

BAREE SON OF KAZAN

by
JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD.



WNU Service
Chapter XIV—Continued
—23—

The man's hatred was different from the beast's, but perhaps even more implacable. With McTaggart it was not hatred alone. There was mixed with it an indefinable and superstitious fear, a thing he laughed at, a thing he cursed at, but which clung to him as surely as the scent of his trail clung to Baree's nose. Baree no longer stood for the animal alone; he stood for Nepeese. That was the thought that insisted in growing in McTaggart's ugly mind. He had not ceased to hate Baree; he still hated him as he had never hated a man, but he had an even greater reason now for wanting to kill him. It came to him first in his sleep, in a restless dream, and after that it lived, and lived—the thought that the spirit of Nepeese was guiding Baree in the ravaging of his trap-line!

It was in January that McTaggart caught his first glimpse of Baree. He had placed his rifle against a tree, and was a dozen feet away from it at the time. It was as if Baree knew, and had come to taunt him; for when the Factor suddenly looked up Baree was standing out clear from the dwarf spruce not twenty yards away from him, his white fangs gleaming and his eyes burning like coals. For a space McTaggart stared as if turned into stone. It was Baree. He recognized the white star, the white-tipped ear, and his heart thumped like a hammer in his breast. Very slowly he began to creep toward his rifle. His hand was reaching for it when like a flash Baree was gone.

This gave McTaggart his new idea. He blazed himself a fresh trail through the forests parallel with his trap-line but at least five hundred yards distant from it. Wherever a trap or deadfall was set this new trail struck sharply in, like the point of a V, so that he could approach his line unobserved. By this strategy he believed that in time he was sure of getting a shot at the dog. Again it was the man who was reasoning, and again it was the man who was defeated. The first day that McTaggart followed his new trail Baree also struck that trail. For a little while it puzzled him. Three times he cut back and forth between the old and the new trail. Then there was no doubt. The new trail was the fresh trail, and he followed in the foot-prints of the Factor from Lac Bain. McTaggart did not know what was happening until his return trip, when he saw the story told in the snow. Baree had visited each trap, and without exception he had approached each time at the point of the inverted V. After a week of futile hunting, of lying in wait, of approaching at every point of the wind—a period during which McTaggart had twenty times cursed himself into fits of madness, another idea came to him. It was like an inspiration, and so simple that it seemed almost inconceivable that he had not thought of it before.

He hurried back to Post Lac Bain. The second day after he was on the trail at dawn. This time he carried a pack in which there were a dozen strong wolf traps freshly dipped in beaver oil, and a rabbit which he had snared the previous night. Now and then he looked anxiously at the sky. It was clear until late in the afternoon, when banks of dark clouds began rolling up from the east. Half an hour later a few flakes of snow began falling. McTaggart let one of these drop on the back of his mittened hand, and examined it closely. It was soft and downy, and he gave vent to his satisfaction. It was what he wanted. Before morning there would be six inches of freshly fallen snow covering the trails.

He stopped at the next trap-house and quickly set to work. First he threw away the poisoned bait in the "house" and replaced it with the rabbit. Then he began setting his wolf traps. Three of these he placed close to the "door" of the house, through which Baree would have to reach for the bait. The remaining nine he scattered at intervals of a foot or sixteen inches apart, so that when he was done a veritable cordon of traps guarded the house. He did not fasten the chains, but let them lay loose in the snow. If Baree got into one trap he would get into others and there would be no use of toggles. His work done, McTaggart hurried on through the thickening twilight of winter night to his shack. He was highly elated. This time there could be no such thing as failure. He had sprung every trap on his way from Lac Bain. In none of those traps would Baree find anything to eat until he came to the "nest" of twelve wolf traps.

Seven inches of snow fell that night, and the whole world seemed turned into a wonderful white robe. Like billows of feathers the snow hung to

vengeance. He was so engrossed in it that he did not hear the approach of snowshoes behind him. It was a voice—a man's voice—that turned him round suddenly. The man was a stranger, and he was younger than McTaggart by ten years. At least he looked no more than thirty-five or six, even with the short growth of blonde beard he wore. He was of that sort that the average man would like at a glance; boyish, and yet a man; with clear eyes that looked out frankly from under the rim of his fur cap, a form lithe as an Indian's, and a face altogether that did not bear the hard lines of the wilderness. Yet McTaggart knew before he had spoken that this man was of the wilderness, that he was heart and soul a part of it. His cap was of fisher-skin. He wore a windproof coat of softly tanned caribou skin, belted at the waist with a long sash, and Indian fringed. The inside of the coat was furred. He was traveling on the long, slender bush-country snowshoe; his pack, strapped over the shoulders, was small and compact; he was carrying his rifle in a cloth jacket. And from cap to snowshoes he was travel-worn. McTaggart, at a guess, would have said that he had traveled a thousand miles in the last few weeks. It was not this thought that sent the strange and chilling thrill up his back; but the sudden fear that in some strange way a whisper of the truth might have found its way down into the south—the truth of what had happened on the Gray Loon—and that this travel-worn stranger wore under his caribou-skin coat the badge of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. For that instant it was almost a terror that possessed him, and he stood mute.

The stranger had uttered only an amazed exclamation before. Now he said, with his eyes on Baree: "God save us, but you've got the poor devil in a right proper mess, haven't you?" There was something in the voice that reassured McTaggart. It was not a suspicious voice, and he saw that the stranger was more interested in the captured animal than in himself. He drew a deep breath. "A trap robber," he said. The stranger was staring still more closely at Baree. He thrust his gun stock downward in the snow and drew nearer to him. "God save us again—a dog!" he exclaimed. From behind, McTaggart was watching the man with the eyes of a ferret. "Yes, a dog," he answered. "A wild dog, half wolf at least. He's robbed me of a thousand dollars' worth of fur this winter."

The stranger squatted himself before Baree, with his mittened hands resting on his knees, and his white teeth gleaming in a half smile. "You poor devil!" he said sympathetically. "So you're a trap robber, eh? An outlaw? And—the Police have got you! And—God save us once more—they haven't played you a very square game!" He rose and faced McTaggart. "I had to set a lot of traps like that," the Factor apologized, his face reddening slightly under the steady gaze of the stranger's blue eyes. Suddenly his animal rose. "And he's going to die there, inch by inch. I'm going to let him starve, and rot in the traps, to pay for all he's done." He picked up his gun, and added, with his eyes on the stranger and his finger ready at the trigger, "I'm Bush McTaggart, the Factor at Lac Bain. Are you bound that way, m'sieu?"

"A few miles. I'm bound up-country—beyond the Barrens." McTaggart felt again the strange thrill. "Government?" he asked. The stranger nodded. "The—Police, perhaps," persisted McTaggart. "Why, yes—of course—the Police," said the stranger, looking straight into the Factor's eyes. "And now, m'sieu, as a very great courtesy to the Law I'm going to ask you to send a bullet through that beast's head before we go on. Or shall I?" "It's the law of the line," said McTaggart, "to let a trap robber rot in the traps. And that beast was a devil. Listen—"

Swiftly, and yet leaving out none of the fine detail, he told of the weeks and months of strife between himself and Baree; of the maddening futility of all his tricks and schemes and the still more maddening cleverness of the beast he had at last succeeded in trapping. "He was a devil—that clever," he cried fiercely when he had finished. "And now—would you shoot him, or let him lie there and die by inches, as the devil should?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Revenge
A busy housewife came into the sitting room, a determined look in her eyes. "I shall have to punish those children," she began. "What have the little beggars been up to now?" asked father, looking up from his newspaper. "Why, they've made a mess of my sewing room," explained his wife. "Needles, reels of cotton, scissors—everything had been hidden away in the most unexpected places. It's exasperating!" Her husband laid down his paper and smiled. "I did that," he said calmly. "You tidied up my desk so beautifully the other day that I thought it only fair to return the compliment. So I tidied up your sewing room."

Dallas, Texas, has a 21-story concrete office building.

Summer Jewelry in Blue and Gray

Combination of Colors Used in Necklace, Bracelet, Earrings, Brooch.

Blue and gray form a lovely combination for summer jewelry in sets consisting of necklace, bracelet, earrings and brooch. All are not worn at the same time; the necklace is usually worn with the bracelet or earrings, or the brooch with earrings or bracelet. The color scheme is achieved by making the chains and fancy motifs of silver, and the stone settings of sapphires. When the motif is of floral theme the leaves and surrounding sprays are of tinted enamel.

Another attractive necklace for wear with any of the chiffon or lace evening dresses is the two-tone pearl necklace blending pink and white pearls of graduated sizes. These necklaces are quite long and may be worn looped about the throat in several strands with the ends tied in front or knotted and allowed to hang behind. The back knot is preferred with very low-cut gowns which are cut somewhat higher in front. With these necklaces, too, are earrings and bracelets to match.

A circular spider-web pin enclosed within a rim of colored enamel is so light and frail looking that it could not be worn on anything but the lightest materials. The web is of fine gold threads, the spider's head and back of colored stones. Some of the pins add an occasional small pearl to a more realistic effect.

In keeping with the vogue for old-fashioned jewelry is the revival of the small fan for dancing or theater. These fans range in color from the faintest tints and pastel shades to deep rich colorings and the designs range from copies of old French prints to elaborate and much-bespangled Spanish affairs. All have hand-carved ivory handles and sticks which serve to enhance the rare old laces and the hand-painted gossamers used so much in fans of this type.

Imitation mother-of-pearl is used for the panel sections of the almost square handbags. The panels are bound with colored kidskin which forms the body of the bag. All the pastel shades and brighter colors are combined with this new composition and make the bag ideal for use with any of the summer frocks. Another feature of the bag is its clasp lock. In these bags the linings match the leather.

Sea shells supply the theme for the somewhat fan-shaped bags of silk crepe in either printed designs or of solid colors. Here, too, is seen the vogue for sterling silver in the fancy frames and chain handles. All are fitted with silk in contrasting shade and are fitted with purse and mirror. The fan and shell ideas in this bag are made possible through the material being fluted and caught very lightly together at the mounting.

White and tinted pearls woven together by fine silk cording make attractive and useful evening bags of the draw-string top style. They are just big enough to carry the necessary articles. Some of them are finished off at the bottom by a fringe of the pearls and others with alternating loops. The linings of soft silk match the pearls.

Chic Sport Frock for Energetic Young Lady



This winsome two-piece sport frock is of white pussywillow silk, trimmed in red and orange, with plaited skirt. It is an outfit that should appeal to young women.

Two-Piece Frock Persists
It is a year since the two-piece frock made its appearance, and as yet there is no sign that its prestige has dimmed, although in certain quarters it is rumored that fall will bring about a change.

Kasha Cloth Coat of Blue, Gray, Black Plaid



Marion Nixon, "movie" actress, wears this smart kasha cloth coat of blue, gray and black plaid, gray kid gloves and gray leather purse. The small hat is of quilted silk with grosgrain ribbon band.

Lace, Frills, Synonym for Extreme Femininity

An increasing vogue for lace moves Lucien Lelong to comment that there is probably no chapter in the history of dress more interesting than that of the evolution of this article of adornment. In the minds of people today the word lace, he points out, in conjunction with the word frills, stands as a synonym for extreme femininity. And yet he would call attention to the fact that until very modern times lace was essentially a masculine perquisite primarily an adjunct to male dress. Modern womanhood has simply gone out and captured lace; for it is one of man's lost provinces.

Until as late as 100 years ago lace still belonged to man. Strangely enough, it was a soldier, and one of the greatest of all soldiers—Napoleon—who tried to restore lace to its old supremacy in fashionable male attire by himself setting the style for its use in court costumes. But while Napoleon could conquer empires and armies, his assault upon the citadel of femininity conspicuously failed. His lace edict did not get far; and after the disappearance of Napoleon, lace disappeared from men's attire with finality.

Boutonnieres of Ribbon Is in Fashion Picture

Boutonnieres of ribbon are fashionable. There are exquisite roses of ribbon that look surprisingly realistic after the air-brush tinting which is applied when the rose is finished.

A bright-colored ribbon boutonniere on the lapel and a matching handkerchief peeking out from under the flap of the envelope bag give a smart touch to the tailored suit. For the dinner or dance frocks the chiffon flower perched on the left shoulder is favored. With a colored dress this flower should match—many good dressers, however, prefer the black flower for contrast.

A red or chanel blue flower seems to be the choice to wear with the black gown.

Beaded Gowns Are More Fascinating Than Ever

The beaded gown carries on, more fascinating than ever in its summer version. The most fragile materials—chiffon, georgette, marquisette—are patterned over with beads, crystals, colored glass, rhinestones or paillettes with the new glittering silver spangles. White made dazzling with these high lights is very fashionable. Black chiffon, heavily beaded and fringed with jet, is another variant that is always a delight, and some amusing novelties in moonlight effect with iridescent beads on white are shown. These gowns are all especially designed and put together according to a pattern altogether different from the beaded gown that has been with us for a very long time.

Plan to Wean Milady From Plain Little Hat

There is an effort, international in its scope, to awaken women to what is described "hat consciousness." In other words, the powers that be at the fount of fashion have decided that the time has come to wean the feminine world away from its allegiance to plain little untrimmed hats for every occasion, and to revive a greater "elegance" in millinery modes.

It will be interesting to watch the reaction of women, for after all, as one fashion authority truthfully said, "it is the women of the smart world who set the fashion and not until they have accepted a mode can it be considered as established."

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
A meal should be regarded as an important end in itself. It should be taken at leisure, body and mind being given up to it, and to agreeable social intercourse.

"GO TOGETHER" FOODS

In the study of foods, if we plan the proper menus we will not feast one day and fast the next.

We should avoid serving of cream soup, fat meat, sweet potatoes, a vegetable with drawn butter sauce and a salad with a rich mayonnaise dressing—all dishes of high fuel value—in one meal.

Dishes hard to digest should be withheld entirely from children. The custom of feeding small children away from the family table is a good one, as then they need not see or want foods not good for them.

Concentrated foods should be served with things which will serve to dilute them, hence the custom of serving dry crackers with cheese or cheese combined with rice, macaroni, hominy or bread and milk in various dishes.

Butter, another concentrated food is used on bread and potatoes, making a balanced ration.

Small portions of foods well-masticated will be well-digested while over-eating will cause trouble.

If the family has a light meal for one of the day it should be the cook's plan to make up the deficiency in the next meal.

Planning the meals a week or more ahead gives the housewife an opportunity to use wisely the foods at hand and thus avoid waste.

Condiments aid digestion, add flavor and enhance the pleasure of many foods; they should be served sparingly and never given to children.

The reason for serving apple sauce with pork is that the acid of the apple helps in the digestion of the pork and so it seems an agreeable combination.

It is a good plan for the housewife to keep a chart of foods that are good to serve together. Roast of beef, Yorkshire pudding, lamb with peas, steak with fried onions or mushrooms and such other vegetables as are appropriate.

Take occasional trips to some tea-room or hotel where food is served nicely, to learn new ways of serving food and new combinations and garnishes.

EVERYDAY GOOD THINGS

For a delicious breakfast bread you might try the following:

Sally Lunn.—Mix at night one cupful of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar and four cupfuls of flour with one-half cupful of good yeast. Cover closely and put to rise, giving plenty of room for rising. In the morning beat well, turn into greased muffin pans and set to rise an hour, then bake in a moderate oven.

Tongue on Toast.—This is another good breakfast dish which uses the rough pieces of boiled tongue. Mince the tongue, adding a bit of onion juice, nutmeg, salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped green pepper. Prepare a rich white sauce, using half milk and half broth with the tongue, adding two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter cooked together. Sweet cream may be used instead of milk, omitting the milk and butter; add the tongue and pour over squares of buttered toast.

Gateau a la Africaine.—Beat three eggs, add three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and the same of flour. To the beaten yolks add the sugar, beat well, add the flour and beaten whites, stirring lightly, add flavoring, and bake in patty tins. When cool remove the centers, fill with whipped cream sweetened and flavored and put together in pairs. Cover with chocolate icing.

Welsh Rabbit.—Cut one-half pound of cheese into bits, put it into a saucepan, scald a pint of milk, add a beaten egg to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Let this mixture cool, stirring until smooth, then pour the milk into the cheese and beat vigorously with an egg beater. Season to taste with cayenne pepper and serve on hot buttered toast or large crackers which have been browned and buttered lightly.

Cocoa Angel Food.—Take one-fourth of a cupful of cocoa, fill the cup with flour. Beat one cupful of egg whites until stiff, add one cupful of sugar and one-fourth teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Fold in the flour and cocoa and bake in a tube pan just as angel food. Serve with strawberries and ice cream.

Another nice dessert with ice cream is one made with a sponge cake recipe, baked in a sheet. Put a slice of brick ice cream on a square of cake, cover with another, cover with strawberries crushed and sweetened, with a spoonful of whipped cream for a garnish and serve.

Serving meals in courses helps the artistic effect of a meal and it is often easier than getting the meal all on the table at once; however, without a maid, this is not always convenient.

Nellie Maxwell