

(C, Doubleday, Page & Co.) WNU Service

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Part wolf, part dog—when two months old Baree has his first meeting with an enemy, Papayuchisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a smallen enemy.

CHAPTER II.—Badly buffeted, and half drowned, Baree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost, lonely and hungry. For many days his life is one of fear and distress. He finally wanders into the trapping grounds of a halfbreed, Pierrot Du Quesne, and his daughter, Nepeese the Willow. Taking Baree for a wolf, Nepeese shoots and wounds him, but he escapes.

CHAPTER III.—The wolf blood in Baree becomes uppermost. He rapidly learns Nature's secrets, though he finds no comrades and is desperately lonely.

CHAPTER IV .- Following Wakayoo, the black bear, Baree subsists royally on the caches of fish the big fellow leaves. He comes again into Pierrot's trapping domain. Pierrot shoots Wa-Nepeese, insisting Baree dog, not wolf, tries to capture him. Baree is strongly drawn to the girl, but cannot entirely overcome his dread

CHAPTER V.—Baree makes friends with a colony of beavers, losing much of his sense of loneliness.

CHAPTER VI. - Bush McTaggart, factor at Lac Bain, Hudson's Bay company's post, man of evil life, has long coveted Nepeese, even to the extent of offering marriage, but makes no prog-ress with his suit. On his way to Pierrot and Nepeese McTaggart takes Baree in a trap, and in a struggle is bitten. With the dog he comes to

CHAPTER VII .- Nepeese claims Baree as hers, bathing the wounds in-flicted by McTaggart after the dog had bitten him. Then, promising to give him a definite answer to his lovemakhim a definite answer to his lovemaking Nepeese lures McTaggart to the edge of a deep pool and humiliates him by plunging him into the water, at the same time taunting him for presuming to address her. Blood poisoning developing from Baree's bite, McTaggart and Pierrot hasten to Lac Bain to secure medical treatment.

CHAPTER VIII,--Nepeese has spent has learned to read and sew. On her seventeenth birthday she fashions a costume which properly sets forth her really great beauty.

Chapter III

Baree's fight with Oohoomisew was good medicine for him. It not only gave him great confidence in himself, but it also cleared the fever of ugliness from his blood. He no longer snapped and snarled at things as he went on through the night.

His wound was much less painful the next day, and by nightfall he scarcely had noticed it at all. Since his almost tragic end at the hands of Nepeese, he had been traveling in a general northeasterly direction, following instinctively the run of the waterways; but his progress had been slow, and when darkness came again he was not more than eight or ten miles from the hole into which he had fallen after the Willow had shot him.

All sounds now held a meaning for

Baree. Swiftly he was coming into his knowledge of the wilderness. His eyes gleamed; his blood thrilled. For many minutes at a time he scarcely moved. But of all the sounds that came to him, the wolf-cry thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away almost before it reached him; and then again it would come to him fullthroated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the red thrill of the hunt, to the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood-calling, calling, calling. That was it, calling him to his own kin, to the bone of his bone and the flesh of his flesh-to the wild, fierce hunting packs of his mother's tribe! It was Gray Wolf's voice seeking him in the night-Gray Wolf's blood inviting him to the Brotherhood of the Pack.

Baree trembled as he listened. In his throat he whined softly. He edged to the sheer face of a rock. He wanted to go; nature was urging him to go. But the call of the wild was struggling against odds; for in him was the dog, with its generations of subdued and sleeping instincts-and all that night the dog in him kept Baree to the top of his rock.

Next morning Baree found many crawfish along the creek, and he feasted on their succulent flesh until he felt that he would never be hungry again. Nothing had tasted quite so good since he had eaten the partridge of which he had robbed Sekoosew the

In the middle of the afternoon Baree came into a part of the forest that was very quiet and very peaceful. The creek had deepened. In places its banks swept out until they formed smell nonds. Twice he made considerable detours to get around these ponds. He traveled very quietly, listening and watching. Not since the ill-fated day he had left the old windfall had he feli quite so much at home as 10w. It seemed to him that at las he was treading country which he king a and where he would find friends. Perhaps

instinct-of nature. For he was in old beaver-tooth's domain. It was here that his father and mother had hunted in the days before he was born. It was not far from here that Kazan and Beaver-tooth had fought that mighty duel under water, from which Kazan had escaped with his life without another breath to lose.

The forest grew deeper. It was wonderful. There was no undergrowth, and traveling under the trees was like being in a vast, mystery-filled cavern through the roof of which the light of day broke softly, brightened here and there by golden splashes of the sun. For a mile Baree made his way quietly through this forest. He saw nothing but a few winged flittings of birds; there was almost no sound. Then he came to a still larger pond. Around this pend there was a thick growth of alders and willows; the larger trees had thinned out. He saw the glimmer of afternoon sunlight on the waterand then, all at once, he heard life.

There had been few changes in Beaver-tooth's colony since the days of his feud with Kazan and the others. Old Beaver-tooth was still older. He was fatter. He slept a great deal, and perhaps he was less cautious. He was dozing on the great mud-andbrushwood dam of which he had been engineer in chief, when Baree came out softly on a high bank thirty or forty feet away. So noiseless had Baree been that none of the beavers had seen or heard him. He squatted himself flat on his belly, hidden behind a tuft of grass, and with eager interest watched every movement. Beaver-tooth was rousing himself. He stood on his short legs for a moment; then he tilted himself up on his broad, flat tail like a soldier at attention, and with a sudden whistle dived into the pond with a great splash.

In another moment it seemed to Baree that the pond was alive with beavers. Heads and bodies appeared and disappeared, rushing this way and that through the water in a manner that amazed and puzzled him. It was the colony's evening frolic Taits hit the water like flat boards. Odd whistlings rose above the splashing-and then as suddenly as it had begun, the play came to an end. There were probably twenty beavers, not counting the young, and as if guided by a common signal-something which Baree had not heard-they became so quiet that hardly a sound could be heard in the pond. A few of them sank under the water and disappeared entirely, but most of them Baree could watch as they drew themselves out on shore.

The beavers lost no time in getting at their labor, and Baree watched and listened without so much as rustling a blade of the grass in which he was concealed. He was trying to understand. He was striving to place these curious and comfortable-looking creatures in his knowledge of things. And then, close under him-not more than ten feet from where he lay-he saw something that almost gave voice to the puppyish longing for companionship that was in him.

Down there, on a clean strip of the shore that rose out of the soft mud of the pond, waddled fat little Umisk and three of his playmates. Umisk was just about Baree's age, perhaps a week or two younger. But he was fully as heavy, and almost as wide as he was long. Nature can produce no four-footed creature that is more lovable than a baby beaver, unless it is a baby bear; and Umisk would have taken first prize at any beaver baby show in the world. His three companions were a bit smaller. They came waddling from behind a low willow, making queer little chuckling noises, their little flat tails dragging like tiny sledges behind them. They were fat and furry, and mighty friendly looking to Baree, and his heart beat a sudden, swift pit-a-pat of joy.

But Baree did not move. He scarcely breathed. And then, suddenly, Umisk turned on one of his playmates and bowled him over. Instantly the other two were on Umisk, and the four little beavers rolled over and over, icking with their short feet and spatting with their tails, and all the time emitting soft little squenking cries. Baree knew that it was not fight, but frolic. He rose up on his feet. He forgot where he was-forgot everything in the world but those playing, furry balls. For the moment all the hard training nature had been giving him was lost. He was no longer a fighter, no longer a hunter, no longer a seeker after food. He was a puppy, and in him there rose a desire that was greater than hunger He wanted to go down there with Umisk and his little chums and roll and play. He wanted to tell them, if such a thing were possible, that he had lost his mother and his home, and that he had been having a mighty hard time of it, and that he would like to stay with them and their mothers and fathers if they didn't care.

In his throat there came the least hit of a whine. It was so low that Umisk and his playmates did not hear it. They were tremendously busy.

Softly Baree took his first step toward them, and then another-and at last he stood on the narrow strip of shore within half a dozen feet of them. His sharp little ears were pitched forward, and he was wiggling his tail as fast as he could, and every muscle in his body was trembling in anticipation. It was then that Umisk saw him, and his fat little body became suddenly as

motionless as a stone. "Hello!" said Baree, wiggling his whole body and talking as plainly as a human tongue could talk. "Do you

care if I play with you?" Umisk made no response. His three playmates now had their eyes on Baree. They didn't make a move. They looked stunned. Four pairs of staring,

this was another miracle mystery of , wondering eyes were fixed on the stranger.

Baree made another effort. He groveled on his forelegs, while his tail and hindlegs continued to wiggle, and with a sniff he grabbed a bit of stick between his teeth.

"Come on-let me in," he urged. "I know how to play!"

He tossed the stick in the air as if to prove what he was saying, and gave a little yap.

Umisk and his brothers were like

lummies. And then, of a sudden, some one saw Baree. It was a big beaver swimming down the pond with a sapling timber for the new pond that was under way. Instantly he loosed his hold and faced the shore. And then, like the report of a rifle, there came the crack of his big flat tail on the water-



I Know How to Play.

the beaver's signal of danger that on a quiet night can be heard half a mile away.

"Danger," it warned. "Danger-danger-danger!'

Scarcely had the signal gone forth when tails were cracking in all directions-in the pond, in the hidden canals, in the thick willows and alders. To Umisk and his companions they

"Run for your lives!"

Baree stood rigid and motionless now. In amazement he watched the four little beavers plunge into the pond and disappear. He heard the sounds of other and heavier bodies striking the water. And then there followed a strange and disquieting slience. Softly Baree whined, and his whine was al- | had said yesterday. Haif the night most a sobbing cry. Why had Umisk | Pierrot had lain awake, gritting his and his little mates run away from him? | teeth at thought of it; and this morn-A great loneliness swept over him-a loneliness greater even than that of his first night away from his mother. He had not found comradeship. And his heart was very sad.

Chapter IV

For two or three days Baree's excursions after food took him farther away from the pond. But each afternoon he returned to it-until the third day, when he discovered a new creek, and Wakayoo. The creek was fully two miles back in the forest. It sang merrily over a gravelly bed and between chasm walls of split rock. It formed deep pools and foaming eddies, and where Baree first struck it, the air trembled with the distant thunder of a waterfall. It was much pleasanter than the dark and silent beaver stream. It seemed possessed of life, and the rush and tumult of it-the song and thunder of the water-gave to Baree entirely new sensations. He made his way along it slowly and cautiously, and it was because of this slowness and caution that he came suddenly and unobserved upon Wakayoo, the big black bear, hard at work fishing.

Wakayoo stood knee-deep in a pool that had formed behind a sand bar, and he was having tremendously good luck. Even as Baree shrunk back, his eyes popping at sight of this monster he had seen but once before, in the gloom of night, one of Wakayoo's big paws sent a great splash of water high in the air, and a fish landed on the pebbly shore. A little while before the suckers had run up the creek in thousands to spawn, and the rapid lowering of the water had caught many of them in these prison pools. Wakayoo's fat, sleek body was evidence of the prosperity this circumstance had brought him. Although it was a little past the "prime" season for bearskins, Wakayoo's coat was splendidly thick and black.

For a quarter of an hour Barce watched him while he knocked fish out of the pool. When at last he stopped there were twenty or thirty fish among the stones, some of them dead and others still flopping. From where he lay flattened out between two rocks, Baree could hear the crunching of flesh and bone as the bear devoured his dinner. It sounded good, and the fresh smell of fish filled him with a craving that had never been roused

by crawfish or even partridge. In spite of his fat and his size, Wakayoo was not a glutton, and after he had eaten his fourth fish he pawed all the others together in a pile, partly covered them by raking up sand and stones with his long claws, and finished als week of eaching by breaking down a small balsam sayling so that the fish were entirely concealed. Then he lumpered slowly away in the direction of he rumbling waterfall.

Twenty seconds after the last of Wakeyoo had disappeared in a toru c?

the creek, Baree was under the broken balsam. He dragged out a fish that was still alive. He ate the whole of

it, and it was delicious. Baree new found fluat Wakayoo had solved the food problem for him, and this day he did not return to the beaver pond, nor the next. The big bear was incessantly fishing up and down the creek, and day after day Baree continued his feasts.

For a week life was exceedingly pleasant. And then came the breakthe change that was destined to mean as much for Baree as that other day, long ago, had meant for Kazan, his father, when he killed the man-brute in the edge of the wilderness.

This change came on the day when, in trotting around a great rock near the waterfall, Baree found himself face to face with Pierrot the hunter and Nepeese, the star-eyed girl who had shot him in the edge of the

It was Nepeese whom he saw first. If it had been Pierrot, he would have turned back quickly. But again the blood of his forebear was rousing strange tremblings within him. Was it like this that the first woman had looked to Kazan?

Baree stood still. Nepeese was not more than twenty feet from him. She sat on a rock, full in the early morning sup, and was brushing out her wonderful hais. Her lips parted. Her eyes shone in an instant like stars. One hand remained poised, weighted with the jet tresses. She recognized him. She saw the white star on his breast and the white tip on his ear, and upder her breath she whispered, "Uchi moosis!-"The dog-pup!" It was the wild dog she had shot-and thought had died!

The evening before Pierrot and Nepeese had built a shelter of balsams behind the big rock, and on a small white plot of sand Pierrot was kneeling over a fire preparing breakfast while the Willow arranged her hair. He raised his head to speak to her, and saw Baree. In that instant the spell was broken. Baree saw the manbeast as he rose to his feet. Like a shot he was gone.

Scarcely swifter was he than Ne-

"Depechez vous, mon pere!" she cried. "It is the dog-pup! Quick-"

In the floating cloud of her hair she sped after Baree like the wind. Pierrot followed, and in going he caught up his rifle. It was disticult for him to catch up with the Willow. She was like a wild spirit, her little moccasined feet scarcely touching the sand as she ran up the long bar. It was wonderful to see the lithe swiftness of her, and that wonderful hair streaming out in the sun. Even now, in this moment's excitement, it made Pierrot thin's of | Surplus as regards Policyholders, McTaggart, the Hudson Bay company's factor over at Lac Bain, and what he ing, before Baree ran upon them, he had looked at Nepeese more closely than ever before in his life. She was beautiful. She was lovelier even than Wyola, her princess mother, who was dead. That hair-which made men stare as if they could not believe! Those eyes-like pools filled with wonderful starlight! Her slimness, that was like a flower! And McTaggart had said-

Floating back to him there came an excited cry.

"Hurry, Nootawe! He has turned into the blind canyon. He cannot escape us now."

She was panting when he came up to her. The French blood in her glowed a vivid crimson in her cheeks and lips. Her white teeth gleamed like milk.

"In there!" And she pointed. They went in.

Ahead of them Baree was running for his life. He sensed instinctively the fact that these wonderful twolegged beings he had looked upon were all-powerful. And they were after him! He could hear them. Nepeese was following almost as swiftly as he could run. Suddenly he turned into a cleft between two great rocks. Twenty feet in, his way was barred, and he ran back. When he darted out, straight up the canyon, Nepeese was not a dozen yards behind him, and he saw Pierrot almost at her side. The Willow gave a cry.

She caught her breath, and darted into a copse of young balsams where Baree had disappeared. Like a great entangling web her loose hair impeded her in the brush, and with an encour-

"Mana-mana-there he is!"

aging cry to Pierrot she stopped to gather it over her shoulder as he ran past her. She lost only a moment or two, and was after him. Fifty yards ahead of her Pierrot gave a warning shout. Baree had turned. Almost in the same breath he was tearing over his back trail, directly toward the Willow. He did not see her in time to stop or swerve aside, and Nepeese flung herself down in his path. For an instant or two they were together. Baree felt the smother of her hair, and the clutch of her hands. Then he squirmed away and darted again toward the blind end of the canyon.

Nepeese sprang to her feet. She was panting-and laughing. Pierrot came back wildly, and the Willow pointed beyond hlm.

"I had him-and he didn't bite!" she said, breathing swiftly. She still pointed to the end of the canyon, and she said again: "I had him-and he didn't bite me, Nootawe!"

That was the wonder of it. She had been reckless--and Baree had not bitten her! It was then, with her eyes shining at Pierrot, and the smile fading slowly from her lips, that she spoke softly the word "Baree," which 1925. in her tongue meant "the wild dog"a little brother of the walf.

Cash Cash

Live Poultry and Fresh Ed

We will open a produce house at Mo Friday, April 30, where we will pay the his cash market prices for Live Poultry and Eggs. We shall be located just across the from the Walden-Thomas Furniture Store The house will be open six days in the

Suggestions

1. Use well ventilated boxes, i fyou haven't coops, for bringing in poultry.

2. Don't put too much poultry in one coop or box.

3. Don't tie len poultry and them in sacks 4. Come early and

void the rush 5. Don't stuff fer

poultry day of

Moncure Poultry & Egg (Moncure, N. C.

STATEMENT PAPER MILL MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY BOSTON, MASS.

CONDITION DECEMBER 31, 1925, AS SHOWN BY STATEMENT Amount Ledger Assets Dec. 31st previous year, \$706,944.05; Total,

Income-From Policyholders, \$480,646.41; Miscellaneous, \$34,265.03; Total, Disbursements-To Policyholders, \$15,951.27; Miscellaneous, \$468.285.31: Total,

Fire Risks-Written or renewed during year, \$76,363,045

ASSETS

Value of Bonds and Stocks, Cash in Company's Office, Deposited in Trust Companies and Banks on interest Agents' balances, representing business written subsequent to October 1, 1925, Agents' balances, representing business written prior to

October 1, 1925, Interest and Rents due and accrued, All other Assets, as detailed in statement,

Total, Less Assets not admitted, Total admitted Assets.

LIABILITIES Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, Unearned premiums,

Salaries, rents, expenses. bills, accounts, fees, etc., due or accrued Estimated amount payable for Federal, State, county and municipal taxes due or accrued. Total amount of all Liabilities except Capital,

Surplus over all liabilities. \$451,255.27 Total Liabilities,

ORTH CAROLINA DURING 1925 BUSINESS IN Fire Risks written. \$388.871; Premiums received, Losses incurred-Fire, \$178.02, Paid,

Secretary, G. H. Gibson President, D. W. Lane Treasurer, D. W. Lane

Home Office, 185 Franklin St., Boston, Mass. Attorney for service: STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commission, Raleigh, N. C.

Manager for North Carolina Home Office STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,

INSURANCE DEPARTMENT Raleigh, February 5th, I. STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commissioner do hereby certification the above is a true and correct abstract of the statement of the Papa

Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Boston, Mass. filed with this I ment, showing the condition of said Company, on the 31st day of Deep Witness my hand and official seal, the day and year above written

STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commi

STATEMENT NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL FIRE ASSOCIATION SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

CONDITION DECEMBER 31, 1925, AS SHOWN BY STATEMENT I Amount Ledger Assets Dec. 31st previous year, \$2,603,970.38; Increase paid-up Capital, \$.....: Total. Income-From Policyholders, \$3,808,126.53; Miscellaneous, \$113,639.73; Total,

Disbursements—To Policyholders, \$1,369,195.17; Miscellaneous, \$2,013,614.22; Total, Fire Risks-Written or renewed during year, \$516,284,741 In force.

All Other Risks-Written or renewed during year, \$40,495,984; In force, ASSETS Value of Real Estate

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate Value of Bonds and Stocks Cash in Company's Office Deposited in Trust Companies and Banks not on interest

Deposited in Trust Companies and Banks on interest Agents' balances, representing business written subsequent to October 1, 1925, Agents' balances, representing business written prior to

October 1, 1925, Bills receivable, taken for fire risks, Bills receivable, taken for other risks,

Interest and Rents due and accrued All other Assets. as detailed in statement, Total, Less Assets not admitted

Total admitted Assets, LIABILITIES

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims, Salaries, rents, expenses, bills, accounts, fees, etc., due or accrued, 12,7 Estimated amount payable for Federal, State, county and municipal taxes due or accrued,

Contingent commissions, or other charges due or accrued, Reinsurance and return premiums due other companies, All other liabilities, as detailed in statement,

Total amount of all Liabilities except Capital, Surplus as regards Policyholders, Total Liabilities,

BUSINESS IN NORTH CAROLINA DURING 1925 Fire Risks written, \$2,734,408; Premiums received, All other Risks written, \$17,140; Premiums received, Losses incurred—Fire, \$16,614.45; Paid,

Secretary, W. D. L. Rhodes President, F. J. Martin Treasurer, Jno. C. Keith

Home Office, Central Bldg., 710 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash. Attorney for service: STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commissions Raleigh, N. C. Manager for North Carolina Home Office

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, INSURANCE DEPARTMENT Raleigh, February 9th I. STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commissioner do hereby certify the above is a true and correct abstract of the statement of the western Mutual Fire Association, of Seattle, Wash. filed with this December showing the ment, showing the condition of said Company, on the 31st day of Deces

Witness my hand and official seal, the day and year above writ STACEY W. WADE, Insurance Commis