

BAREE SON OF KAZAN

by
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WNU Service

Chapter VII—Continued.

With her wet clothes clinging to her tightly, she was like a slim shadow as she crossed the soggy open and buried herself among the forest trees. Baree still followed. She went straight to a birch tree that she had located that day and began tearing off the loose bark. An armful of this bark she carried close to the wigwam, and on it she heaped lead after load of wet wood until she had a great pile. From a bottle in the wigwam she secured a dry match, and at the first touch of its tiny flame the birch-bark flared up like paper soaked in oil. Not until it was blazing a dozen feet into the air did she cease putting wood on it. Then she drove sticks into the soft ground and over these sticks stretched the blanket out to dry. After that she began to undress.

The rain had cooled the air, and the tonic of it—laden with the breath of the balsam and spruce—set the Willow's blood dancing in her veins. She forgot the discomfort of the deluge. She forgot the Factor from Lac Bain, and what Pierrot had told her. She danced about Baree, tossing her hair about her, her naked body shimmering in and out of it, her eyes aglow, her lips laughing in her unreasoning happiness—the happiness of being alive, of drinking into her lungs the perfumed air of the forest, of seeing the stars and the wonderful sky above her. She stopped before Baree and cried laughingly at him, holding out her arms:

"Ahe, Baree—if you could only throw off your skin as easily as I have thrown off my clothes!"

She drew a deep breath, and her eyes shone with a sudden inspiration. Slowly her mouth formed into a round O, and leaning still nearer to Baree, she whispered:

"It will be deep—and sweet tonight. Ninga—yes—we will go!"

She called to him softly as she slipped on her wet moccasins and followed the creek into the forest. A hundred yards from the open she came to the edge of a pool. It was deep and full tonight, three times as big as it had been before the storm. She could hear the gurgle and inrush of water. On its ruffled surface the stars shone. For a moment or two she stood poised on a rock with the cool depths half a dozen feet below her. Then she flung back her hair and shot like a slim white arrow through the starlight.

Baree saw her go. He heard the plunge of her body. For half an hour he lay flat and still, close to the edge of the pool, and watched her. Once she was gone a long time. He whined. He knew she was not like the beaver and the otter, and he was filled with an immense relief when she came up.

So their first night passed—storm, the cool, deep pool, the big fire; and later, when the Willow's clothes and the blanket had dried, a few hours' sleep. At dawn they returned to the cabin. It was a cautious approach. There was no smoke coming from the chimney. The door was closed. Pierrot and Bush McTaggart were gone.

Chapter VIII

It was the beginning of August—the Flying-up Moon—when Pierrot returned from Lac Bain, and in three days more it would be the Willow's seventeenth birthday. He brought back with him many things for Nepeese—ribbons for her hair, real shoes, which she wore at times like the two English women at Nelson House, and chief glory of all, some wonderful red cloth for a dress. In the three winters she had spent at the Mission these women had made much of Nepeese. They had taught her to sew as well as to spell and read and pray, and at times there came to the Willow a compelling desire to do as they did.

So for three days Nepeese worked hard on her new dress and on her birthday she stood before Pierrot in a fashion that took his breath away. She had piled her hair in great glowing masses and coils on the crown of her head, as Yvonne, the younger of the English women, had taught her, and in the rich jet of it had half buried a vivid sprig of the crimson fire-flower. Under this, and the glow in her eyes, and the red flush of her lips and cheeks came the wonderful red dress, fitted to the slim and sinuous beauty of her form—as the style had been two winters ago at Nelson House. And under the dress, which reached just below the knees—Nepeese had quite forgotten the proper length, or else her material had run out—came the coup de maître of her toilet, real stockings and the wonderful shoes with high heels! She was a vision before which the gods of the forest might have felt their hearts stop beating. Pierrot turned her round and round without a word, but smiling;

but when she left him, followed by Baree, and limping a little in the tightness of her shoes, the smile faded from his face, leaving it cold and staring.

"Mon Dieu," he whispered to himself in French, with a thought that was like a sharp stab at his heart. "She is not of her mother's blood—non. It is French. She is—yes—like an angel."

There was a change in Pierrot. During the three days of her dress-making Nepeese had been quite too excited to notice this change, and Pierrot had tried to keep it from her. He had been away ten days on the trip to Lac Bain, and he brought back to Nepeese the joyous news that M'sieu McTaggart was very sick with peehipo—the blood poison—news that made the Willow clap her hands and laugh happily. But he knew that the Factor would get well, and that he would come again to their cabin on the Gray Loon. And when next time he came—

It was when he was thinking of this that his face grew cold and hard, and his eyes burned. And he was thinking of it on this her birthday even as her laughter floated to him like a song. Dieu, in spite of her seventeen years, she was nothing but a child—a baby! She could not guess his horrible visions. And the dread of awakening her for all time from that beautiful childhood kept him from



"I Am Not Going, Mon Pere!"

telling her the whole truth so that she might have understood fully and completely. Non, it should not be that. His soul beat with a great and gentle love. He, Pierrot De Quesne, would do the watching. And she should laugh and sing and play—and have no share in the black forebodings that had come to spoil his life.

On this day there came up from the south Macdonald, the government map-maker. He was gray and grizzled, with a great, free laugh and a clean heart. Two days he remained with Pierrot. He told Nepeese of his daughters at home, of their mother, whom he worshipped more than anything else on earth—and before he went on in his quest of the last timber line of Banksian pine, he took pictures of the Willow as he had first seen her on her birthday: her hair piled in glossy coils and masses, her red dress, the high-heeled shoes. He carried the negatives on with him, promising Pierrot that he would get a picture back in some way. Thus fate works in its strange and apparently innocent ways as it spins its webs of tragedy.

For many weeks after this there followed tranquil days on the Gray Loon. They were wonderful days for

Baree. At first he was suspicious of Pierrot. After a little he tolerated him, and at last accepted him as a part of the cabin—and Nepeese. It was the Willow whose shadow he became. Pierrot noted the attachment with the deepest satisfaction.

"Ah, in a few months more, if he should leap at the throat of M'sieu the Factor," he said to himself one day.

In September, when he was six months old, Baree was almost as large as Gray Wolf—big-boned, long-fanged, with a deep chest, and jaws that could already crack a bone as if it were a stick. He was with Nepeese whenever and wherever she moved.

It was late in August when Baree saw the first of his kind outside of Kazan and Gray Wolf. During the summer Pierrot allowed his dogs to run at large on a small island in the center of a lake two or three miles away, and twice a week he netted fish for them. On one of these trips Nepeese accompanied him and took Baree with her. Pierrot carried his long carboung whip. He expected a fight. But there was none. Baree joined the pack in their rush for fish, and ate with them. This pleased Pierrot more than ever.

"He will make a great sledge-dog," he chuckled. "It is best to leave him for a week with the pack, ma Nepeese."

Reluctantly Nepeese gave her consent. While the dogs were still at their fish, they started homeward. Their canoe had stolen well out before Baree discovered the trick they had played on him. Instantly he leaped into the water and swam after them—and the Willow helped him into the canoe.

Early in September a passing Indian brought Pierrot word of Bush McTaggart. The Factor had been very sick. He had almost died from the blood poison, but he was well now. With the first exhilarating tang of autumn in the air a new dread oppressed Pierrot. But at present he said nothing of what was in his mind to Nepeese. The Willow had almost forgotten the Factor from Lac Bain, for the glory and thrill of wilderness autumn was in her blood.

Most of Nepeese's hours she spent in training Baree for the sledge. She began with a babiche string and a stick. It was a whole day before she could induce Baree to drag this stick without turning at every other step to snap and growl at it. Then she fastened another length of babiche to him, and made him drag two sticks. Thus little by little she trained him to the sledge-harness, until at the end of a fortnight he was tugging heroically at anything she had a mind to fasten to him. Pierrot brought home two of the dogs from the island, and Baree was put into training with these, and helped to drag the empty sledge. Nepeese was delighted. On the day the first light snow fell she clapped her hands and cried to Pierrot:

"By midwinter I will have him the finest dog in the pack, mon pere!"

This was the time for Pierrot to say what was in his mind. He smiled. Diantre—would not that beast the Factor fall into the very devil of a rage when he found how he had been cheated! And yet—

He tried to make his voice quiet and commonplace.

"I am going to send you down to the school at Nelson House again this winter, ma cherie," he said. "Baree will help draw you down on the first good snow."

The Willow was trying a knot in Baree's babiche, and she rose slowly to her feet and looked at Pierrot.

"I am not going, mon pere!"

It was the first time Nepeese had ever said that to Pierrot—in just that way. It thrilled him. And he could scarcely face the look in her eyes. He was not good at bluffing. Nepeese did not wait for him to gather speech.

"I am not going!" she repeated with even greater finality, and bent again over Baree.

With a shrug of his shoulders Pierrot watched her. After all, was he not glad? Would his heart not have turned sick if she had been happy at the thought of leaving him? He moved to her side and with great gentleness laid a hand on her glossy head. Up from under it the Willow smiled at him. Between them they heard the click of Baree's jaws as he rested his muzzle on the Willow's arm.

For the first time in weeks the world seemed suddenly filled with sunshine for Pierrot. When he went back to the cabin he held his head higher. Nepeese would not leave him! He laughed softly. He rubbed his hands together. His fear of the Factor from Lac Bain was gone. From the cabin door he looked back at Nepeese and Baree.

"The saints be blessed!" he murmured. "Now—now—it is Pierrot Du Quesne who knows what to do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Brains Minor Factor in Financial Success

If you set out in this world to make money, your success will depend more on your personality than on intelligence or ability as a scholar. And a sense of humor won't help you so very much, either.

What you will need to stock up on are the traits usually displayed in abundance by self-made men of so many "success" stories; aggressiveness, enthusiasm, accuracy in work, and self-reliance.

A study of the mathematical relation between personality and income has been made at Purdue university, and the traits that go hand in hand with money making are listed in order of their importance. Typical college men, who were graduated from engi-

neering school five years ago, were taken as subjects for the study.

Originality and address are of more monetary importance in personality than neatness and sincerity, the investigation indicates. Reasoning ability stands twelfth in the series of 23 personal traits correlated with income. Moral habits are the last thing in personality makeup that has any connection with financial success.—Kansas City Star.

A Common Wish

We often wish the Christian spirit didn't feel it necessary to bawl out anyone that doesn't agree with it on all points quite so hard.—Ohio State Journal.

THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

By PROEHL HALLER JAKLON
Drawings by Ray Walters.

I asked my mother for fifty cents To see the elephant jump the fence. He jumped so high he hit the sky. He won't be back till Fourth of July.

CIRCLES change and fashions change. But the circus, the Biggest Show on Earth, whether it open its tent flaps in your town or mine, in your father's time or yours, is ever the same old pageant of color and action.

Tinselled ladies in tight smiles as they fly through space at giddy heights; clowns scamper insanely around the arena; cowboys and girls ride madly lither and thither; bareback riders leap nimbly from horse to horse. The circus goes on.

Here is a human pyramid constructed in a wink of strong men and strong women. Over there are seals balancing gaily-colored spheres on their noses and tossing balls to each other for the reward of a fresh fish. Jumping horses, white and pink tights, dashing vehicles—with all the rings competing for our attention, we are at a complete loss as to where to focus it. We do not wish to miss anything, and still some of the very best acts get no proper attention because we are expecting something to happen somewhere else.

Before certain acts the ringmaster shouts a loud announcement which no one understands. A blast of a trumpet and a long roll of drums to

suasive oratory served up free of charge on the outside?

There's the midget, with his unchanging grin, reaching from ear to ear, his calm manner and his dress suit, strikingly out of place in the light of day. Then the giant, looking sheepish in his ineffectual masquerade. Next, perhaps, a Wild Man from Borneo or a pair of midget bushmen. The Fat Lady, whose proportions are unbelievable, bursts through a simple white dress, fashioned more after the dimensions of a tent than of any garment designed for more personal and individual human occupation. In ridiculous contrast is the Living Skeleton, that animated pair of walking stiffs who exists, it seems, in defiance to nature's laws.

The others are there, too. The Sword Swallower, the Fire Eater, the Glass Cruncher, the Snake Charmer (who flies into a rage if you as much as suggest that his pets are minus their sacs of deadly poison), the Two-headed Sheep, pictured on the outside as alive and kicking as you would want, but found actually, after we've paid our money, to be lifeless and still, embalmed in a glass case.

From the circus of Nero's time to the gay show as we know it, the word itself has meant fun and frolic and a good time. We say "Didn't we have a circus?"

But the Roman youth was cheated out of one thrill of the circus—he couldn't go down to the tracks early of a morning and watch the circus detrain. For this is an event in the lives of little men. From the time the billposter slashes barns and fences

temporarily halted. Long before scheduled time, the line of march is lined with happy, carefree onlookers. Despite the crowd the street is strangely silent. Then some one shouts "Here they come!" And the parade is on. Circus men will tell you that the prestige of the enterprise depends to a considerable extent upon the length and quality of the parade. A short, shabby parade conveys the idea of a dinky, mediocre circus. "Only one band? Two starved elephants? And no callopes?" A poor circus indeed, is the thought that runs through the disappointed crowd.

Yes, the circus is an old, old institution. Nero was a circus fan at a time when bread, instead of peanuts, hot dogs, and pink lemonade, went together with circuses. This was the Circus Maximus whose 12,000,000 square feet of area lay between the Palatine and Aventine hills of Rome, and accommodated, it is estimated, nearly 250,000 spectators.

Here the Romans sat round-eyed watching the feats of the strong men and laughed at the funny faces of clowns, dead now these 2,000 years. There were athletes and chariot races and living statuary—only tights were considered not in good taste. And how the crowd would delight when those early Christians were thrown to the lions!

But, essentially, the circus is the same. All color, noise, confusion, abandonment, chaos; so it starts, so it ends. It is the great leveler. You go in palpitating and come out exhausted—physically, emotionally. To man, woman, child, it is all the same.

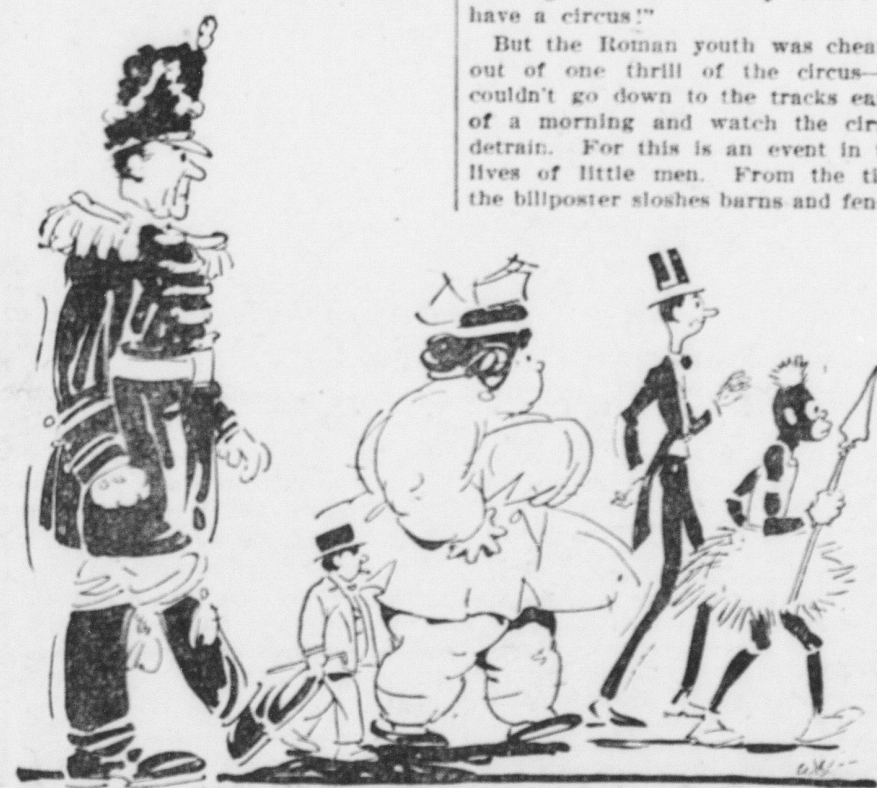
There are additions and deletions; new fashions and features change outside and a few creep in to join with the changeless. Nero never saw elephants on roller skates. We are forbidden the horrible spectacle of feeding humans to wild beasts. But surely the Roman circus had nothing more terrible than that collection of freaks in our side show. For the Romans prized beauty and perfection even if their value of human life was cheap.

Even New York and Chicago and other large cities, which offer no end of amusements for their citizens, go to the circus and enjoy it immensely. But in these large places part of the glamor and romance of the circus, as most of us know it, is lost.

No one goes down to the tracks to see it come in. It is held indoors in a large building, and runs, not for one day, but for weeks. And there is no parade. City traffic is too heavy, and the dollars that every tie-up and knot in the swift movement of vehicles loses to business are too precious to be sacrificed for a mere circus parade.

But once inside the new Madison Square Garden in New York or the Coliseum in Chicago, your city circus goes has the same good time and he thrills to the same reckless performance.

Since the advent of the movies there has been some talk regarding the possibility of the slow dying-out of the circus. It is perhaps true that fewer companies are on the road now than there were twenty years ago, but many of these have been consolidated, making for bigger, grander and gaudier shows, each the Greatest on Earth.



rivet your attention. Then, all too often, we see an act that by no means deserves this very special heralding. In the animal tent we find the same old dusty elephants, a flock of camels, a zebra or two, perhaps a giraffe with great eyes, and sometimes a hippo. The monkeys still like peanuts and the mountain lions are snarly.

And if you find a talkative attendant you can learn lots of interesting things in the menagerie. For instance, when the weather is very hot, it is the lions and the tigers, who come from hot climates, that suffer from the heat. The polar bears, on the other hand, natives of the Arctic and used to the cold, don't seem to mind the heat at all.

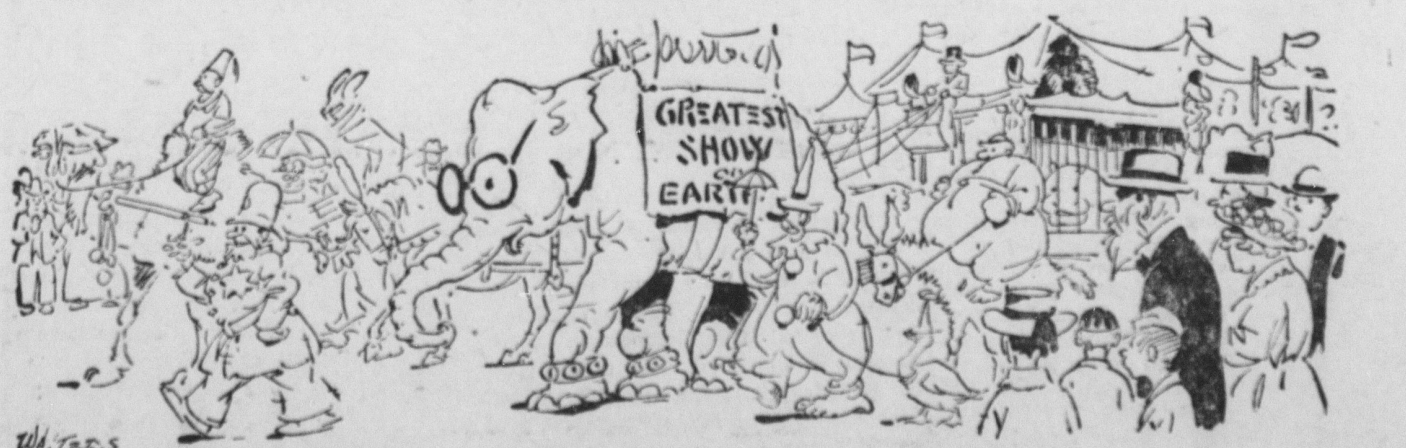
Then there's the side show with its freaks and fakirs (which, many of us are skeptical enough to believe, should be spelled with an "e" in place of the "i"). And who can decide which is the more attractive—the offer of a ham and ballyhoo and per-

with gaudy posters announcing, in letters tall as a man, the great day on which the circus is to arrive, the youth of the favored town await that eventful morning when the mysterious train steams into view, comes to a halt and disgorges the queerest appearing lot of people, paraphernalia and whatnot that the eyes of youngsters ever were permitted to see.

As if by magic, hundreds of hard-boiled roustabouts, working furiously, and with the precision and dexterity that comes only to those who have learned their parts through countless experiences, are at their posts, and the task of unpacking a circus has begun.

They work fast. The big parade is scheduled for half-past ten, and by that time wagons must be put in readiness, horses groomed and harnessed, and everything running with machine-like regularity.

And what is a circus if there is no parade! A buzz of excitement runs through the town. Business is tem-



Wanted Ham and Eggs

The tonic value of ham and eggs long has been recognized, but it remains for an inhabitant of the Thames valley, England, to place this dish in the pharmacopoeia of restoratives of life. Collapsing on the road between Chertsey and Staines, he was removed to a bungalow by motorists, who hastened on to the nearest telephone to call an ambulance, believing the man to be a dying condition. On their re-

turn, much to their surprise, they found the patient sitting up and taking nourishment administered by the owner of the place. The man explained that it was the odors of frying ham and eggs that revived him.

Pride

The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be called captain. The clergyman does

not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "my lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom, because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state, upon its throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "your majesty" by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.—Ruskin.