

The Heart of Night Wind By Vingie E. Roe Illustrations by Ray Walters A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

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., or most of it, and makes acquaintance with the camp and the work he has come from the East to superintend and make successful.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

Out of the near gloom, which was lightening a bit with dawn, the log trail rose, an aggressive snake-like trough climbing uncompromisingly at an angle of 36 degrees, its center a straight pine log sunk to its surface, which was polished like ivory, its slightly curving sides the same. How many tapering trunks had gone into its two miles would be hard to say, for in some places they had sunk and been covered—in the dip, say, over the ridge where the real mountain began, at the turn where it wound around the shoulder.

Before ten minutes Sandry was breathing heavily, though he said nothing and kept close to Dally's heels. The logger strode forward and upward with an easy, climbing lift that rippled every muscle in his loose body, while the man from the cities strained and heaved in painful labor, slipping on the wet earth, floundering in the rotten bark and brush that lined the way. They climbed beside the trail, not in it. Ahead of them the gang of men had long since disappeared from sight and hearing.

The forenoon that followed was the opening page in a new chapter of his life, and Sandry bent all his faculties to a grasp of outlines. He stood silently watching the work go forward. They had reached the cutting. Here, in a wide dip high above the world, it seemed to the Easterner, was a huge circle of activity. Close beside the trail a second donkey engine fussed and screamed, reaching out unceasingly on all sides for the great logs, to haul them in with screech of spool and strain of cable and turn them over to the mysterious steel rope that came constantly crawling back on its traveling line. This was called the "yarding engine"—the one at the foot of the trail beside the railway and the track being known as the "roader."

The monotonous song of the cross-cut saw had begun where the buckers were converting several hundred-and-fifty-foot trunks into handling sections. A little below, two foot-wide planks some five or six feet long had been set into a giant yellow pine about eight feet from the ground, one on either side, and on these two men were standing, their flannel shirts open at the throat, their sleeves rolled up from arms of steel and leather, their heads bare. Sandry watched the bending of their backs, every muscle outlined under the clinging shirts, the play of their knees, the whole easy rippling of their entire bodies with the regular give and take of the long saw. The boards, known as springboards, rose and dipped with the men's motion.

These men were fallers, and presently they would lay the towering monarch of the great woods to the fraction of an inch in a given place, ready for the buckers, the hook-tender and the cable.

In the meantime the logs already down were swiftly stripped of their limbs, cut into thirty and forty foot lengths, rolled into the trail with peavey and cant hook, and sent up and over the ridge to the accompaniment of shrill toots from the whistle-bob's restless cord, the straining of rigging and the squeak of fiber on polished fiber.

The built trail ended here in the shallow hollow between the first ridge and the great mountain beyond, though up the face of the latter it was prolonged by a cleared path sharply defined among the dense growth of the timber.

He was impressed by the magnitude of the country. On every hand the lifting hills were clothed in trees, close packed and of such girth and height as to seem almost grotesquely impossible. Humanity was dwarfed to insignificance, like an ant crawling on a cathedral column.

nature, dense and untouched, waiting for the hand of pygmy man to come and take her lavish treasures. By nine o'clock the sun was shining above the peaks and the fog had vanished from the valleys, and although it was late fall there was no feeling of the death of the year. On the contrary, there was a sense of bustle and hurry and work beginning with the advent of the rains. The tide-water slough was bankfull and mud-brown with thick grass and water growths along its edges. The stranger unconsciously drew great breaths of the sweet air of the high hills and began to feel dimly something of their charm.

John Dally was everywhere, looking at this, lending a hand at that, shouting some good-natured instruction here and there, overseeing with an eagle eye each minute detail of the work. One of the new owner's first impressions was that in this man he had an object of great value. He was just thinking this when there came one long blast from the donkey over the ridge and the men dropped their tools in their tracks, the two on the springboards jumped down, leaving the saw just where the call had caught it, far out on one side, and the foreman came up to him.

"Dinner time, Mr. Sandry," he said, smiling. "I expect you're pretty hungry."

"What?" cried Sandry, "why, I hadn't thought of it! Is it possible we've been here five hours?"

"Sure. Time goes fast in the hills." They began to climb the trail, the men straggling out ahead and behind, the youngest forging forward in the eagerness of youth and healthy appetites, the older characters, all of them hardened woodsmen, taking it more leisurely.

Before they were half way up, however, Sandry was breathing heavily. "Might I ask," said Dally, "something about the change in the company?"

"Certainly. There has simply been an outright sale of the interests, all of which, or nearly all, I bought from Dillingworth & Frazor. A fifth, I believe, is still owned by a Mr. Rakeham, who is somewhere in South America. I have come out to take absolute charge and learn the timber business."

"I see. And you've had no experience?"

"None," said Sandry a little shortly. "Maryanna Humphrey—but my feet is tender!" complained a voice behind. Sandry glanced quickly back. Three lumberjacks were plodding up the slope, their seamed and weathered faces set intently on dinner. On one, a red-headed chap of some thirty-six or eight, powerful and rugged, he set his sharp eyes.

"But I'm acquiring it," he finished, "rapidly. Discharge that man." Dally did not turn.

"I can't," he said, "he's just quit."

CHAPTER IV. Old Reins in New Hands. The East and the West had met. It was apparent in every essential that had to do with Sandry and his men in common. It showed when he sat among them at the head of the long table, in the

masters of northern Gaul, while the Ripuarians were concentrated around Cologne. Under Hlodowig or Clovis, king of the former confederation, the Franks were converted to Christianity, while by his conquests in central Gaul, and by his subjugation of the Alemanni and the Ripuarian Franks, he not only extended his dominions as far as the Loire in the one direction and the Maine in the other, but he laid the foundation of what subsequently developed into the kingdom of France.

way he used his hands, his knife and his food. It glared when he spoke, it paraded in his clothes, and most of all it stood forth pitilessly when he sat by himself at night in the plain little room under the dripping eaves. They were nearly always dripping, the pane behind the spotless curtains was always black and glittering, there was nearly always the shut-in silence that rain imposes—that dense silence, listening and lonesome.

Sometimes, to be sure, it was only a little Oregon mist that saddened the night outside, but it had the same effect on the young man from the middle of life in New York. He was East and he knew it. Also, the men had known it from that first speech in the doorway of the cook-shack. They spoke of him among themselves as "Dillingworth," accompanying the word with grins, tasting its flavor as delicately as any bespectacled professor of the East dallying with a new derivative.

Nowhere in the world is discernment brought to a finer point than in the lumber camps and mills of the Northwest, among that floating gentry of the pike and peavey, the knee-laced boot and the "turkey," who pass here and there with the seasons, picking critically at the speech and doings of many places.

Also, nowhere is there a stronger prejudice against any manifestation of personal superiority, any exploitation of what may lie east of the Cascades. To them the man and the place are one—East and Easterner. They felt for him that contempt which only the seasoned feel for the inexperienced. And with the quickness which was his characteristic, the new owner sensed the feeling among them. It only added to that jumble of sensations and impressions which had crowded thick upon him from the first day and which he had had no time to assort and get under control. He had simply laid them away for future attention.

In the meantime he went quickly at the work of settling himself in the new environment. A load of lumber was brought up the slough on the punt from the mill at Toledo and four men were put to building a small office. It was set at the edge of the slough, a bit below the cook-shack, where it commanded from its two eastern windows and door the track, the roading donkey, the log-trail and the railway, and from the southern one the winding slough, the rest of the track and the lower railway, where the donkey engine left the logs, its duty done. After that, they rolled down with much splashing to the narrow ribbon of water which, with every flood tide backed in from the bay, lifted them high and trundled them, grinding and groaning, slowly down, perhaps to the mill at Toledo, perhaps to be laced together with mammoth chains, built into a great raft and towed out to the ocean to voyage along the coast, down to southern California or up to Portland. A tiny, wheezy tug fussed about the backwater for the express purpose of starting the monster raft out on the ebb.

Inside the new office were installed a roll-top desk, a case of books, a map or two and several chairs, beside a small stove. Here, with the four pine walls around him, Walter Sandry at last looked around and called himself at home. The drawers of the new desk were full of documents and memoranda, the his-ory, with statistics and records down to the minutest detail, of the Dillingworth Lumber company. These he set himself to master as his first step toward the vast golden goal of the dream that had brought him west.

Very shrewdly he decided to take nothing out of the capable hands of his foreman. There had been a sort of tense pause in the camp pending this development. When it became apparent that things were to go on as usual the work went forward as if a line had been loosened.

Big John Dally had gone about during the fall drew on space. Sometimes he proved himself so, if his hands are white.

Of the girl Siletz he had scarcely taken a moment's notice. He did not even know that when she served him silently at the oilcloth covered table the two long braids were tied together at the nape of her neck so that by no chance could they fall against his hand. Neither did he know that the dog Cossnah watched him always with pale eyes. Of these two he knew less than of any others in camp with whom he had as much to do. As for the girl herself, she kept away from his vic-

conversation, asked him: "Did you get your money, professor?" Professor Tuxen replied that he had not intended to mention the matter, but since his majesty himself raised the question, he would say that he had received only part of the money. At this the czar seemed not at all surprised, but calmly made out another order for the sum which had been deducted from the original amount, and thus Tuxen got his money.—Washington Star.

New York's imports of Wood. New York state produces less than one-third of the raw material used in her wood industries. In spite of the popular impression that the introduction of concrete, brick and steel is doing away with the use of wood, it is being found that the state is yearly using more wood per capita than ever before. More than twice as much wood is used per person today than 50 years ago. More than six times as much wood per person is used in New York state than in Germany, and more than ten times as much as in Great Britain.

in the camp and carried on the work, abetted and aided by that efficient general, his mother. With the years of his young manhood he had worked, following the wilderness as progress pushed it backward to the bay, seeing little of the outside world save perhaps for a trip, once in three years, to Portland or down to San Francisco, and always during the past it had been the Dillingworth Lumber company into whose vast holdings the camp had cut its way.

Always there had been no hand of power in the hills save his own, no supervision excepting the annual visits of some member of the firm who went over things, nodded, estimated, took figures and went away. He had carried on his camp himself, fought since he could remember with the Yellow Pines company, whose holdings were vast as those of the Dillingworth, and had not thought of change.

When Walter Sandry settled quietly down with no voice in the doings of the camp, Dally drew a good breath and went ahead once more. As for the new timber magnate, he sat down at the new desk on the first day of his occupancy of the little office on the slough's edge and wrote his first letter.

It was on a printed letterhead: Dillingworth Lumber Company, Toledo, Oregon. Dear Dad: Excelsior! I fancy I'm on top of the world! Wish you could stop in here for an hour's chat. The country would amaze you as it has me with its mighty bigness. You feel like an atom crawling on the sea's floor—too small to count. The hills are like our beloved Catskills, only they are their wild cousins from the wilderness, unkempt and savage. There is wealth here, Dad, untold wealth and I intend to get a handful of it. The timber is unsounded. It reaches away to the Siletz reservation on the north—and on both. These Indians come into camp once in awhile with baskets, a timid sort of people, fishers, not fighters. The sturgeon is magnificent. We are a good company, though we have a rival, a formidable one, the Yellow Pines, which operates to the south of us. I have met none of their people as yet, but my foreman tells me there is, and always has been, bad blood between us. Well, dear old chap, I must get weary you. Write me all the happenings that concern you there, if you think I neglect one thing about you I will skin him alive when I come home for a tiring trip.

I hope, sir, you are feeling comfortable and will go into the winter in good shape. When the spring comes on I believe we can bring you out here with comfort—the train service is smooth as glass across the continent. And I know the trip would benefit you. As he wrote these words the young man's bright blue eyes softened like a woman's and a grim line settled about his lips. He knew, on the word of the greatest specialist of two continents, that the dignified old gentleman to whom they were addressed, a white-haired gentleman with the finest bearing and the gentlest heart, tied irrevocably to an invalid chair, had at the most but a scant year to live. Yet he wrote of hope and travel and returning health, wrote determinedly with a force that must communicate something of his light to the lonely wreck left by the tide of life stranded at the edge of that mighty, flowing stream, the metropolis.

He finished the letter with a commendation so tender, so indicative of a great affection, that it did not sound like a man's, a son's to a father—rather like a daughter's to an ailing mother, signed, sealed and stamped it, and sat for many minutes holding it in his hand, staring hard with drawn brows at the yellow pine of the new walls. Again the faint shadow of the past, of regret, flickered from the past across his features. Then he sighed, rose with his graceful quickness and straightened his shoulders. As he closed the desk and stepped from the office he felt that he had gathered up the reins of the new life.

CHAPTER V. Wild Blood and Horseflesh. The fall drew on apace. Sometimes he proved himself so, if his hands are white. Of the girl Siletz he had scarcely taken a moment's notice. He did not even know that when she served him silently at the oilcloth covered table the two long braids were tied together at the nape of her neck so that by no chance could they fall against his hand. Neither did he know that the dog Cossnah watched him always with pale eyes. Of these two he knew less than of any others in camp with whom he had as much to do. As for the girl herself, she kept away from his vic-

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Nesting Golf Balls. A gofer who was playing over the St. Nicks Huntingdonshire, links in England the other day hit his ball into a hedge, and after searching for it some time without success, observed a bird's nest. From curiosity finding his ball there, he looked into the nest, and found not only his own ball, but three others as well. Tall story, but actual fact!

ity. On either side, the girl and the dog, silent with a common consent like wild things of the woods, sought the wind-swept top of the great stump on the western ridge. Here Siletz looked down on the drooping slope and wondered of the cities and the sea. He had come from them both. She had never seen a man like him. His clothes were different. His speech was unlike. So were his hands, white and fine grained.

Also there was another of his possessions that she knew in every line and turn, Black Bolt, the splendid horse that stamped and whinnied with impatience in the lean-to behind the filing shed. She could no more let him alone than she could refrain from lying down to drink from a mountain rill. He called to her blood with irresistible force. Day after day she crept shyly to the lean-to and dreamed, watching the slope and the log-trail.

"Oh, you beauty!" she whispered with a soft hand on the arching neck. "Oh, you beauty of the world! God made you strong to serve and beautiful to be loved!"

And at that moment, on that particular day, Walter Sandry stepped into the doorway of the lean-to. At his foot on the sill the girl whirled upon him, her dark eyes wide with fright and confusion. "You are fond of the horse?" he asked.

Sandry looked at her for the first time keenly. "You are fond of the horse?" he asked. "But her tongue clove suddenly to the roof of her mouth and one of the inherent silences that sometimes fell upon her shut her lips. She dropped her eyes, twisted her fingers in Black Bolt's mane, and then

Looked Around and Called Himself at Home. with a gliding motion, soft-footed and swift, went past him, running toward the cook-shack. The incident was nothing in itself, but it set the man thinking of her. He had seen adoration in the eyes she bent on the splendid animal, heard it in the words, stilted and inconspicuous. "Queer youngster," said Sandry to himself.

That night after supper he came out, contrary to his custom, from the little south room with its patchwork quilts, its crocheted mat and its antique Bible, into the big eating room. He found Ma Dally rocking in the little chair, her tired old hands lying comfortably on the Portland Weekly spread out on her slanting lap. The wall lamps in their tin reflectors silvered her white hair exquisitely and brought out softly the thousand kindly creases on her ruddy face.

On the end of the bench drawn up to the stand Siletz was sitting, weaving a mat of long grasses, and her fingers were deft as an Indian's. Behind her on the bench lay Cossnah, head on paws, eyes blinking sleepily. "Come in, Mr. Sandry," said the old lady in her rich voice. "Draw up a chair. We're resting."

He sat down and bent a smile as brilliant as his blue eyes on this hardy old mother of the wilderness. From the first he had felt her personality, though he had no time to pay more than a passing attention to it. "I should think you'd need it," he said. "How do you manage to keep up the stroke?"

"Law bless you!" she laughed easily. "I ben trained to it. I've cooked in camp, young man, for forty-two year straight ahead."

"Then you've seen the growth of the country, the coming of railroads, the making of towns?"

Precious Metals in India. Precious metals continue to accumulate in India in enormous quantities in spite of the war. This is brought out by the figures of the gold and silver imports of the current year, which are now published. These show that after deducting all exportations there has been in three months an addition to the stores in the country of no less than 153 lakhs worth of gold and 229 lakhs worth of silver. In the same period the mints in India have struck off the large sum of 38 lakhs of rupees which has thus also been added to the circulating wealth of the inhabitants, a total value of over \$14,000,000.

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