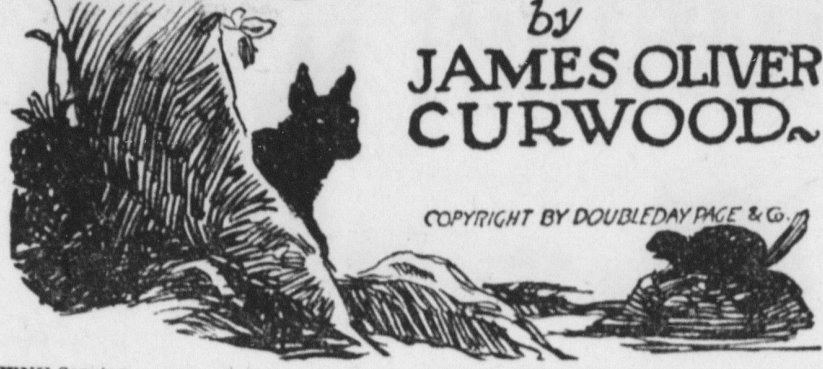


BAREE

SON OF KAZAN



by
**JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD.**

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WNU Service

Chapter XI—Continued

Vainly she was fighting now, not to strike him or to escape, but to get her breath. She tried to cry out again, but this time no sound came from between her gasping lips.

Again he laughed, and as he laughed, he heard the door open. Was it the wind? He turned, still holding her in his arms.

In the open door stood Pierrot.

During that terrible space which followed an eternity of time rolled slowly through the little cabin on the Gray Loon—that eternity which lies somewhere between life and death and which is sometimes meted out to a human life in seconds instead of eons.

In those seconds Pierrot did not move from where he stood in the doorway. McTaggart, huddled over with the weight in his arms, and staring at Pierrot, did not move. But the Willow's eyes were opening. And a convulsive quiver ran through the body of Baree, where he lay near the wall. There was not the sound of a breath. And then, in that silence, a great gasping sob came from Nepeese.

Then Pierrot stirred to life. He spoke, and his voice was not like Pierrot's. It was a strange voice.

"The great God has sent me back in time, m'sieu," he said. "I traveled by way of the east, and saw your trail where it turned this way."

No, that was not like Pierrot's voice! A chill ran through McTaggart now, and slowly he let go of Nepeese. She fell to the floor. Slowly he straightened.

"Is it not true, m'sieu?" said Pierrot again. "I have come in time?"

What power was it—what great fear, perhaps, that made McTaggart nod his head, that made his thick lips form huskily the words, "Yes—in time." And yet it was not fear. It was something greater, something more all-powerful than that. And Pierrot said, in that same strange voice:

"I thank the great God!"

The eyes of madman met the eyes of madman now. Between them was death. Both saw it. Both thought that they saw the direction in which its bony finger pointed. Both were certain. McTaggart's hand did not go to the pistol in his holster, and Pierrot did not touch the knife in his belt. When they came together, it was throat to throat—two beasts now, instead of one. For Pierrot had in him the fury and strength of the wolf, the cat, and the panther.

McTaggart was the bigger and heavier man, a giant in strength; yet in the face of Pierrot's fury he lurched back over the table and went down with a crash. Many times in his life he had fought, but he had never felt a grip at his throat like the grip of Pierrot's hands. They almost crushed the life from him at once. His neck snapped—a little more, and it would have broken. He struck out blindly from his back, and twisted himself to throw off the weight of the halfbreed's body. But Pierrot was fastened there, as Sekoosew the ermine had fastened itself at the jugular of the partridge, and Mush McTaggart's jaws slowly swung open, and his face began to turn from red to purple.

Cold air rushing through the door, Pierrot's voice and the sound of battle roused Nepeese quickly to consciousness and the power to raise herself from the floor. She had fallen near Baree, and as she lifted her head, her eyes rested for a moment on the dog before they went to the fighting men. Baree was alive! His body was twitching; his eyes were open; he made an effort to raise his head as she was looking at him.

Then she dragged herself to her knees and turned to the men, and Pierrot, even in the blood-red fury of his desire to kill, must have heard the sharp cry of joy that came from her when she saw that it was the Factor from Lac Bain who was underneath. With a tremendous effort she staggered to her feet, and for a few moments she stood swaying unsteadily as her brain and her body readjusted themselves. Even as she looked down upon the blackening face from which Pierrot's fingers were choking the life, Bush McTaggart's hand was groping blindly for his pistol. He found it. Unseen by Pierrot, he dragged it from its holster. It was one of the black devils of chance that favored him again, for in his excitement he had not snapped the safety shut after shooting Baree. Now he had only strength left to pull the trigger. Twice his forefinger closed. Twice there came a deadened explosion close to Pierrot's body.

In Pierrot's face Nepeese saw what had happened. Her heart died in her breast as she looked upon the swift and terrible change wrought by sudden death. Slowly Pierrot straight-

ened. His eyes were wide for a moment—wide and staring. He made no sound. She could not see his lips move. And then he fell toward her, so that McTaggart's body was free. Blindly and with an agony that gave no evidence in cry or word she flung herself down beside him. He was dead.

How long Nepeese lay there, how long she waited for Pierrot to move, to open his eyes, to breathe, she would never know. In that time McTaggart rose to his feet and stood leaning against the wall, the pistol in his hand, his brain clearing itself as he saw his final triumph. His work did not frighten him. Even in that tragic moment as he stood against the wall, his defense—if it ever came to a defense—framed itself in his mind. Pierrot had murderously assaulted him—without cause. In self-defense he had killed him. Was he not the Factor of Lac Bain? Would not the Company and the law believe his word before that of this girl? His brain leaped with the old exultation. It would never come to that—to a betrayal of this struggle and death in the cabin—after he had finished with her! She would not be known for all time as La Bete Noir. No, they would bury Pierrot, and she would return to Lac Bain with him. If she had been helpless before, she was ten times more helpless now. She would never tell of what had happened in the cabin.

He forgot the presence of death as he looked at her, bowed over her father so that her hair covered him like a silken shroud.

He replaced the pistol in its holster and drew a deep breath into his lungs. He was still a little unsteady on his feet, but his face was again the face of a devil. He took a step, and it was then there came a sound to rouse the girl. In the shadow of the farther wall Baree had struggled to his haunches, and now he growled.

Slowly Nepeese lifted her head. A power which she could not resist drew her eyes up until she was looking into the face of Bush McTaggart. She had almost lost consciousness of his presence; her senses were cold and deadened—his was as if her own heart had stopped beating along with Pierrot's. What she saw in the Factor's face dragged her out of the numbness of her grief back to the abyss of her own peril. He was standing over her. In his face there was no pity, nothing of horror at what he had done—only an insane exultation as he looked—not at Pierrot's dead body, but at her. He put out a hand, and it rested on her head. She felt his thick fingers crumpling her hair, and his eyes blazed like embers of fire behind watery films. She struggled to rise, but with his hands at her hair he held her down.

"Great God!" she breathed. She uttered no other words, no plea for mercy, no other sound but a dry, hopeless sob. In that moment neither of them heard or saw Baree. Twice in crossing the cabin his hind-quarters had sagged to the floor. Now he was close to McTaggart. He wanted to give a single lunge to the man-brute's back and snap his thick neck as he would have broken a caribou-bone. But he had no strength. He was still partially paralyzed from his fore-shoulder back. But his jaws were like iron, and they closed savagely on McTaggart's leg.

With a yell of pain the Factor released his hold on the Willow, and she staggered to her feet. For a precious half-minute she was free, and as the Factor kicked and struck to loose Baree's hold, she ran to the



His Neck Snapped—A Little More and It Would Have Broken.

cabln door and cut into the day. The cold air struck her face; it filled her lungs with new strength; and without thought of where hope might lie she ran through the snow into the forest.

McTaggart appeared at the door just in time to see her disappear. His leg was torn where Baree had fastened his fangs, but he felt no pain as he ran in pursuit of the girl. She could not go far. An exultant cry, inhuman as the cry of a beast, came in a great breath from his gaping mouth as he saw that she was staggering weakly as she fled. He was halfway to the edge of the forest when Baree dragged himself over the threshold. His jaws were bleeding where McTaggart had kicked him again and again before his fangs gave way. Halfway between his ears was a seared spot, as if a red-hot poker had been laid there for an instant. This was where McTaggart's bullet had gone. A quarter of an inch deeper, and it would have meant death. As it was, it had been like the blow of a heavy club, paralyzing his senses and sending him limp and unconscious against the wall. He could move on his feet now without falling, and slowly he followed in the tracks of the man and the girl.

As she ran, Nepeese's mind became all at once clear and reasoning. She turned into the narrow trail over which McTaggart had followed her once before, but just before reaching the chasm, she swung sharply to the right. She could see McTaggart. He was not running fast, but was gaining steadily, as if enjoying the sight of her helplessness, as he had enjoyed it in another way on that other day. Two hundred yards below the deep pool into which she had pushed the Factor—just beyond the shallows out of which he had dragged himself to safety—was the beginning of Blue Feather's gorge. An appalling thing was shaping itself in her mind as she ran to it—a thing that with each gasping breath she drew became more and more a great and glorious hope. At last she reached it and looked down.

And as she looked, there whispered up out of her soul and trembled on her lips the swan-song of her mother's people.

Our fathers—come!
Come from out of the valley.
Guide us—for today we die,
And the winds whisper of death!

She raised her arms. Against the white wilderness beyond the chasm she stood tall and slim. Fifty yards behind her the Factor from Lac Bain stopped suddenly in his tracks. "Ah," he mumbled. "Is she not wonderful!" And behind McTaggart, coming faster and faster, was Baree.

Again the Willow looked down. She was at the edge, for she had no fear in this hour. Many times she had clung to Pierrot's hand as she looked over. Down there no one could fall and live. Fifty feet below her the water which never froze was smashing itself into froth among the rocks. It was deep and black and terrible, for between the narrow rock walls the sun did not reach it. The roar of it filled the Willow's ears.

She turned and faced McTaggart. Even then he did not guess, but came toward her again, his arms stretched out ahead of him. Fifty yards! It was not much, and shortening swiftly.

Once more the Willow's lips moved. After all, it is the mother soul that gives us faith to meet eternity—and it was to the spirit of her mother that the Willow called in the hour of death. With the call on her lips she plunged into the abyss, her wind-whipped hair clinging to her in a glistening shroud.

Chapter XII

A moment later the Factor from Lac Bain stood at the edge of the chasm. His voice had called out in a hoarse bellow—a wild cry of disbelief and horror that had formed the Willow's name as she disappeared. He looked down, clutching his huge red hands and staring in ghastly suspense at the boiling water and black rocks far below. There was nothing there now—no sign of her, no last flash of her pale face and streaming hair in the white foam. And she had done that—to save herself from him!

The soul of the man-beast turned sick within him, so sick that he staggered back, his vision blinded and his legs tottering under him. He had killed Pierrot, and it had been a triumph; all his life he had played the part of the brute with a stoicism and cruelty that had known no shock—nothing like that overwhelmed him now, numbing him to the marrow of his bones until he stood like one paralyzed. He did not see Baree. He did not hear the dog's whining cries at the edge of the chasm. For a few moments the world turned black for him; and then, dragging himself out of his stupor, he ran frantically along the edge of the gorge, looking down wherever his eyes could reach the water, striving for a glimpse of her. At last it grew too deep. There was no hope. She was gone—and she had faced that to escape him!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Intelligent Interest

The rector of a country parish was showing one of his parishioners round his garden. He paused in front of the garden wall, into which had been built a huge boulder of granite, differing obviously from the red sandstone blocks that composed the rest of the wall. "That," he said, indicating the granite boulder, "came down in a glacier." The visitor considered the object with much attention and then said thoughtfully: "Would that be before the war?"—Manchester Guardian.

Revival of Lace in Paris Styles

Gold, Silver, Colors Have Extended Use of This Popular Fabric.

The revival of lace for use in trousseaux has every regard for fashion. Gold, silver and colors, writes a Paris fashion correspondent in the New York Times, have extended its use far beyond the limitations of the old black and white, without, however, superseding them. It is definitely recognized that while lace wedding veils are a tradition, plain white tulle is nearly always more becoming, and lace is made today to be cut ruthlessly into the required shape. Its use is widespread. There is practically no garment that could not use it in some capacity, except, perhaps, the stricter sports dresses. Older women are rejoicing in the softening effect of lace collars, jabots and revers. Whole lace dresses vie with lace and georgette and other mixtures. Black and white lace, nevertheless, remain the smartest among all the lace fashions.

Lace is widely used on evening or afternoon dresses. Heavy black Spanish lace may be sewn together with black chiffon, keeping to the straight simple outlines of the moment, but having a very rich superficial effect. Black chiffon is also used over petticoats of thick black lace, which appears rough below it. Lace is not only flounced in the tiered dresses but is plaited as well. In the latter case

it is of cobweb consistency. Thin lace and thick lace are used together. Very spidery white lace is sometimes plaited very slightly and worn over black lace. The faint lines of the plaits cut agreeably across the patterns of both laces.

On the picture dresses lace is used for the panniers or for the full serrated skirts that go with them. The lace fichu has also been revived, though it is apt to tie anywhere but in front. A favorite method is to knot it on the shoulder of the low neck, rather as handkerchiefs were knotted a year or two ago. Dinner dresses of lace might be described as handsome. Here black is most in vogue, white being reserved for dance frocks.

Where lace and georgette are mixed the accentuating lines are produced by the emphasis either of the lace or georgette. In dresses made of other materials the extras are frequently made of lace. Plain chiffon dresses have "dalmatics," or sleeveless coats of lace. Sometimes the coats only reach the waist, and, being loose behind, have the effect of a cape.

Sleeves Have Returned to Milady's Dresses

Dresses have returned to women's dresses and are the leading feature of the mode. The day of the bare arm appears doomed this season.

The disappearance of the bare arm is not due to the edict of the arbiters of fashion, said one of the leading couturiers of Paris, but to the wearers themselves. "We make some 200 models every season," he said. "The women come and see our dresses and all choose the same 15 or 20 models. These 15 or 20 costumes which smart women, following some mysterious command, pick out, make up the new fashion. It seems that elaborate sleeves are the leading innovation of the mode, although during the warmer summer days this tendency may subside and leave the supremacy to the short sleeve, although the sleeveless frock would be worn only for dinner and evening affairs.

Capes Good for Summer

Capes of every size and shape, of every degree of amplitude and of every material hold the center of the stage in summer fashions. From the stunning sports cape of plaided or novelty wool to exquisite transparent affairs made of several layers of chiffon or tulle, these youthful and flattering wraps are more in evidence than they have been in many years.

Satin Dancing Frock Embroidered in Beads



Green satin embroidered in crystal beads is the material chosen for this dancing frock worn by Kasha Haroldi, in "Monte Carlo." The waistline is the new feature of this frock.

Pink and Green Among Favorites for Evening

In evening dress either pink or green velvet trimmed with embroideries or chiffon employ the two shades. Pink slips showing at the front under pale green chiffon frocks and green crepe do chine, embroidered with a tiny vine having pink flowers with leaves in shades of green, are used for the one-piece.

Where the gown is cut in the popular deep "U" in front, it is more than likely to be filled in with the pink or flesh chiffon; or crepe remaine if one likes it a bit thicker. If one can manage to have the frock light green, with pink, it is sure to be in the very latest favor of fashion.

It is the delight (and sometimes the mistake) of some women to try to take the plain look away from the sports or street costume. Perhaps the French women were the first to do this since tailored effects do not exactly accord with their ideas of femininity. And as the combination of the two delicate colors is as pretty and as good in sports models as in evening gowns, it gives an opportunity to add to the daintiness of either color. If no more than the delicate effect of the green hat and georgette handkerchief in pink, or used the other way, there is a flower-like effect that few women can resist. Who is there that doesn't like apple blossoms or Dorothy Perkins roses or rhododendrons?

A rather novel gown showing this combination of green and pink is of pink crepe de chine over a green underdress. The skirt was split at the sides with the pink skirt scalloped around the lower edge. There were embroideries on the undershirt, used instead of beads. This embroidery was done in a floral design.

New Styles in Jumper, Jacket, Three-Piece Sets

For those who play tennis or golf, there are some very good looking sets comprising jumper and over-jacket. When the jumper is plain the jacket furnishes the decoration by means of horizontal stripes. When the jumper is sleeveless, it is worn with a long-sleeved jacket.

For the very warm days there is a decidedly chic tennis shirt. It is made either with long or short sleeves and may be had with different neck treatments—the turned-back collar, the "V" neck, Peter Pan, student or crew finishes. This tennis shirt is particularly attractive in a white and flesh combination of lacy weave.

In solid white it has a Peter Pan collar and is worn with a sleeveless over-jacket having horizontal stripes in red and black.

A three-piece dress, appropriate for all sports, has a jersey weave skirt and jumper and jacket in two colors in a pebble weave. In these sets, too, either the jacket or jumper is sleeveless. The skirts have inverted side plaits and are hung on silk elastic bands.

Another golf set consists of jumper and jacket of silk chiffon. These sets come only in pastel shades. The jackets are finished with patch pockets and large white pearl buttons. These are particularly attractive when worn with a plaited silk skirt.

Two-piece knitted dresses in rose, green, tan, gray and white have skirts of jersey weave and jumper in any of the open looser weaves. These have tailored or peasant cuffs and turnover collars.

The usual assortment of sleeveless golf coats is augmented by some new models with fancy border designs in a variety of colors.

Shades of Red Most Popular

Surprising after the forecast of a "pastel" spring is the continued popularity of red for evening gowns. Out of 50 women on a typical evening at a night club noted for the smart toilettes of its patrons, 15 were in some shade of red.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1925, Western Newspaper Union.)
Wail not for precious chances passed away;
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS

The busy housewife with one pair of hands at command to do the daily tasks, must do without many frills in cookery, no matter how much she may enjoy them. However a few minutes spent in simple garnishing is well spent time.

Carrot Pudding.—Take one cupful of grated carrot, one cupful of grated potato, one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda and one cupful of flour. Steam one hour.

Sour Meat.—Take a nice piece of round steak, lay it in vinegar with one onion, a teaspoonful of whole allspice, salt and pepper mixed, one bayleaf, allow it to stand for three days. Brown the meat in a hot frying pan, pour over the vinegar and sufficient water in equal parts to cover the meat and simmer until tender. Strain the gravy, then thicken it and pour around the meat when serving.

Chocolate Cookies.—Cream one-half cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar, add one beaten egg. Add one-half cupful of sour milk with one-half teaspoonful of soda, two squares of chocolate melted over hot water and one and one-half cupfuls of flour. Drop by spoonfuls on baking sheets and bake in a moderate oven. Top with icing prepared from powdered sugar, butter and a little vanilla and cream.

Drop Doughnuts.—Take one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt and ginger, a grating of lemon rind. Beat the egg white, add sugar gradually, then the beaten yolk, flavoring, salt, milk and flour. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat and cook until brown. Roll in powdered sugar, then cool.

Unusual Sponge Cake.—Separate the whites and yolks of four eggs and beat the whites very stiff. Add one cupful of sugar a little at a time, then add the yolks, one at a time, cutting and folding them in, not to mix, but leave the white streaked with yellow. Fold in one cupful of flour sifted with one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and bake in a greased pan in a slow oven.

Stewed Lettuce.—Cook lettuce as greens in very little moisture, serve with melted butter, a dash of vinegar, pepper and salt. Onion juice may be added for seasoning if liked.

Pertinent Hints

As seasoning is one of the fine arts and marks the ability of a cook, it is wise to study the various combinations of seasoning. The French cook has the seasoning sense developed to a high degree. Her foods are often of the most common and plainest kind, but the mixture of seasoning puts the dishes out of the ordinary class.

A package of bay leaves will last two or three generations, as this is a seasoning like garlic which should be used in very small quantities. The little bit, however, is needed to add that alluring flavor.

A bottle of mushroom sauce, kitchen bouquet, Worcestershire and tabasco sauce, pepper sauce, curry, chili powder, celery salt, paprika, soy sauces of various kinds with the common seasonings and a dozen of the savory herbs should all be part of the well-equipped kitchen.

Scald a dish in which fish has been cooked with vinegar in the water, then wash with soda in the water.

Old rubbers will be shined up by rubbing them with ammonia.

A roomy market basket well padded makes a fine bed for a small baby when traveling. It is easy to carry and will also hold the baby's belongings. Being able to carry the baby without disturbing him or exposing him to the weather is a great advantage.

Grease the cork of the bottle of glue and it will be easy to remove when needed.

Between the rows of the vegetables which will soon be pulled like onions, radishes and such vegetables, sow flower seed which will delight you after the vegetables are gone.

A good way to clean gloves is to moisten flour and wash them on the hands, by rubbing and cleaning off the dark spots. Renew the flour and clean again.

Kitchen aprons of unbleached cotton are much more desirable, as they may be boiled and kept white.

A piece of ice held in the mouth for a minute before had-tasting medicine is given will dull the sense of taste.

A little sand in a top-heavy vase will add greatly to the comfort of using it.

A fresh blood stain will be completely removed if covered at once with powdered starch.

When setting dishes on ice use a can rubber under them; this will keep them from slipping.

Nellie Maxwell