

BAREE, Son of Kazan A Modern Daniel Boone

Chapter IX—Continued

—17—

It was then that Baree found himself at the side of Mahegun. She was panting; her red tongue hung from her open jaws; but at his presence she brought her fangs together with a snap and slunk from him into the heart of the wind-run and disappeared. The wolves were in an ugly temper, but Baree did not sense the fact. Nepeese had trained him to take to water like an otter, and he did not understand why this narrow river should stop them as it had. He ran down to the water and stood belly deep in it, facing for an instant the horde of savage beasts above him, wondering why they did not follow. And he was black-black! He came among them again, and for the first time they noticed him.

The restless movements of the waters ceased now. A new and wondering interest held them rigid. Fangs closed sharply. A little in the open Baree saw Mahegun, with a big gray wolf standing near her. He went to her again, and this time she remained with flattened ears until he was sniffing her neck. And then, with a vicious snarl, she snapped at him. Her teeth sank deep in the soft flesh of his shoulder, and at the unexpectedness and pain of her attack, he let out a yelp. The next instant the big gray wolf was at him.

Again caught unexpectedly, Baree went down with the wolf's fangs at his throat. But in him was the blood of Kazan, the flesh and bone and sinew of Kazan, and for the first time in his life he fought as Kazan fought on that terrible day at the top of the Sun rock. He was young, he had yet to learn the cleverness and the strategy of the veteran; but his jaws were like the iron clamps with which Pierrot set his bear traps, and in his heart was sudden and blinding rage, a desire to kill that rose above all sense of pain or fear.

That fight, if it had been fair, would have been a victory for Baree, even in his youth and inexperience. In fairness the pack should have waited; it was a law of the pack to wait—until one was done for. But Baree was black; he was a stranger, an interloper, a creature whom they noticed now in a moment when their blood was hot with the rage and disappointment of killers who had missed their prey. A second wolf sprang in, striking Baree treacherously from the flank; and while he was in the snow, his jaws crushing the foreleg of his first foe, the pack was on him en masse.

Such an attack on the young caribou bull would have meant death in less than a minute. Every fang would have found its hold. Baree, by the fortunate circumstance that he was under his first two assailants and protected by their bodies, was saved from being torn instantly into pieces. He knew that he was fighting for his life. Over him the horde of beasts rolled and twisted and snarled; he felt the burning pain of teeth sinking into his flesh; he was smothered; a hundred knives seemed cutting him into pieces; yet no sound—not a whimper or a cry—came from him now in the horror and hopelessness of it all.

It would have ended in another half-minute had the struggle not been at the very edge of the bank. Undermined by the erosion of the spring floods, a section of the bank suddenly gave way, and with it went Baree and the pack. In a flash Baree thought of the water and the escaping caribou. For a bare instant the cave-in had sent him free of the pack, and in that space he gave a single leap over the gray backs of his enemies into the deep water of the stream. Close behind him half a dozen jaws snapped shut on empty air. As it had saved the caribou, so this strip of water shimmering in the glow of the moon and stars had saved Baree.

The stream was not more than a hundred feet in width, but it cost Baree close to a losing struggle to get across it. Until he dragged himself out on the opposite shore, the extent of his injuries was not impressed upon him fully. One hind leg, for the time, was useless; his forward left shoulder was laid open to the bone; his head and body were torn and cut; and as he dragged himself slowly away from the stream, the trail he left in the snow was a red path of blood. It trickled from his panting jaws, between which his tongue was bleeding; it ran down his legs and flanks and belly, and it dripped from his ears, one of which was slit clean for two inches as though cut with a knife. His instincts were dazed, his perception of things clouded as if by a veil drawn close over his eyes. Half dead, he dragged himself on until by chance he came to a clump of dwarf spruce. Into this he struggled, and then he dropped exhausted.

All that night and until noon the next day Baree lay without moving. The fever burned in his blood; it flamed high and swift toward death; then it ebbed slowly, and life conquered. At noon he came forth. He was weak, and he wobbled on his legs. His hind leg still dragged, and he was racked with pain. But it was a splendid day. The sun was warm; the snow was thawing; the sky was like a great blue sea; and the floods of life coursed warmly through Baree's veins. But now, for all time, his desires were changed, and his great quest at an end.

A red ferocity grew in Baree's eyes as he snarled in the direction of last night's fight with the wolves. They

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

(© Doubleday, Page & Co.)
WNU Service

were no longer his people. They were no longer of his blood. Never again could the hunt-call lure him or the voice of the pack rouse the old longing. In him there was a thing unborn, an undying hatred for the wolf, a hatred that was to grow in him until it became like a disease in his vitals, a thing ever present and insistent, demanding vengeance on their kind. Last night he had gone to them a comrade. Today he was an outcast. Cut and maimed, bearing with him scars for all time, he had learned his lesson of the wilderness. Tomorrow, and the next day, and for days after that without number, he would remember the lesson well.

Chapter X

At the cabin on the Gray Loon, on the fourth night of Baree's absence, Pierrot was smoking his pipe after a great supper of caribou tenderloin he had brought in from the trail, and Nepeese was listening to his tale of the remarkable shot he had made, when a sound at the door interrupted them. Nepeese opened it, and Baree came in. Three days and nights of hunger in which he could not hunt because of the leg that dragged had put on him the marks of starvation. Battle-scarred and covered with dried blood-clots that still clung tenaciously to his long hair, he was a sight that drew at last a long breath from Nepeese. A queer smile was growing in Pierrot's face as he leaned forward in his chair; and then slowly rising to his feet, and looking closer, he said to Nepeese:

"Ventre Saint Gris! Oul, he has been to the pack, Nepeese, and the pack turned on him. It was not a



Over Went Baree and Half the Pack.

two-wolf fight—non! It was the pack. He is cut and torn in fifty places. And—mon Dieu, he is alive!"

In Pierrot's voice there was growing wonder and amazement. He was incredulous, and yet he could not disbelieve what his eyes told him. What had happened was nothing short of a miracle, and for a time he uttered not a word more but remained staring in silence while Nepeese woke from her astonishment to give Baree doctoring and food. After the pain and hunger and treachery of his adventure, it was a wonderful homecoming for Baree. He slept that night at the foot of the Willow's bed. The next morning it was the cool caress of his tongue on her hand that awakened her.

With this day they resumed the comradeship interrupted by Baree's temporary desertion. The attachment was greater than ever on Baree's part. It was he who had run away from the Willow, who had deserted her at the call of the pack, and it seemed at times as though he sensed the depths of his perfidy and was striving to make amends. There was indubitably a very great change in him. He hung to Nepeese like a shadow. Instead of sleeping at night in the spruce shelter Pierrot made for him, he made himself a little hollow in the earth close to the cabin door. Pierrot thought that he understood, and Nepeese thought that she understood still.

Deodorizing Cigar Box Completely Is Difficult

If the cigar box is made from Spanish cedar, as the good ones are supposed to be made, it would be rather difficult to deodorize it completely, since the odor is due to a resin in the wood which is fairly well distributed throughout the wood structure. If the box is made from some other wood which does not have much natural odor, but which may have taken up some odor from the tobacco, it might be that a thorough airing or perhaps washing with gasoline would remove the odor. The odor of Spanish cedar is due to a volatile oil in the resin, and this oil can be removed at least from the surface of the wood by steaming. Since, however, a very little steaming might warp the box or discolor it, or soften the glue, this method is not practical. Probably long-continued ex-

posure to the air and sunlight is the most practical method.

Thought in Lower Animals

Just as the monkey or orang-utan behave and think precisely as men do, so we find many animals, birds and insects thinking, and it is this capacity to benefit by the teachings of experience, the cultivation of memories and the power to reason clearly, quickly and logically that enables them to find ways and means for securing themselves in comfort during the coldest days of winter.

They do this in innumerable ways, and many species appear to exhibit greater intelligence and foresight than man in preparing for the winter season.

more; but in reality the key to the mystery remained with Baree himself. He no longer played as he had played before he went off alone into the forest. He did not chase sticks, or run until he was winded, for the pure joy of running. His puppyishness was gone. In its place was a great worship and a rankling bitterness, a love for the girl and a hatred for the pack and all that it stood for.

Whoever he heard the wolf-howl, it brought an angry snarl into his throat, and he would bare his fangs until even Pierrot would draw a little away from him. But a touch of the girl's hand would quiet him.

In a week or two the heavier snows came, and Pierrot began making his trips over the trap-lines. Nepeese had entered into a thrilling bargain with him this winter. Pierrot had taken her into partnership. Every fifth trap, every fifth deadfall, and every fifth poison-bait was to be her own, and what they caught or killed was to bring a bit nearer to realization a wonderful dream that was growing in the Willow's soul. Pierrot had promised. If they had great luck that winter, they would go down together on the last snows to Nelson House and buy the little old organ that was for sale there; and if the organ was sold, they would work another winter, and get a new one.

This plan gave Nepeese an enthusiastic and tireless interest in the trap-line. Pierrot impressed on her that it made a comrade and co-worker of her on the trail. That was his scheme; to keep her with him when he was away from the cabin. He knew that Bush McTaggart would come again to the Gray Loon, probably more than once during the winter. He had swift dogs, and it was a short journey. And when McTaggart came, Nepeese must not be at the cabin—alone.

Pierrot's trap-line swung into the north and west, covering in all a matter of fifty miles, with an average of two traps, one deadfall, and a poison-bait to each mile. Halfway over this line Pierrot had built a small log cabin, and at the end of it another, so that a day's work meant twenty-five miles. This was easy for Pierrot, and not hard on Nepeese after the first few days.

All through October and November they made the trips regularly, making the round every six days, which gave one day of rest at the cabin on the Gray Loon and another day in the cabin at the end of the trail. They were splendid months. Fur was thick, and it was steadily cold without bad storm. Nepeese not only carried a small pack on her shoulders in order that Pierrot's load might be lighter, but she trained Baree to bear tiny shoulder-panniers which she manufactured. In these panniers Baree carried the bait.

In at least a third of the total number of traps set there was always what Pierrot called trash—rabbits, owls, whiskey-jacks, jays and squirrels. These, with the skin or feathers stripped off, made up the bulk of the bait for the traps ahead.

One afternoon early in December, as they were returning to the Gray Loon, Pierrot stopped suddenly a dozen paces ahead of Nepeese and stared at the snow. A strange snow-shed trail had joined their own and was heading toward the cabin. For half a minute Pierrot was silent and scarcely moved a muscle as he stared. The trail came straight out of the north—and off there was Lac Bain. Also they were the marks of large snowshoes, and the stride indicated that of a tall man. Before Pierrot had spoken, Nepeese had guessed what they meant.

"M'sieu the Factor from Lac Bain!" she said.

Baree was sniffing suspiciously at the strange trail. They heard the low growl in his throat, and Pierrot's shoulders stiffened.

"Yes, the M'sieu," he said.

The Willow's heart beat more swiftly as they went on. She was not afraid of McTaggart, not physically afraid; and yet something rose up in her breast and choked her at thought of his presence on the Gray Loon. Why was he there? It was not necessary for Pierrot to answer the question, even had she given voice to it. She knew. The Factor from Lac Bain had no business there—except to see her. The blood burned red in her cheeks as she thought again of that minute on the edge of the chasm when he had almost crushed her in his arms. Would he try that again?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Boone



Liver-Eating Johnson



White Bull

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

WHEN a man is compared to the "Big Four of the American Frontier"—Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Kit Carson and Buffalo Bill—he is being praised in terms which every American can appreciate. And when the praise comes from such an authority as Gen. Nelson A. Miles, one of our most successful Indian

fighters and himself one of the "wilderness-breakers," it is high praise indeed.

So the general's characterization of Luther S. Kelly, better known as "Yellowstone Kelly," whose memoirs have just been published by the Yale University Press, as "a most interesting character, equally as fearless, intelligent and resourceful" is a tribute to a truly important frontiersman. If further evidence of the importance of this modern Daniel Boone is needed, it can be found in the words of Milo M. Quaife, the historian, who edited the memoirs.

"We think of these men as the products of a bygone age and environment, as indeed they were," says Mr. Quaife. "Yet Mr. Kelly still lives in his California home, a witness of the mechanical marvels and the material progress which mark the third decade of the Twentieth century. Like Boone, he is a lover of solitude and of the wilderness; unlike Boone, he had the desire to preserve for posterity the story of the life he loved, and the education and literary capacity requisite to the task. His story is at once an important contribution to the history of the western frontier in the decades to which it pertains and a thrilling tale of sustained adventure whose perusal should bring delight to every normal man and boy."

So we have in Yellowstone Kelly a paradox—a strange combination of the cultured and the primitive, a man of good family, well educated and fond of good books and a wilderness hermit whose chosen preference for the solitudes brought him the title of the "Lone Wolf."

Kelly was born in the Finger Lakes country of central New York and passed his boyhood in that romantic homeland of the Iroquois confederacy. He confesses that his taste for the free life of the forest, plain and mountain may be due to his pioneer ancestry, for numbered among his forebears was the redoubtable Hannah Dustin, whose escape from Indian captivity in the early days of New England is a school history classic.

At the age of sixteen Kelly left the academy at Lima, N. Y., to enlist in the Union army, saw service around Richmond in the closing days of the war and marched down Pennsylvania avenue in the historic Grand Review. Then the regiment to which he was assigned was ordered to Dakota territory, and here his career as a frontiersman began.

While still a soldier Kelly gained considerable reputation in his regiment as a hunter and, what was more remarkable for a "tenderfoot," as a courier and guide in that trackless wil-



Yellowstone Kelly



John Brughier

derness. On one occasion he was detailed to take a wagon train from Fort Wadsworth, where he was stationed, to Sank Center, Minn., and bring back supplies. "Finally we entered Sauk Center, then a straggling village of one street," he writes. This was in 1896—and it was to be more than half a century later that Sinclair Lewis was to make this little town famous in "Main Street."

Upon being mustered out of the army in 1893 Kelly determined to remain in the western country, which he had learned to love. He first went to Fort Garry, Canada, and then started for the almost-unknown country at the headwaters of the Missouri river. He fell in with a party of English half-breeds starting in their Red River carts for the buffalo country to make pemmican and while with this party had his first experience with the red man. They were overtaken by Sitting Bull and a war party, who, as he records, "thronged about me, regarding me with baleful eyes, hate and vindictiveness pervading every feature of their villainous faces." His description of Sitting Bull is interesting: "Sitting Bull appeared to be about thirty years of age. He had a round, pleasant face, and wore a headscarf of dirty white cloth, while most of his followers affected black headgear. I suspected that the stiff leather cases tied to some of the saddles contained war bonnets, as I saw feathers sticking out of the pouches. . . . They reported killing a white man a short time before near the mouth of the Yellowstone."

Eventually Kelly arrived at Fort Berthold, where he soon proved the stuff that was in him by serving as mail carrier between that post and Fort Buford at a time when the life of a lone white traveler wasn't worth a nickel unless he was almost superhumanly vigilant. During this time, too, he had the encounter with the Sioux warriors which has become something of a classic in frontier history and which won him the name of "the Little Man With a Strong Heart" from the friendly Indians and that of "Man Who Never Lays His Gun Down" from the Sioux, who had ample reason to know that he didn't.

Then followed the "Lone Wolf" period in Kelly's life, when he lived as a hermit in the mysterious Yellowstone country, hunting, trapping and trading. It was an almost idyllic existence, except for the ever-present danger from the Sioux. The modesty of these memoirs prevents him from admitting, except in the most casual manner, that his life was ever in danger, and when he does write of some

of his many brushes with the savages it is in a detached sort of way, as though his principal interest was that of a spectator of a colorful and dramatic event. As witness: "Before I could note any result of the shot the ground around was fairly alive with Indians whipping their horses in our direction. On they came in wild disorder, their ornaments of bright metal flashing in the rays of the morning sun, and there was such a flutter of waving plumes and feathers that the sight was altogether thrilling. We did not stop to admire it, however, for so great was our anxiety to reach the protecting line of timber that with one accord we dropped behind the hill and made for cover as fast as our legs would carry us."

When Gen. George A. Forsyth was sent in 1873 to explore the Yellowstone he was fortunate in securing the services of Kelly as his guide and hunter. Kelly gives but scant space to this expedition, but other historians—as has General Forsyth himself—have testified to the importance of his work. Even more important were his services as scout and guide for General Miles in the Sioux war three years later.

As scout for General Miles in the Sioux war of 1876 he located the camps of Sitting Bull and Gall, and soon afterward Miles and his "foot cavalry," the Fifth Infantry, had driven these Sioux across the Canadian line or forced them to come in to their agencies and surrender. Perhaps the most thrilling experiences of Yellowstone Kelly were during the winter campaign of 1876-77, when Miles set out in pursuit of the redoubtable Crazy Horse and his combined forces of Sioux and Cheyennes, caught up with them at Wolf mountain and there fought and won one of the most difficult and at the same time brilliant victories in the whole history of our Indian wars.

Associated with Kelly as scouts at this time were two other men whose names are famous in border annals. They are the celebrated "Liver-Eating Johnson" (concerning the origin of whose peculiar name there are almost as many stories as there are narrators) and John Brughier, a half-breed, who until a short time before this campaign opened had lived in the hostiles' camp. Other historians have recorded how as Miles' soldiers approached the Indians' strongly fortified post on Wolf mountain the savages shouted down to them the grim prophecy, "You have had your last breakfast" and how Kelly and Brughier replied in kind. Kelly makes no mention of this incident in his memoirs, but he does tell a splendidly dramatic story of the battle and the difficulties the soldiers overcame in hunting and fighting Indians in arctic weather. He says little about the fact that he and his scouts endured the same hardships.

After this campaign was over Kelly returned east for a visit after twelve years of absence from home scenes. But he did not stay long. He was needed on the Montana frontier, where Sitting Bull's irremediables were still giving trouble and where soon afterward Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés made his magnificent dash for freedom from Oregon toward the Canadian line.

Havoc by Peat Fires

Huge trees totter and eventually fall at Wedholme Dale, Cumberland, England, often without warning. Many giants of the forest, with trunks over four feet in diameter, are numbered among the hundreds of trees which have fallen. The reason is that for several weeks past a peat fire has been burning under the surface of the earth. As the roots of the trees are consumed, the trees wither and come

crashing down. It is almost beyond human power to extinguish such an underground fire, these being similar to subterranean coal fires, which have been known to burn for many years before going out.

Just as Ordered

Suddenly a surfeit of indignation echoed in the air. All those seated in the restaurant turned and regarded with an icy stare the young woman who had given vent to the sound.

"Waiter," she said, "please take this

portion of pie away. There are several pieces of straw in it."

The waiter looked wistfully at the pie, and then, an amused expression flashed across his face.

"But that's all right, miss," he explained, anxious to placate the angry woman. "You ordered cottage pie and, of course, it's thatched."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wig parties, the guests wearing colored head coverings, are popular in England.