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FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE KAZAN KNOWS THE JOY OF PERFECT FREEDOM — HOW HE MEETS THE CHALLENGE OF A HUGE GRAY WOLF.

Kazan is a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter gray wolf. He saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air, and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense, and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was his cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed, and he growled deep in his throat.

He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge mountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and the day was like twilight.

Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence.

pursuing and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed. But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him whine, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it, and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning—but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that it had never known before.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him. Down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now.

For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

CHAPTER V. Leader of the Pack.

All that night Kazan kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for

him. He still bore the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him to pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and then where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a caribou on the edge of the lake, and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The smell of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the temptation.

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack hunted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south, and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away.

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him, and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular.

Not until the last quiver had left the body over him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited, while the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, nosed in between two of them, and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristling like brushes. The fatal ring of wolves drew about the fighters.

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hemmed him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Shoulder to shoulder they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated mongrel dogs from the south would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still, their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails free and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the swiftness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. In that same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and like knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat—and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound told Kazan that his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood—to shield his throat, and wait. Twice the wolf circled about him,

and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the nimbleness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body, Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hole. It was another miss—a hair's breadth—and before he could recover, the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

How Kazan chooses a mate and learns the joys of bossing a wolf pack is described vividly in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHEN ONE'S LIFE IS SHAPED

Not in the Cradle, But From 12 to 18 Years of Age, Prof. Earl Barnes Declares.

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world? Nonsense; it only handles the material. The time of the shaping of life is from twelve to eighteen years old; that is the formative period. All great educators know that," Earl Barnes said in his lecture on Jean Christophe at Pittsburgh. It was the last of six studies in genius given by Mr. Barnes before the University Extension society.

Racial Differences.

A new idea is that races of men may be differentiated chemically, just as they are separated by easily seen physical or anatomical peculiarities of make-up, hair, skin, etc. In the blood of Germans a count of 4,570,000 white corpuscles per cubic millimeter has been made, while a similar count in the blood of French has shown an average of 5,500,000; and it is believed that other racial differences quite as notable will be revealed when a wide comparative study shall have been made. The study as suggested would include the density of organs, viscosity of the blood, and the general chemical relations of the various parts of the body. It is pointed out that the results might clear up the mystery of the immunity of certain races to certain diseases, explain the cat-and-dog antipathies of some races, and show us why certain instincts and appetites are so persistent in various people. Doctor Barillon foresees that the chemical test of races would even greatly aid in shaping immigration and marriage laws.

War on Mosquitoes.

The New Jersey Mosquito Extermination association has asked the legislature of that state to appropriate \$100,000 for prosecution of scientific warfare on mosquitoes. This sum will be supplementary to funds provided by counties, cities and towns in the state for the same purpose. Part of the work consists in drainage of extensive salt marshes, filling in lowlands, studying the habits of the insects, oiling pools, etc. It is expected that in the course of the campaign more than 200,000 acres of now useless land where the insects propagate will be redeemed and made agriculturally available.

New York City as a State.

Col. J. B. Bellinger wants the city of New York elevated into a new state. To that end he would have annexed to it adjacent slices of Connecticut and New Jersey. In his opinion erection of the city into a state would bring power to solve complicated problems, such as transportation and food distribution. Should his idea be adopted the new state would possess the unique distinction of being the only state in the Union without an agricultural area or farming population.

Gold in History.

Gold was known from the earliest historic times, and is mentioned in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis. At first it was chiefly used for ornaments. The trade of the goldsmith is mentioned in the fourth verse of the seventeenth chapter of Judges, in connection with the overlaying of idols with gold leaf.

The Lady Spoke Last.

A five-year-old girl and a three-year-old girl were talking. "I'm older than you," said the boy, elated over the fact. Said the girl, "Well, I'm newer than you!"

The Conclusion.

"The Smiths rejoicing in the increase of pay their boy had received," "Ah, so to speak, basking in the sun's rays."

SILLO QUALIFICATIONS.

It should be air-tight, to keep the air out and the juices in. It should be smooth, to permit the silage to settle without leaving air spaces along the wall. It should be constructed of durable material which will not decay or blow down. The diameter should be such that from two to three inches of silage will be fed off each day. There is an advantage in the tall silo, because the silage at the bottom is compressed by the weight of that above. It should be so built that it can withstand the bursting pressure of the silage. The weight of silage differs from year to year, according to the amount of moisture in the silage.

FEEDING FARM WORK HORSES

Farmers Are Urged to Utilize Home-Grown Feeds to Fullest Extent—Grain Is Essential.

In feeding horses utilize home-grown feeds to the fullest extent. In a section where corn can be well matured, this grain ought to constitute the greater portion of the concentrated feed for work horses.

Corn alone can be used as a grain feed for work horses if a good quality of alfalfa or clover hay is fed for roughage. When combined with mixed hay or timothy hay, a grain combination of three parts corn and one part oats by weight is a satisfactory mixture.

If oats are scarce and high in price, cottonseed-meal or oilmeal may be substituted for the protein furnished by the oats. One-third to one-half pound of linseed meal will, with the amount secured through mixed hay, furnish sufficient protein for a 1,500-pound working horse.

A horse at farm work requires from 1 1/4 to 1 1/2 pounds of grain per 100 pounds live weight daily. Feed grain sufficient to keep the horse in good working condition. Hay may be limited to the standard of a pound of hay to 100 pounds live weight daily. Reduce the grain one-half on days when the horse is idle to avoid azoturia.

ENTRANCE IS CATTLE-PROOF

Posts Arranged in Such Manner as to Admit Person, but Always Closed to Animals.

To make a gate that a person can enter but cattle cannot go through, set one post in each direction about eight inches apart, or so you can go through with ease, says a Minnesota writer in The Farmer. In a fence running east and west, place one post on



Cattle-Proof Gate.

the west, one on the north, one on the east, and one on the south. Nail the rails on the two posts east and west, and you will have an entrance that is always open for a person but closed to a cow. Put one of these gates in your cowyard fence where you enter often.

SWISS CHARD FOR CHICKENS

Leaves Make Best of Green Food for Fowls, and Many Raise It Especially for That Purpose.

Swiss chard is fine if not allowed to get too large. It should be kept picked rather closely. The leaves make the best of green food for the hens and chickens, and many poultry keepers raise it especially for this purpose.

MOST NUTRITIOUS OF FOODS

Sweet Corn Is More Easily Dried Than Almost Any Other Vegetable—Plant Good Supply.

(By R. W. THATCHER, Minnesota Experiment Station.)

Dried sweet corn is one of the most nutritious foods. Sweet corn is more easily dried than almost any other garden vegetable. For these reasons very large amounts of sweet corn should be dried this summer for use next winter. It can be planted on small tracts or in large fields and is one of the most easily cultivated garden crops.

For table use, small lots of quick-maturing varieties like the Early Golden Bantam should be planted; but for drying for a winter use, the larger and heavier yielding sorts, as Country Gentleman and Stowell's Evergreen, should be used.

Let everyone who has a garden of field available plant plenty of sweet corn to give a summer supply and a large excess to be dried for winter use.