

What 'Orange Pekoe' Means

Many buyers of tea have come to ask for 'Orange Pekoe' believing that it signifies fine quality. This is not, however, necessarily the case. In the trade 'Orange Pekoe' is only a name given to the first leaf below the bud or tip on any Indian or Ceylon tea bush. An 'Orange Pekoe' leaf grown at a high elevation usually possesses a very fine flavour. If, however, the plant is grown at a low elevation, it may still be 'Orange Pekoe' but also be of very poor quality. The consumer's only safeguard is to buy a tea of recognized goodness. High grown 'Orange Pekoes' comprise a large part of every blend of "SALADA" and give to "SALADA" its unequalled flavour.

"SALADA"

DAREE, SON OF KAZAN

James Oliver Curwood

A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.
Bush McTaggart, the factor of Post MacBain, a brutal and unscrupulous schemer, was determined to marry Nepeese, the beautiful Indian "princess," daughter of Pierrot, the trapper. He had tired of Marie, the slim Cree girl who had been his companion. McTaggart's advances were distasteful to Nepeese and aroused the enmity of her father, so the conscienceless factor plotted to do away with Pierrot if necessary to win his daughter for himself.

CHAPTER XI.—(Cont'd.)
He chuckled again as he made his way through the darkness to the door. Nepeese as good as belonged to him. He would have her if it cost—Pierrot's life. And why not? It was all so easy. A shot on a lonely trail, a single knife-thrust, and who would know? Who would guess where Pierrot had gone? And it would all be Pierrot's fault. For the last time he had seen Pierrot, he had made an honest proposition: he would marry Nepeese. Yes, even that. He had told Pierrot so. He had told Pierrot that when the latter was his father-in-law, he would pay him double price for furs.

And Pierrot had stared—had stared with that strange, stunned look in his face, like a man dazed by a blow from a club. And so if he did not get Nepeese without trouble it would all be Pierrot's fault. To-morrow McTaggart would start again for the half-breed's country. And the next day Pierrot would have an answer for him. Bush McTaggart chuckled again when he went to bed.

Until the next to the last day Pierrot said nothing to Nepeese about what had passed between him and the factor at Lac Bain. Then he told her. "He is a beast—a man-devil," he said, when he had finished. "I would rather see you out there—with her—dead." And he pointed to the tall spruce under which the princess mother lay.

Nepeese had not uttered a sound. But her eyes had grown bigger and darker, and there was a flush in her cheeks which Pierrot had never seen there before. She stood up when he had done, and she seemed taller to him. Never had she looked quite so much like a woman and Pierrot's eyes were deep-shadowed with fear and uneasiness as he watched her while she gazed off into the northwest-toward Lac Bain.

She was wonderful, this slip of a girl-woman. Her beauty troubled him. He had seen the look in Bush McTaggart's eyes. He had heard the thrill in McTaggart's voice. He had caught the desire of a beast in McTaggart's face. It had frightened him at first. But now—he was uneasy, but his hands were clenched. In his heart there was a smoldering fire. At last Nepeese

turned and came and sat down beside him again, at his feet.
"He is coming to-morrow, m'cherie," he said. "What shall I tell him?"
The Willow's lips were red. Her eyes shone. But she did not look at her father.
"Nothing, Nootawe—except that you are to say to him that I am the one to whom he must come—for what he seeks."
Pierrot bent over and caught her smiling. The sun went down. His heart sank with it, like cold lead.
From Lac Bain to Pierrot's cabin the trail cut within half a mile of the beaver-pond, a dozen miles from where Pierrot lived; and it was here, on a twist of the creek in which Wapoose had caught fish for Barea, that Bush McTaggart made his camp for the night.
It was a splendid night that followed. Perhaps Barea would have slept through it in his nest on the top of the dam if the bacon smell had not stirred the new hunger in him. Since his adventure in the canyon, the deeper forest had held a dread for him, especially at night. But this night was like a pale, golden day; it was moonless; but the stars shone like a billion distant lamps, flooding the world in a soft and billowy sea of light. A gentle whisper of wind made pleasant sounds in the treetops. Beyond that it was very quiet.
In this silence Barea began to hunt. He stirred up a family of half-grown partridges, but they escaped him. He pursued a rabbit that was swifter than he. For an hour he had no luck. Then he heard a sound that made every drop of blood in him thrill. He was close to McTaggart's camp, and what he heard was a rabbit in one of McTaggart's snares. He came out into a little starlit open and there he saw the rabbit going through a most marvelous pantomime. It amazed him for a moment, and he stopped in his tracks.
Wapoose, the rabbit, had run his furry head into the snare, and his first frightened jump had "shot" the sapling to which the copper wire was attached so that he was now hung half in midair, with only his hind feet touching the ground. And there he was dancing madly with the noose about his neck slowly choked him to death.
Barea gave a soft gasp. He could understand nothing of the part that the wire and the sapling were playing in this curious game. All he could see was that Wapoose was hopping and dancing about on his hind legs in a most puzzling and unrabbit-like fashion. It may be that he thought it some sort of play. In this instance, however, he did not regard Wapoose as he had looked on Umisk the beaver. He knew that "Wapoose" made mighty fine eating, and he was another moment or two of hesitation he darted upon his prey.
McTaggart had heard no sound, for the snare into which Wapoose had run his head was the one set farthest from the camp. Beside the smoldering coals of his fire he sat with his back to a tree, smoking his black pipe and dreaming covetously of Nepeese, when Barea continued his night wandering. Barea no longer had the desire to hunt. He was too full. But he nosed in and out of the starlit spaces, enjoying immensely the stillness and the golden glow of the night. He was following a rabbit run when he came to a place where two fallen logs left a trail no wider than his body. He squeezed through; something tightened about his neck; there was a sudden snap—a swish as the sapling was released from its "trigger"—and Barea was jerked off his feet so suddenly that he had no time to conjecture as to what was happening.
The yelp in his throat died in a gurgling, and the next moment he was going through the pantomime actions of Wapoose, who was having his vengeance inside him. For the life of him Barea could not keep from dancing about, while the wire grew tighter and tighter about his neck. When he snapped at the wire and flung the weight of his body to the ground, the sapling would bend obligingly, and when in its rebound would yank him for an instant completely off the

earth. Furiously he struggled. It was a miracle that the fine wire held him in a few moments more it must have broken—but McTaggart had heard him! The factor caught up his blanket and a heavy stick as he hurried toward the snare. It was not a rabbit making those sounds—he knew that. Perhaps a fisher-cat—a lynx, a fox, a young wolf—
It was the wolf he thought of first when he saw Barea at the end of the wire. He dropped the blanket and again, and club. If there was a dog, clouds overhead or the stars had been less brilliant, Barea would have died as surely as Wapoose had died. With the club raised over his head McTaggart saw in time the white star, the white tip of the ear, and the jet black of Barea's coat.
With a swift movement he exchanged the club for the blanket.
In that hour, could McTaggart have looked ahead to the days that were to come, he would have used the club.

CHAPTER XII.
Half an hour later Bush McTaggart's fire was burning brightly again. In the glow of it Barea lay trussed up like an Indian papoose, tied into a balloon-shaped ball with babiche thong. His head alone showing where his captor had cut a hole for it in the blanket. He was hopelessly caught—so closely imprisoned in the blanket that he could scarcely move a muscle of his body. A few feet away from him McTaggart was washing a bleeding hand in a basin of water. There was also a red streak down the side of McTaggart's bullish neck.
"You little devil!" he snarled at Barea. "You little devil!"
He readily and gave Barea's head a vicious blow with his heavy hand.
"I ought to beat your brains out—and I believe I will!"
The stick fell. It fell again and again, and when McTaggart was done, Barea lay half stunned, his eyes partly closed by the blows, and his mouth bleeding.
"That's the way to take the devil out of a wild dog," snarled McTaggart. "I guess you won't try the biting game again, eh, youngster? A thousand devils—but you went almost to the bone of this hand!"
He began washing the wound again. Barea's teeth had sunk deep, and there was a troubled look in the factor's face. It was July—a bad month for bites. From his kit he took a small flask of whiskey and turned a bit of the raw liquor on the wound, cursing Barea as it burned into his flesh.
Barea's half-closed eyes were fixed on him steadily. He knew that at last he had met the deadliest of all his enemies. And yet he was not afraid. The club in Bush McTaggart's hand had not killed his spirit. It had killed his fear. It had roused in him a hatred such as he had never known—not even when he was fighting Oohoomisew, the outlaw wolf. The vengeful animosity of the wolf was burning in him now, along with the savage courage of the dog. He would not flinch when McTaggart approached him again. He made an effort to raise himself, that he might spring at the man-monster. In the effort, swaddled up as he was in the blanket, he rolled over in a helpless and ludicrous heap.
They began to journey before the sun was up, for if Barea's blood was almost dead within him, Bush McTaggart was scorching his body with the heat of his anticipation. He made his last plans as he walked swiftly through the forest with Barea under his arm. He would send Pierrot at once for Father Groin at the Mission seventy miles to the west. He would marry Nepeese—yes, marry her! That would tickle Pierrot. And he would be alone with Nepeese while Pierrot was gone for the missioner.
This thought flamed McTaggart's blood like strong whiskey. There was no thought in his hot and unreasoning brain of what Nepeese might say—of what she might think. He was not after the soul of her. His hand clenched, and he laughed harshly as there flashed on him for an instant the thought that Pierrot would not want to give her up. Pierrot! Bah! It would not be the first time he had killed a man—or the second.
McTaggart laughed again, and he walked the faster. There was no chance of his losing—no chance for Nepeese to get away from him. He—Bush McTaggart—was lord of this wilderness, master of its people, arbiter of their destinies. He was power—and the law.
The sun was well up when Pierrot, standing in front of his cabin with Nepeese, pointed to a rise in the trail three or four hundred yards away, over which McTaggart had just appeared.
"He is coming!"
With a face which had aged since last night he looked at Nepeese. Again he saw the dark glow in her eyes and the deepening red of her parted lips, and his heart was sick again with dread. Was it possible—
She turned on him, her eyes shining, her voice trembling.
"Remember, Nootawe—you must send him to me for his answer," she cried quickly, and she darted into the cabin. With a cold, gray face Pierrot faced Bush McTaggart.

CHAPTER XIII.
From the window, her face screened by the folds of the curtain which she had made for it, the Willow saw what had happened outside. She was not sitting now. She was breathing quickly, and her body was tense. Bush McTaggart paused not a dozen feet from the window and shook hands with Pierrot, her father. She heard Mc-

Taggart, her soft, bare throat was within a few inches of Barea's naked fangs. Her eyes blazed.
"You beat him!" she cried. "He hates you—hates you—"
"Let him go!" called Pierrot in an agony of fear.
"Mon Dieu! I say let him go, or he will tear the life from you!"
"He hates you—hates you—hates you—" the Willow was repeating over and over again into McTaggart's startled face. Then suddenly to her father, "No, he will not tear the life from me," she cried. "See! It is Barea! Did I not tell you that? It is Barea! Is it not proof that he defended me—?"
"From me!" gasped McTaggart, his face darkening.
Pierrot advanced and laid a hand on McTaggart's arm. He was smiling.
(To be continued.)

FOR GORE FEET—MINDARD'S LINIMENT.
Salvation From Selfishness.
So to the calmly gathered thought The innermost of life is taught, The mystery dimly understood, That love of God is love of good; That to be saved is love of this— Salvation from our selfishness.
—J. G. Whittier.

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Polka-dot dimity makes these rompers, No. 1102. They are cut in one piece, for comfort and simplicity, and joined at the lower edge. Every mother will enjoy having several of these easily-made garments for the little tot. There are small tucks at either side of the front, the last tuck securing the large cash. The high neck and round collar make it very suitable for the boy, for whom the tucks are omitted and bound slashes made at the first side tuck, through which a narrow belt passes. The back fastening, together with the buttoned extension, makes it a practical suit that is a triumph of freedom for the play-hours. Cut in sizes 1, 2 and 4 years. Size 2 years requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch material.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Orders filled by return mail.

Taggart's coarse voice, his boisterous greeting, and then she saw him showing Pierrot what he carried under his arm. There came to her distinctly his explanation of how he had caught his captive in a rabbit-snare. He unwrapped the blanket, Nepeese gave a cry of amazement. In an instant she was out beside them. She did not look at McTaggart's red face, blazing in its joy and exultation.
"It is Barea!" she cried.
She took the bundle from McTaggart and turned to Pierrot.
"Tell him that Barea belongs to me," she said.
On the floor of the cabin Nepeese dropped on her knees, and finished unwrapping the blanket. She was not afraid of Barea. She had forgotten McTaggart. And then, as Barea rolled in a limp heap on the floor, she saw his half-closed eyes and the dry blood on his jaws, and the light left her face as swiftly as the sun is shadowed by a cloud.
"Barea," she cried softly. "Barea—Barea!"
She partly lifted him in her two hands. Barea's head sagged. His body was numbed until he was powerless to move. His legs were without feeling. He could scarcely see. But he heard her voice! It was the same voice that had come to him that day he had felt the sting of the bullet, the voice that had peeped with him under the rock!

The voice of the Willow thrilled Barea. It seemed to stir the sluggish blood in his veins, and he opened his eyes wider and saw again the wonderful stars that had glowed at him so softly the day of Waknyoo's death. One of the Willow's long braids fell over her shoulder, and he smiled again the sweet scent of her hair as her hand caressed him and her voice talked to him. Then she got up suddenly and left him, and he did not move while he waited for her. In a

moment she was back with a basin of water and a cloth. Gently she washed the blood from his eyes and mouth: And still Barea made no move. He scarcely breathed. But Nepeese saw the little quivers that shot through his body when her hand touched him, like electric shocks.
"He beat you with a club," she was saying, her dark eyes within a foot of Barea's. "He beat you! That man-beast!"
There came an interruption. The door opened, and the man-beast stood looking down on them, a grin on his red face. Instantly Barea showed that he was alive. He sprang back from under the Willow's hand with a sudden snarl and faced McTaggart. The hair of his spine stood up like a brush; his fangs gleamed menacingly, and his eyes burned like living coals.
"There is a devil in him," said McTaggart. "He is wild—born of the wolf. You must be careful or he will take off a hand, ka sakahet!" It was the first time he had called her that lover's name in Cree—sweetheart!
Her heart pounded. She bent her head for a moment over her clenched hands, and McTaggart—looking down on what he thought her confusion—laid his hand caressingly on her hair. From the door Pierrot had heard the word, and now he saw the caress, and he raised a hand as if to shut out the sight of a sacrifice.
"Mon Dieu!" he breathed.

In the next instant he had given a sharp cry of wonder that mingled with a sudden yell of pain from McTaggart. Like a flash Barea had darted across the floor and fastened his teeth in the factor's leg. They had bitten deep before McTaggart freed himself with a powerful kick. With an oath he snatched his revolver from his holster. The Willow was ahead of him. With a little cry she darted to Barea and caught him in her arms. As she looked up at Mc-

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moment she was back with a basin of water and a cloth. Gently she washed the blood from his eyes and mouth: And still Barea made no move. He scarcely breathed. But Nepeese saw the little quivers that shot through his body when her hand touched him, like electric shocks.
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