nothing like it. He fell into jargon and reverted to the ancient gods, and Slets checked him sternly.

"What do you mean, Quanna?" she said, "have you forgotten the Preacher and the Bible? There is only one God and he holds us in the hollow of his hand. It is not the destruction of the world. It will stop. What more has happened, and where is Sandry of the camp?"

"Everything had happened. The whole country was afire. Not only a ridge or two, a valley in between, as it had been here, a day, two days back but ridge after ridge, valley after valley—the world, the earth, the heavens—Sandry was somewhere up behind the Hog Back."

For a moment the girl looked out across the slough, lying like a dirty ribbon between its gray and wilted banks. Then she turned troubled eyes to the general.

"Mother," she said, "I know it now. There's danger to Sandry, and I'm going."

"Child, you're wrong this time. Sandry's a man. Let you as you know th' hills I can't tell you. I forbid it."

They faced each other a moment while Slets tossed back her braids and tightened her belt.

"I'm going," she said quietly. Ma Daily, who had raised her, said no more; but as she turned to the stove aimlessly—as was her wont in every time of trial, there was a deeper line about her tremulous old mouth.

Swift as the wind the girl ran down the valley toward the deserted camp. Miss Ordway watched her and against her will, drawn by some subtle excitement, some urging power, she, too, gathered her skirts and began to run across the pulling ashes. At the lead to she came upon the other just leaning out Black Belt, a shining beauty eager for the turf.

"I'm going too," panted Poppy, reaching for a bridle that hung behind the bay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

His Part

Officer—"Your horse seems very familiar to me, Higgins." Private—"I don't wonder, sir, seeing the time he brought you from the club. Why you've kissed 'im before you went up the stairs."

hour and endangered the life and property of all who dwell near Weir Creek. Pickaxes were hurled by the drainage pickadores and shovels descended parabolas that were interesting, but dangerous.

Finally, when the shark was at the point of death from ennuet and exhaustion, Mr. McGowan stepped forward and inflicted the fatal wound. The shark groaned, sighed, whistled, rolled over, kicked once and was no more. He was found to weigh 209 pounds when dragged to the shore and was seven feet long.—New York Herald.

Antiseptic Vaccine.

A Great British physician, Sir Almroth Wright has invented an antiseptic vaccine. By inoculation it is hoped, a soldier before going into battle may be made proof against the infection of wounds.

Good Excuse.

"John, what possessed you to buy this chow-chow dog?" "I don't know, Maria, unless I was pleased."

KILLS SHARK WITH CROWBAR

Great Battle Waged for an Hour Against a Man-Eater Results in Victory.

A man-eating shark up to his eyes in mud and a stranger in the Bronx, was killed near Throggs Neck after everyone within half a mile of him had screamed at least once and missed him with a rock at least twice. David McGowan, an inspector in the Bronx department of sewers, is the amateur torador who finally sent him wincing or flippers into the valley of death.

Mr. McGowan, accompanied by a quartet of pickax wielders and a double sextette of shovelers, was improving the Bronx sewerage facilities when he heard a hoarse cry. Mr. McGowan selected a crow-bar he could trust and hurried to where a struggling form was creating a whirlpool. He inserted the crowbar into the huge bulk. The head of an indignant shark appeared and Mr. McGowan, with four excellently executed handspikes, was back on shore again.

Then began a battle which lasted an

The Guarded Heart

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE

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TEXT—The peace of God shall guard your heart and mind.—Phil. 4:7.

These three verses should be read together to get the thought the apostle has to give us.

Someone has epitomized them by saying we are meant to have a carefulness in nothing, prayerfulness in everything, thankfulness for anything, and it might be added, peacefulness in all things.

"Be careful for nothing," or, as the R. V. says, "in nothing be anxious;" or, as we would say today,

"don't worry." It means, as Conybeare and Howson put it, "let no care trouble you." A most surprising exhortation when we think of the sin within us; surprising when we think of the many painful experiences we meet, the hard surroundings, the bitter circumstances, the unexplained disappointments; surprising when we think of the constantly increasing difficulties that strew our paths. Yet in spite of all of these he says "don't worry." We need not worry, it is wicked to worry, it is against the lessons of nature's revelation and our peace in the Lord. It is disobedience, because it is the Lord himself who says "Be careful for nothing." It is well known that worry will kill where work only makes strong. But how are we to avoid that which is so common among us? The next sentence tells us.

Simple Method.

"In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Here is the simple method of avoiding the useless, worrying worry. Take everything to God in prayer.

Oh, what peace we often forfeit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—All because we do not carry Everything to God in prayer.

The small things or the large are to be taken to him, the joyous, glad things as well as the sad and bitter things, the simple things as well as the difficult, the personal and private as well as the public affairs—everything is to be carried unto the Lord. And they are to be taken to him with thankfulness. The thankfulness will be there in the measure of our trust in him.

A little boy takes his broken toy to his father. After seeing it the father said, "I'll fix it for you, son." The boy says, "Thank you, daddy," and goes off content because he trusts his father's word. To the measure of our trust in our Father when we bring our affairs to him will be the measure of our thankfulness. Only let us be as children before him and the outcome will be certain.

Sure Result.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." The heart as a fortress will be guarded by the peace of God and the mind, the entrance to that fortress, will be kept by the same peace. It is the peace of God, not merely peace with God. The latter is for the conscience and comes by faith in his word; the former is for the heart and mind and comes by faith in his word and his presence. We cannot conceive of God being worried. Nothing can overcome him, nothing the future holds can ever take him by surprise. No evil the past holds that the blood cannot blot out, no distress of the present that he cannot relieve, and no darkness of the future that his presence cannot lighten. And to the measure of our trust will be the measure of our peace. Unbelief and an surrendered will are the two great hindrances to the enjoyment of the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

A child came close to his teacher's side. He took tight clamped in his little hand. "Teacher," he said, with wistful eyes, "We're coming to words that I don't understand."

I've turned the pages over and over, And the words are so big and they're all so new, When we come to the lessons where they are put, O teacher, I don't know what I'll do!"

The teacher smiled at the troubled face, And tenderly stroked the curly head: "Before we reach them," I think you will learn."

The way to read them," she gently said: "But if you shouldn't, I'll help you then. And don't you think that the wisest plan is to learn the lesson that comes today, And learn it the very best you can?"

And it seems to me: It is so with us: We look at the days that are still ahead, The days that perchance may never be ours— With a pitiless longing and a nameless dread, But surely the Teacher who gives the task, Will lovingly watch and tear-dimmed eyes, And will help his children in time of need."

Added Gifts.

Those who use the grace they have are rewarded with more grace. Cornelius who was reverent toward God and liberal toward men was bidden to send for Peter. Having used wisely the gifts that had been intrusted to him he was now to be favored with more. This is God's way with his children. "Whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance," it is said.

Proper Fear of God.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, it is the best and most natural way of living; should we not fear and reverence the God that made us, that preserves us, and provides all things for us?—Neal.

HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN

Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health—

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES CONLEY, 616 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.

KIDNEY Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. It is a trouble you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At drug stores in fifty-cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling you about it. Address Dr. Kilmor & Co., Bristol, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

Trouble

MALARIAL REGIONS, will find Tutt's Pills the most general restorative ever offered the suffering invalid.

Kill All Flies! They Spread Disease

Send for Tutt's Fly Killer at once. It kills all flies, mosquitoes, and other insects. It is safe for all animals and humans. Address: Tutt's Fly Killer, 150 South 4th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THIS TABBY IS REAL FISHER

Maryland Cat Wades Boldly into Stream in Search of its Prey.

Hancock, Mo., has a cat that fishes different from felines that have been known to stand on the bank and try to grab fish with their claws, this tabby wades boldly into stream and awaits prey.

Yesterday the cat was fishing in the little creek that runs through Hancock near the old Eastern or Gilleece hotel property, emptying into the Potomac through a culvert under the canal at that point. The cat stood motionless for several minutes, and then pounced on a fish with both paws. The fish jumped several feet out of the water, its body shimmering in