

BAREE, Son of Kazan

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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Chapter XII—Continued

He mumbled that fact over and over again, stupidly, thickly, as though his brain could grasp nothing beyond it. She was dead. And Pierrot was dead. And he, in a few minutes, had accomplished it all.

He turned back toward the cabin—not by the trail over which he had pursued Nepeese, but straight through the thick bush. Great flakes of snow had begun to fall. He looked at the sky, where banks of dark clouds were rolling up from the south and east. The sun went out. Soon there would be a storm—a heavy snowstorm. The big flakes falling on his naked hands and face set his mind to work. It was lucky for him, this storm. It would cover everything—the fresh trails, even the grave he would dig for Pierrot.

It does not take such a man as the Factor long to recover from a moral concussion. By the time he came in sight of the cabin his mind was again at work on physical things—on the necessities of the situation. The appalling thing, after all, was not that both Pierrot and Nepeese were dead, but that his dream was shattered. It was not that Nepeese was dead, but that he had lost her. This was his vital disappointment. The other thing—his crime—it was easy to cover.

It was not sentiment that made him dig Pierrot's grave close to the princess mother's under the tall spruce. It was not sentiment that made him dig the grave at all, but caution. He buried Pierrot decently. Then he poured Pierrot's stock of kerosene where it would be most effective and touched a match to it. He stood in the edge of the forest until the cabin was a mass of flames. The snow was falling thickly. The freshly made grave was a white mound, and the trails were filling. For the physical things he had done there was no fear in Bush McTaggart's heart as he turned back toward Lac Baln. No one would ever look into the grave of Pierrot du Quesne. And there was no one to betray him if such a miracle happened. But of one thing his black soul would never be able to free itself. Always he would see the pale, triumphant face of the Willow as she stood facing him in that moment of her glory when, even as she was choosing death rather than him, he had cried to himself: "Ah! Is she not wonderful!"

As Bush McTaggart had forgotten Barea, so Barea had forgotten the Factor long ago. When McTaggart had run along the edge of the chasm, Barea had squatted himself in the foot-beaten plot of snow where Nepeese had last stood, his body stiffened and his forehead braced as he looked down. He had seen her take the leap. Many times that summer he had followed her in her daring dives into the deep, quiet water of the pool. But this was a tremendous distance. She had never dived into a place like that.

He could see the black heads of the rocks, appearing and disappearing in the whirling foam like the heads of monsters at play; the roar of the water filled him with dread; his eyes caught the swift rush of crumbled ice between the rock walls. And she had gone down there!

He had a great desire to follow her, to jump in, as he had always jumped in after her. She was surely down there, even though he could not see her. Probably she was playing among the rocks and hiding herself in the white froth and wondering why he didn't come. But he hesitated—hesitated with his head and neck over the abyss, and his forehead giving way a little in the snow. With an effort he dragged himself back and forth. He barked—the short, sharp signal with which he always called her. There was no answer. Again and again he barked, and always there was nothing but the roar of the water that came back to him.

The snow was falling now, and McTaggart had returned to the cabin. After a little Barea followed in the trail he had made along the edge of the chasm, and wherever McTaggart had stopped to peer over, Barea paused also. For a space his hatred of the man was burned up in his desire to join the Willow, and he continued along the gorge until, a quarter of a mile beyond where the Factor had last looked into it, he came to the narrow trail down which he and Nepeese had many times adventured in quest of rock-violets. The twisting path that led down the face of the cliff was filled with snow now, but Barea cleared his way through it until at last he stood at the edge of the unfrozen torrent. Nepeese was not here. He whined, and barked again, but this time there was in his signal to her an uneasy repression, a whimpering note which told that he did not expect a reply. For five minutes after that he sat on his haunches in the snow, stolid as a rock. What it was that came down out of the dark mystery and tumult of the chasm to him, what spirit-whispers of nature that told him the truth, it is beyond the power of reason to explain. But he listened, and he looked; and his mus-

cles twitched as the truth grew in him; and at last he raised his head slowly until his black muzzle pointed to the white storm in the sky, and out of his throat there went forth the quavering, long-drawn howl of the husky who mourns outside the tepee of a master who is newly dead.

On the trail, heading for Lac Baln, Bush McTaggart heard that cry and shivered.

It was the smell of smoke, thickening in the air until it stung his nostrils, that drew Barea at last away from the chasm and back to the cabin. There was not much left when he came to the clearing. Where the cabin had been was a red-hot, smoldering mass. For a long time he sat watching it, still waiting and still listening. He no longer felt the effect of the bullet that had stunned him, but his senses were undergoing another change now, as strange and unreal as their struggle against that darkness of near-death in the cabin. In a space that had not covered more than an hour the world had twisted itself grotesquely for Barea. That long ago the Willow was sitting before her little mirror in the cabin, talking to him and laughing in her happiness, while he lay in vast contentment on the floor. And now there was no cabin, no Nepeese, no Pierrot. He did not go nearer to the smoldering mass of the cabin, but sinking low, made his way about the circle of the open to the dog-corral. This took him under the tall spruce. For a full minute he paused here, sniffing at the freshly made mound under its white mantle of snow. When he went on, he slunk still lower, and his ears were flat against his head.

The dog-corral was open and empty. McTaggart had seen to that. Again Barea squatted back on his haunches and sent forth the death-howl. This time it was for Pierrot. In it there was a different note from that of the



She Was Not at the Tepee.

howl he had sent forth from the chasm; it was positive, certain. In the chasm his cry had been tempered with doubt—a questioning hope, something that was so almost human that McTaggart had shivered on the trail. But Barea knew what lay in that freshly dug snow-covered grave. A scant three feet of earth could not hide its secret from him. There was death—definite and unequivocal. But for Nepeese he was still hoping and seeking.

Until noon he did not go far from the cabin, but only once did he actually approach and sniff about the black pile of steaming timbers. Again and again he circled the edge of the clearing, keeping just within the bush and timber, sniffing the air and listening. Twice he went back to the chasm. Late in the afternoon there came to him a sudden impulse that carried him swiftly through the forest. He did not run openly now; caution, suspicion and fear had roused in him fresh the instincts of the wolf. With his ears flattened against the side of his head, his tail drooping until the tip of it dragged the snow and his back sagging in the curious, evasive gait of the wolf, he scarcely made himself distinguishable from the shadows of the spruce and balsams.

There was no faltering in the trail Barea made; it was straight as a rope might have been drawn through the forest, and it brought him, early in the dusk, to the open spot where Nepeese had fled with him that day she had pushed McTaggart over the edge of the precipice into the pool. In the place of the balsam shelter of that day there was now a water-tight birch-bark tepee which Pierrot had helped the Willow to make during the summer. Barea went straight to it and thrust in his head with a low and expectant whine.

There was no answer. It was dark and cold in the tepee. He could make out indistinctly the two blankets that were always in it, the row of big tin boxes in which Nepeese kept their

stores, and the stove which Pierrot had improvised out of scraps of iron and heavy tin. But Nepeese was not there. And there was no sign of her outside. The snow was unbroken except by his own trail. It was dark when he returned to the burned cabin. All that night he hung about the deserted dog-corral, and all through the night the snow fell steadily, so that by dawn he sank into it to his shoulders when he moved out into the clearing.

With day the sky had cleared. The sun came up, and the world was almost too dazzling for the eyes. It warmed Barea's blood with new hope and expectation. His brain struggled even more eagerly than yesterday to comprehend. Surely the Willow would be returning soon! He would hear her voice. She would appear suddenly out of the forest. He would receive some signal from her. One of these things, or all of them, must happen. He stopped sharply in his tracks at every sound, and sniffed the air from every point of the wind. He was traveling ceaselessly.

His body made deep trails in the snow around and over the huge white mound where the cabin had stood; his tracks led from the corral to the tall spruce, and they were as numerous as the footprints of a wolf-pack for half a mile up and down the chasm.

On the afternoon of this day the second big impulse came to him. It was not reason, and neither was it instinct alone. It was the struggle half-way between, the brute mind fighting at its best with the mystery of an intangible thing—something that could not be seen by the eye or heard by the ear. Nepeese was not in the cabin, because there was no cabin. She was not at the tepee. He could find no trace of her in the chasm. She was not with Pierrot under the big spruce. Therefore, unreasoning but sure, he began to follow the old trap-line into the north and west.

No man has ever looked clearly into the mystery of death as it is impinged upon the senses of the northern dog. It comes to him, sometimes, with the wind; most frequently it must come with the wind, and yet there are ten thousand masters in the northland who will swear that their dogs have given warning of death hours before it actually came; and there are many of these thousands who know from experience that their teams will stop a quarter of a mile from a stranger cabin in which there is unburied dead.

Yesterday Barea had smelled death, and he knew without process of reasoning that the dead was Pierrot. How he knew this, and why he accepted the fact as inevitable, is one of the mysteries which at times seems to give the direct challenge to those who concede nothing more than instinct to the brute mind. He knew that Pierrot was dead without exactly knowing what death was. But of one thing he was sure; he would never see Pierrot again; he would never hear his voice again; he would never hear again the swish-swish-swish of his snowshoes in the trail ahead, and so on the trap-line he did not look for Pierrot. Pierrot was gone forever. But Barea had not yet associated death with Nepeese. He believed that Nepeese was alive, and he was now just as sure that he would overtake her on the trap-line as he was positive yesterday that he would find her at the birch-bark tepee.

Since yesterday morning's breakfast with the Willow, Barea had gone without eating; to appease his hunger meant to hunt, and his mind was too filled with his quest of Nepeese for that. He would have gone hungry all that day, but in the third mile from the cabin he came to a trap in which there was a big snowshoe rabbit. The rabbit was still alive, and he killed it and ate his fill. Until dark he did not miss a trap. In one of them there was a lynx; in another a fisher-cat; out on the white surface of a lake he sniffed at a snowy mound under which lay the body of a red fox killed by one of Pierrot's poison baits. Both the lynx and the fisher-cat were alive, and the steel chains of their traps clanked sharply as they prepared to give Barea battle. But Barea was uninterested. He hurried on, his uneasiness growing as the day darkened and he found no sign of the Willow.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Odd Slavery Conditions

There is much corroborative testimony and numerous references to the facts that there were at the outbreak of the Civil war a very large number of free negroes and that these negroes in many cases owned property and slaves. These latter, however, were usually members of their families whom they had redeemed and whom they held as slaves technically on account of the laws of many states which prohibited the manumitted slaves from remaining in the state or territory. In many cases the slaveholder, while himself originally a slave, had received his freedom before certain laws went into effect which were not retroactive.

In 1913 California raised 7,800,000 bushels of potatoes.

Paris' Two Types of Evening Dress

Glittering Sequins or Unembellished Silk; No Middle Class.

It is a matter of history that every new Paris season launches some particular type of dress or some individual style which will predominate over the many that have been offered by the grandes maisons de couture. No seer, however astute, can ever predict what particular fancy or fable is to sweep the world of fashion, and it is only by close observation that a new vogue can be detected before it has become popularized. This season, observes a fashion writer in the New York Herald-Tribune, is witnessing a movement toward a vogue unique in the annals of the mode du soir. Paris has become a house divided.

Recent smart events have shown that there are two distinct types of evening dress which are equally numerous and, of their kind, equally smart. First, there are the plain chiffon gowns in a variety of exquisite colorings and, entirely opposite, is the sparkling robe du soir embroidered with diamante, beads, sequins and all that glitters.

A Parisienne who has adopted one type early in the season will seldom

Chic Two-Piece Frock of Black Carmen Crepe



The stunning two-piece frock of carmen crepe, worn by Marie Provost in "His Jazz Bride," consists of Russian blouse trimmed with silver and jade green braided over a centrally draped blouse.

Long Strings of Pearls

Among Latest Novelties

Long strings of pearls, varying in length from 48 to 72 inches, are a late contribution in the way of ornamentation for the throat. The pearls are about the size of marbles and are strung closely together or alternate with very fine seed pearls. Despite the much-talked-of popularity of the colored pearls, only those of creamy white are chosen for these necklaces. They may be worn looped about the neck or allowed to hang straight.

Hammered silver, finished in old gold, is combined with imitation jade or with lapis in harpins, earrings and bracelets. The metal work is copied from fruit and floral designs so much used in Italian work of this kind.

For the pump with a strap there are several new designs in slides, both in cut steel and bronze. The round button type in either metal is highly desirable on a wide strap, while the smaller or odd shapes seem to combine better with narrow straps. Some of these slides have a fringe made of fine beads to match the metal used in the slide.

Short Jacket Ensemble

Is Practical and Smart

Practicality and smartness are combined in the new short jacket ensemble. The frock beneath the short jacket is sleeveless or short-sleeved so that it is practical for sports or an afternoon bridge or tea. The jacket is of jumper length, generally blousing a bit over a low-placed belt of self-fabric. When the jacket is worn one has a smart street suit ready for any day occasion and when the jacket is removed it remains for the blouse portion to say whether it's a tea time or sports frock.

For dressy occasions the blouse may be made of silk crepe matching the shade of the woolen suit fabric. It may be embroidered or trimmed with gorgeously colored sleeves, etc. While for sports wear the upper portion of the frock is generally V-necked, short-sleeved and made of the same material as the jacket.

Trimmings of Gold and Silver Kid on Felt Hats

Much gold and silver kid trimmings on felt hats form narrow borders or quite important insertions. A black straw beret, for instance, was fixed in front to a strap of silver kid.

Other trimmings, and these are newer and more numerous, are made with grosgrain ribbon, which is very often plisse even when inserted into felt or straw. There are also hats made entirely of wide grosgrain ribbon, and in a very pretty model the crown was black in front and pink at the back.

Much Lace Worn This Season

Lace makers were never so busy as at present. This applies to both machine and hand-made laces, although, of course, the latter was far the more popular for those who can afford them. Point de venise lace collars and cuffs are making their appearance on most of the simple serge frocks now so popular and which depend on smartness of cut for distinction outside the lace adornment. Malines and valenciennes lace are chosen for the prettiest undies.

London Leather Coats

London is responsible for the vogue of travel and sports coats made of leather in shades of red, green or blue. Small felt hats of the same shade complete the costume and the color is repeated in smart accessories.

Shades of Chints

A different version of the chint shade is not plaited but is made of pieces cut to make a perfectly smooth straight shade bound with colored linen tape.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(©. 1916, Western Newspaper Union.)
Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness and well doing.
Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.
Three things to cultivate—good taste, good manners and good humor.

SEASONABLE DISHES

A tasty salad is always in season and now with fresh green things in abundance one may have a variety of summer salads.



Try slicing small green onions very thin, adding half of a green pepper, more or less as one likes the flavor, cover with sour cream, adding a bit of salt and cayenne. A spoonful of mayonnaise may be added to season more highly if desired. Serve on lettuce. Cottage cheese served on lettuce with a spoonful of crushed fresh currants, sweetened very sweet, is another well-liked combination. When the fruit is not in season open a can that has been crushed with sugar and canned without cooking.

Combination Salad.—Shred a small head of early cabbage and cover with cold water to crisp. Arrange tender leaves of lettuce on salad plates and heap on the following combination well mixed with good mayonnaise: one finely cubed apple, one-half of a green pepper finely shredded, one banana sliced and chopped fine; add the cabbage; a bit of pineapple will not spoil the combination.

Strawberry Whip.—Mix one cupful of crushed strawberries with one-third of a cupful of powdered sugar. Beat the whites of three eggs, add one-third of a cupful of sugar and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, beat again. Combine the mixtures and serve in sherbet cups or as a sauce on sponge cake.

Baked Beans With Sausage.—Parboil one quart of navy beans after soaking them over night. When the skins crack, place them in a bean pot, adding three tablespoonfuls of molasses and salt to taste. Bake all day. One hour before serving place link sausages over the top and allow them to bake.

Creole Soup.—Chop one small turnip, one onion and one carrot. Cook these with two tablespoonfuls of rice, a pint of tomato, two tablespoonfuls of salt and two cupfuls of water. When the vegetables are tender, rub through a colander. Add a tablespoonful of butter and serve hot.

Rhubarb Baked With Figs.—Cover well-washed figs with boiling water and cook until the water is nearly evaporated. Cut a pound of unpeeled rhubarb into inch pieces, put a layer into a baking dish, sprinkle with sugar, then add a few figs; repeat until the dish is full. Add a few tablespoonfuls of water and bake covered in a slow oven until the fruit is tender.

Helpful Suggestions.
On damp or rainy days be sure to supply the boiling pots and pans with plenty of water as the air like a wet sponge absorbs more moisture than when dry.
Obstinate stains of almost any kind may be removed with peroxide and soap; then place in the sun. Sometimes several applications will be necessary. Be sure to rinse well after using peroxide. Rust stains are easily removed with lemon juice and salt in the bright sunshine. Salts of lemon molstened with water is very effective and is always ready to use. Any stain remover should be carefully rinsed out after applying.

When baking a cake set the alarm clock so that no matter how busy the attention will be called to the kitchen.
Leftover oatmeal may, by the addition of water and reheating, serve again as fresh oatmeal.
Put a layer of finely chopped black walnuts over the top of a custard pie. Any chopped nuts or coconut will be good.

Old stocking legs make fine oversleeves to slip on when working in the kitchen; they save the good dress sleeves. Cut at the seams and sewed together they make very good dust cloths and dust mops.
Candles for use on the table will burn clearer and longer if placed on ice for a day before using. A ring of salt put around the lamp wick will give a soft steady flame and will burn all night.
Cracks and splits in furniture may be filled with melted beeswax, then varnished, so that they will hardly show.
Black mustard seed, if sowed in the garden, will make the best of salad plants late into the fall. Nice for greens and served with lettuce it is especially good.

Dampen the brush of the carpet sweeper—it will do much better work in picking up threads and lint.
Sooled coat collars may be cleaned with cornmeal wet with gasoline; rub in well and brush out. Velvet will look like new thus cleaned.
Pineapple juice is a good cure for indigestion. Pineapple, one can shredded, three bananas and one orange sliced very thin makes a filling for a large cake.

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Nettie Maxwell