In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

He was noticing other things about

away from something. On the back

deep, red scratch. The look in his

face must have given the girl some

inkling of the truth. She leaned a

"Didn't you come from the Nest?

She pointed down the narrow val-

ley, her lips parted as she waited for.

his answer, her hair rioting over her

breast again as she bent toward him.

"I've come fifteen hundred milesfrom that direction." said David,

He swung off his pack and put

She whirled on David with a sud-

denness that took his breath away.

"Who are you?" she flung at him,

name. "Why are you here? What

"I don't like that bear," said David

"Tara won't hurt you," she said.

(To Be Continued)

One can bear grief, but it takes



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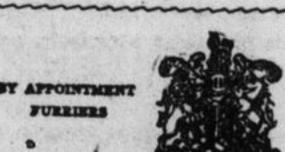
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THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

David's eyes followed the direc- | were most commonplace; his voice tion of the two trails. A hundred was quiet, with an assured and proyards upstream he could see where tecting note in it. gravel and rock were replaced entire-ly by sand, quite a wide, unbroken sweep of it, across which those claw-you."

"My name is David Raine," he said.
"I have come a great distance to find ed and moccasined feet must have It was a simple and unemotional travelled if they had followed the statement of fact, with nothing that creek. He was not interested in the was alarming in it, and yet the girl bear, and Baree was not interested in shrank closer against her bear. The the Indian boy; so when they came huge brute was standing without the to the sand one followed the mocca- movement of a muscle, his small redsin tracks and the other the claw dish eyes fixed on David. tracks. They were not at any time "I won't go back!" she said. "I'llmore than ten feet apart. And then, fight!" all at once, they came together, and Her voice was clear, direct, defiant. David saw that the bear had crossed Her hands appeared from behind her, the sand last and that his huge paws had obliterated a part of the moccasin trail. This did not strike him hair back from about her face. Her as unusually significant until he eyes were blue, but dark as thunder came to a point where the moccasins clouds in their gathering fierceness.

right. The bear followed. A little man. A ferocious little person. Ready farther—and David's heart gave a sudden thump! At first it might have been coincidence, a bit of his face. chance. It was chance no longer. It "I won't go back!" she repeated. "I was deliberate. The claws were on the trail of the moccasins. David halted and pocketed his pipe, on which he had not drawn a breath in her. Her moccasins were in tatters. Her short skirt was torn. Her shining several minutes. He looked at his hair was in tangles. As she swept it back from her face he saw under her rifle, making sure that it was ready for action. Baree was growling. His white fangs gleamed and lurid lights eyes the darkness of exhaustion; in her cheeks a wanness, which he did were in his eyes as he gazed ahead and sniffed. David shuddered. Withnot know just then was caused by hunger, and by her struggle to get

the moccasins by this time. of one of her clenched hands was a It was a grizzly. He guessed so much by the size of the spoor. He followed it across a bar of gravel. Then they turned a twist in the creek little forward, quickly and eagerly, and came to other sand. A cry of amazement burst from David's lips when he looked closely at the two Didn't they send you-after me?"

out doubt the claws had overtaken

trails again. The moccasins were now following

he grizzly! He stared, for a few moments disbelieving his eyes. Here, too, there was no room for doubt. The feet of the Indian boy had trodden in the tracks of the bear. The evidence was swinging an arm toward the backward mountains. "I've never been in this country before. I don't know conclusive; the fact astonishing. Of course, it was barely possible . . Whatever the thought might have where the Nest is, or what it is. And

been in David's mind, it never reach- I'm not going to take you back to it ed a conclusion. He did not cry out unless you want to go. If some one is coming after you and you're bound to fight, I'll help you. Will that bear breathe. But it was there—under his eyes; inexplicable, amazing, not to be easily believed. A third time down down his gun. For a moment the the order of the mysterious foot- girl stared at him with widening prints in the sand was changed—and the grizzly was now following the boy, obliterating almost entirely the suddenly she turned to the big grizindentures in the sand of his small, zly and clasped her bared arms moccasined feet. He wondered about the shaggy monster's neck. whether it was possible that his eyes had gone bad on him, or that his she cried. "It isn't one of them!" mind had slipped out of its normal we thought it was!" groove and was tricking him with wierdly hallucinations. So what happened in almost the same breath It was like the swift turning of a did not startle him as it might otherbird. He had never seen a movewise have done. It was for a brief ment so quick. moment simply another assurance of his sanity; and if the mountains had as if she had not already heard his suddenly turned over and balanced themselves on their peaks their gym-nastics would not have frozen him business have you going up thereinto a more speechless stupidity than did the Girl who rose before him just dubiously, as the grizzly made a slow then, not twenty paces away. She had emerged like an apparition from movement toward him. behind a great boulder—a little old—"Not unless you put your hands on since he was a baby and he has never but with that same glorious hair hurt any one yet. But - he will!" sweeping about her, and that same questioning look in her eyes as she stared at him. Her hands were in that same way at her side, too, as if she were on the point of running look in her eyes glowed darkly again, and her voice had a strange, hard little note in it. "I've been . . . training him," she added. "Tell me—why are you going to the Nest?" away from him. He tried to speak. It was a point-blank, determined question, with a hint of suspicion in He believed afterward, that he even made an effort to hold out his arms. But he was powerless. And so they it; and her eyes, as she asked it, were stood there, twenty paces apart, star-ing as if they had met from the ends had ever looked into.

Something happenen then to whip One can bear bavid's reason back into its place. He two to be glad. heard a crunching—heavy, slow. From around the other end of the boulder came a huge bear. A mon-ster. Ten feet from the girl. The first cry rushed out of his throat. It was a warning, and in the same in-stant he raised his rifle to his shoulder. The girl was quicker than he-like an arrow, a flash, a whirlwind of burnished tresses, as she flew to the side of the great beast. She stood with her back against it, her two hands clutching its tawny hair, her slim body quivering, her eyes flashing at David. He felt weak. He lowered his rifle and advanced a few

"Who . . . what . . ." he managed to say; and stopped. He was powerless to go on. But she seemed to understand. Her body stiffened. "I am Marge O'Doone," she said defiantly, "and this is my bear!"

Chapter XVII. She was splendid as she stood there, an exquisite human touch in the savageness of the world about her—and yet strangely wild as she faced David, protecting with her own quivering body the great beast behind her. To David, in the first immensity of his astonishment, she had seemed to be a woman; but now she looked to him like a child, a very young girl. Perhaps it was the way her hair fell in a tangled riot of curling tresses over her shoulders and breast; the slimness of her; the short-ness of her skirt; the unfaltering clearness of the great, blue eyes that were staring at him; and, above all else, the manner in which she had spoken her name. The her name. The bear might been nothing more than a rock to him now, against which she was leaning. He did not hear Baree's low growling. He had travelled a long way to find her, and now that she stood before him in flesh and blood he was not interested in much else. It was a rather difficult situation. He had known her so long, she had been with him so constantly, filling even his dreams, that it was difficult for him to find words in which to begin speech. When they did come they

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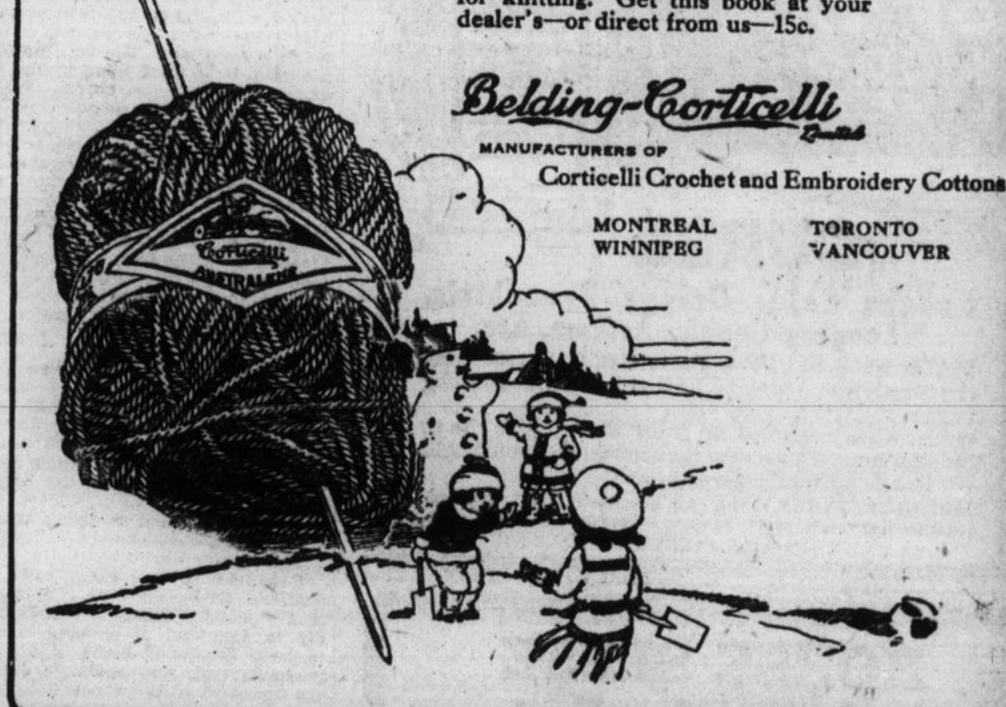
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