

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Daily's lumber camp directs a stranger to the camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Daily, foreman, in the Dilworth Lumber Co. or most of it. He makes acquaintance with the camp and the work. Siletz tells him of the Preacher. He discovers that Siletz bears the sign of the Siletz tribe of Indians and wonders what her surname is. In the flush of a tender moment he tells her "the Night Wind in the Pines," and kisses her. Poppy Ordway, a magazine writer from New York, comes to Daily's. Hampden of the Yellow Pines Co. claims title to the East Belt. Sandry and Hampden's men fight over the disputed tract. The Preacher stops the fight. Sandry finds that the deed to the East Belt has never been recorded. Poppy flirts with Hampden and tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked 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 Swashes and persuades them to work for Sandry to save the tract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commission. She sees Siletz and Sandry talking together and becomes jealous. The big timber 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 filing 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 association with Hampden. Sandry tells Poppy that Sandry held up an associate of a crooked partner of his father for the price of the Dilworth Lumber Co., the associate dying the same night. Poppy goes back to Daily's and hints to Sandry that she knows his secret.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Price of Peace.

Important events have a way of striking from ambush, without warning. So did the telegram which found Sandry idling among these women, so strangely mixed up with his life, who held together for his sake, though wide apart as the poles. It said simply, "Come at once, Mr. Wilton Sandry falling rapidly," and was signed by 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 unseeing out across the slough.

"The incentive!" triumphed Poppy Ordway, "but oh, why must it take him from me just now! I hate it!" and sullen anger and disappointment flared for an unguarded moment in her eyes.

But the face of Siletz between its braids had suddenly fallen into the mold of grief, faithful reflection of Sandry's own, and she slid off the porch to step softly, unconsciously near, with her hands clasped in distress.

An hour later the owner of the Dilworth 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 explain.

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 emotions, 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, looked 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, Sandry 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-canopied, 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 benignity, its kindness and courtliness.

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 falling hands and gazed upon his face with the starred 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 Sandry's shoulders. The bright, blue eyes began to light marvelously.

"I am at the end of my journey,

Walter, and it has been a splendid journey—a grand journey—and I thank my Maker for it! I have been blessed beyond most men, beyond my deserts. Your mother—she was above price—I cannot estimate her by any method. She was my one love and I have never thought of another in all my long life. May you find her equal, my son, a pure woman with a heart of the gold of undying love. She was an Estabrook—the best blood in the country. She left me you—a son such as only she could leave—and you have proved worthy of her life. In character, intellect, uprightness—oh, what a son you are!"

The great specialist, standing in the curtained alcove of the window behind the empty wheeled chair, turned anxiously. Little Doctor Gentry came forward, hesitating.

"Not too much, Mr. Sandry," he warned, "too much exertion, you know—"

The dying man looked up with that glowing fire in his keen eyes.

"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 son—my son, of whom I am proud as Alexander of his conquered world!—and I have him here. Let it be full!"

And Sandry, his heart like stone in his breast, smiled back with the same blue fire of keen eyes.

"Old chap," he said lovingly, "we're a pair together—I owe what I am to you, sir—you have been my pattern."

"Tush, boy! You got your nature from your mother. Only your excellent grip of finance, your youthful ability, your forging qualities," here there was a ring on unmistakable pride in the words, "that, I do flatter myself I bequeathed you, and it is a good gift, a great gift when it goes with squareness, uprightness, and this you have to a supernatural extent. That was my last worry—the uncertainty as to whether or not you possessed it—the gift of ability. You have removed it. I am at peace."

Sandry, looking full at the speaker, turned a dull crimson from brow to throat, but every nerve in his body thrilled with a reckless triumph.

"My own success has been my third great blessing. How great a blessing, a satisfaction, a pride—a weakness, I may say, I am afraid to think.

"That I builded so well and held my completed structure through the continual changes and dangers of business life has been my rounding-out, the pleasant finish to my career. Now, boy, it goes to you—the fine, great structure of my fortune."

He ceased and smiled in an unbounded pride which proved his words and was as balm to Sandry's soul.

The son bowed his head in courtly acknowledgment of a magnificent gift, and his father went on:

"I have let you make your start with the bare purchase price of your under-

neath, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

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"Come, Siletz," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the basket-bearers, but Siletz, sitting in the west door with her chin in her cupped palms, shook her head.

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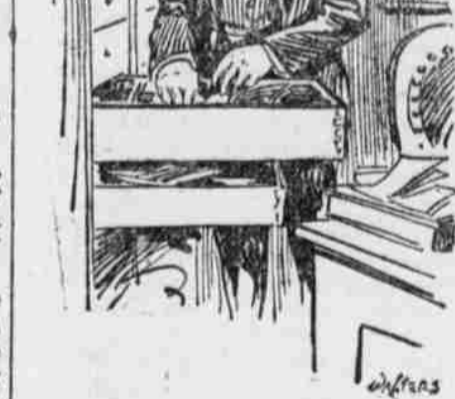
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The Young Commissioner Was Un-easily Searching His Offices.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Proof at Last.

The summer was upon the hills with a vengeance.

"Mighty unusual," said Ma Daily, "this here heat. Hottest it's been for many a year; 'It's a-go'ing to be a mighty dry season an' it's a-comin' early."

Which prophecy seemed due to be fulfilled. A blue heat haze lay deep in the valleys, hung amid the hills. The deep floor of pine needles in the big woods was already dry as powder, and it was only late July. The camp was humming ahead with the work. They had exceeded their expectations in getting out logs, sending out more than they had planned.

Miss Ordway, still mistress of the little south room, worked feverishly at the new story of the timberlands. A bit of her brightness, some of her painstaking cheeriness, was gone with the summer's heat. She had thought that long before this she would have won, that the engagement she had so daringly announced would be a fact. She could not understand his holding out against her.

Sandry had made many trips to Salem, consulting with the lawyer he had summoned from the East, who was turning heaven and earth in an effort to prove what Sandry knew to be true of Hampden, but it was unavailing. The young commissioner at Salem 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 unceasingly 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 shrouded in a nebulous haze of mystery—red wine and red lips and a heady infatuation.

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 dauntless 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 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 began to read. Faster and faster came her hot breath, redder and redder grew her cheeks, while triumph sparkled in her eyes. She moved slightly on her slippers feet, a little motion of satisfaction that set her garments whispering—as when the tiger, scenting its prey, squirms before the leap.

With eager haste she sat down at her typewriter and began to write. After she had finished an hour later, when long intervals of study, there lay under her hand a very creditable brief of the famous Whitby case—a verbatim copy of President Whitby's last letter, a concise history of Walter Sandry's life since college, the notes in the red morocco book, plainly specified as his delicious words, and a copy of this letter to Musseldorn. Taken

together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

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 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 compelled 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 formula as the liquid medicine with its 44 years of success before the American Public.

The Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio

His Profit.
 Mr. Isaacs—I sell you dot coat at a great sacrifice.
 Customer—But you say that of all your goods, how do you make a living?
 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.

"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's favorite?"
 "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 to break them off."—Judge.

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

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 coffee contains a drug—caffeine—which is especially harmful to children, they would doubtless hesitate before giving their 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 Postum."

"I can now get good sleep, am free from nervousness and headaches. I recommend Postum to all coffee drinkers."

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

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled, 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 50c and 50c tins.

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

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

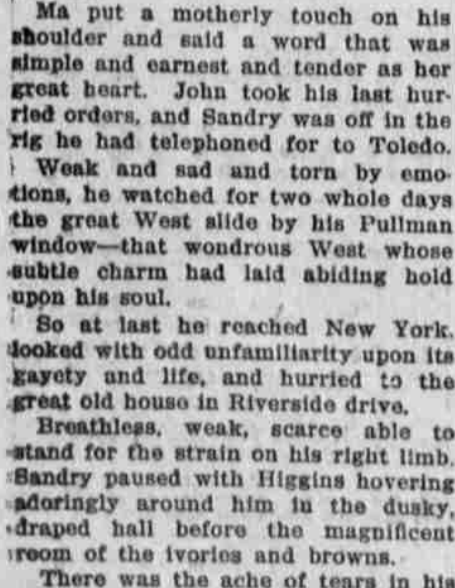
Familiar Objects to Him.
 The old British sergeant was out with the new squad of recruits on musketry exercise, range-finding, etc. Pointing out a large house and giving the range, he asked if any of them could pick out any details about the house.

"Yes, sir," answered Joe. "There's a small well in the garden, some lumps of 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.



"My Boy!" He Whispered Brokenly.

taking, struggle along on insufficient capital, fight to make your ends meet—oh, I know how it is in a new business—to prove you. Now the way is open and you will go far. I am—at peace."

With the last sentence there came a catch in the strong voice, a space between breaths. The specialist stepped quickly forward.

"Mr. Sandry," he said warningly, "but nothing could stop the last rush of that indomitable spirit, the last flame of joy and hurrying communion for which he had lingered with one hand on the open gate of eternity."

"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 notes—love—that's—all right—and pride, my boy—pride of life—of your mother's love of you—and—of my financial success!"

He halted a moment and the specialist hurriedly gave him a few drops of some powerful stimulant.

"Oh, if I could have been here sooner, sir!" groaned Sandry.

"Hush! You—couldn't. And I—

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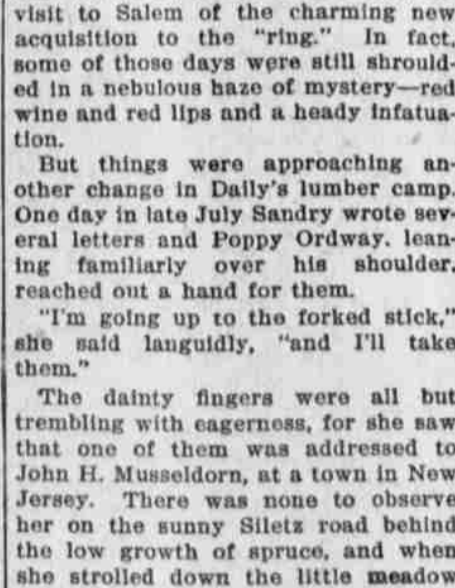
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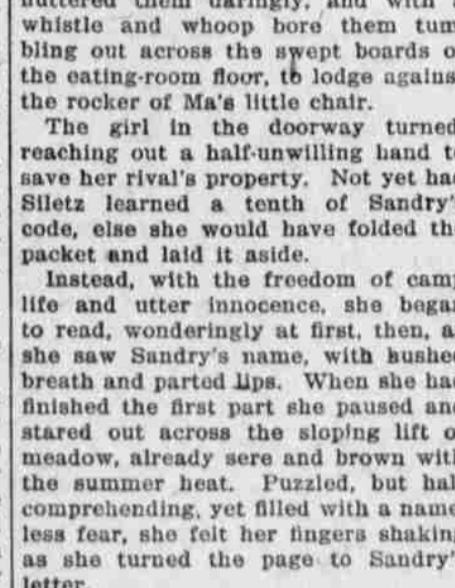
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together, they made a chain of deductions so plain and simple as to be condemning evidence.

At that moment Sandry himself, stepping near the south window, called her to come out and see the Siletz squaws with their pyramids of baskets going down to Toledo. At his voice she laid a jealous hand over the papers, hurriedly pushed them back for safety, and rose. But Fate, that had been waiting, gave overimposed to the cautious motion and shoves them a little too far back, so that they hung in the small space between the typewriter stand and the wall—hung tentatively until the wind from the closing door, which, as if, too, were in conspiracy, did not latch, caught them and pulled them down to the clean, rag-carpeted floor.

"Come, Siletz," called Sandry as they started for the road to intercept the 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 country, dry and brilliant, and the hills were blue as turquoise. She watched Sandry and Miss Ordway for



"My Boy!" He Whispered Brokenly.

taking, struggle along on insufficient capital, fight to make your ends meet—oh, I know how it is in a new business—to prove you. Now the way is open and you will go far. I am—at peace."

With the last sentence there came a catch in the strong voice, a space between breaths. The specialist stepped quickly forward.

"Mr. Sandry," he said warningly, "but nothing could stop the last rush of that indomitable spirit, the last flame of joy and hurrying communion for which he had lingered with one hand on the open gate of eternity."

"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 notes—love—that's—all right—and pride, my boy—pride of life—of your mother's love of you—and—of my financial success!"

He halted a moment and the specialist hurriedly gave him a few drops of some powerful stimulant.

"Oh, if I could have been here sooner, sir!" groaned Sandry.

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