BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter XII—Continued __21__

It was a wonderfully clear night after the storm-cold and brilliant. with the shadows standing out as his burrow in the dog-corral, and at clearly as living things. The third least twice between dawn and darkidea came to Baree now. He was, like all animals, largely of one idea at a time-a creature with whom all | beaten hard in the snow, became as lesser impulses were governed by a single leading impulse. And this impulse, in the glow of the starlit night, was to reach as quickly as possible the first of Pierrot's two cabins on the trap-line. There he would find Nepeese!

We won't call the process by which Baree came to this conclusion as process of reasoning; instinct or reasoning, whatever it was, a fixed and positive faith came to Baree just the same. He began to miss the traps in his haste to cover distance-to reach the cabin.

It was twenty-five miles from Pierrot's burned home to the first trapcabin, and Baree had made ten of these by nightfall. The remaining fifteen were the most difficult. In the open spaces the snow was belly-deep soft: frequently he plunged through drifts in which for a few moments he was buried.

Three times during the early part of the night Baree heard the savage dirge of the wolves. Once it was a wild paen of triumph as the hunters pulled down their kill less than half a mile away in the deep forest. But the voice no longer called to him. It was repellent-a voice of hatred and of treachery. Each time that he heard it he stopped in his tracks and snarled, while his spine stiffened.

At midnight Baree came to the tiny amphitheater in the forest where Pierrot had cut the logs for the first of his trap-line cabins. For at least a minute Baree stood at the edge of the clearing, his ears very alert, his eyes bright with hope and expectation, while he sniffed the air. There was no smoke, no sound, no light in the one window of the log shack. His disappointment fell on him even as he stood there; again he sensed the fact of his aloneness, of the barrenness of his quest. There was a disheartened slouch to his body as he made his way through the snow to the cabin door. He had traveled twentyfive miles, and he was tired.

The snow was drifted deep at the doorway, and here Baree sat down and whined. It was no longer the anxious, questing whine of a few hours ago. Now it voiced hopelessness and a deep despair. For half an hour he sat shivering with his back to the door and his face to the starlit wilderness, as if there still remained the fleeting hope that Nepeese might follow after him over the trail. Then he burrowed himself a hole deep in the snowdrift and passed the remainder of the night in uneasy slumber.

With the first light of day Baree resumed the trail. He was not so alert this morning. There was the disconsolate droop to his tall which the Indians call the Akoosewin-the sign of not of body but of soul. The keenness second cabin at the far end of the which he had hurried to the first. He ture. traveled slowly and spasmodically, his It was there, in the north, waiting ing the excitement of his quest. He approached each of Pierrot's traps and deadfalls cautiously, and twice he showed his fangs-once at a marten that snapped at him from under a root where it had dragged the trap in which it was caught, and the second time at a big snowy owl that had come to steal balt and was now a prisoner at the end of a steel chain. It may be that Baree thought it was Ochoomisew and that he still remembered vividly the treacherous assault and fierce battle of that night when, as a puppy, he was dragging his sore and wounded body through the mystery and fear of the big timber. For he did more than to show his fangs. He tore the owl into pieces.

There were plenty of rabbits in Pierrot's traps, and Baree did not go hungry. He reached the second trapline cabin late in the afternoon, after ten hours of traveling. He met with no very great disappointment here. for he had not anticipated very much The snow had banked this cabin even higher than the other. It lay three feet deep against the door, and the window was white with a thick coating of frost. At this place, which was close to the edge of a big barren, and unsheltered by the thick forests farther back, Pierrot had built a shelter for his firewood, and in this shelter Baree made his temporary home. All the next day he remained somewhere near the end of the trap-line, skirting the edge of the barren and investigating the short side line of a dozen traps which Pierrot and Nepeese had strung through a swamp in which there had been many signs of lynx. It was the third day before he set out on his return to the Gray Loon.

He did not travel very fast, spending two days in covering the twentyfive miles between the first and the second trap-line cabins. At the secso strong is this superstition, even ond cabin he remained for three days, the horse of a dead gypsy is deand it was on the ninth day that he stroyed. reached the Gray Loon. There was no change. There were no tracks in the snow but his own, made nine days death will not eat or drink anything almost invariably regarded as supe-

Barce's quest for Nepeese became This is "ghost-fear" again. now more or less involuntary, a sort | Rarely, if ever, are flowers placed course!" promptly replied old Gaunton of daily routine. For a week he made on a gypsy's grave. Some little pos- Grimm.—Kansas City Star.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD (@, Doubleday, Page & Co.) WNU Service

ness he would go to the birch-bark tepee and the chasm. His trail, soon fixed as Pierrot's trap-line.

And then, of a sudden, Baree made a change. He spent a night in the tepee. After that, whenever he was at the Gray Loon, during the day he always slept in the tepee. The two blankets were his bed-and they were a part of Nepeese. And there, all through the long winter, he waited. The winter passed, and spring came,

and still Baree continued to haunt his old trails, even going now and then over the old trap-line as far as the first of the two cabins. The traps were rusted and sprung now; the thawing snow disclosed bones and feathers between their jaws; under the deadfalls were remnants of fur, and out on the ice of the lakes were picked skeletons of foxes and wolves that had taken the poison-balts. The last snow went. The swollen streams sang in the forests and canyons. The grass turned green, and the first flowers came.

All these things were happening. and the birds had mated and nested, and still Nepeese did not come! And at last something broke inside of Baree, his last hope, perhaps, his last dream; and one day he bade good-by

to the Gray Loon. No one can say what it cost him to go; no one can say how he fought against the things that were holding him to the tepee, the old swimmingpool, the familiar paths in the forest, and the two graves that were not so lonely now under the tall spruce. He



And Into the North He Went.

the sick dog. And Baree was sick- went. He had no reason-simply went. It may be that there is a of his hope had died, and he no longer Master whose hand guides the beast expected to find the Willow. The as well as the man, and that we know just enough of this guidance to call it trap-line drew him on, but it inspired instinct. For, in dragging himself in him none of the enthusiasm with away, Baree faced the Great Adven-

suspicions of the forests again replac- for him-and into the north he went.

It was early in August when Baree left the Gray Loon. He had no objective in view. But there was still left upon his mind, like the delicate impression of light and shadow on a negative, the memories of his earlier falls set, and a big poison-bait coundays. Things an happenings that he had almost forgotten recurred to him, as his trail led him farther and farther away from the Gray Loon; and his earlier experiences became real again, pictures thrown out afresh in his mind by the breaking of the last ties that held him to the home of the Willow. Involuntarily he followed the trail of these impressions-of these past happenings, and slowly they helped to build up new interests for him. He came to the blind canyon up which Nepeese and Pierrot had

so on, you may be sure that a gypsy

dled there.

est running water.

camp is near, and that a gypsy has

On that day after the funeral of

a real Romany, the relations burn all

the clothes and other consumable be-

Behind this queer custom lies

long as any of the possessions of a

dead gypsy remain intact, his ghost

will "walk," and ill-luck and misfor-

tune will dog the camp. Sometimes,

Gypsies never utter the names of

that was a favorite with the departed. | rior to men."

chased him. That seemed but yesterday. He entered the little meadow, and stood beside the great rock that had almost crushed the life out of the Willow's body; and then he remembered where Wakayoo, his big bear friend, had died under Pierrot's rifleand he smelled of Wakayoo's whitened bones where they lay scattered in the green grass, with flowers growing up

And now, for the first time in many weeks, a bit of the old-time eagerness put speed into Baree's feet. Memories that had been hazy and indistinct through forgetfulness were becoming realities again, and as he would have returned to the Gray Loon had Nepeese been there so now, with something of the feeling of a wanderer going home, he returned to the old beaver-pond.

All through the month of August Baree made the beaver-pond his headkept him away for two or three days treated. at a time. These journeys were always into the north, sometimes a little east and sometimes a little west, but never again into the south. And at last, early in September, he left the beaver-pond for good.

It was almost December when Lerue, a halfbreed from Lac Bain, saw Baree's footprints in freshly fallen snow, and a little later caught a flash of him in the bush.

"Mon Dieu, I tell you his feet are as big as my hand, and he is as black as a raven's wing with the sun on it!" he exclaimed in the Company's store at Lac Bain. "A fox? Non! He is half as big as a bear. A wolf-oul! And black as the devil, M'sieus."

McTaggart was one of those who heard. He was putting his signature in ink to a letter he had written to the Company when Lerue's words came to him. His hand stopped so suddenly that a drop of ink spattered on the letter. Through him there ran a curious shiver as he looked over at the halfbreed. Just then Marie came in. McTaggart had brought her back from her tribe. Her big, dark eyes had a sick look in them, and some of her

wild beauty had gone since a year ago. With scarcely a sound that the others could hear Marie had whispered into the Factor's ear, and folding his letter McTaggurt rose quickly and left the store. He was gone an hour. Lerue and the others were puzzled. It was not often that Marie came into the store; it was not often that they saw her at all. She remained hidden in the Factor's log house, and each time that he saw her Lerue thought that her face was a little thinner than the last, and her eyes bigger and hungrier looking. In his own was a great yearning. Many a night he passed the little window beyond which he knew that she was sleeping; often he looked to catch a glimpse of her pale face, and he lived in the one happiness of knowing that Marie understood, and that into her eyes there came for an instant a different light when their glances met. No one else knew. The secret lay between themand patiently Lerue waited and watched. "Some day," he kept saying to himself-"Some day"-and that was

Lerue was thinking of this when McTaggart returned at the end of the hour. The Factor came straight up to where the half dozen of them were seated about the big box stove, and with a grunt of satisfaction shook the freshly fallen snow from his shoulders.

"Pierre Eustach has accepted the government's offer, and is going to guide the map-making party up into the Barrens this winter," he announced. "You know, Lerue-he has a hundred and fifty traps and deadtry. A good line, eh? And I have leased it of him for the season. It will give me the outdoor work I needthree days on the trail, three days here. Eh, what do you say to the bar-

"It is good," said Lerue. "Yes, it is good," sald Roget.

"A wide fox country," said Mons

"And easy to travel," murmured Valence in a voice that was almost like a woman's. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Hot Bowlders Make Bath

Thompson rivér, in British Columbia,

have a crude Turkish bath. They roll

the doors and after divesting them-

selves of clothes, lie on a cot near

is that of a Turkish bath. To top off

the bath the "bathers" take a quick

and brief plunge into the river for

what corresponds to the cold shower

Why It Is

"I cannot understand," mused Pro-

"Because they say they are, of

The Currier Indians along the

"Ghost-Fear" Strong Among Real Romanys

If, during a country stroll, you come | session that they loved in life-a toy

to a clear-running stream or river, for a child, or a blackened teapot,

and notice at the bottom a collection broken first, for an old woman, and

longings of the dead person. Then all big bowlders into a blazing bonfire

the crockery and utensiis are broken until they are very hot, and then they

and solemnly thrown into the near- roll them back into their homes, shut

"ghost-fear." It is believed that, so the large heated stones. The effect

the dead, and for a long time after a fessor Pate, "how it is that women are

of civilization.

of broken crockery, kettles, pans, and so on-is the usual choice."

Worn on Beaches All Lengths and Styles of

Garments — Winsome Accessories Shown.

Coats and Capes

Coats and capes for beach wear are more colorful this season than ever before. Coats include all lengths and styles from the short military jacket to the three-quarterlength tuxedos. Capes are very fancy and are cut with uneven hemlines, overcapes, flared godets and in smart military styles. Both capes and coats of the dressier type are being shown with deep collar, cuffs and bandings of clipped ostrich, which is very flattering. The ostrich is waterproof and does not come out of curl or fall off when wet. The materials used in these outer beach wraps are varied, including jersey weaves, cretonnes, crepes, both silk and cotton, and the very fastidious lace. All are rubberized and hang with the same supplequarters. At times his excursions ness as the material before being

Bathing brassleres of woven mesh and lace are two new items which will be welcomed. They are copied from models made up in brocade lace, silk and mesh and have strong shoulder straps and hooks in back. Lace brassieres which have a rubber backing come in natural, white and pink, while heavier ones in woven mesh come in pink only.

Fancy bathing bags which may be used for carrying the suit or, while promenading, for other accessories, come in several styles and materials. One of white lace has a background of pink rubber and is finished with a fringe of the rubber and lace. It has a drawstring top through which is run a silk cord. A more practical and novel bag for suit purposes is made somewhat after the shape of a drum with a double strap handle and

a pull-lock opening. Bathing caps this year are not so varied in style as in trimming. Every conceivable kind of ornament used on straw or felt hats has been duplicated in rubber motifs: flowers, feathers, bows, pompons and the like. The neckerchief, Deauville scarf or some such article is a serviceable protection against sunburn and is almost indispensable this season. squares of taffeta, wash sllk, crepe, printed cotton, are all the rage.

Polka Dot Hats Among Fashions for Summer



Hats with large polka dots painted on them are extremely fashionable. This felt one worn by Claire Windsor, "movie" star, is the new casquette shape and has a scarf to match.

Capes, Long, Semi-Long or Short, Are Popular

The sheer cape is given a place of conspicuous favor and appears, both in the day and evening mode, in many variations of length, and treatment. Worth shows several straight gathered capes in printed chiffon with plain chiffon linings and fur collars, Capes and cape-effects are as fre-

quent in the evening as in day models. Capes also are favored by Premet. They are nearly always shaped, without much width, however, and closefitting at the shoulders, which occasionally makes the shoulders look square and is not always becoming. The capes are either quite long, semilong or short and are worn with jumper suits or frocks.

Fashion to Have Shoes and Dresses to Match

No dress looks right if the shoes are wrong, and it is the fashion more than ever to have shoes to match the dress, be it blue, gray, green, or brown. With a black dress and shoes very thin black silk stockings may be worn. They are so thin that they look gray. Gloves are exquisitely worked, and are chosen to match either the dress or the hat and shoes, which may also match each other.

Paste Jewels Popular

There are enough rhinestones worn nowadays at any evening gathering to make the presence of a plate glass insurance adjuster almost imperative. For the paste jewels are among the most popular decorations for the black crepe and satin costumes. Some of the decorations consist of huge birds winging across front or back. Most tight from bust to hips.

Stylish and Becoming Dress for Summer Wear

Chic and quite becoming to the young miss is this georgette dress of pale green with lace collar and cuffs. The belt is of green and silver leather.

Stylish Tweed Coat Is Lined With Summer Fur

A notable fashion is the tweed coat lined with summer fur, says a fashion writer in the London Times. It may be made in a herring-bone patterned tweed and have double seaming in patterns down the back, pockets, fur collar and cuffs. In brown, gray, heather mixtures these coats top with rings cut from a cored peeled are being made to slip over light summer dresses. A gray tweed coat may be worn over a plum-colored taffets dress with wide flounces, a narrow sash round the waist, long tight sleeves, and cream lingerie collar and cuffs. Many dresses have this dainty touch of lingerie or lace. A black any creamed dish such as fish, chicken taffeta dress has the skirt flounced in front and worked in the stitch known and serve. as broderie Anglaise. The bodice is straight, and has long sleeves with small creamy net fichu and cuffs. Over son sometimes with minced parsley, it is worn a beige tweed coat lined onion, chives or cheese. with black and beige petersham.

Linen Sport Blazers Feature Mannish Cut

are longer in front. The edges, as ach. well as the armholes and neck, which is collarless, are bound with white linen. These little jackets are to be worn over a white costume with or without sleeves.

Vestees, too, follow the trend which marks this season's blazers-the mannish note. Peter Pan collars, straight turn-over affairs, and the convertible are seen in models of silk, voile, georgette and linen. White and soft tans and rose tones in these materials blend well with the summer dress fabrics.

Petticoats Hang Below

Short Costume Skirt We all had thought that petticoats had to come to an end. Knickers and short skirts seemed to have doomed

But no. The latest (and among the most attractive) ideas from France include the very lightest of such garments hanging an inch or two below the very short costume skirt.

They invariably are of the same material as the blouse under the coat. The blouse sleeves drape from the wrist below the coat with lace like that which hangs below the skirt.

It is as necessary now that the woman who wears any petticoat at all should make sure that it is visible as it used to be that she should make sure that it was hidden.

Correct Tailored Mode Is Anything but Simple

The simplicity of the correct tailored mode is anything but simple to obtain. The suits now being worn by the most smartly dressed women are straight and plain and yet each is given a lot of originality. Some acquire this by having the skirt and jacket of a different material and color. Others find a note of distinction in a white or fancy waistcoat. Still others are combined with blouses having a jabot effect. Nearly all the skirts are straight and slim and short.

Frock of Many Hues

No combination of colors found in the old-time crazy quilt can hope to equal the arrangements seen in some of the new frocks imported from Paris. These are entirely constructed of grosgrain ribbons of different hues arranged in tiers. These color stripes are of different widths and lend themof the evening frocks are short and selves to an infinite variety of inter-

The Kitchen

Never give up! There are chances

and changes Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one; And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges Ever success, if you'll only hold

FOOD FOR TODAY

Cream puffs made very small and filled with creamed cheese are deliclous accompaniments to



a salad. The onion being one of our most valuable vegetables, should be used freely all through the year. Prepare tender new onions for a salad by slicing and sea-

soning well, then cover with sweet cream and serve. A sprig of parsley eaten after onlons will remove the objectionable odor.

Onlone Stuffed With Nuts.-Cook even-sized onions in boiling salted water until tender. Remove the centers, chop them and mix with butter, chopped nuts and bread crumbs. Fill the onlons with this mixture and pour around them a thin cream or rich milk, or any broth; bake as usual.

Strawberry Bouches.-Cover timbal molds with rich biscuit dough and bake in a hot oven. Fill while warm with crushed and sweetened strawberries, top with a meringue and brown in a moderate oven. Garnish with quartered berries and serve well chilled.

Vienna Steak .- Take half a pound each of veal and lean beef; chop, season well with salt, pepper, onion fuice and a grating of nutmeg. Cook over coals or under gas. Serve with creamed butter and paprika spread over the steak.

Marmalade Tart.-Fill a pastrylined plate with any desired marmalade-apple, plum or grape. Cover the apple. Sprinkle with lemon juice and sugar and bake for half an hour. Serve with spoonfuls of whipped cream, or cream cheese in each ring of apple.

Filled Rolls .- Cut a slice from the top of rolls, scoop out the centers, brush with melted butter and fill with or vegetable. Sprinkle with parsley

Cook string beans for several hours with a piece of firm, salt pork. Sea-

with beige fur. The black felt hat | Koumiss.-Dissolve one-fourth of a that completes the outfit is trimmed yeast cake in a fourth of a cupful of water and add it with a third of a cupful of sugar to a quart of new milk. Stir until the mixture is well blended, then put into bottles; tie down the corks if used and put in a warm place Sport blazers of linen in all the to stand for twenty-four hours. Open bright colors have a decidedly man- carefully and serve in small quantinish cut. They are sleeveless, re- ties. In extreme cases of nausea, kousemble a man's vest, having a strap miss has often saved much suffering across the back for adjustment, and as it is retained by the weakest stom-

Foods for Occasions.

We are looking for something new and when a combination a little unusual is presented, we wish to



try it. Squab Mirabeau. - Prepare squabs as for roasting, broil five minutes in broth, then re-

move them. Slit them down the back without breaking the breastbone, season with salt and pepper, cover with egg crumbs and cook in butter fifteen minutes. Garnish with small onions and potatoes browned in butter.

Braised Tongue.-Cook beef tongue slowly for two hours or until tender, skin it and put it into a casserole. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and cook until smooth; add a pint of broth in which the tongue was cooked and a pint of stewed and strained tomatoes. Cook until thick, adding one chopped onion and a half a carrot finely minced, half tablespoonful of worcestershire sauce, a few dashes of red pepper and the tongue. Cover and simmer for two hours. Serve from the casserole.

Raspberries a la Astor,-Take two cupfuls of raspberries, add a little lemon juice and powdered sugar and a pinch of nutmeg. Mix thoroughly with whipped cream and flavor with maraschino. Sprinkle with pistachio nuts finely minced; place on ice to chill for two hours before serving.

Peach Pudding .- Pour a cupful of hot milk over a cupful of dry bread crumbs and let stand five minutes; add a half cupful of sugar, the well beaten yolks of three eggs and the stiffly beaten white of one. Mix well and bake in a moderate oven until firm. Heap thinly sliced peaches well sweetened over the top and cover with a meringue made of two egg whites and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cover the pudding with the meringue and bake a delicate brown. Cake crumbs make a more delicate pudding. Another nice peach dessert is bird'snest pudding. Make a biscuit batter

and pour over sliced peaches. Bake and invert the pan. Add sugar and butter and serve. Scalloped Potatoes With Sausages. -Arrange scalloped potatoes in a

well done. Serve fro mthe baking

baking dish and over the top place

small sausages. Bake until all are

Neceie Maxwell