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that the Atwater Kent Type LA Ignition System for Fords lasts longest, is least trouble, means a smoother running motor, easier starting, picks up quicker and gives more power.

Of the same general character as the Atwater Kent Ignition Systems furnished as standard equipment on many of America's foremost cars, it is a complete scientific ignition system with twenty-six years' experience in making scientific ignition systems back of it.



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\$10.80

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ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.

A. Atwater Kent, President
4859 Wissachickon Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of Atwater Kent Receiving Sets and Radio Speakers

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Lead has been transmuted into mercury by experiments conducted at Amsterdam by Professor Smits. The controversy over changing mercury into gold is still raging, but the lead-mercury transmutation seems to have been definitely accomplished.

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Footbridge for Tourists

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If not, your contentment and satisfaction on your tour will be insured if you install a full set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs before you start.

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ITCHING RASHES quickly relieved and often cleared away by a few applications of

Resinol

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 26-1926.

BAREE, Son of Kazan

Chapter VII—Continued

—13—

"Baree!" she whispered, taking his head in her hands. "Baree!"

Her touch thrilled him. It sent little throbs through his body, a tremulous quivering which she could feel and which deepened the glow in her eyes. Gently her hand stroked his head and his back. It seemed to Nepeese that he did not breathe. Under the caress of her hand his eyes closed. In another moment she was talking to him, and at the sound of her voice his eyes shot open.

"He will come here—that beast—and he will kill us," she was saying. "He will kill you because you bit him, Baree. Ugh, I wish you were bigger, and stronger, so that you could take off his head for me!"

She was untangling the babiche from about the table-leg, and under her breath she laughed. She was not frightened. It was a tremendous adventure—and she throbbed with exultation at the thought of having beaten the man-beast in her own way. She could see him in the pool struggling and beating about like a great fish. He was just about crawling out of the chasm now—and she laughed again as she caught Baree up under her arm.

"Oh—oop!-nao—but you are heavy!" she gasped. "And yet I must carry you—because I am going to run!"

She hurried outside. Pierrot had not come, and she darted swiftly into the balsams back of the cabin, with Baree hung in the crook of her arm, like a sack filled at both ends and tied in the middle. He felt like that, too. But he still had no inclination to wriggle himself free. Nepeese ran with him until her arm ached. Then she stopped and put him down on his feet, holding to the end of the caribou-skin thong that was tied about his neck. And then the Willow spoke to him softly.

"You are not going to run away, Baree. Non, you are going to stay with me, and we will kill that man-beast if he dares do to me again what he did back there." She flung back the loose hair from about her flushed face, and for a moment she forgot Baree as she thought of that half minute at the edge of the chasm. He was looking straight up at her when her glance fell on him again. "Non, you are not going to run away—you are going to follow me," she whispered. "Come."

The babiche string tightened about Baree's neck as she urged him to follow. It was like another rabbit-snare, and he braced his fore-feet and bared his fangs just a little. The Willow did not pull. Fearlessly she put her hand on his head again. From the direction of the cabin came a shout, and at the sound of it she took Baree up under her arm once more.

"Bete noir—bete noir!" she called back tauntingly, but only loud enough to be heard a few yards away. "Go back to Lac Bain—owases—you wild beast!"

Nepeese began to make her way swiftly through the forest. It grew deeper and darker, and there were no trails. They came at last into an open. It was a tiny meadow in the heart of the forest, not more than three or four times as big as the cabin; underfoot the grass was soft and green, and thick with flowers. Straight through the heart of this little oasis trickled a streamlet across which the Willow jumped with Baree under her arm, and on the edge of the willow a small wigwam made of freshly cut spruce and balsam boughs. Into her diminutive meadow the Willow thrust her head to see that things were as she had left them yesterday. Then, with a long breath of relief, she put down her four-legged burden and fastened the end of the babiche to one of the cut spruce limbs.

Baree burrowed himself back into the wan of the wigwam, and with head alert—and eyes wide open—watched attentively what happened after this. Not a movement of the Willow escaped him. She was radiant—and happy. Her laugh, sweet and wild as a bird's trill, set Baree's heart throbbing with a desire to jump about with her among the flowers.

For a time Nepeese seemed to forget Baree. Her wild blood raced with the joy of her triumph over the Factor from Lac Bain. She saw him again, floundering about in the pool—pictured him at the cabin now, soaked and angry, demanding of mon pere where she had gone. And mon pere, with a shrug of his shoulders, was telling him that he didn't know—that probably she had run into the forest. It did not enter into her head that in tricking Bush McTaggart in that way she had played with dynamite. She did not foresee the peril that in an instant would have stamped the wild flush from her face and curdled the blood in her veins—did not guess that McTaggart had become for her a deadly menace then ever.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service

was different. Like the Kazan of old, he had begun to worship. If the Willow had freed Baree, he would not have run away. His eyes were never away from her. He watched her build a small fire and cook a piece of the fish. He watched her eat her dinner. It was quite late in the afternoon when she came and sat down close to him, with her lap full of flowers which she twined in the long, shining braids of her hair. Then, playfully, she began beating Baree with the end of one of these braids. He shrank under the soft blows, and with that low, birdlike laughter in her throat, Nepeese drew his head into her lap, where the scatter of flowers lay. She talked to him. Her hand stroked his head. He breathed in the flower-scented perfume of it—and lay as if dead. It was a glorious moment. Nepeese, looking down on him, could not see that he was breathing.

There came an interruption. It was the snapping of a dry stick. Through the forest Pierrot had come with the stealth of a cat, and when they looked up, he stood at the edge of the open. Baree knew that it was not Bush McTaggart. But it was a man-beast! In-



Her Half Wild Soul Thrilled to the Crash and Fire of It.

stantly his body stiffened under the Willow's hand. He drew back slowly and cautiously from her lap, and as Pierrot advanced, Baree snarled. The next instant Nepeese had risen and had run to Pierrot. The look in her father's face alarmed her.

"What has happened, mon pere?" she cried.

Pierrot shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing, ma Nepeese—except that you have roused a thousand devils in the heart of the Factor from Lac Bain and that—"

He stopped as he saw Baree, and pointed at him.

"Last night when M'sieu the Factor caught him in a snare, he bit M'sieu's hand. M'sieu's hand is swollen twice its size, and I can see his blood turning black. It is pechipoa."

"Pechipoa!" gasped Nepeese. She looked into Pierrot's eyes. They were dark, and filled with a sinister gleam—a flash of exultation, she thought.

"Yes, it is the blood-poison," said Pierrot. A gleam of cunning shot into his eyes as he looked over his shoulder, and nodded. "I have hidden the medicine—and told him there is no time to lose in getting back to Lac Bain. And he is afraid—that devil! He is waiting. With that blackening hand, he is afraid to start back alone—and so I go with him. And listen, ma Nepeese. We will be away by sundown, and there is something you must know before I go."

Baree saw them there, close together in the shadows thrown by the tall spruce trees. He heard the low murmur of their voices—chiefly of Pierrot's, and at last he saw Nepeese put her two arms up around the man-beast's neck, and then Pierrot went away again into the forest. He thought that the Willow would never turn her

face toward him after that. For a long time she stood looking in the direction which Pierrot had taken. And when, after a time, she turned and came back to Baree, she did not look like the Nepeese who had been twining flowers in her hair. The laughter was gone from her face and eyes. She knelt down beside him and with sudden fierceness she cried:

"It is pechipoa, Baree! It was you—you—who put the poison in his blood. And I hope he dies! For I am afraid—afraid!"

She shivered.

Perhaps it was in this moment that the Great Spirit of things meant Baree to understand—that at last it was given him to comprehend that his day had dawned, that the rising and the setting of his sun no longer existed in the sky, but in this girl whose hand rested on his head. He whined softly, and inch by inch he dragged himself nearer to her until again his head rested in the hollow of her lap.

For a long time after Pierrot left them the Willow did not move from where she had seated herself beside Baree. It was at last the deepening shadows and a near rumble in the sky that roused her from the fear of the things Pierrot had told her. When she looked up, black clouds were massing slowly over the open space above the spruce-tops. Darkness was falling. In the whisper of the wind and the dead stillness of the thickening gloom there was the sullen brewing of storm.

Nepeese shivered and rose to her feet. For the first time Baree got up, and he stood close at her side. Above them a lightning-flash cut the clouds like a knife of fire, followed in an instant by a terrific crash of thunder. Baree shrank back as if struck by a blow. He would have slunk into the shelter of the brush wall of the wigwam, but there was something about the Willow as he looked at her which gave him confidence. The thunder crashed again. But he retreated no farther. His eyes were fixed on Nepeese.

She stood straight and slim in that gathering gloom riven by the lightning, her beautiful head thrown back, her lips parted, and her eyes glowing with an almost eager anticipation—a sculptured goddess welcoming with bated breath the onrushing forces of the heavens. Perhaps it was because she was born on a night of storm.

Many times Pierrot and the dead princess mother had told her that—how on the night she had come into the world the crash of thunder and the flare of lightning had made the hours an inferno, how the streams had burst over their banks and the stems of ten thousand forest trees had snapped in its fury—and the heat of the deluge on their cabin roof had drowned the sound of her mother's pain, and of her own first babyish cries.

On that night, it may be, the Spirit of Storm was born in Nepeese. She loved to face it, as she was facing it now. It made her forget all things but the splendid might of nature; her half-wild soul thrilled to the crash and fire of it; often she had reached up her bare arms and laughed with joy as the deluge burst about her. Even now she might have stood there in the little open until the rain fell, if a whine from Baree had not turned her. As the first big drops struck with the dull thud of leaden bullets about them, she went with him into the balsam shelter. It seemed an interminable time before the thunder rolled far to the east, and the lightning died away into distant and intermittent flashings. Even after that the rain fell for another hour. Then it stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

With a laughing gasp Nepeese rose to her feet. The water gurgled in her moccasins as she walked out into the open. She paid no attention to Baree—and he followed her. Across the open in the treetops the last of the storm-clouds were drifting away.

Nepeese looked down and saw Baree. He was standing clear and un-leashed, with freedom on all sides of him. Yet he did not run. He was waiting, wet as a water-rat, with his eyes on her expectantly. Nepeese made a movement toward him, and hesitated.

"No, you will not run away, Baree. I will leave you free. And now we must have a fire! Let us hunt for the wuskwi Baree."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horrible Methods of Treating the Insane

Until within the last century insane persons were treated with terrible cruelty in nearly all "civilized" countries, and as late as 1770 lunatics were exhibited at public fairs in England, and as late as 1815 there were exposures of terrible cruelties in the Bethlehem hospital in England, and this led to gradual improvements and the introduction of enlightened and scientific methods in the care of the mentally afflicted.

One of the mildest of the old forms of treatment of mad people, and long in vogue at Strathgillan, in Perthshire, Scotland, was connected with the observance of the festival of St. Fillan, a Scottish saint.

Insane people were dipped in the "holy pool," where St. Fillan had bathed in the Seventh century. Many quaint ceremonies were connected with this "ducking." After the immersion the lunatics were herded to St. Fillan's chapel, and strapped to the floor, to be left all night.

Those who managed to free their bonds and escape were considered cured. Experience did not bear out this pious belief, however, and the custom gradually declined.

Live on Camels

The Tuareg, found over a large area in northern Africa, are nomads who live principally by means of, and on, camels. Tuareg women are as free as women in Britain. They go about unveiled, while the men are always veiled. The women choose their own husbands, and teach the children to read and write. They can own property, even after marriage, and their husbands have no control over it. Caste and authority are inherited through the mothers.

Color Blindness

It is peculiar that they should call a man yellow when he displays the white feather.

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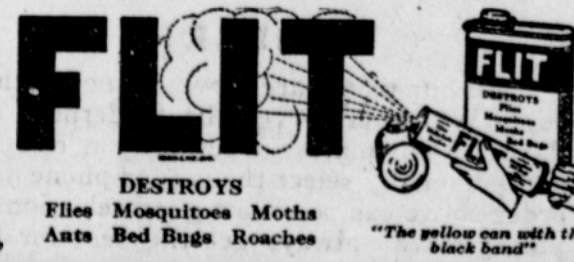
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