

BAREE

SON OF KAZAN

by **JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD**

WNU Service

Chapter XIII

The trap-line of Pierre Eustach ran thirty miles straight west of Lac Bain. It was not as long a line as Pierrot's had been, but it was like a main artery running through the heart of a rich fur country. It had belonged to Pierre Eustach's father, and his grandfather, and beyond that to the very pulse of the finest blood in France. The books at McTaggart's post went back only as far as the great-grandfather end of it, the older evidence of ownership being at Churchill. It was the finest game country between Reindeer lake and the Barren Lands. It was in December that Barea came to it.

Again he was traveling southward in a slow and wandering fashion, seeking food in the deep snows. The Kistew Keston, or Great Storm, had come earlier than usual this winter, and for a week after it scarcely a hoof or claw was moving.

Every trapper from Hudson's bay to the country of the Athabasca knew that after the Big Storm the famished fur animals would be seeking food, and that traps and deadfalls properly set and baited stood the biggest chance of the year of being filled. Some of them set out over their trap-lines on the sixth day; some on the seventh, and others on the eighth. It was on the seventh day that Bush McTaggart started over Pierre Eustach's line, which was now his own for the season. It took him two days to uncover the traps, dig the snow from them, rebuild the fallen "trap-houses," rearrange the baits. On the third day he was back at Lac Bain.

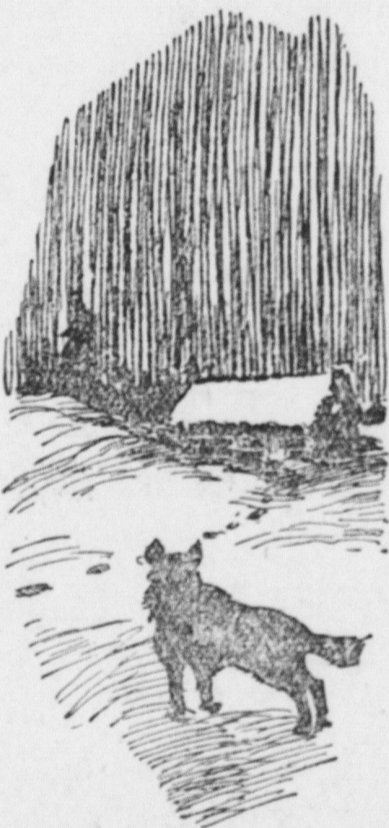
It was on this day that Barea came to the cabin at the far end of McTaggart's line. McTaggart's trail was fresh in the snow about the cabin, and the instant Barea sniffed it every drop of blood in his body seemed to leap suddenly with a strange excitement. It took perhaps half a minute for the scent that filled his nostrils to associate itself with what had gone before, and at the end of that half-minute there rumbled in Barea's chest a deep and sullen growl. For many minutes after that he stood like a black rock in the snow, watching the cabin. Then slowly he began circling about it, drawing nearer and nearer, until at last he was sniffing at the threshold. No sound or smell of life came from inside, but he could smell the old smell of McTaggart. Then he faced the wilderness—the direction in which the trap-line ran back to Lac Bain. He was trembling. His muscles twitched. He whined. Pictures were assembling more and more vividly in his mind—the fight in the cabin, Nepeese, the wild chase through the snow to the chasm's edge—even the memory of that age-old struggle when McTaggart had caught him in the rabbit snare. In his whine there was a great yearning, almost expectation. Then it died slowly away. After all, the scent in the snow was of a thing that he had hated and wanted to kill, and not of anything that he had loved. For an instant nature had impressed on him the significance of associations—a brief space only, and then it was gone. The whine died away, but in its place came again that ominous growl.

Slowly he followed the trail and a quarter of a mile from the cabin struck the first trap on the line. Hunger had caved in his sides until he was like a starved wolf. In the first trap-house McTaggart had placed as bait the hind-quarter of a snowshoe rabbit. Barea reached it cautiously. He had learned many things on Pierrot's line; he had learned what the snap of a trap meant; he knew better than the shrewdest fox what a deadfall would do when the trigger was sprung—and Nepeese herself had taught him that he was never to touch poison-bait. So he closed his teeth gently in the rabbit flesh and drew it forth as cleverly as McTaggart himself could have done. He visited five traps before dark, and ate the five baits without springing a pan. Then he went on into a warm balsam swamp and found himself a bed for the night.

The next day saw the beginning of the struggle that was to follow between the wits of man and beast. To Barea the encroachment of Bush McTaggart's trap-line was not war; it was existence. It was to furnish him food, as Pierrot's line had furnished him food for many weeks. But he sensed the fact that in this instance he was law-breaker and had an enemy to outwit. Had it been good hunting weather he might have gone on, for the unseen hand that was guiding his wanderings was drawing him slowly but surely back to the old beaver pond and the Gray Loon. As it was, with the snow deep and soft under him—so deep that in places he plunged into it over his ears—McTaggart's trap-line was like a trail of manna made

for his special use. He followed in the factor's snowshoe tracks, and in the third trap killed a rabbit. Starved for many days, he was filled with a wolfish hunger, and before the day was over he robbed the bait from a full dozen of McTaggart's traps. Three times he struck poison-baits—venison or caribou fat in the heart of which was a dose of strychnine, and each time his keen nostrils detected the danger.

The second day, being less hungry and more keenly alive to the hated smell of his enemy, Barea ate less but was more destructive. McTaggart was not as skillful as Pierre Eustach in keeping the scent of his hands from the traps and "houses," and every now and then the smell of him was strong in Barea's nose. This wrought in Barea a swift and definite antagonism, a steadily increasing hatred where a few days before hatred was almost forgotten. The dog did not add two and two together to make four; he did not go back step by step to prove to himself that the man to whom this trap-line belonged was the cause of all his griefs and troubles—but he did find himself possessed of a deep and yearning hatred. McTaggart was the one creature except the wolves that he had ever



He Stood Like a Black Rock Watching the Cabin.

hated; it was McTaggart who had hurt him, McTaggart who had hurt Pierrot, McTaggart who had made him lose his beloved Nepeese—and McTaggart was here on this trap-line! If he had been wandering before, without object or destiny, he was given a mission now. It was to keep to the traps. To feed himself. And to vent his hatred and his vengeance as he lived.

The second night Barea lay with a full stomach in a thicket of banksian pine; the third day he was traveling westward over the trap-line again. Early on this morning Bush McTaggart started out to gather his catch, and where he crossed the stream six miles from Lac Bain he first saw Barea's tracks. He stopped to examine them with sudden and unusual interest, falling at last on his knees, whipping off the glove from his right hand, and picking up a single hair.

"The black wolf!" He uttered the word in an odd, hard voice, and involuntarily his eyes turned straight in the direction of the Gray Loon. After that, even more carefully than before, he examined

one of the clearly impressed tracks in the snow. When he rose to his feet there was in his face the look of one who had made an unpleasant discovery.

"A black wolf!" he repeated, and shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! Lerne is a fool. It is a dog." And then, after a moment, he muttered in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper, "ner dog."

All that day Bush McTaggart followed a trail where Barea had left traces of his presence. Trap after trap he found robbed. And from the first disturbing excitement of his discovery of Barea's presence his humor changed slowly to one of rage, and his rage increased as the day dragged out. He was not unacquainted with four-footed robbers of the trap-line, but usually a wolf or a fox or a dog who had grown adept in thievery troubled only a few traps. But in this case Barea was traveling straight from trap to trap, and his footprints in the snow showed that he stopped at each. There was, to McTaggart, almost a human devilishness to his work. He evaded the poisons. Not once did he stretch his head or paw within the danger zone of a deadfall. For apparently no reason whatever he had destroyed a splendid mink, whose glossy fur lay scattered in worthless bits over the snow. Toward the end of the day McTaggart came to a deadfall in which a lynx had died. Barea had torn the silvery flank of the animal until the skin was of less than half value. McTaggart cursed aloud, and his breath came hot.

The third day McTaggart did not return to Lac Bain, but began a cautious hunt for Barea. An inch or two of fresh snow had fallen, and as if to take even greater measure of vengeance from his man-enemy Barea had left his footprints freely within a radius of a hundred yards of the cabin. It was half an hour before McTaggart could pick out the straight trail, and he followed this for two hours into a thick banksian swamp. Barea kept with the wind. Now and then he caught the scent of his pursuer; a dozen times he waited until the other was so close he could hear the snap of brush, or the metallic click of twigs against his rifle barrel. And then, with a sudden inspiration that brought the curses afresh to McTaggart's lips, he swung in a wide circle and cut straight back for the trap-line. When the Factor reached the line, along toward noon, Barea had already begun his work. He had killed and eaten a rabbit; he had robbed three traps in the distance of a mile, and he was headed again straight over the trap-line for Post Lac Bain.

It was the fifth day that Bush McTaggart returned to his post. He was in an ugly mood. Only Valence of the four Frenchmen was there, and it was Valence who heard his story, and afterward heard him cursing Marie. She came into the store a little later, big-eyed and frightened, one of her cheeks flaming red where McTaggart had struck her.

Chapter XIV

By the middle of January the war between Barea and Bush McTaggart had become more than an incident—more than a passing adventure to the beast, and more than an irritating happening to the man. It was, for the time, the elemental *raison d'être* of their lives. Barea hung to the trap-line. He hunted it like a devastating specter, and each time that he sniffed afresh the scent of the Factor from Lac Bain he was impressed still more strongly with the instinct that he was avenging himself upon a deadly enemy. Again and again he outwitted McTaggart; he continued to strip his traps of their bait; the humor grew in him more strongly to destroy the fur he came across; his greatest pleasure came to be—not in eating, but in destroying. The fires of his hatred burned fiercer as the weeks passed, until at last he would snap and tear with his long fangs at the snow where McTaggart's feet had passed. And all of the time, away back of his madness, there was a vision of Nepeese that continued to grow more and more clearly in his brain. That first great loneliness—the loneliness of the long days and longer nights of his waiting and seeking on the Gray Loon, oppressed him again as it had oppressed him in the early days of her loss. On starry or moonlit nights he sent forth his wailing cries for her again, and Bush McTaggart, listening to them in the middle of the night, felt strange shivers run up his spine.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Varied Ideas About Money and Its Use

Probably more has been said and written about money than any other subject under the sun. Fielding, who spoke with the authority of a magistrate, once commented that "money is the fruit of evil as often as the root of it." Doctor Johnson said, "Money, in whatever hands, will confer power." In "The Way of All Flesh," Samuel Butler wrote that "money is like a reputation for ability—more easily made than kept." His modern disciple, G. Bernard Shaw, goes farther and says, "Any fool can save money; it takes a wise man to spend it." Bacon wrote, "Money is like manure; of little use unless it be spread." A quotation from Horace reads, "Money amassed either serves or rules us."

John Stuart Mill, in his monumental work, "The Principles of Political Economy," points out that furs, cowrie shells and even cubes of compressed tea have been used in various

places as money. He goes on to say that "money is a commodity and its value is determined, like other commodities, temporarily by demand and supply, permanently and on the average by cost of production."

No article about money would be complete without quoting an American. It seems typical of the American mind always to couple money with work—they rarely refer to the one without the other. Thus John D. Rockefeller: "I determined that, in addition to working for money, I would make money work for me."—John O'London's Weekly.

New Distinction.

A friend of ours said that he intended to reverse the old saying and bring his son up to be heard, but not seen. He wants the boy to be a radio announcer.—The Outlook.

Longer Skirts on Program for Fall

Garment to Be Well Below Knee; Drapes, Panels Below Hemline.

Now that every woman has overhauled her wardrobe and found out that all the short dresses she wore last summer are at least a generous hem longer than the present mode, it is time to think about the fall skirt length. Truth to tell, writes a fashion correspondent in the Kansas City Star, one really is surprised to don a dress of last year's vintage and find it ridiculously long.

All this brings one to the truth of the matter: the mode includes the long skirt of the period frock, the uneven skirt length shorter in the front than in the back, and the really short skirt; in fact, a skirt must be short to keep its identity in this day of many skirt lengths.

With fashion's love of change, the new skirt length is predicted well below the knee; drapes and panels fall below the hemline, simulating a longer skirt, thereby gracefully gliding from the shorter to the longer skirt without a marked change from season to season. As the straws blow, the descent of the hemline will be as gradual as its ascent. While skirts will remain in the category as "short" and indeed they will still be that even if the mode fulfills its prediction and lengthens them to four to six inches below the knee.

Paris has spoken its favor in behalf of moire for midseason and fall frocks. Every effort is being made to convince womankind that the new moire has all



The Skirt is Billowy and Hangs in Irregular Folds.

the loveliness of the old-time fabric, but none of its stiffness. How can this be? Seeing is believing, and certainly the samples of this 1926 moire from Paris are more pliable than the moire of other days. It comes in lovely shades, to be sure. The chanel reds, claret, burgundy, garnet and antique ruby, mauve, blue fox, bisque, castor and navy and black are in keeping with the fall color card. Whether a black moire can be lifted from the classification of "an elderly lady's dress" remains a problem for those who sell moire to wrestle with for the next few weeks.

An attractive evening gown is of pale green georgette with a bolero-effect blouse trimmed with rhinestones and iridescent beads. The skirt is billowy and is featured by irregular folds.

Many Capes Hip Length; Popular Summer Fashion

There are almost as many varieties of capes this year as there are flowers. Nearly every woman wants one for morning wear, for motoring, for afternoon costumes and for traveling, to say nothing of the befrilled and be-ribboned capes for evening wear. Sometimes the cape is a mere appendage on a tailored suit, dress or coat. The sleeves sometimes give a cape effect but the "real" cape is usually of three-quarters or full length. The short hip length is chosen frequently by those not possessed of slenderness.

Vagabond Hat Favored; It Sticks on the Head

The vagabond hat outstrips all others for sheer popularity among those who go in for the outdoor life. It sticks on the head, it can be crushed into any conceivable or becoming shape, it shades the eyes and, added to all this, it has a tremendous air of smartness about it. One can find them in all colors to match the bright-hued sports clothes or those of more somber tones. But perhaps the best looking of all are those in the tan, brown and beige shades. At any rate, these are the best liked among the leaders in the smart younger set.

Sport Dress of Silk Crepe Has Little Cape



This sport dress is of silk crepe in wide bands of French gray and blue. It is greatly enhanced by a smart little cape and plaited skirt.

Jewelry and Perfumes Sent Over From Paris

A novelty ensemble in jewelry just from Paris is the double hat ornament and pendant drop of etched or engraved crystal. Two short spike pins are worn instead of the one of last season. They come in a variety of shapes and designs and match up the pendants, which are worn either on a chain or a narrow black silk ribbon or cord. The drops come in ovals, oblongs, graduated balls and squares. They are particularly attractive looking when worn with the summer prints.

Another touch of summer novelty in jewelry is seen in the new insect pins, which are strikingly realistic and faithful in their detail. One of the bee pins, for instance, has eyes of purple-blue, with antennae of silver set with very small rhinestones to give a glittering effect. The wings are of black enamel and silver. In the collection there are beetles, gnats, lady bugs and many others, all copied with the same attention to detail.

Concentrated perfume in paste form comes from Paris, too. It comes in small galalith boxes and is used simply by taking a small dab of it and applying it wherever desired. There is a wide choice of scents to select from. This form of perfume is particularly handy when traveling, and is convenient for carrying in a handbag, eliminating the danger of upsetting the contents or of breaking glass.

A powder puff for the handbag is different from others in that it has a case all of its own which is not much larger than a lipstick holder. It has a cap cover which unscrews and, when removed, reveals the puff tucked inside. In order to bring the puff into place for use, a slight pressure on the lower section telescopes it into the other section and brings the puff into place, making it look like a small flower in a single stem vase. The puff is of white swansdown and the case of galalith, which may be had in a variety of colors.

Newest Evening Scarf Is Like Spanish Shawl

For evening, the scarf takes on large square proportions in imitation of the Spanish shawl. Vivid velvet squares bordered and lined in silver or gold cloth and painted in floral or modernistic designs are among the newest of evening wraps. A green velvet square, for instance, is bordered in silver and printed in silver and black design. The young miss about town wears large square shawls of chiffon, georgette, lace or tulle which she throws over her chair while dancing. Her heavier wrap is removed before she enters the dining room. Such a square of black lace has bands of rose chiffon adorning the underneath side in border effect. The black square is bordered with tulle ruffles. Worn over a flesh-toned chiffon frock the effect is very stunning.

Sunburn Scarf One New Accessory for Sports

To prevent the appearance of the V-shaped red patch on neck and chest, the bane of the woman tennis player, an accessory to this season's tennis outfit is the "sunburn scarf." Made of double crepe de chine, the scarfs are just long enough to twist around neck and throat except for the embroidered ends, one of which falls over the chest as a sunshield while the other does the same service for the back of the neck.

Waistline Near Normal

Waistlines, like the cost of dressing, are creeping up. Dresses of light material such as voile or lace are usually draped or bloused over the hip. Stiffer materials such as taffeta and satin are made rather on princess lines, close fitting at the waist, which is raised. Dresses which have plaited skirts mounted on the bodice show a really high-waisted effect.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice; the best guide, sentiment (providing you have any).

SOME FAVORITE DISHES

Many people prefer water ices, sherbets and other frozen dishes to ice cream. Here is one that once tried will always be popular:

Velvet Lemon Sherbet.—Take two cupfuls of sugar, the juice of three lemons and one quart of rich milk. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, regardless of the curdled appearance, as that will freeze out and the mixture will be as smooth as velvet.

Beaten Biscuit.—Into a pint of flour stir a teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful of cold water. Work to a stiff dough, transfer to a floured board and with a rolling pin beat the dough for fifteen minutes, turning and folding so that all parts of the dough may receive the pounding. Cut into biscuit, prick well with a fork and bake a light brown in a hot oven.

Cherry Pudding.—Mix together the following ingredients: One and one-third cupfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour sifted with two tablespoonfuls of baking powder, the yolk of an egg and the stiffly beaten white added at the last. Pour this batter over a quart of berries from which the juice has been drained, and steam one hour. To make the sauce, add a tablespoonful of flour and sugar to the juice; cook, stirring until well blended, add butter and nutmeg for seasoning. Cook until smooth.

Banana Sandwiches.—Peel and cut bananas into halves lengthwise, spread with raspberry jam and put together, lay on a plate and serve with whipped cream covering each.

Vanillas.—Beat three eggs until light, add a tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of cold water and a pinch of salt. Stir in enough flour to make a stiff dough. Knead and roll out very thin, after dividing into four portions. Tear off a piece the size of the hand and drop into hot fat to brown. The more irregular they are the prettier. When brown, sift powdered sugar over them and serve. Kept closely covered, they will be crisp until eaten.

Mustacholi.—Take one pound of pork sausage, one can of tomatoes, two onions, ten dry mushrooms, two bay leaves, two cloves, one teaspoonful of chili powder, salt and pepper, with a bit of garlic. Brown the pork sausage, fry the onion, then pour in the tomatoes, and add two cans of water. Put mushrooms in a pan and cover with one cupful of boiling water and soak for a few minutes, then add all the other ingredients, spices and chili powder; a little sugar may be added for some tastes. When the sauce has simmered about two hours it is ready to add the noodles, using about two pounds to this amount of sauce. Add more water if the sauce gets too thick. Pour over the noodles and add grated cheese.

Feeding the Sick. Few families are fortunate enough to escape illness. Good feeding is an important factor

in maintaining health, but in spite of good food a sudden chill or strain of overwork or worry will overwhelm even those who have a strong, vigorous constitution.

Since all foods must be reduced to fluid form before it can be digested and assimilated, that seems to be the best form to serve it to those who are ill.

This diet includes broths and clear soups of various kinds, beef juice and beef tea, cereals, gruels, milk (plain or modified to make it more digestible, nutritious or more agreeable to the patient), raw eggs in combination with water, milk, fruit juices, cocoa or cream soups of various kinds.

Broths, clear soups and beef tea have little nourishment, but stimulate the appetite, are refreshing when cold or soothing when hot; they also stimulate the flow of gastric juice. By adding eggs, milk or the thickening of cereal flour like barley or rice, they may be quite nutritive.

Cereal gruels are neither stimulating nor irritating if strained. They are most useful when the appetite is poor and digestion weak as they are quickly digested and absorbed.

Milk is one of the most valuable of all foods for sick people and fortunately most patients like it. It has been called the most perfect food.

The value of milk may be increased by changing its flavor, adding yeast to it, making a drink called koumiss and by adding junket or rennin to partly digest it, making it more palatable and adding variety.

In each meal we have still other responsibilities; one is to see that the food we serve contains iron, phosphorus and calcium, another that we have good food with sufficient roughage or ballast to give bulk to the food.

Nellie Maxwell