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BARRE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

CHAPTER I.

To Barre, for many days after he was born, the world was a vast gloomy cavern. He would never know that during these first days of his life his home was in the heart of a great windfall where Gray Wolf, his blind mother, had a safe nest for his babyhood, and to which Kazan, her mate, came only now and then, his eyes gleaming like strange balls of greenish fire in the darkness.

Barre, of course, would never know their story. He would never know that Gray Wolf, his mother, was a full-blooded wolf, and that Kazan, his father, was a dog. In his nature was already beginning its wonderful work, but it would never go beyond certain limitations. It would tell him, in time, that his beautiful wolf-mother was blind, but he would never know of that terrible battle between Gray Wolf and the lynx in which his mother's sight had been destroyed. Nature could tell him nothing of Kazan's merciless vengeance, of the wonderful years of their matchood, of their loyalty, their strange adventures in the great Canadian wilderness—it could make him only a son of Kazan.

And then came that wonderful day when the greenish balls of fire that were Kazan's eyes came nearer and nearer, a little at a time, and very cautiously. Heretofore Gray Wolf had warned him back. To be alone was the first law of her wild breed during mothering-time. A low snarl from her throat, and Kazan had always stopped. But on this day the snarl did not come. In Gray Wolf's throat it died away in a low, whimpering sound. A note of loneliness, of gladness, of a great yearning. "It is all right now," she was saying to Kazan; and Kazan—pausing for a moment to make sure—replied with an answering note deep in his throat.

Still slowly, as if not quite sure of what he would find, Kazan came to them, and Barre nudged closer to his mother. He heard Kazan as he dropped down heavily on his belly close to Gray Wolf. He was unafraid—and mightily curious. And Kazan, too, was curious. He sniffed. In the gloom his ears were alert. After a little Barre began to move. An inch at a time he dragged himself away from Gray Wolf's side. Every muscle in her little body tensed. Again her wolf blood was warning her. There was danger for Barre. Her lips trembled, but the note in it never came. Out of the darkness two yards away came a soft, puppyish whine, and the caressing sound of Kazan's tongue.

Barre had felt the thrill of his first great adventure. He had discovered his father.

This all happened in the third week of Barre's life. He was just eighteen days old when Gray Wolf allowed Kazan to make the acquaintance of his son. If it had not been for Gray Wolf's blindness and the memory of that day on the Sun Rock when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, she would have given birth to Barre in the open, and his legs would have been quite strong. He would have known the sun and the moon and the stars; he would have realized what the thunder meant, and would have seen the lightning flashing in the sky. But as it was, there had been nothing for him to do in that black cavern under the windfall but to stumble about a little in the darkness, and lick with his tiny red tongue the raw bones that were strewn about them.

The sun was straight above the forest when, an hour or two after Kazan's visit, Gray Wolf slipped away. Between Barre's nest and the top of the windfall were forty feet of jammed and broken timber through

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TOOTH PASTE

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The fact that Oohoomisew, the big snow-owl, had made her nest in the broken stub not far from the windfall was destined to change the whole course of Barre's life, just as the birch, and a man's club had changed her, and a man's club had changed Kazan's. The flock ran close past the stub, which had been shrouded in lightning; and this stub stood in still, dark place in the forest, surrounded by tall, black spruce and enveloped in gloom even in broad day. Many times Barre had gone to the edge of this mysterious bit of forest and had peered in curiously, and with a growing desire.

He was fully three hundred yards from the windfall when he passed Oohoomisew's stub and into a thick growth of young balsams. And there—directly in his path—crouched the monster.

With a space of two feet between them, the pup and the owl eyed each other. In that moment, if Gray Wolf could have seen on his legs—and run! And Oohoomisew, the old owl, might have said to Papayuchisew: "You little fool—use your wings and fly!" They did neither—and the fight began.

Papayuchisew started it, and with a single wild yelp Barre went back in a heap, the owl's beak fastened like a red-hot vise in the soft flesh at the end of his nose. That one yelp of surprise and pain was Barre's first and last cry in the fight. The wolf surged in him; rage and desire to kill possessed him. As Papayuchisew hung on, he made a curious hissing sound; teeth and fangs rolled and gnashed from the owl's beak fastened to his throat. For fully a minute Barre had no use of his jaws. Then, by accident, he wedged Papayuchisew in a crotch of a low ground-shrub, and a bit of his nose gave way. He might have run at the owl like a flash. Flop went buried his needle-like teeth in the bird's breast. It was like trying to bite through a pillow, the feathers were so close and thick. Deeper and deeper Barre sank his fangs, and just as they were beginning to prick the owl's skin, Papayuchisew—jabbing a little blindly with a beak that snapped sharply every time it closed—

The pain of that hold was excruciating to Barre and he made a more desperate effort to get his teeth through his enemy's thick armor of feathers. In the struggle they rolled under the low balsams to the edge of the creek. Over the steep edge they plunged, and as they rolled and bumped to the bottom, Barre loosed his hold. Papayuchisew hung valiantly on, and when they reached the bottom he still had his grip on Barre's ear.

At this critical point, when the understanding of defeat was forming itself swiftly in Barre's mind, chance saved him. His fangs closed on one of the owl's tender feet. Papayuchisew gave a sudden squeak. The ear was free at last—and with a snarl of triumph Barre gave a vicious tug at Papayuchisew's leg.

In the excitement of battle he had not heard the rushing tumult of the creek close under them, and over the edge of a rock Papayuchisew and he went together, the chill water of the rain-swollen stream muffling a snarl and a final hiss of the two little fighters.

CHAPTER III.

To Papayuchisew, after his first mouthful of water, the stream was almost as safe as the air for he went sailing down it with the lightness of a gull, wondering in his slow-thinking big head why he was moving so swiftly and so pleasantly without any effort of his own.

To Barre it was a different matter. He went down almost like a stone.

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SMP DAIRY PAILS

A mighty roaring filled his ears; it was dark, suffocating, terrific. In the swift current he was twisted over and over. For twenty feet he was under water. Then he rose to the surface and desperately began using his legs. Suddenly Barre found himself at the edge of a deep, dark pool in which the water lay still as oil, and his heart nearly jumped out of his body when a great, sleek, shining creature sprang out from almost under his nose and landed with a tremendous splash in the centre of it. It was Nekik, the Otter.

The otter had not heard Barre, and in another moment Napanekik, his wife, came sailing out of a patch of gloom, and behind her came three little otters, leaving behind them four shimmering wakes in the oily-looking water. What happened after that made Barre forget for a few minutes that he was lost. Nekik had disappeared under the surface, and now he came up directly under his unsuspecting mate with a force that lifted her half out of the water. Instantly he was gone again, and Napanekik took after him fiercely.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the sun should still have been well up in the sky. But it was growing darker steadily, and the strangeness and fear of it all lent greater speed to Barre's legs. He stopped every little while to listen, and at one of these intervals he heard a sound that drew from him a responsive and joyous whine. It was a distant howl—a wolf's howl—straight ahead of him. Barre was not thinking of wolves but of Kazan, and he ran through the gloom of the forest until he was winded. Then he stopped and listened a long time. The wolf-howl did not come again. Instead of it there rolled up from the west a deep and thunderous rumble. Through the treetops there flashed a vivid streak of lightning. A moaning whisper of winds rode in advance of the storm; the thunder grew nearer; and a second flash of lightning seemed searching Barre out where he stood shivering under a canopy of great spruce.

At first Barre could hardly stand. His legs were cramped; every bone in his body seemed out of joint; his ear was stiff where the blood had oozed out of it and hardened, and when he tried to wrinkle his wounded nose, he gave a sharp little yelp of pain. If such a thing were possible, he looked even worse than he felt. His hair had dried in muddy patches; he was dirt-stained from end to end; and where yesterday he had been plump and shiny, he was now as thin and wretched as misfortune could possibly make him. And he was hungry. He had never before known what it meant to be really hungry.

(To be continued.)



A Junior Party-frock

Each season the styles for children grow more fascinating. Designs and materials are chosen as thoughtfully as for grown-ups; and while the designs are more and more simple, they have gained in charm and individuality. Every little girl loves a party-frock, and No. 1032, of fine French voile, which comes in the most adorable colorings, and looks as light and filmy as chiffon, is sure to please her. The frock illustrated is a two-piece dress closing at the centre back with short kimono sleeves tucked and seamed on shoulders, and three slightly circular flounces. It may have square or lace-edging or insertion. The pattern is cut in sizes 8 to 14 years, the 12-year size requiring 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch material and 2 3/4 yards of 6-inch ribbon for sash.

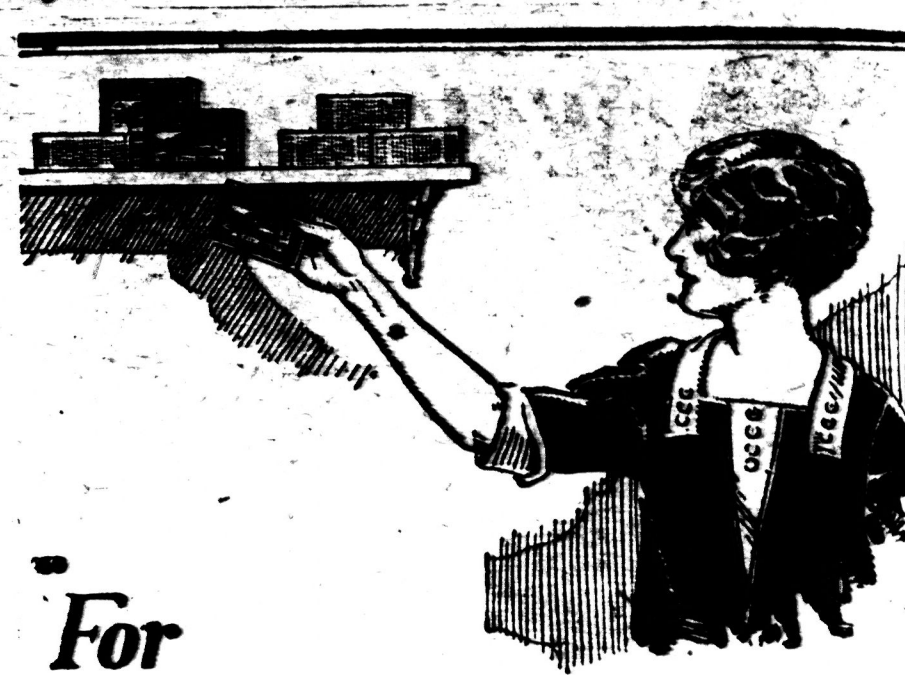
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Order filled same day as received.



In the Park.
She—"Oh, see the duck! Why does it come out of the water and sit in the sun?"
He—"For sundry reasons, I think."

Minard's Liniment Fine for the Hair.

ISSUE No. 14-25.



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Sunlight Soap

"Bobs" That Rob.

A woman having set her feet along the "bobbed" or "shingled" way, will be finding in the very near future that it is going to cost her a good deal more to keep in the fashion than she supposed.

The hairdressers are beginning to feel a slump, consequent upon most of the women who intended to adopt the short hair mode having taken the plunge. But now the latest from Paris is the "pointed bob," which is expected to be all the rage for the smart woman of 1925. This "bob" ends in a point exactly in the centre of the back of the neck. In order to get the correct effect, every other hair will have to be exactly in its place, necessitating much twisting and curling to just the right angle.

Ears are to be covered up and the hair drawn well back off the forehead, so that we shall probably see the last of the fringe for a while. The hairdressers of Paris say that, if they can succeed in launching this fashion successfully among smart Parisiennes, they will benefit to the extent of over \$250,000.

Onions Without Tears.

A "tearless" onion-chopper is described in the Manchester Guardian as an ingenious glass container with a chopping device in the centre. The onion is imprisoned in the glass container and chopped "under cover," much to the relief and comfort of the cook!

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"He is always a machine as unrelenting have no market."

"The lower animals to get their teeth convenience; months of cruel to he is least able to he gets them, they again. The second while, but he will be can depend upon makes one. Man and lives on a regular diet. He fever, whooping cough, itis and diphtheria course. Afterward his life continues every turn by colic, bronchitis, quinsy, low fever, blind, bunches, pneumonia, brain, and a thousand

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