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LARGE women will welcome this marvelous new kind of Madame X designed individually for them.

There is no other corset like it. It is entirely new. Gives you all the comfort and suppleness that your more slender sister enjoys—plus an immediate reduction of several inches at waist and hips and special support where you need it most.

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Do it!

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Quick Quaker

Makes porridge in 3 to 5 minutes

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BAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS

What Bush McTaggart, the factor, intended, had come about. Baree, the dog, his old enemy, following the factor's trap lines, and, stripping them of food, had walked straight into a "nest" that had been laid for him, and was a prisoner. McTaggart found him there and gloated over his misery. Baree, married back but was helpless. And then came along a human stranger. "You poor devil," he said sympathetically, to Baree. "An outlaw? Well, they haven't played you a very square game!"

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

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 animus 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—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. Will you? Or shall I?"

"It's the law of the line," said McTaggart, "to let a trap robber rot in

the stranger stooped, and pointed north.

"Straight up there—a good five hundred miles," he said, speaking 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 travelled 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 XXVIII

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 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 bloodshot eyes there was a hungry 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 Pierrot. 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



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

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 fury 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?"

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



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more than the length of two trap-chains away—and he grinned at Baree.

"Screw up your nerve, old chap," he encouraged. "No bones broke. 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. "Yearling 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 travelling 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 look back.

"Coming, Boy?"

(To be continued)

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1/2 cup St. Charles Milk, 1/2 cup water, 1 pint well soaked, pitted prunes, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup powdered sugar.

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"SHE WOVE MY NOOSE!"

Gerald Chapman, convicted of murdering a Connecticut policeman, says that the girl who wove the noose that will hang him. She is Lillian Knell, waitress at an inn near Meriden, Conn. She testified Chapman stayed there the night before the murder. The jury believed her and did not believe witnesses for Chapman who said he was in Brooklyn, N.Y., that night.