THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST By VINGIE E. ROE ILLUSTRATIONS by TRAY WALT = 128

my Maker for it! I have been blessed

beyond most men, beyond my deserts.

thought of another in all my long life.

May you find her equal, my son, a pure

undying love. She was an Estabrook-

rightness-oh, what a son you are!"

curtained alcove of the window behind

lously. Little Doctor Gentry came for-

"Not too much, Mr. Sandry," he

"Have I not waited for this hour?"

he smiled. "Have I not held back the

sickle of the Reaper for this one hour

Let it be full, my friend-this is my

Alexander of his conquered world!-

and I have him here. Let it be full!"

son-my son, of whom I am proud as

glowing fire in his keen eyes.

blue fire of keen eyes.

I am at peace."

thrilled with a reckless triumph.

may say, I am afraid to think.

structure of my fortune."

and his father went on:

He ceased and smiled in an un-

The son bowed his head in courtly

"I have let you make your start with

the bare purchase price of your under-

"My Boy!" He Whispered Brokenly.

capital, fight to make your ends meet-

oh, I know how it is in a new busi-

ness!-to prove you. Now the way is

With the last sentence there came a

catch in the strong voice, a space be-

tween breaths. The specialist stepped

but nothing could stop the last up-

flame of joy and hurrying commun-

"No"-he went on-"this is my hour.

I am full-of triumph. I'm singing-

my swan song, Walter-and I'm-

ashamed-to say-it is all on two

pride. Pride, my boy-pride of life-

ist hurriedly gave him a few drops of

"Oh, if I could have been here soon-

-of-of my financial success!"

"Hush! You-couldn't.

peace."

quickly forward.

acknowledgment of a magnificent gift.

bounded pride which proved his words

and was as balm to Sandry's soul.

"too much exertion, you

ward, hesitating.

warned.

SYNOPSIS.

Hiletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, as "the Dillingsworth Lumber Co., or most of it." He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. Siletz tells him of the Freacher, He discovers that filetz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he salls her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magasine writer from New York, comes to Daily's. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. claims title to the East Beit. Sandry's and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Beit has never been recorded. Poppy flirts with Hampden and tells Sandry that Hampden is croosed and that she'll get him. Poppy goes to Salem in search of evidence against Hampden, Sandry's men desert him for Hampden, who has offered more money. Siletz goes to her friends the Siwashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save the contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and becomes -11tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and Bandry talking together and becomes palous. The big timbor raft is started on its way, but is blown up and Sandry is dangerously injured. Poppy Insists on taking care of Sandry and says she is his promised wife. "No," cries Siletz, "he kissed me and I am his woman." In Sandry's delirium he gives Poppy a clue to his past. On recovering Daily tells him of the successful filling of his contract and he says that he is going after Hampden himself and "get him straight." Ma Daily shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his fellrious talk. Poppy plays with Hamplen, and asks Sandry when he will let ber use information to stop the crooked pasling. He refuses her sid and she tells nim size is going East for a while. Back East Poppy finds that Sandry held up an associate of a crooked partner of his father for the price of the Dillingworth Lumber Co., the associate dying the same aight. Poppy goes buck to Daily's and aints to Sandry that she knows his secret.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Price of Peace. Important events have a way of

striking from ambush, without warnstrangely mixed up with his life, who a great gift when it goes with squareheld together for his sake, though ness, uprightness, and this you have than they had planned. wide apart as the poles. It said sim- to a supernatural extent. That was the famous specialist. When the young man read it his

face went white as a swooning woman's and the hands that held the yellow paper shook uncontrollably.

His lips set with a deadly illness and he stared unseeingly out across

"The incentive!" triumphed Poppy Ordway, "but oh, why must it take him from me just now! I hate it!" and

aulien anger and disappointment flared for an unguarded moment in her eyes. But the face of Siletz between its

Sandry's own, and she slid off the porch to step softly, unconsciously iear, with her hands clasped in distress.

An hour later the owner of the Dillingworth gave a hand to Poppy and Siletz simultaneously, looked from one face to the other, saw Love in the black eyes and the blue, and felt a pain at his heart that he could not

Ma put a motherly touch on his shoulder and said a word that was simple and earnest and tender as her great heart. John took his last hurried orders, and Sandry was off in the rig he had telephoned for to Toledo. Weak and sad and torn by emo-

tions, he watched for two whole days the great West slide by his Pullman window-that wondrous West whose subtle charm had laid abiding hold upon his soul. So at last he reached New York

dooked with odd unfamiliarity upon its gayety and life, and hurried to the great old house in Riverside drive. Breathless, weak, scarce able to

stand for the strain on his right limb. Bandry paused with Higgins hovering adoringly around him in the dusky, draped hall before the magnificent room of the ivories and browns.

There was the ache of tears in his throat, a terrible horror of what lay behind the closed doors, an unendurable anguish of abnormal love, but he squared his shoulders, lifted his head with his old, jaunty air and entered. He even called a smile to his lips.

In the high-canopled, copper-posted bed lay the old financier. The fine, old face with its pleasant tracery was marked by the hand of the Last Accountant, but it was still the face of a great and good man, still held its open and you will go far. I am-atbenignity, its kindliness and courtli-

Now, with Sandry's step, a mighty gladness fell upon it, a light of joy that was all-illuminating.

"Walter!" he cried out in a voice of momentary strength, "Oh, my son!

My son!" And with a shudder to the boy's

ears came an echo. "Absalom!" He dropped beside the bed, gathered the white head in his arms, and rocked to and fro as women rock in

anguish. Presently Mr. Wilton Sandry pushed his son from him with failing hands and gazed upon his face with the starved eyes of long-denied affection.

"My boy!" he whispered brokenly, "my life's crown, the point of my whole success!"

The long, white hands quivered on some powerful stimulant. Sandry's shoulders. The bright, blue eyes began to light marvelously. er, sir!" groaned Sandry. "I am at the end of my journey,

have you now. That's sufficient Just together, they made a chain of deduc- Ordway were strolling back. They your dear face, boy-so like-hers-to tions so plain and simple as to be stopped a moment at the forked stick, be with me at the-last moment."

The gasping was more pronounced and Sandry, his face like ashes, raised the old man higher in his arms, holding him tightly against his shoulder. He glanced appealingly at Doctor Gentry, who shook his head. Then the son smiled down bravely in the bright eyes upon his face.

"All right, sir," he said simply, your word has ever been my law. We'll hush if you say so. I thank God I'm here now."

"-satisfied. You're-a man, myion. A man-and a good-son. I'm satisfied-nay-more-thrice blessed. Amen. A-" Walter, and it has been a splendid journey-a grand journey-and I thank

The word trailed off suddenly, leaving the lips open. There was a long breath, broken abruptly. The eyes Your mother-she was above price-I closed naturally, slowly. The white cannot estimate her by any method. head slid gently down from Sandry's She was my one love and I have never | shoulder.

With a cry that rang through the room, Walter Sandry sprang up, lifting woman with a heart of the gold of the body. "Father!" he cried once terribly.

the best blood in the country. She left Then he laid it back upon the bed, turning away with shaking lips. me you-a son such as only she could leave-and you have proved worthy of He clasped his hands hard behind him, while Doctor Gentry came silenther life. In character, intellect, up-

The great specialist, standing in the ders. In his soul was waging a seething the empty wheeled chair, turned anx- turmoil of emotions-anguish and solemn joy, shame and triumph, certainty and uncertainty.

ly and laid an arm around his shoul-

"At peace!" he was thinking wildly. "At peace and content!" while before him his strained eyes came the thin page from Siletz' old Bible with its The dying man looked up with that cry "Oh, Absalom! My son, my son!" wailed for the boy who fell from grace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Proof at Last.

The summer was upon the hills with vengeance. "Mighty onusual," said Ma Daily,

And Sandry, his heart like stone in 'this here heat. Hottest it's been fer his breast, smiled back with the same many a year; "it's a-goin' to be a "Old chap," he said lovingly, "we're mighty dry season an' it's a-comin' a pair together-I owe what I am to early." you, sir-you have been my pattern." Which prophecy seemed due to be

"Tush, boy! You got your nature fulfilled. A blue heat haze lay deep in from your mother. Only your excel- the valleys, hung amid the hills. The lent grip of finance, your youthful abildeep floor of pine needles in the big woods was already dry as powder, and ity, your forging qualities," here there was a ring om unmistakable pride in it was only late July. The camp was ing. So did the telegram which found the words, "that, I do flatter myself I humming ahead with the work. They Sandry idling among these women, so bequeathed you, and it is a good gift, had exceeded their expectations in getting out logs, sending out more

Miss Ordway, still mistress of the ply, "Come at once. Mr. Wilton San- my last worry—the uncertainty as to little south room, worked feverishly dry failing rapidly," and was signed by whether or not you possessed it—the at the new story of the timberlands. gift of ability. You have removed it. A bit of her brightness, some of her painstaking cheeriness, was gone with Sandry, looking full at the speaker. the summer's heat. She had thought turned a dull crimson from brow to that long before this she would have throat, but every nerve in his body won, that the engagement she had so daringly announced would be a fact. "My own success has been my third | She could not understand his holding great blessing. How great a blessing, out against her. a satisfaction, a pride—a weakness, I

Sandry had made many trips to alem, consulting with the completed structure through the con- turning heaven and earth in an effort him always so quiet and sane, even tinual changes and dangers of busi- to prove what Sandry knew to be ness life has been my rounding-out, true of Hampden, but it was unavailbraids had suddenly fallen into the the pleasant finish to my career. Now, ing. The young commissioner at Samold of grief, faithful reflection of boy, it goes to you—the fine, great lem was "on to his job" and the weeks flew by with not one raveled end to the ball of fraud and deception and criminal intrigue which lay snug in the doctored records of the state land office. Miss Ordway had dropped her filing for the timber claim and the young commissioner was uneasily searching his offices for the two letters and a missing account book. He did not faintly suspect that the last time he had seen them was during the visit to Salem of the charming new acquisition to the "ring." In fact, some of those days were still shroulded in a nebulous haze of mystery-red wine and red lips and a heady infatua-

tion. But things were approaching another change in Daily's lumber camp. One day in late July Sandry wrote several letters and Poppy Ordway, leaning familiarly over his shoulder. reached out a hand for them.

"I'm going up to the forked stick," she said languidly, "and I'll take them."

The dainty fingers were all but trembling with eagerness, for she saw that one of them was addressed to John H. Musseldorn, at a town in New Jersey. There was none to observe her on the sunny Siletz road behind the low growth of spruce, and when she strolled down the little meadow again toward the cook-shack, that particular letter lay safe inside the bosom of her dress.

She went straight to the south room, entered and closed the door. Her hands trembled violently, but there was no compunction for what she was taking, struggle along on insufficient about to do in her heart. She was pretty well armed with knowledge that would give her a hold on Sandry, in case she was forced to use it, but here, she believed, would be proof positive, the actual written word that she might hold before his eyes in some hard event of the future.

With strong excitement she slit the envelope, drew out the sheet and be-"Mr. Sandry-" he said warningly, gan to read. Faster and faster came her hot breath, redder and redder rush of that indomitable spirit, the last grew her cheeks, while triumph sparkled in her eyes. She moved slightly ion for which he had lingered with on her slippered feet, a little motion one hand on the open gate of eternity, of satisfaction that set her garments whispering-as when the tiger, scent-

ing its prey, squirms before the leap. With eager haste she sat down at her typewriter and began to write. notes - love - that's - all right-and When she had finished an hour later, after long intervals of study, there lay of-your mother's-love-of you-and under her hand a very creditable brief of the famous Whitby case-a verba-He halted a moment and the special- tim copy of President Whitby's last the strange documents. A great anger fled as his delirious words, and a copy packet inside its blouse. of this letter to Musseldorn. Taken | On the Siletz road Sandry and Miss

condemning evidence.

voice she laid a jealous hand over the to her room. papers, hurriedly pushed them back It was a long time before she came for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave overimpetus to she did she stood in the doorway and the cautious motion and shoved them looked at Siletz, white and filled with a little too far back, so that they hung a towering anger, and Siletz, looked rag-carpeted floor.

basket-bearers, but Siletz, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

The heat was intense for the coast hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for



The Young Commissioner Was Un easily Searching His Offices.

a long time as they picked among the treasures from the tide-lands, and presently they fell in with the small, brown women and all disappeared around the bend in the Siletz road.

a way, and sit together—perhaps—but cities of America. here the sadness fell upon her that said she was unworthy.

in trouble.

There came a step beside her, a soft Coosnah came from the east a land and Palestine is theirs. porch, panting with the heat. He leaned against the jamb of the door to the little south room, scratching luxuriously, and promptly jumped as the door swung swiftly inward. Again Fate smiled impishly and sent at that auspicious moment the first good breeze of the warm day sucking up the valley. It caught the papers on the floor under the typewriter table. fluttered them daringly, and with a whistle and whoop bore them tumbling out across the swept boards of the eating-room floor, to lodge against the rocker of Ma's little chair.

The girl in the doorway turned reaching out a half-unwilling hand to save her rival's property. Not yet had Siletz learned a tenth of Sandry's code, else she would have folded the packet and laid it aside.

Instead, with the freedom of camp life and utter innocence, she began the bureau of fisheries now recomto read, wonderingly at first, then, as she saw Sandry's name, with hushed be resumed. breath and parted lips. When she had finished the first part she paused and stared out across the sloping lift of Japan and our own nation, prohibitcomprehending, yet filled with a name- taken an occasional census of the

Daily's Camp, Toledo, July 29, 19—
John H. Musseldorn—
The time of restitution has begun. As you made the structure of my father's fortune but a guited and empty shell, so you alone have the knowledge and the cunning to fill it to its former substance, unknown to the outside world. Wilton Sandry is gone, but his pride remains and it must be upborne. Here is the remittance which I told you would some day be forthcoming. Take it and obtain the deed to the Meadowlands Farm which you sold, squandering the money. Put it in my name as part of the Sandry estate. No matter what you have to face to get it—get it. This is a threat. Remember that those proofs, which you and your accomplice thought destroyed, are safe in my possession.

"From time to time you will be called upon to manage the buying back of every piece of property, every horse on the breeding farms, every stock and bond that you, under the power-of-attorney which an honorable and trusting old man invested in you when he could no longer be about, sold—for your own profit.

Through travail and bloody sweat I kept my father in ignorance of his ruin until his death.

As I had no mercy on James B. Whit-Daily's Camp, Toledo, July 29, 19-John H. Musseldorn-

as I had no mercy on James B. Whity for his share with you in the infamusly legitimate deals which made Wilon Sandry an unconscious pauper, so
will I have no mercy on you. You know will I have no mercy on you. You know what I know, and shake in your shoes because of it. So far so good. I shall expect the deed to the Meadowlands Farms

Trembling with premonition of disaster to Sandry, Siletz sat holding letter, a concise history of Walter San- began to well in her against the other dry's life since college, the notes in woman. She opened the buttons of the red morocco book, plainly speci- her blue shirt and dropped the folded

and Poppy Ordway dropped Sandry's At that moment Sandry himself, letter, re-sealed, into the sack before stepping near the south window, called his very eyes. It was a daring thing her to come out and see the Siletz to do and it set her blood leaping for squaws with their pyramids of bas- joy in her own coolness. When they kets going down to Toledo. At his reached the camp she went directly

out again, and Sandry had gone. When in the small space between the type- back as white. They were women, writer wand and the wall-hung ten pure and simple, and they matched in tatively until the wind from the clos- that moment their wit and their ing door, which, as if it, too, were in strength. Miss Ordway knew by that conspiracy, did not latch, caught them look that Siletz had those papersand pulled them down to the clean, more, that she knew their contentsbut she dared not say a word. If the "Come, S'letz," called Sandry as they girl should show them to Sandry, started for the road to intercept the should destroy them- She was almost on the point of flinging herself upon the slim, dark creature, risen along the doorpost, and fighting for possession of her property. But there country, dry and brilliant, and the was something sickening in the steady glint of those dark eyes, in the halfwild crouch of the slender body, and she only stood and held to the lintel, consumed with a wrath that could have killed.

> But the wrath of Siletz was worse it would have killed, forgetful of the Preacher, whose word had been her simple law of life, forgetful of Sandry, who had become her pattern in his sanity and judgment.

> With an effort the woman moistened her lins.

"Did-did you find-a bunch of-letters?" she asked between her gripping

And Siletz, for the first time in her life, choked down her literal fear of damnation and lied.

"Lord, forgive me," she whispered first, and then, "No."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WAR-CRIES USED BY THE JEW

They Are Many and in Ail Tongues, But Another One Is Said to Be Coming.

"The Jew has as many war-cries as there are tongues in Europe, for he fights with them all; and then he has his own war-cry, that eternal tearful cry of his that in these days is rending the heavens over Russian and Galician Polands," E. R. Lipsett writes in the Century.

"And still there is another and a newer cry coming, the war-cry of the neutral Jew. To arms! to arms! O Is-The aching fury began to rise in her rael! has arisen, the sudden thunderat thought of those two, alone, leav- ing cry throughout the length and ing the women, idling back together. breadth of the New York Ghetto and Perhaps they would climb the hills for all the other Ghettos in the larger

"We know, of course, what are the arms of the Ghetto Jew; they are Had he not kissed her, and was she tongue and pen. By means of these not his woman? His eyes were true, it is intended to raise the Jew from and they had spoken things that bade the depths of his ashes and make him her be calm. Not yet had she learned a live nation again. A congress of "That I builded so well and held my had summoned from the East, who was the lesson of his greatness that kept American Jews is to be called and it is to demand, at the conclusion of the war, or before it, the return of Palestine to its ancient owners. For the step padding on the worn, bare floor, Jews are a nation, and they must have

"That is to say, in brief, that while nearly three-quarters of a million Jews on the European battlefields are at one another's throats, in vindication each of a different nationality, the Jews far away from the bursting shells and glittering bayonets are calling out to them: 'No, you are all in the wrong. For you are all one."

"It is not for us to determine wbether the Jews are a nation. It is not for one man to tell another what he should be. One is what one feels. If the Jews feel themselves a nation, that is sufficient."

Seals Again Plentiful.

Under the precautions taken to prevent the extinction of the fur seals in Alaska and the Pribliof islands the species has multiplied so rapidly that mends that the killing of male seals

Ever since the signing of the pelagic treaty between Russia, England meadow, already sere and brown with ing the destruction of cow seals upon the summer heat. Puzzled, but half the high seas, the government has less fear, she felt her fingers shaking seals. The last of these fixed the as she turned the page to Sandry's number of seals owned by the United States at 301,844, as against less than twenty thousand in 1906.

Besides fur, other possible use of the seal is being considered by the bureau of fisheries. The scarcity of the world's meat supply and the tremendous increase in seals as revealed by the last census suggest the shipping of seal meat to the United States for food. Those who have tasted it say that meat from a young seal is deliclous in flavor and that seal steak would be a popular addition to a fashionable hotel menu.

Familiar Objects to Him.

The old British sergeant was out with the new squad of recruits on musketry exercise, range-finding, etc. Pointing out a large house and giving the range, he asked if any of them could pick out any details about the house. "Yes, sir," answered Joe "There's

a small well in the garden, some lumps o' coal in a heap, and a birdcage in the front window."

"Well, my lad," said the sergeant, you have remarkable eyesight. What's your name and number? How is it you can see so well at the distance?

"Oh," replied Joe, "that's where A'm billeted, sergeant."

Large Russian Wheat Harvest. Russia in 1913, harvested 947,964, 000 bushels of wheat.



The tablet form of this old reliable remedy makes it possible for you to check any illness at the very onset. It is a safeguard against coughs, colds and other catarrhal conditions, no matter what symptoms are manifest. Catarrh is an inflammation of the mucous membrane that lines the breathing apparatus and the digestive apparatus. PERUNA relieves catarrh. In tablet form it is

EVER-READY-TO-TAKE Its prompt action makes it invaluable for men and women exposed to sudden changes in the weather or compelled to be out in slush and rain.

It will also be found most satisfactory as a tonic following an attack of illness.

CARRY A BOX

wherever you go. Travelers and others com-pelled to take long drives in the cold and anyone whose occupation subjects him to the danger of sudden colds may use it as a preventive with the assurance that the tablets made are from the same formulary as the liquid medicine with its 44 years of success before the American Public.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Chio

His Profit.

Mr. Isaacs-I sell you dot coat at a gread sacrifice.

Customer-But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a liv-

Mr. Isaacs-Mein friendt, I make a small profit on de paper and string.

FOR HAIR AND SKIN HEALTH

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Are Supreme. Trial Free.

These fragrant, super-creamy emollients keep the skin fresh and clear, the scalp free from dandruff, crusts and scales and the hands soft and white. They are splendid for nursery and toilet purposes and are most economical because most effective.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L. Boston, Sold everywhere .- Adv.

Wise Constituent.

A congressman received almost daily letters from a constituent asking for garden seed, with emphasis on peas. The demand for peas got so heavy that the congressman was moved to write this letter:

"I am sending you a half dozen more packages of peas as requested. Say, what are you trying to do down there, plant the whole state in peas?"

The reply came a few days later. It read:

'No, I'm not planting them, but they make bully soup. Send along some more."-Kansas City Star.

Her Pride Hurt.

"Your fashionable friend seems to be threatened with palpitation of the heart."

"Yes, she has just received a dreadful shock."

"And what happened to fortune"

"She was sitting in an employment office waiting for a chance to look at a cook when a haughty dame swept up and offered her a job."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Stand Pat.

"Did you make any resolutions New Year's?" "No; all my bad habits are so delightful that I don't even like to fool myself with the idea that I am going

When a man helps his wife with the housework it takes her about twice as long to finish.

to break them off."-Judge.

Prince John of England has an edition of "Robinson Crusoe," the cover of which cost \$150.

THE FIRST TASTE Learned to Drink Coffee When a Boy.

If parents realized the fact that cof- > fee contains a drug-caffeine-which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving them coffee to drink.

"When I was a child in my mother's arms and first began to nibble things at the table, mother used to give me sips of coffee. And so I contracted the coffee habit early.

"I continued to use coffee until I was 27, and when I got into office work I began to have nervous spells. Especially after breakfast I was so nervous I could scarcely attend to my correspondence.

"At night, after having had coffee for supper, I could hardly sleep, and on rising in the morning would feel weak and nervous.

"A friend persuaded me to try Pos-

"I can now get good sleep, am free from pervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drink-

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal-the original formmust be well boiled, 15c and 25c pack-

Instant Postum-a soluble powderdissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum -sold by Grocers.