

THE HEART OF NIGHT WIND

A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST

By VINGIE E. ROE

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SYNOPSIS.

Siletz of Dally's lumber camp directs a stranger to camp. Walter Sandry introduces himself to John Dally, foreman, as the Dillingworth Lumber Co. or most of it. Poppy Ordway, a manager, comes to Dally'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 fights with Hampden and tells Sandry that Hampden is crooked and that he'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 for Sandry to save the contract. Poppy tells Sandry that she has proof of Hampden's filing bogus entries in collusion with the commissioner. 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. In Sandry's delirium he gives Poppy a clue to his past. Ma Dally shows Sandry Poppy's notes of his delirious talk. Poppy plays with Hampden, and Sandry refuses her aid. 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 night. Poppy goes back to Dally's and hints to Sandry that she knows his secret. Sandry is called East by his father's sickness and is with him when he dies. Siletz in turn steals that and other papers from Poppy. To prevent Sandry from sending East for a lawyer to fight Hampden, Poppy engages a lawyer who betrays her to the commissioner and Hampden. In the agony of a man betrayed by the woman he loves Hampden decides to "make a fight that will be remembered all along the coast." Devastating forest fires mysteriously kindled, threaten Sandry's holdings and every available man turns out to fight them.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Fight! Fight Like Hell!"

So began veiled hostilities between these two. At first Miss Ordway covered her fury with a smile and tried every art of conciliation, but Siletz held far from her. Night and day she kept the packet in her breast, though for what end she did not know. She knew only with her unfeeling instinct that it must never go east to the cities, or infinite harm would befall Sandry. Also, as unfeelingly, the same instinct warned her not to show them to him, even though their possession might mean his safety. The primal cunning of woman kept her from belittling or betraying her rival. Sandry was becoming more and more anxious about the East Belt. More and more he feared the contingency of having to fall back upon a woman for help at the last, and this was particularly galling to his manhood. It had become a personal question with him, the "getting" of Hampden. The timber at the north was running better than they had expected, and Dally and Collins with the lumberjacks from Sacramento and the Sierras were doing splendidly. Still the magnificent belt was the Dillingworth's future and it was in grave jeopardy.

From time to time he ran across Hampden along the shores of the backwater, at Toledo, or on the Siletz road. Here the Yellow Pines owner often rode to meet Miss Ordway who had lessened her efforts in his direction since he had given her all the material she needed for his own undoing. He was more wild about her than ever, and added to his enmity for Sandry the mighty spur of suspicious jealousy. So July dragged out in blue heat and August blazed down upon the hills. The eastern lawyer at Salem was ready to give up in despair. Not one clue point showed itself whereon he could hang a thread of evidence; and one day Sandry, sitting on the east porch, shocked the heart into Miss Ordway's throat. "I believe I will write to New York for the great Farnsworth," he said; "it's a mighty risk, for he'll bankrupt me if he comes, though it's hardly likely he'll bother. They don't know the chances for big work out here." And the woman shut her teeth hard, while the blood left her face in pale anger. Siletz, on the step, played with Coosnah's ears and she, too, lost a bit of color. The next day Miss Ordway made a flying trip to Salem, stopped over a train, and went on to Portland. There she sought out the most well-thought-of legal firm in the city and was closeted for three hours in its private offices. She was much too shrewd to trust the great scheme in the hands of a Salem firm. But here she had bungled after all, for her newly allied lawyer, a fine-looking, open-faced individual, followed her to Salem on the next train, bearing copies of her mysteriously obtained proofs of Hampden's guilt, which were as good as warrants for his arraignment and that of the amorous young commissioner.

The "ring" was wider than she had any conception of and reached afar throughout the state. She was not half over the Coast Range on the one-horse railroad when her lawyer laid the copied papers on the commissioner's private desk. "It's come at last," he said tensely; "somebody's leaked." And in a lightning flash the commissioner knew what had become of

his account book and the missing letters from Hampden.

He slumped in his chair, drumming with senseless fingers on its arm.

He saw black bars across the window with the waving trees beyond, and knew himself for that weakest among men, a woman's tool.

So, filled with excited determination to beat Sandry with the Hampden case and forestall his sending for Farnsworth, which was the last thing she wanted, Poppy Ordway again rode up the valley. The mighty hills were silent in the deadlock of an Oregon summer. No breath of wind found its way into the sheltered valleys and the pines were still.

The tide-water slough was gray with the inland brine. "Glorious!" she said to herself, lifting her gaze to the hazy mountains. "And I'll save it for him—even against his will!"

She was sure she had succeeded in her mission, and, happy in the knowledge, was eager to be out of the hired rig.

And Sandry, as he assisted her out, thought simply that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, for all the joy of triumph lent sparkle to her lovely features, deepened the slumberous blue of her eyes.

No word had ever been spoken about that night at the railway and Sandry bore a sense of guilt that he had taken her avowal without open reciprocation. But the face of Siletz held him back. He scorned himself and yet he knew he was blameless, save for that unguarded kiss in the glade.

But did he wish to reciprocate? He did not know.

Dally's camp droned on—getting out its logs, flooding them down the slough, binding them slowly into the now familiar ocean-going raft.

The foreman himself was unchanged, though the world had changed for him since that miserable "Yes" of Siletz in the darkened room when he laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. To Sandry he was the same, for he had come, through the slow processes of the simple nature, to be his friend. The elusive finesse that had shown plain to Sandry from the first in John Dally's heart was solid as a rock, a foundation, an abutment.

They watched Hampden's trail grow toward the East Belt with an exaggerated slowness, a flaunting of security.

And then, two days after Miss Ordway's return, the young commissioner and the Portland lawyer got off the train at Toledo and were driven out to the Yellow Pines. They bore for Hampden the wildest agony of his strong life in the revelation of his goddess.

They were closeted together the whole of the night in the Yellow Pines office and it was a strenuous night for the two strangers, for Hampden was a man to fear in his rages.

At first they held him by main force, and later by argument and reason.

"Fight," said the lawyer in the pink dawn. "Fight like hell! And bluff. It's your only chance."

"Fight!" snarled Hampden hoarsely. "what for? This damned driver has lot her get the originals of these letters of mine about the three timber claims in 7-10, and they alone'd put me behind bars! You're the damndest ass I ever seen!"

And the man's small, red eyes glared at his accomplice with the murder-lust. But the commissioner had some spirit himself and came back with defiance.

"Pooh! We're two together. It was from you she got her first knowledge of the game. She fooled her first suspicions out of you in her horseback rides. She told me so—that's how you took her in on the deals, she said."

Hampden groaned and flung his head in his arms on the pine table. "All right," he said at last. "I'll fight."

But with the last sight of the buck-board bouncing down the hill road with his visitors to catch the early train back to Salem, a light grew up in his heavy face that would have puzzled that astute man, the Portland lawyer.

"Yes, by God!" he said in a voice thick with menace. "I'll fight! And I'll make a fight that'll be remembered all along the coast!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Fire in the Forest.

The next day was the ninth of August. The thermometer, hanging on the eastern side of Sandry's office, went slowly up to 103 by two o'clock.

Ma sat on the east porch in her little rocker and Siletz braided her mats on the step, while Poppy Ordway watched her from a cushion against the wall. The donkey tooted faintly at the upper cutting, and from time to time the dinky engine trundled its high-piled flats down the little track to the railway at the slough's mouth. The men were all out and the summer silence hung

upon the cook-shack and the deserted cabins, empty ever since their former occupants had turned their coats for Hampden's two-year contracts.

Suddenly Coosnah, lying on the step, got up and sniffed the air. Siletz looked at him, her fingers arrested. Then he sat down on his haunches, threw up his muzzle, and began to bay, a melancholy, lonesome sound.

"Hush," said Siletz. "Hush, Coosnah!" And she, too, lifted her head after the fashion of wild things, smelling the sultry atmosphere.

"Mother!" she cried swiftly, "it's fire!" The general creaked up and hurried to the steps, but already Siletz was off and running up the valley toward the cutting. When she reached the donkey Sandry was standing beside it, but the girl passed him without a glance, running to where the foreman set a choker.

"John! the west ridge! There's a fire on the west ridge!"

Every man within hearing dropped his work instantly and stood up.

"Call in the men," said Dally as he passed the donkey-engineer, "and send 'em along. We'd better all go, Mr. Sandry. Tain't likely it's much, but we got to stomp it out, whatever 'tis. I ben a lookin' fer 'em."

They all trilled down the valley on a dogtrot. It took them the better part of an hour, but when they went down there was not a spark left alive.

"What do you suppose started it, John?" asked Sandry.

"Oh, some damned little college snipe from Corvallis, likely, with a gun an' a cigarette. Or maybe it was some camper stayin' overnight on the ridge—some greenhorn. An' it's mighty dry—mighty dry."

They went back to the cutting, though every jack of them lifted up his eyes from time to time to the ridges around. At supper the loggers discussed the forest fires of other years, the topic opened by the incident. It was a close night with a dark sky, though the heat had given way to the sweet coolness of the coast under the mysterious ocean wind, and Sandry from his old seat at table looked out at the western ridge.

"John!" he cried, rising suddenly, "it's broken out again!"

Sure enough. Against the upper darkness little red tongues licked fitfully up and the men, white and Indian, tumbled out of the cook-shack. It was twelve o'clock when they turned in, and Sandry was puzzled.

The next day nothing happened. Then at dawn of the day following the camp awoke to see a fine, fair-while haze all through the valley and the crest of the west ridge, for half a mile, sending up fanciful pearl plumes in the soft morning. This time it had gained a start and the camp turned out in earnest.

"John," said Sandry solemnly, "that is no college boy with his cigarette. Could it be Hampden?"

The foreman turned upon the owner.

"You hain't a real westerner, yet, Mr. Sandry," he said with a smile. "You think Hampden'd look his yella pine—as fine timber as there is in 't' whole state? He'd bury 't' hatchet an' come fight with us like a brother first."

"Then what's setting those fires— for it looks as if they are being set— My God! Look there! There's another!"

A merry, red eye winked and leaped and died, to leap again across the early twilight at the valley's head.

"That's damned close to our cutting!" cried Dally starting down the mountain on a sliding run. And that last fire, burning strongly where no brand could have dropped even with a wind, marked the begin-

ning of such a time of anxiety, of fear that grew and mounted to heart-stilling panic, of superhuman labor, as Sandry, a year before, could not have believed possible—a time to be long remembered in the coast country.

By eight o'clock next morning the little wind from the backwater had freshened with a devilish perversity, blowing the creeping flames merrily toward the north.

Dally sent Siletz on Black Bolt to Toledo, to ask for a dozen men to help in the fight.

He abandoned the one on the ridge, for fire goes down hill slowly, and set his men again in the valley. Within an hour after Siletz left, men began to arrive by the road—on horseback, in wagons, and later on foot, for there is no call like that of "Fire" in the big woods to bring re-

cruits. They put themselves under Dally's orders and fell to with a will, beating out the surface flames, cutting every sapling in sight, digging trenches to head off any ground fires that might be started.

But destiny was against the Dillingworth. The wind—"unusual," to use that overworked word of the region truly for once—grew steadily, and despite the trained work, for every man knew this business, it rushed the flames through the undergrowth faster than they could handle it. Dally, black with smoke and ashes, was everywhere. Sandry clung at his heels, watching his methods, learning everything he could, listening, picking up, catching on with lightning rapidity. He knew himself to be ignorant, and where he was the head with his interest at stake he must make himself competent.

By night Dally was grim and silent, hoarse with shouting, and he stamped into the porch, where the women watched the flames that flared red against the night in a hundred places on the west ridge and up the hills on both sides at the cutting.

"Siletz, honey," he rasped, "I'll have to call on you agin. They's a new one over the first shrouder toward the East Belt—up in 't' old cutting". Ride down to Toledo an' tell 'em to send 't' town. We'll need 'em all. I can't spare a man—I've sent out six to hunt th' devil behind this, an' if I ketch him I'll kill him, damn him!"

"Son!" said Ma from the shadows. So Siletz and Black Bolt and Coosnah thundered down through the darkness to save the Dillingworth, and the heart in the girl's breast was throbbing with anxiety for Sandry—black as Dally, and as rough looking, fighting with his lesser strength, a Westerner at last by every sign.

By midnight the town was there, and Dally saw among the crowd Harris, his old saw-flier, young Anworthy and several more of those who had deserted to the god of gold. They kept sheepishly in the background, but they were there for the common good that Dally had spoken of—they would have answered a call from a real enemy in such a crisis, for that is the way of the West.

Ma Dally, passing her interminable tin cups of coffee—she had brought a great iron kettle and boiled it over a fire on the ground—stopped before Anworthy, the curly headed boy of whom she was very fond, with a hand on his shoulder.

"I'm mighty glad to see you, son," she said kindly, and the young scapago had the grace to blush.

Destiny was against the Dillingworth. The wind leaped and shouted up between the hills and by midnight the flames suddenly leaped up as if a restraint had been removed. Huge, red streamers flung themselves out against the black night sky, reaching half way to the zenith. Dense clouds of smoke leaped and belled to the heavens, while the roar that appalls a woodsman's heart began to sound throughout the hills.

John Dally, working like a giant, went white beneath his grime at sound of it.

"My God!" he cried hoarsely, "it's goin' away from us!"

And Sandry, halted a pace away by that cry of despair, looked upon the first really great sight of his life.

"More men!" shouted the foreman hoarsely. "You Harris, go telephone to Corvallis for more men."

"It's done, Johnny," said Ma Dally, panting in the light, her sleeves rolled up from brown, capable arms. "I sent Siletz some time back. She's callin' fer all the stations between."

The valley was as light as day, illumined all up and down its length, and three horsemen were loping up its level floor. Lean, lithe men they were, clad in sober khaki, and they leaped from their horses, with businesslike alacrity, dropping reins over saddle horns instead of on the ground. Those three horses were well trained, intelligent aids, ready to stand for hours in one spot, to come at a whistle, and they wanted no dragging straps to hinder.

"We're forest rangers," announced the spokesman, a quick-eyed, steady young chap, to Sandry. "give me your men."

"Thank th' Lord!" said Dally fervently, "take command."

The newcomer talked a moment with his two companions, motioning, dividing localities, sketching a quick plan. Then he gathered twenty men, putting them under one of his aides.

"Go up over that ridge," he directed briefly, "and cut a forty-foot flat straight across the dip behind the fire. Go on and cut it up over the big ridge. Don't stop to fight."

As the men hurried off with cross-cuts and axes, he plunged into the smoke and fire, shouting terse commands, taking men from what seemed imperative tasks to put them at work in places removed from the fire—digging trenches, cutting a great pine here, a towering spruce or fir there.

"Good man," panted Sandry to his foreman as they passed with axes and dripping sacks.

"Best thing in the timber. They know th' woods an' 't' fires an' 't' air currents. Wish't we had a hundred of 'em. They'save th' country 'ts goin' to hell with these fires."

Dawn came over the mountains in blood-red haze. And everywhere the men, like ants attacking some mighty task, toiled without sleep.

Dally had been up for forty-eight hours, yet he went as strongly as at the beginning, while Sandry, still far from hale, was compelled to drop for an hour's sleep. In fact, Ma did the compelling, going into the smoke and ashes after him, bringing him out bodily with a firm hand on his shoulder.

"You're spoiling me," he protested through soot-grimed lips, "and I can't afford to sleep."

"Can't afford to go down far good," said the general sternly, "no steam, no power. Food an' sleep—fuel an' water. Do you tend to your bilers." And the owner, with a wry smile, snaked on a pile of gunnysacks beside the improvised railway of the upper cutting.

When he awoke it was to find himself under a light blanket of fanciful weaves which belonged to Siletz. The shy, silent girl had been about him in his sleep.

When he hurried to the work he saw here and there groups of Indians. The reservation had arrived in force. But things were growing worse with every hour.

Fire was everywhere, in the earth and in the heavens. It heated the sweet winds to unbearable, scorching blasts. It illumined the dun dusk with dull, crimson light. It deserted the cutting and swept forward toward the north, leaving ashes and ruin, sullen brands and smoldering logs that flamed forth vindictively from time to time.

So dawn found them on that hot, grim day in August. The lean, young ranger was everywhere, and Sandry, in amazed appreciation, saw a trench shut off a ground-fire, and the felling of a single pine change the trend of a flood of flame that was going out of bounds.

But by twelve o'clock the wind turned and headed south. With appalling might the flood spread up the ridges, crept down into the dip and joined the slow-burning menace there.

At that the ranger fired three shots into the air which brought one of his aids running out of the smoke, panting and disheveled from fighting hand-to-hand with a growth of young spruce.

"Go telegraph for the Vancouver soldiers," he directed tersely, "this is going to beat all records."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEIR DUTIES TO "SOCIETY"

Women Would Find It Hard to Answer Why They Assume Responsibilities of Position.

Everyone knows what "society" is, although to anyone who did not it would be difficult to explain. Men laugh at it, but it is not to be laughed at. With a power as strong as the church, or stronger, it lies about us, impalpable, whimsical, almost irresistible. It may take all a woman has to give, and give little back; or it may give everything it has to give, and demand little. Whether it is woman's highest duty, or her toy, has apparently not been decided. Whether those who give themselves to it most entirely do so in an abandonment of self-indulgence or in a spirit of high sacrifice, one cannot say. The inveterate habit, common to all people, of dressing up whatever they are doing in a cloak of morality, has in this case so confused all the phraseology of social rites that it is impossible to tell what is pleasure and what is crucifixion. Women dress, not because they like to look pretty, but because they "owe it" to their husbands, or their children, or to society. They make calls and give dinners, not because they like it, but because they feel themselves obliged to, and they are glad when it is over. They go to parties, not because they expect to have a good time—they profess to be bored by them—but because for various reasons it seems necessary to.—Atlantic Monthly.

Potash and Phosphates. The agricultural department of the University of Illinois has published another report dealing with the soils of this state and the fertilizers which they need. This new investigation, like the last, shows that Illinois farmers need not worry about potash. With the exception of swamp lands our soils have all the potassium salts they need, and the addition of more is a stimulant rather than a food. What Illinois land usually does lack is phosphorus, and the United States has a plentiful supply of phosphate rock. This is good news to farmers who had been taught that the lack of German potash would cut down their crops. It tends likewise to stimulate an American industry which was being hidden behind clever foreign advertising. By the time this war is over, America will know how much potash fertilizer it really needs, and what the stuff is worth on the soil.—Chicago Journal.

First Telegraphing. New world's records for fast and accurate telegraphing were made at the international telegraphic tournament in San Francisco a few weeks ago. Richard C. Bartley transmitted the fastest and most perfect "Morse" by ticking off 40 railroad messages without an error in 28 minutes and 13 seconds, and beating the automatic transmitters. George W. Smith, Jr. won the receiving contest by taking and transcribing without an error 40 railroad messages in 31 minutes and 12 seconds.

Getting Rid of Callers. Co-eds of the University of Minnesota have drawn up a set of specifications for sending male callers home by 10:30. In this regard the dean of women, Miss Margaret Sweeney, recently said: "Hang up a framed copy of the rules in some conspicuous place, girls. Then draw attention to the regulations with some timely remark. If all else fails, speak up openly and say: 'Time is up, boys.'"

Everyone Should Drink Hot Water in the Morning

Wash away all the stomach, liver, and bowel poisons before breakfast.

To feel your best day in and day out, to feel clean inside; no sour bile to coat your tongue and sicken your breath or dull your head; no constipation, bilious attacks, sick headaches, colds, rheumatism or gassy, acid stomach, you must bathe on the inside like you bathe outside. This is vastly more important, because the skin pores do not absorb impurities into the blood, while the bowel pores do, says a well-known physician.

To keep these poisons and toxins well flushed from the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, drink before breakfast each day, a glass of hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it. This will cleanse, purify and freshen the entire alimentary tract, before putting more food into the stomach.

Get a quarter pound of limestone phosphate from your druggist or at the store. It is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant. Drink phosphated hot water every morning to rid your system of these vile poisons and toxins; also to prevent their formation.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became saturated with an accumulation of body poisons, begin this treatment and above all, keep it up! As soap and hot water act on the skin, cleansing, sweetening and purifying, so limestone phosphate and hot water before breakfast, act on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.—Adv.

One on Grandmother.—Bobby (to grandmother)—Grandma, have you ever seen an engine wagging its ears?
 Grandma—No, nonsense, Bobby, I never heard of an engine having any ears.
 Bobby—Why, haven't you ever heard of engineers?

HOW A DRUGGIST CURED HIS KIDNEY TROUBLE

For the past twenty-four years I have been selling Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with excellent satisfaction to my customers who have used it. They are always pleased with the results obtained and speak very favorably regarding the preparation. It cured me of a bad case of Catarrhal Inflammation of the Bladder eighteen years ago, after two months treatment with pharmaceuticals recommended for inflammation of the bladder. It is undoubtedly a remedy of great merit in the diseases for which it is so highly recommended.
 Very truly yours,
 J. W. HANAN, Druggist,
 East Lynne, Mo.
 November 3d, 1915.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Just Before the Battle.
 Her Husband—Do you know, dear, that I found my first gray hair this morning?
 His Wife—Oh, give it to me, John, and I'll keep it as a souvenir to remember you by.
 Her Husband—What's the matter with me keeping it to remember you by?
 His Wife—Wretch! I've a good mind to go home to my mother—
 Her Husband—Huh! No such luck.

"CASCARETS" FOR SLUGGISH BOWELS

No sick headache, sour stomach, biliousness or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box now. Turn the rascals out—the headache, biliousness, indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out to-night and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets cleanse your stomach; remove the sour, fermenting food; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out all the constipated waste matter and poison in the bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret to-night straightens you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head, sweet stomach and clean, healthy liver and bowel action for months. Children love Cascarets because they never gripe or sicken. Adv.

Would Need a Lung Reach.
 "The average man is said to consume a thousand pounds of food a year."
 "He couldn't do it at our boarding house."

A patent has been granted for an egg substitute made chiefly from thoroughly cooked yams.



"It's Broken Out Again!"