

BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter XIV—Continued

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD
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WNU Service

The stranger was looking at Baree. His face was turned away from McTaggart. He said:

"I guess you are right. Let the devil rot. If you're heading for Lac' Bain, m'sieu, I'll travel a short distance with you now. It will take a couple of miles to straighten out the line of my compass."

He picked up his gun. McTaggart led the way. At the end of half an hour the stranger stopped, and pointed north.

"Straight up there—a good five hundred miles," he said, speaking as lightly as though he would reach home that night. "I'll leave you here."

He made no offer to shake hands. But in going, he said, "You might report that John Madison has passed this way."

After that he traveled straight northward for half a mile through the deep forest. Then he swung westward for two miles, turned at a sharp angle into the south, and an hour after he had left McTaggart he was once more squatted on his heels almost within arms' reach of Baree.

And he was saying, as though speaking to a human companion:

"So that's what you've been, old boy. A trap robber, eh? An outlaw? And you beat him at the game for two months! And for that, because you're a better beast than he is, he wants to let you die here as slow as you can. An outlaw!" His voice broke into a pleasant laugh, the sort of laugh that warms one, even a beast. "That's funny. We ought to shake hands. Boy, by George, we had! You're a wild one, he says. Well, so am I. Told him my name was John Madison. It ain't. I'm Jim Carvel. And, oh Lord!—all I said was 'Police.' And that was right. It ain't a lie. I'm wanted by the whole corporation—by every danged policeman between Hudson's bay and the Mackenzie river. Shake, old man. We're in the same boat, an' I'm glad to meet you!"

Chapter XV

Jim Carvel held out his hand, and the snarl that was in Baree's throat died away. The man rose to his feet. He stood there, looking in the direction taken by Bush McTaggart, and chuckled in a curious, exultant sort of way. There was friendliness even in that chuckle. There was friendliness in his eyes and in the shine of his teeth as he looked again at Baree. About him there was something that seemed to make the gray-day brighter, that seemed to warm the chill air—a strange something that radiated cheer and hope and comradeship just as a hot stove sends out the glow of heat. Baree felt it. For the first time since the two men had come his trap-torn body lost its tenseness; his back sagged; his teeth clicked as he shivered in his agony. To this man he betrayed his weakness. In his blood-shot eyes there was a hungering look as he watched Carvel—the self-confessed outlaw. And Jim Carvel again held out his hand—much nearer this time.

"You poor devil," he said, the smile going out of his face. "You poor devil!"

The words were like a caress to Baree—the first he had known since the loss of Nepeese and Pirot. He dropped his head until his jaw lay flat in the snow. Carvel could see the blood dripping slowly from it.

"You poor devil!" he repeated.

There was no fear in the way he put forth his hand. It was the confidence of a great sincerity and a great compassion. It touched Baree's head and patted it in a brotherly fashion, and then—slowly and with a bit more caution—it went to the trap, fastened to Baree's forepaw. In his half-crazed brain Baree was fighting to understand things, and the truth came finally when he felt the steel jaws of the trap open, and he drew forth his maimed foot. He did then what he had done to no other creature but Nepeese. Just once his hot tongue shot out and licked Carvel's hand. The man laughed. With his powerful hands he opened the other traps, and Baree was free.

For a few moments he lay without moving, his eyes fixed on the man. Carvel had seated himself on the snow-covered end of a birch log and was filling his pipe. Baree watched him light it; he noted with new interest the first purplish cloud of smoke that left Carvel's mouth. The man was not more than the length of two trap-chains away—and he grinned at Baree.

"Screw up your nerve, old chap," he encouraged. "No bones broken. Just a little stiff. Mebbe we'd better—get out."

He turned his face in the direction of Lac' Bain. The suspicion was in his mind that McTaggart might turn back. Perhaps that same suspicion was impressed upon Baree, for when Carvel looked at him again he was on his feet, staggering a bit as he gained his equilibrium. In another moment the outlaw had swung the pack-sack from his shoulders and was opening it. He thrust in his hand and drew out a chunk of raw, red meat.

"Killed it this morning," he explained to Baree. "Yeartling bull, tender as partridge—and that's as fine a sweetbread as ever came out from under a backbone. Try it!"

He tossed the flesh to Baree. There was no equivocation in the manner of its acceptance. Baree was famished—and the meat was flung to him by a

friend. He buried his teeth in it. His jaws crunched it. New fire leaped into his blood as he feasted, but not for an instant did his reddened eyes leave the other's face. Carvel replaced his pack. He rose to his feet, took up his rifle, slipped on his snowshoes, and fronted the north.

"Come on, Boy," he said. "We've got to travel."

It was a matter-of-fact invitation, as though the two had been traveling companions for a long time. It was, perhaps, not only an invitation but partly a command. It puzzled Baree. For a full half minute he stood motionless in his tracks gazing at Carvel as he strode into the north. A sudden convulsive twitching shot through Baree; he swung his head toward Lac' Bain; he looked again at Carvel, and a whine that was scarcely more than a breath came out of his throat. The man was just about to disappear into the thick spruce. He paused, and looked back.

"Coming, Boy?"

Even at that distance Baree could see him grinning affably; he saw the outstretched hand, and the voice stirred new sensations in him. It was not like Pirot's voice. He had never loved Pirot. Neither was it soft and sweet like the Willow's. He had known only a few men, and all of them he had regarded with distrust. But this was a voice that disarmed him. It was lureful in its appeal. He wanted to answer it. He was filled



The Meat Was Flung to Him by a Friend. He Buried His Teeth in It.

with a desire, all at once, to follow close to the heels of this stranger. For the first time in his life a craving for the friendship of man possessed Baree. He did not move until Jim Carvel entered the spruce. Then he followed.

That night they were camped in a dense growth of cedars and balsams ten miles north of Bush McTaggart's trap-line. For two hours it had snowed, and their trail was covered. It was still snowing, but not a flake of the white deluge sifted down through the thick canopy of boughs. Carvel had put up his small silk tent, and had built a fire; their supper was over, and Baree lay on his belly facing the outlaw, almost within reach of his hand. With his back to a tree of Carvel was smoking luxuriously. He had thrown off his cap and his coat, and in the warm fireglow he looked almost boyishly young. But even in that glow his jaws lost none of their squareness, nor his eyes their clear alertness.

He rubbed his hands together, and held them out toward the fire. Baree watched his movements and listened intently to every sound that escaped his lips. His eyes had in them now a dumb sort of worship, a look that warmed Carvel's heart and did away with the vast loneliness and emptiness of the night. Baree had dragged himself nearer to the man's feet, and suddenly Carvel leaned over and patted his head.

"I'm a bad one, old chap," he chuckled. "You haven't got it on me—not a bit. Want to know what happened?" He waited a moment, and Baree looked at him steadily. Then

Carvel went on, as if speaking to a human. "Let's see—it was five years ago, five years this December, just before Christmas time. Had a dad. Fine old chap, my dad was. No mother—just the dad, an' when you added us up we made just one. Understand? And along came a white-striped skunk named Hardy and shot him one day because dad had worked against him in politics. Out an' out murder. An' they didn't hang him! No, sir, they didn't hang him. He had too much money, an' too many friends in politics, an' they let 'im off with two years in the penitentiary. But he didn't get there. No—s'elp me God, he didn't get there!"

Carvel was twisting his hands until his knuckles cracked. An exultant smile lighted up his face, and his eyes flashed back the firelight. Baree drew a deep breath—a mere coincidence; but it was a tense moment for all that.

"No, he didn't get to the penitentiary," went on Carvel, looking straight at Baree again. "Yours truly knew what that meant, old chap. He'd have been pardoned inside a year. An' there was my dad, the biggest half of me in his grave. So I just went up to that white-striped skunk right there before the judge's eyes, an' the lawyers' eyes, an' the eyes of all his dear relatives an' friends—and I killed him! And I got away. Was out through a window before they woke up, hit for the bush country, and have been eating up the trails ever since. An' I guess God was with me, Boy. For He did a queer thing to help me out summer before last, just when the Mounties were after me hardest an' it looked pretty black. Man was found drowned down in the Reindeer country, right where they thought I was cornered; an' the good Lord made that man look so much like me that he was buried under my name. So I'm officially dead, old chap. I don't need to be afraid any more so long as I don't get too familiar with people for a year or so longer, and 'way down inside me I've liked to believe God fixed it up in that way to help me out of a bad hole. What's your opinion? Eh?"

He leaned forward for an answer. Baree had listened. Perhaps, in a way, he had understood. But it was another sound than Carvel's voice that came to his ears now. With his head close to the ground he heard it quite distinctly. He whined, and the whine ended in a snarl so low that Carvel just caught the warning note in it. He straightened. He stood up then and faced the south. Baree stood beside him, his legs tense and his spine bristling.

After a moment Carvel said:

"Relatives of yours, old chap? Wolves."

He went into the tent for his rifle and cartridges.

Baree was on his feet, rigid as hewn rock, when Carvel came out of the tent and for a few moments Carvel stood in silence watching him closely. Would the dog respond to the call of the pack? Did he belong to them? Would he go—now? The wolves were drawing nearer. They were not circling as a caribou or a deer would have circled, but were traveling straight—dead straight for their camp. The significance of this fact was easily understood by Carvel. All that afternoon Baree's feet had left a blood smell in their trail, and the wolves had struck the trail in the deep forest, where the falling snow had not covered it. Carvel was not alarmed. More than once in his five years of wandering between the Arctic and the Height of Land he had played the game with the wolves. Once he had almost lost, but that was out in the open Barren. Tonight he had a fire on the edge of his firewood running and he had trees he could climb. His anxiety just now was centered in Baree. So he said, making his voice quite casual, "You aren't going, are you, old chap?"

If Baree heard him he gave no evidence of it. But Carvel, still watching him closely, saw that the hair along his spine had risen like a brush, and then he heard—growing slowly in Baree's throat—a snarl of ferocious hatred. It was the sort of snarl that had held back the Factor from Lac' Bain, and Carvel, opening the breech of his gun to see that all was right, chuckled happily. Baree may have heard the chuckle. Perhaps it meant something to him, for he turned his head suddenly and with flattened ears looked at his companion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Authors Who Evincd Interest in Cookery

If the stories of Brillat-Savarin which it is proposed to publish in commemoration of his centenary reveal their author to the world as a successful writer of fiction as well as a gastronomic, he may perhaps be regarded as repaying the interest which some noted novelists have taken in matters of the table. Balzac took a keen interest in cookery, as befitted a man of gigantic appetite. So also did George Sand, whose cookery must have been pretty good, since it was reputed to be as exciting as her romances. Joseph Conrad, as he admitted in connection

with a cook book written by Mrs. Conrad, gave a high place in his esteem to the culinary arts, while George Meredith left a book of cookery receipts in his own handwriting which figured in a book seller's catalogue some years ago and may possibly yet appear in print.

Crops North of "53"

Wheat, oats and similar grain have been found to ripen satisfactorily in that part of Canada north of the fifty-third parallel. Four varieties of wheat have been tried, some ripening in ninety-eight days. The yields varied twenty-three to forty bushels, depending on the variety, and from fifty-four to seventy-three bushels of oats to the acre were obtained, depending also on the variety planted. The experiment is considered important for Canadian development.

Belt and Girdle on Fashion Card

Accessory Now Used Conspicuously on Nearly Every Daytime Frock.

It may be that the long bodice with its attached circular skirt or flounces created the necessity of something more than a cord to mark the dividing line. Or it may be that the straight, unbroken line had palled, since the straight frocks now have them where once there was nothing to break it from neck to hem. Perhaps the gradual adoption of the very feminine fashions of men of days of brass buttons, ruffled shirt fronts and buckled knees brought back the belt and girdle. It now is used rather conspicuously on nearly every daytime frock. Even when the flounce or the several graduated ruffles are attached to the straight frock quite as low as the knee, the girdle is worn around the hips. Sometimes two small frills define this line and two more small frills trim the frock around the bottom.

When the line from neck to hem at the front must be kept straight and unbroken, in case a jabot extends below the point of the hip line, some other trimming of the kind is used, the belt goes all the way around the hips and fastens under the trimming. Sometimes a scarf is used and the ends are tucked under the belt at the front in the way the old-fashioned fichu was used, but, of course, with the longer waistline.

Girdles best liked for the summer dress are in the form of the gypsy girdle softly folded all around and brought together at the front with an upward sweep and caught under a bacuchon, a bow with ends, or an elaborate ornament of some kind.



Afternoon Dress, Green Suede Tailored Belt, Brass Buttons.

This is the case of an evening gown. These gypsy girdles have brought back into the shops clasps and ornaments that have not been used for a very long time. The very ornate silver steel and rhinestone buckles that have been put away a good many years and new ones in imitation of Venetian and Pompeian jewelry are used on some of the new models.

Tailored belts are in all widths from the wide Spanish belts to the very narrowest inch-wide affairs. That every material is used is proved by a glance at the gowns in every shop. Those made of the material of the frock are about an inch and a half wide, a little more of a belt than the usual "string" we know so well. Sometimes they are two inches wide. Generally they are in the color of the body of the dress. If a contrasting belt is used, it is often of leather, suede or kid or made of metal ribbon or cloth.

Claret Kid Shoes, Late Paris Mode in Footgear

Blond satin slippers, lately so much in vogue, have successors in shoes of claret-colored kid, now being worn with most afternoon gowns of whatever shade. Paris fashions show every indication of this becoming a craze equal to that of its predecessor, which enveloped the feet of midwintre as well as grand dame in blond satin.

The shoes of today, to be chic, must show a complicated ornamentation of bandings, stitching and the like, done in a darker tone; so these shoes of claret color are trimmed with slender bands of lacquered or painted leather in beige, maroon and tan. Other models are shown in beige or gray, though these are second favorites to the true claret color. As the opera pump with a buckle has not been seen in Paris for some time, it is especially popular in these new light-colored leathers. Strap models, however, retain a certain degree of favor.

Satin shoes for afternoon are rarely seen, patent leather with intricate incrustations of suede being the choice for those occasions when a black shoe is demanded.

For Evening Wear

Evening dresses are much worked and embellished. One model has gaufered ribbon disposed in the manner of a mummy's wrappings and has a very Egyptian head dress worn with it. Coat of mail, chiffon, lace and ostrich feathers are much employed.

Outfit of Tomato Red With White Polka Dots



Pauline Starke, the popular motion picture actress, is here shown wearing a street dress of tomato red with white polka dots. The color is relieved by a panel of white flat crepe. The skirt is knife-plaited.

Dark Colors Favored for Late Summer Wear

A season that starts out in a riot of color frequently ends with black and navy blue in places of distinct importance. No one can tell just why this is, but the fact remains that almost invariably midsummer finds these darker shades conspicuously exploited. For the dress of semi-sheer material for wear when it is necessary to come into town, nothing is smarter than black or navy blue, particularly if there are piquant touches of color in color ends or in the facings of revers.

A frock of very recent origin and especially noteworthy because it is a different interpretation of the popular two-piece mode is of black crepe Elizabeth, with a circular piece attached to the waist to form a tunic. This has an inverted plait in front to match the plait on the skirt. Jabots of the material give a graceful line, which is accentuated by smaller jabots of white crepe Elizabeth.

In almost every instance a wide-brimmed hat accompanies a frock of this type.

Hats With Broad Brims; Sheer Summer Frocks

Summer afternoon frocks, which have a place of minor importance in the wardrobe of a French woman, are almost essential to the American, a fact due in a great measure to the difference in climate in France and America. Our warm summer days and brilliant sunlight have brought about an awakened interest in hats with broader brims. Hats of this type have not been much in evidence during the past two seasons, but this summer their vogue is definitely established and one sees them worn with the sheer summer frocks so appropriate to the season and the climate.

Lingerie frocks also once more have a place in the fashion picture and are charmingly youthful in line and in their exquisite coloring.

Hats Are High, Pointed, Trimmed With Flowers

Hats are high and pointed and sometimes trimmed with flowers. Many are round and trimmed with transversely placed feathers or flowers, which make the crown appear to be higher. The panne hats are high crowned and soft, with the brim turned down over the eyes. The felt ones are generally high crowned, pointed and folded in the center, with very small brims; large ones are but rarely seen. Toques are either embroidered or trimmed with degrade ribbons.

The evening headgears are generally in open-worked metal resembling closely laurel leaf crowns, but sometimes are made of the same fabric as the dress and have the ends forming a scarf.

Cut of Sleeve, Mounting of Plaits Is Important

Like most other competitions, the race to lead in fashions depends largely on the finish. Never before have clothes been so beautifully finished off. Tremendous attention has been paid to the cut of a sleeve and the mounting of plaits. In consequence the clothes of this season give the impression of extreme simplicity where as they are anything but simple and are not to be duplicated in home manufacture.

Larger Hats

Larger hats for summer wear in many instances reveal an upturned line in back, with the brim caught to the crown with a cockade of grosgrain ribbon.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1926, Western Newspaper Union.)
All day to watch the blue wave curl and break.
All night to hear it plunging on the shore—
In this sea-dream such drafts of life I take
I cannot ask for more.
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

LAMB AND MUTTON

Mutton is so well liked in England and used so freely that it seems strange that we in America cannot serve it oftener and more freely.

When mutton is properly killed and cared for there is no objectionable wooly flavor. The meat should never be touched with the hands after handling the wool, as the wool grows on the skin and the oil from it flavors the meat. Remove the skin carefully before cooking.

Roast Leg of Lamb.—Rub salt, pepper and onion with any sweet fat all over the meat. Place in a roasting pan and sear it well in a hot oven. Now add one-half cupful each of water and sliced onion, one cupful of sliced tomatoes, eight peeled potatoes around the leg of lamb. Roast in a hot oven and serve very hot with a gravy made from the liquor in the pan. Mint sauce may be served with the lamb. To prepare it, mince a half cupful of mint and pour over it a tablespoonful of boiling water, cover and let stand, adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a little sugar to serve.

Mutton Stew.—Put a neck piece of mutton on to stew in boiling water with a small onion. Simmer until tender, then add a can of peas, thicken the gravy and serve with the peas poured around the meat. Add seasonings of salt and pepper after the meat is partly cooked.

Mutton en Casserole.—Brown a pound or less of mutton cut from the shoulder and in serving-sized pieces. When well-browned season well and dredge with flour. Add one cupful or more of carrots, a cupful of peas, one onion to the meat, cover and bake in a casserole for two to three hours. Serve from the casserole.

Barbecued Lamb.—Cut cold roast lamb into slices and reheat them in the following sauce: Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half tablespoonful of vinegar, one-third cupful of currant jelly and one-fourth teaspoonful of mustard. Cook until the lamb is well-heated and flavored.

DESSERT FOR EVERY DAY

On the busiest day when time is very precious, you might make

Fifteen Minute Pudding.—Take one teaspoonful of baking powder, a pinch of salt, and enough good milk or fresh butter-milk to make a drop batter. Butter custard cups, drop a tablespoonful of batter then a tablespoonful of canned cherries and another spoonful of batter, and put to cook in a pan of boiling water well covered for 15 minutes. Serve with sugar and cream.

Edinburgh Pudding.—Take one-half pound of oatmeal, one cupful of thick custard flavored with vanilla, one and one-half pints of water, one-fourth of a cupful of milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two ounces of coconut. Cook the oatmeal in the water with the salt and milk, cool and turn into the custard, pour into molds and serve, when molded, with coconut, sugar and cream.

Lemon Meringue.—Take one pint of milk, three ounces of sugar, one cupful of fine bread crumbs, two eggs, the juice and rind of a lemon. Mix all ingredients and cook slowly until well set, baking in a deep pie plate. Set away to cool, cover with a meringue and brown. Serve cold.

Snow Jelly.—Prepare any desired flavor of gelatin, and when it is thickening whip it until foamy. Chill and pile on top of any molded gelatin of other flavor, using pineapple for one and raspberry for the other. Serve with whipped cream.

Spiced Tea Cakes.—Mix and sift one and one-half cupfuls of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-eighth teaspoonful of nutmeg and one-fourth teaspoonful of mace. Cream one-fourth of a cupful of shortening, add one cupful of sugar, two well-beaten eggs, one-half cupful of milk added alternately with the flour. Add a few raisins and bake in greased muffin tins. Cover with maple frosting and sprinkle with chopped filberts.

Egg Rolls.—Scald and cool one-fourth of a cupful of milk, add one yeast cake, mix well and add one cupful of scalded milk, cooled. Stir in two cupfuls of flour, beat well and set away in a warm place until light. Add the yolks of two eggs, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of sugar, one-fourth of a cupful of butter and flour enough to knead. Knead until smooth. Shape into small balls; when it has become light press a cavity with the thumb and set into this half a teaspoonful of jelly, work the dough over the opening, keeping the jelly near the top crust. Let rise to double the bulk and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Nellie Maxwell