and it did not strike Baree as amaz-

utes later, the dog's head hugged close

CHAPTER XXXI.

in the open. It was not a small fire,

built with the fear that other eyes

might see it, but a fire that sent its

flames high. In the glow of it stood

Carvel. And as the fire had changed

from that-small smouldering heap ov-

er which the Willow had cooked her

dinner, so Carvel, the officially dead

outlaw, had changed. The beard was

gone from his face; he had thrown off

his caribou-skin coat; his sleeves were

a wild flush in his face that was not altogether the tanning of wind and

sun and storm, and a glow in his eyes

that had not been there for five years,

perhaps never before. His eyes were

"Tomorrow or the next day I am

going to Lac Bain," he said, a hard

and bitter note back of the gentle

worship in his voice. "I will not come

the fire. For a time there was a sil-

ence broken only by the crackling of

the flames, and in that silence Carvel's

fingers weaved in aud out of the silken

strands of the Willow's hair. His

thoughts flashed back. What a chance

he had missed that day on Bush Mc-

Taggart's trap-line-if he had only known! His jaws set hard as he saw in the red-hot heart of the fire the mental

pictures of the day when the Factor from Lac Bain had killed Pierrot. She had told him the whole story. Her

flight. Her plunge to what she had

thought was certain death in the icy

torrent of the chasm. Her miraculous

the world for the Willow, and in the

flames he could see faithful old Tuboa

(To be continued)

panels, and there are two narrow

panels on either side of a large one,

as shown here. A small picture in

each is enough, and if there are two

sconces as those shown here, they

Some of the newest vests show

high boned collars and very orna-

are made even more decorative.

The Willow looked straight into

back until I have-killed him."

on Nepeese.

That night there was a new campfire



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REE, SON OF KAZAN James Oliver Curwood A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

CHAPTER XXX-Continued. Something greater than mere cur- ing, or at all unexpected, that this periosity began to take possession of Car- son should have two great shining vel. A whimsical humor became a braids down her back. He whined, and fixed and deeper thought, an unrea- at his whine the Person grew a little soning anticipation that was accom- rigid, and turned slowly. panied by a certain thrill of subdued | Even then it seemed quite the most excitement. By the time they reached natural thing in the world that it the old beaver-pond the mystery of should be Nepeese, and none other. He the strange adventure had a firm hold had lost her yesterday. Today he had on him. From Beaver-tooth's colony found her. And in answer to his whine Baree led him to the creek along there came a sobbing cry straight out which Wakayoo, the black bear, had of the soul of the Willow. fished, and thence straight to the Gray | Carvel found them there a few min-

It was early afternoon of a wonder- up against the Willow's breast, and ful day. It was so still that the ripp- the Willow was crying-crying like a ling waters of spring, singing & a little child, her face hidden from him thousand rills and streamlets, filled the on Baree's neck. He did not interrupt forests with a droning music. In the them, but waited; and as he waited warm sun the crimson bakneesh glow- something in the sobbing voice and ed like blood. In the open spaces the the stillness of the forest seemed to air was scented with the perfume of whisper to him a bit of the story of Blue Flowers. In the trees and bushes the burned cabin and the two graves, mated birds were building their nests. and the meaning of the Call that had After the long sleep of winter Nature come to Baree from out of the south. was a work in all her glory. It was Unekepesim, the Mating Moon, the Home Building Moon-and Baree was going hime. Not to matchood-but to Nepeese. He knew that she was there now, perhaps at the very edge of the chasm where he had seen her last. They would be playing together again soon, as they had played yesterday and the day before, and the day before that, and in his joy he barked up into Carvel's face, and urged him to greater speed. Then they came to the clearing, and once more Baree stood like a rock. Carvel saw the charred ruins of rolled up to the elbows, and there was



"Even then it seemed quite the most natural thing in the world that it should be Nepeese, and none other." escape from the waters-and how she was discovered, nearly dead. by Tuboa,

the burned cabin, and a moment later the toothless old Cree whom Pierrot the two graves under the tall spruce. out of pity had allowed to hunt in part He began to understand as his eyes re- of his domain. turned slowly to the waiting, listening He felt within himself the tragedy dog. A great swelling rose in his throat and the horror of the one terrible and after a moment or two he said hour in which the sun had gone out of softly, and with an effort,

"Boy, I guess you're home." Baree did not hear. With his head as he called on his last strength to bear up and his nose tiked to the blue sky Nepeese over the long miles that lay he was sniffing the air. What was it between the chasm and his cabin; he that came to him with the perfumes of caught shifting visions of the weeks the forests and the green meadow? that followed in that cabin, weeks of Why was it that he trembled now as hunger and of intense cold in which he stood there? What was there in the the Willow's life hung by a single air? Carvel, asked himself, and his thread. And at last, when the snows questing eyes tried to answer the were deepest, Tuboa had died. Carvel's questions. Nothing. There was death fingers clenched in the strands of the here-death and desertion, that was Willow's braid. A deep breath rose all. And then, all at once, there came out of his chest, and he said, staring from Baree a strange cry-almost a deep into the fire, human cry-and he was gone like the "To-morrow I will go to Lac Bain."

Carvel had thrown off his pack. He dropped his rifle beside it now, and followed Baree. He ran swiftly, SMALL PANEL DECORATION straight across the open, into the dwarf balsams and into a grass-grown path that had once been worn by the travel of feet. He ran until he was panting for breath, and then stopped and listened. He could hear nothing of Baree. But that old worn trail led on under the forest trees, and he follow-

Close to the deep, dark pool in which he and the Willow had disported so often Baree, too, had stopped. He could hear the rippling of water, and his eyes shone with a gleaming fire as he quested for Nepeese. He expected to see here there, her slim white body shimmering in some dark shadow of overhanging spruce, or gleaming suddenly white as snow in one of the warm plashes of sunlight. as over a fireplace or at a doorway, His eyes sought out their old hiding the small panels may be decorated places; the great split rock on the other side, the shelving banks under which they used to dive like otter, the spruce boughs that dipped down to the surface, and in the midst of which the Willow loved to screen her naked body while he searched the pool for hen And at last the realization was borne upon him that she was not there that he had still farther to go. He went on to the tepee. The little

open space in which they had built their hidden wigwam was flooded with sunshine that came through a break in the forest to the west. The tepee was still there. It did not seem very much changed to Baree. And rising from the ground in front of the tepee was what had come to him faintly on the still air-the smoke of a small fire Over the fire was bending a person.





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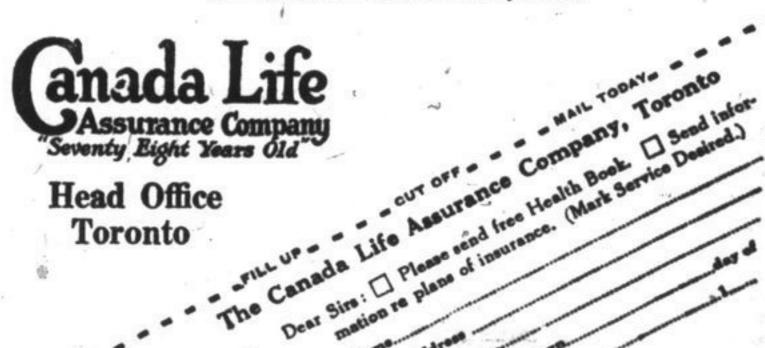
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