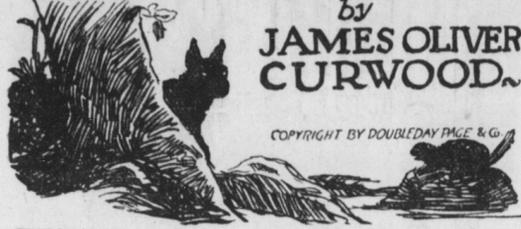


BAREE

SON OF KAZAN

by
**JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD**



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WNU Service

Chapter VII—Continued

On the floor of the cabin Nepeese dropped on her knees and finished unwrapping the blanket. She was not afraid of Baree. She had forgotten McTaggart. And then, as Baree rolled in a limp heap on the floor, she saw his half-closed eyes and the dry blood on his jaws, and the light left her face as swiftly as the sun is shadowed by a cloud.

"Baree," she cried softly. "Baree—Baree!"

The voice of the Willow thrilled Baree. It seemed to stir the sluggish blood in his veins, and he opened his eyes wider and saw again the wonderful stars that had glowed at him so softly the day of Wakayoo's death. One of the Willow's long braids fell over her shoulder, and he smelled again the sweet scent of her hair as her hand caressed him and her voice talked to him. Then she got up suddenly and left him, and he did not move while he waited for her. In a moment she was back with a basin of water and a cloth. Gently she washed the blood from his eyes and mouth. And still Baree made no more. He scarcely breathed. But Nepeese saw the little quivers that shot through his body when her hand touched him, like electric shocks.

"He beat you with a club," she was saying, her dark eyes within a foot of Baree's. "He beat you! That man—beast!"

There came an interruption. The door opened, and the man-beast stood looking down on them, a grin on his red face. Instantly Baree showed that he was alive. He sprang back from under the Willow's hand with a sudden snarl and faced McTaggart. The hair of his spine stood up like a brush; his fangs gleamed menacingly.

"There is a devil in him," said McTaggart. "He is wild—born of the wolf. You must be careful or he will take off a hand, ka sakahet! It was the first time he had called her that lover's name in Cree—sweetheart! Her heart pounded. She bent her head for a moment over her clenched hands, and McTaggart—looking down on what he thought was her confusion—laid his hand caressingly on her hair. From the door Pierrot had heard the word, and now he saw the caress, and he raised a hand as if to shut out the sight of a sacrilege.

"Mon Dieu!" he breathed.

In the next instant he had given a sharp cry of wonder that mingled with a sudden yell of pain from McTaggart. Like a flash Baree had darted across the floor and fastened his teeth in the Factor's leg. They had bitten deep before McTaggart freed himself with a powerful kick. With an oath he snatched his revolver from its holster. The Willow was ahead of him. With a little cry she darted to Baree and caught him in her arms. As she looked up at McTaggart, her soft, bare throat was within a few inches of Baree's naked fangs. Her eyes blazed.

"You beat him!" she cried. "He hates you—hates you—"

"Let him go!" called Pierrot in an agony of fear. "Mon Dieu! I say let him go or he will tear the life from you!"

"He hates you—hates you—hates you—" the Willow was repeating over and over again into McTaggart's startled face. Then suddenly she turned to her father. "No, he will not tear the life from me," she cried. "See! It is Baree! Did I not tell you that? It is Baree! Is it not proof that he defended me—"

"From me?" gasped McTaggart, his face darkening.

Pierrot advanced and laid a hand on McTaggart's arm. He was smiling.

"Let us leave them to fight it out between themselves, m'sieu," he said. "They are two little firebrands, and we are not safe. If she is bitten—"

He shrugged his shoulders. A great load had been lifted from them suddenly. His voice was soft and persuasive. And now the anger had gone out of the Willow's face. A coquetish uplift of her eyes caught McTaggart, and she looked straight at him, half smiling, as she spoke to her father:

"I will join you soon, mon pere—you and M'sieu the Factor from Lac Bain!"

There were undeniable little devils in her eyes, McTaggart thought—little devils laughing full at him as she spoke, setting his brain afire and his blood to running wildly. Those eyes—full of dancing witches! How he would tame them and play with them—very soon now. He followed Pierrot outside. In his exultation he no longer felt the smart of Baree's teeth.

"I will show you my new carole that I have made for winter, m'sieu," said Pierrot as the door closed behind them.

Half an hour later Nepeese came out of the cabin. McTaggart's jaws were

set, but his eyes flared up with pleasure when he saw her. She knew what it was about. The Factor from Lac Bain had been demanding his answer of Pierrot, and Pierrot had been telling him what she had insisted upon—that he must come to her. And he was coming! She turned with a quick beating of the heart and hurried down a little path. She heard McTaggart's footsteps behind her, and threw the flash of a smile over her shoulder. But her teeth were set tight. The nails of her fingers were cutting into the palms of her hands.

Pierrot stood without moving. He watched them as they disappeared into the edge of the forest, Nepeese still ahead of McTaggart. Out of his breast rose a sharp breath.

"Par les mille cornes du diable!" he swore softly. "Is it possible—that she smiles from her heart at that beast? Non! It is impossible. And yet—if it is so—"

One of his brown hands tightened convulsively about the handle of the knife in his belt, and slowly he began to follow them.

McTaggart did not hurry to overtake Nepeese. She was following the narrow path deeper into the forest, and he was glad of that. They would be alone—away from Pierrot. He was satisfied to let her go on. When she

turned from the narrow trail into a side path that scarcely bore the mark of travel, his heart gave an exultant jump. If she kept on, he would very soon have her alone—a good distance from the cabin. The blood ran hot in his face. He did not speak to her, through fear that she would stop. Ahead of them he heard the rumble of water. It was the creek running through the chasm.

Nepeese was making straight for that sound. With a little laugh she started to run, and when she stood at the edge of the chasm, McTaggart was fully fifty yards behind her. Twenty feet sheer down there was a deep pool between the rock walls, a pool so deep that it was like blue ink. She turned to face the Factor from Lac Bain. He had never looked more like a red beast to her. Until this moment she had been unafraid. But now—in an instant—she was terrified. Before she could speak what she had planned to say, he was at her side, and had taken her face between his two great hands, his coarse fingers twining in the silken strands of her thick braids where they fell over her shoulders at the neck.

"Ka sakahet!" he cried passionately. "Pierrot said you would have an answer for me. But I need no answer now. You are mine! Mine!"

She gave a cry. It was a gasping, broken cry. His arms were about her like bands of iron, crushing her slender body, shutting off her breath, turn-

ing the world almost black for her. She could neither struggle nor cry out. She felt the hot passion of his lips on her face, heard his voice—and then came a moment's freedom, and air into her strangled lungs. Pierrot was calling! He had come to the fork in the trail, and he was calling the Willow's name!

McTaggart's hot hand came over her mouth.

"Don't answer," she heard him say. Strength—anger—hated flared up in her, and fiercely she struck the hand down. Something in her wonderful eyes held McTaggart. They blazed into his very soul.

"Bete noir!" she panted at him, freeing herself from the last touch of his hands. "Beast—black beast!" Her voice trembled, and her face flamed. "See—I came to show you my pool—and tell you what you wanted to hear—and you—you—have crushed me like a beast—like a great rock! See! down there—it is my pool!"

She had not planned it like this. She had intended to be smiling, even laughing, in this moment. But McTaggart had spoiled them—her carefully made plans! And yet, as she pointed, the Factor from Lac Bain looked for an instant over the edge of the chasm. And then she laughed as she gave him a sudden shove from behind.

"And that is my answer, M'sieu le Facteur from Lac Bain!" she cried tauntingly as he plunged headlong into the deep pool between the rock walls.

From the edge of the open Pierrot saw what had happened, and he gave a great gasp. He drew back among the brambles. This was not a moment for him to show himself. While his heart drummed like a hammer, his face was filled with joy.

On her hands and knees the Willow was peering over the edge. Bush McTaggart had disappeared. He had gone down like the great clod he was; the water of her pool had closed over him with a dull splash that was like a chuckle of triumph. He appeared now, beating out with his arms and legs to keep himself afloat, while the Willow's voice came to him in taunting cries.

"Bete noir! Bete noir! Beast! Beast!"

She flung small sticks and tufts of earth down at him fiercely; and McTaggart, looking up as he gained his equilibrium, saw her leaning so far over that she seemed about to fall. Her long braids hung down into the chasm, gleaming in the sun; her eyes were laughing while her lips taunted him; he could see the flash of her white teeth.

"Beast! Beast!"

He began swimming, still looking up at her. It was a hundred yards down the slow-going current to the beach of shale where he could climb out, and a half of that distance she followed him, laughing and taunting him, and flung down sticks and pebbles. He noted that none of the sticks or stones was large enough to hurt him. When at last his feet touched bottom, she was gone.

Swiftly Nepeese ran back over the trail, and almost into Pierrot's arms. She was panting and laughing when for a moment she stopped.

"I have given him the answer, Noot-aw! He is in the pool!"

Into the balsams she disappeared like a bird. Pierrot made no effort to stop her or to follow.

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" he chuckled—and cut straight across for the other trail.

Nepeese was out of breath when she reached the cabin. Baree, fastened to a table-leg by a babble thong, heard her pause for a moment at the door. Then she entered and came straight to him. During the half-hour of her absence Baree had scarcely moved. That half-hour, and the few minutes that had preceded it, had made tremendous impressions upon him. Nature, heredity, and instinct were at work, clashing and readjusting, impinging on him a new intelligence—the beginning of a new understanding. A swift and savage impulse had made him leap at Bush McTaggart when the Factor put his hand on the Willow's head. It was not reason. It was the dog—and woman.

And here again it was the woman. She had called to the great hidden passion that was in Baree and that had come to him from Kazan. Of all the living things in the world, he knew that he must not hurt this creature that appeared to him through the door. He trembled as she knelt before him again, and up through the years came the wild and glorious surge of Kazan's blood, overwhelming the wolf, submerging the savagery of his birth—and with his head flat on the floor he whined softly, and wagged his tail.

Nepeese gave a cry of joy.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Small Insects Not Named by Scientists

Some tiny insects are never seen except in winter and so little known that they have no popular name. Scientists call them Borens, and they leap on the snow like miniature black grasshoppers. What they eat and how they live has not yet been discovered.

The crane flies, better known, perhaps, as "daddy longlegs," with their narrow wings and dangling, awkward legs, are strictly summer insects. But they have a small and poor relation without any wings at all and only moderately long legs, which enjoys itself in the very coldest kind of winter weather and goes a-wooling across the snow with the thermometer below zero.

By far the largest number of snow insects belong to an insect division familiarly known as "springtails." Some 900 different kinds of springtails have been recorded. They are found all over the globe from the Arctic to the Antarctic.—Nature Magazine.

Wonders of World

The seven wonders of the ancient world were the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of Jupiter in Greece, the tomb of Mausolus at Haliarnassus, the pharos at Alexander and the colossus of Rhodes.

Crepe Satin Used for Wedding Gown

Court Train and Vaporous Veil of Tulle, Worth's Bridal Outfit.

Once a year Paris speaks with a voice of authority on wedding gowns. Crepe satin of impeccable quality, draped in the fashion of the day, with court train and a vaporous veil of tulle—such is the traditional bridal gown of the house of Worth, which has probably gowned more brides of the societe mondaine during the past half century than any other establishment of the French capital.

"The appropriate wedding gown for a formal church wedding," said M. Worth, "is one which reflects at once the dignity of the ceremony and its joyousness, and in my opinion there is no fabric so suitable as white crepe satin fashioned with graceful simplicity, cut with long sleeves and moderate décolletage because it is to be worn in church. Panels of rich lace unite the silhouette with the straight upward lines of the cathedral, while the filmy outline of tulle lets filter through the light in the aura."

The headdress may be in the form of a tiara, and I like, also, a nunlike coil of lace that frames the face in a becoming oval.

If it be a country wedding one may choose a gown on more informal lines or a quaint robe de style; and the American bride who is married in the drawing room in a setting of flowers may dispense with court train and long sleeves, and choose among many materials besides satin. A very supple velvet, so fine it falls as soft as satin, is a splendid choice. Georgette, chiffon and new silks of soft texture are in good taste.

Another Parisian house which creates beautiful costumes for the bride is that of Jeanne Lanvin, and here the theme is often chosen from picturesque period styles. It was this couturiere who introduced silver garniture on bridal gowns. The Lanvin spring collection was terminated on the day of its opening by an impressive robe de mariee of white marocain encrusted with tulle embroidered in white beads. The headdress was a diadem of silver lame and beaded tulle, holding a short veil which barely covered the top of the arms and floated lightly about the face.

Captain Molyneux, who is English, follows the charming custom of his country in choosing little pages to accompany the bride, and this house makes many costumes on the slim and somewhat stately lines that best become the tall beauty. When the cut is very plain there are rich garnitures, such as embroideries of pearls, and lighter fabrics than satin or velvet are often employed.

Red and Gold Taffeta Ribbon Bands Are Used

Showing a tailored two-piece georgette dress attractively decorated with red and gold taffeta ribbon bands. The vestee is of white plaited georgette and the blue felt hat has a red grosgrain band. The pin is of red and rhinestones.



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Tailored Tweed Suit for Cool Spring Days

This handsome, tailored tweed suit of gray mixture promises to be the vogue for the cool spring days, and for general wear when the weather will not admit of thinner dresses.



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Two-Piece Frock Still Holds Important Place

In spite of the fact that their popularity is overwhelming, two-piece frocks continue to hold the most important place in the fashions of the new season. They may, with truth, be called the piece de resistance of the present-day wardrobe, for with certain changes in material and slight differences in details models of this type are appropriate to practically every occasion, both day and evening.

Last season Chinese damask was probably the most important fabric for simple smart little frocks. This spring, while it has by no means passed out of the fashion picture, it has rivals in the form of frocks modeled on similar lines, but made of rajah or shantung silk instead of damask.

Few colors brought out in recent years have been more generally becoming than the tones of bols de rose which vary from the faintest tint to one that verges on tan. One finds these tones conspicuously featured in every collection of new models displayed by the best houses.

Combinations in Plaid on Spring Fashion Card

Suits with plaid skirts and with plain Tuxedo jackets collared in plaid are both new and smart. Usually the skirt is plaited in front and at the sides if not all the way about. The jacket is the typical smoking jacket variety with long lapels of plaid. A few plain double-breasted coats are also shown with plaid skirts of harmonizing color.

Juniper frocks for spring street wear come in all sorts of plaid combinations with blue being the dominant color and red, green, gold or henna forming the plaid design. Plaid scarfs are offered for those who wish to use plaid sparingly. Gypsy sashes of plaid on plain dresses are prominent. Gloves with plaid cuffs are pressed into service. Crisp taffetas with tiny checks are popular as spring advances.

Interesting New Bags Are Now Being Shown

Bags are always interesting, especially those now on display. A flat bag having a sectional top equipped with a springless clamp comes in two leathers, suede and lizard calf, in a variety of colors. It is unique in that the bottom is finished with a metal rim or casing which protects the edge and insures greater wear, at the same time lending a smart appearance to the bag. Tan silk moire is used for lining and fittings. Another attractive bag for immediate use is known as the over-size under-arm bag. It is made of glazed python skin and has a very fine silk lining, shirred inner pockets and the usual accessories.

Cotton Terry Cloth Favored for Unbobbed Heads

A new type of hat now separates the bobbed from the unbobbed. So many women are letting their hair grow out again that there has come a demand for a medium head size, as well as medium heights of crown and widths of brim. The majority of these hats are very soft felt, with comparatively little trimming.

Silk Flowers Used Following the Waistline

Trade may follow the flag but hats follow the waistline, according to Parisian designers. They declare that when the waistline rises, crowns are also higher in order to preserve the proportions of the figure. One of the new materials developed for spring hats is a soft and very fluffy straw known as felt straw. Taffeta ribbons are favorite trimmings.

POINTS ON KEEPING WELL

DR. FREDERICK R. GREEN
Editor of "HEALTH"

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NATURAL OR ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT

MUCH is being written these days about light. Some of it is old, for the necessity of sunlight for the healthy growth of plants and animals has always been recognized. Much of it is new, for we know more about light than we used to. We know, for one thing, that sunlight is not simply what we see but that it is a combination of many different rays, some of which we can see and some of which we cannot see but which instruments more sensitive than the human eye show us are there.

And now some of our best authorities tell us that the invisible part of the light is of more value in growth than the visible rays. Hess of New York, one of the leading authorities on the growth of children, says that, although the ultra-violet rays of the sun are less than one per cent of the total sunlight, they are of more importance than all the rest. Sunlight is good but it is better for the infant to have the invisible rays than the visible rays, if he can't have both. In other words, a baby will thrive better when deprived of the visible rays than when deprived of the invisible rays.

A recent editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association calls these invisible rays "sky shine" to distinguish them from the visible sunshine. It points out that direct sunshine, made up largely of the sun's heat rays, may cause sunburn or, if the sunlight is too fierce, sunstroke, but the invisible ultra-violet rays, which cause no unpleasant results, are really more important for growth and health than the heat rays.

Here is another reason for controlling the production of smoke and the contamination of the air by smoke from factories and industrial plants. The short ultra-violet rays, which are so necessary to life and growth, have little power to penetrate. They won't even go through an ordinary window pane to say nothing of a thick layer of fog and smoke. Hill found in England that the smoke blanket in all large cities kept out from one-half to two-thirds of the beneficial parts of the sunshine.

This is as necessary for animals as for man. Agricultural experiment stations have found that cows must have a certain amount of direct sunshine in an air free from smoke and fog, not only to produce healthy milk for human babies but also to raise healthy and strong calves.

These necessary invisible ultra-violet rays can be produced artificially. Are we going to keep the air clean, so we can get the natural sunlight or are we going to have our houses, our cow barns and our chicken coops supplied with ultra-violet machines?

EARACHE

THE other night, a member of my family woke up at 2 a. m. with a severe pain in one ear. What was the cause of the pain and what could be done to relieve it?

Pain, of course, is not a disease. It is simply a symptom, often a danger signal. What causes pain in the ear?

There are three main parts in the human ear: The outer ear, which is simply a funnel of skin and cartilage to catch air waves and conduct them through the outer canal to the eardrum; the middle ear, which is separated from the outer ear by the eardrum and which opens below through the eustachian tube, into the throat; and the inner ear, a complicated machinery in the cavity of the hard, dense bone behind the external ear.

The canal of the outer ear may become infected, like the skin anywhere in the body. Inflammation of the walls of the canal may cause a boil or may be a general swelling. In either case, the canal becomes stopped up, and this obstruction and swelling may and generally does result in severe pain.

If the eustachian canal is closed up, serum collects in the middle ear. If germs from the throat work up this tube, the middle ear becomes infected and inflamed. The tension in the middle ear stretches the drum and makes it bulge out. This causes very severe pain, which can only be relieved by puncturing the drum and letting the fluid or matter escape. This is what happened to the prince of Wales lately and is the reason why the surgeons punctured his eardrum, as the newspapers announced.

Inner ear disease is worst of all, because it generally occurs only after long years of middle ear infection and requires a very serious operation.

Examination of this particular patient (and she was particular) showed that the external ear was tense, red and swollen, so much so as to close up the canal.

External heat is about the only thing that will relieve the pain due to such inflammation. Our grandmothers dropped hot sweet oil into the ear, put on onion poultices and tried other messy things which generally did little good. A hot salt bag, a hot water bag or, best of all, the electric pad, are clean and effective ways of applying heat, which will hasten the course of the inflammation and so aid in recovery.