

# KAZAN

## JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



KAZAN ONCE MORE PERFORMS A GREAT SERVICE AND WINS JOAN'S LIFE-LONG AFFECTION.

**Synopsis.**—Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves the life of Thorpe, his master, and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even Thorpe is afraid to touch Kazan, who has been made savage by brutality, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection instantly. On the way northward, McCready, a dog team driver, joins the party and at night beats the master to insensibility and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills McCready, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a mate, Gray Wolf, and soon afterward drives off the pack which had attacked Pierre, a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Kazan submits to adoption through kindness. Pierre is near death.

### CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Kazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.

"Almost, father. Won't you please come—soon?"

"After I smoke," he said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes. I'm so tired—and—sleepy—"

Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat.

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Forty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of air-holes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father? You're tired—and almost sick."

"Yes—after I smoke," he repeated.

"Joan, will you keep reminding me tomorrow of the air-holes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the air-holes—"

"Yes—"

Pierre dropped the tent-flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew, also, that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them! He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still, and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp; he wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that stony silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick, gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the north came faintly a crisp, moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of his muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a warning note in which there was more than the mate-call. It was the Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as he wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are ewly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Out of the Blizzard.

It was dawn when the baby snuggled close to Joan's warm breast and wakened her with its cry of hunger. He opened her eyes, brushed back the sick hair from her face, and could see here the shadowy form of her father as lying at the other side of the tent. He was very quiet, and she was eased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for an hour longer she lay quiet, doing softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on

her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bitterly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out. Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left. In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!"

She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible moaning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard so sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the air-holes, the home forty miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan." He had guessed what might happen.

She huddled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she

drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles! She clutched her hands at her breast, and studded breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much



He Was Very Quiet.

as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forged to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her, she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

What happens to Joan and her baby after she falls unconscious on the sledge is told graphically in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Dried Buttermilk on the Market.** Commercialized dried buttermilk is a new feed. The first carload of it reached Chicago for a company which controls the output of 20,000,000 pounds annually. It is to be used for special mixing feed for fattening poultry and hogs.—Chicago Herald.

## GRAVEL ROAD WORK

Construction Is Usually Divided Into Two Entirely Distinct Classes.

### SUBGRADE FOR THE SURFACE

Some of the Most Important Details Requiring Careful Attention Are Frequently Overlooked—Some Precautions to Observe.

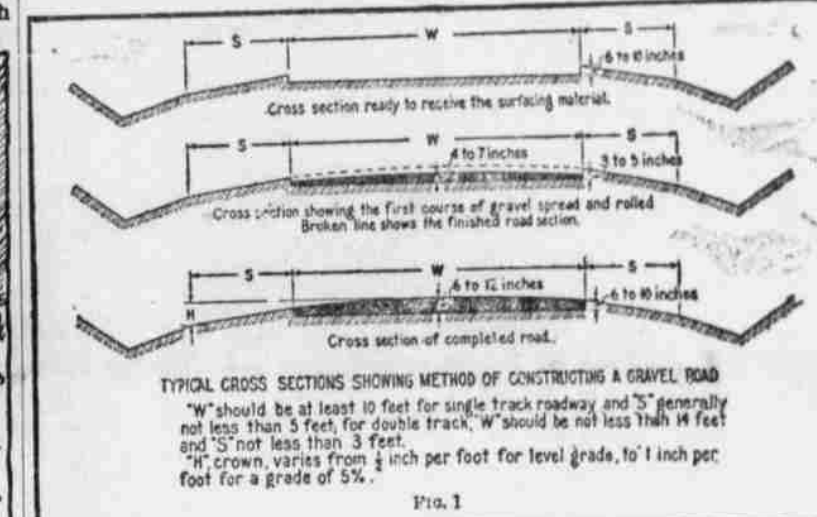
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Figure 1 shows a typical cross section for a gravel-road surface and indicates the customary steps involved in the construction of such a surface. The limiting thicknesses shown on this cross section are by no means followed universally, but are believed to represent the best current practice. The minimum thickness shown is supposed to be employed where the traffic is light and the subgrade is uniformly stable, while the maximum thickness is adapted for opposite conditions. Perhaps the most usual compacted thickness of surface is eight inches at the center and six inches at the edges. The difference in thickness between the edges and center is effected by making the crown of the subgrade flatter than that of the surface.

The construction of a gravel road usually is divided into two entirely distinct classes of work. The work of grading and preparing the subgrade falls into one class, and that of hauling, spreading and compacting the gravel into the other. The first class of work has been discussed at considerable length in connection with earth and sand-clay roads, but since it is desired to emphasize certain features of subgrade preparation that are of increased importance in connection with gravel-road construction, both classes of work will be considered in the following discussion:

#### Preparation of the Subgrade.

In grading the roadbed and preparing the subgrade for a gravel surface, it should be borne in mind also that the more expensive a road surface, the greater should be the care exercised to prevent it from being damaged



TYPICAL CROSS SECTIONS SHOWING METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING A GRAVEL ROAD. "W" should be at least 10 feet for single track roadway and "S" generally not less than 5 feet, for double track, "W" should be not less than 14 feet and "S" not less than 3 feet. "H" crown, varies from 1/2 inch per foot for level grade, to 1 inch per foot for a grade of 5%.

through settlement or upheaval of the subgrade, and the greater should be the accuracy with which the subgrade is constructed, so that no unnecessary surfacing material may be required to correct irregularities in grade and cross section. No matter what the soil conditions may be, the subgrade for a gravel road surface, when completed, should conform closely in grade and cross section with the requirements of the plans and should present an even, uniform appearance. Also, it should be as firm and unyielding as the conditions will permit.

Some of the most important details requiring careful attention in preparing the subgrade, and which are perhaps most frequently overlooked, are (1) backfilling culvert trenches so as to prevent subsequent settlement, (2) exclusion of vegetable matter from fills, (3) provision for draining wet-weather springs which occur in the subgrade, and (4) the matter of thoroughly loosening and distributing the materials contained in old road crusts.

After the roadbed has been graded and drained properly, and the details mentioned above have received proper attention, the work of preparing the subgrade consists simply in forming a trench, as shown in figure 1, to receive the gravel surface. The trench may be formed largely with a grading machine, but the final shaping should be effected by means of picks and shovels and rolling. It is customary to provide grade stakes at intervals of about 50 feet, to serve as a guide for the pick and shovel work, and where extreme accuracy is desired cords may be stretched between the stakes to insure that the subgrade conforms to the required grade throughout. The rolling is done ordinarily with a power roller weighing about ten tons.

In order that the subgrade may be well drained during the process of spreading and compacting the gravel it is frequently necessary to provide shoulder drains at comparatively short intervals. Such drains are constructed by opening small ditches through the shoulders and partially filling them with gravel.

#### The Gravel Surface.

The principal precautions to observe in constructing a gravel road surface, after the subgrade is prepared, may be commented upon briefly as follows:

1. The gravel should be delivered on the work in wagons or cars especially adapted for spreading each load uniformly over that part of the subgrade for which it is intended. Where

loads are dumped all in one spot and spread later with shovels, as is done frequently, it is very difficult to secure uniform density of the surface crust by subsequent harrowing and rolling. The spots where the loads are dumped nearly always will be more densely compacted than the areas between, and, as a result, uneven settlement will develop soon.

2. The gravel should be spread in two or more courses, and the thickness of the different courses should be approximately the same, except that the first course may be made somewhat thicker than the succeeding courses, because, in general, a thicker layer of gravel may be compacted on the subgrade than when spread over a layer of gravel already compacted. It usually is impracticable to have the compacted thickness of any course greater than about 5 inches, and quite frequently 3 or 4 inches is as much as can be compacted satisfactorily at one time.

3. After each course of gravel is spread it should be harrowed with a tooth harrow until the various sizes of particles and the binder or cementing material are distributed thoroughly through the mass. Then it should be compacted by rolling with a power roller weighing about 10 tons, or by means of traffic. Where a roller is employed the rolling should be continued until the particles of gravel are all well bonded together and the surface presents a smooth, uniform appearance. When completed, the surface of each course should be so firm and unyielding that it will not be disturbed in any way by subsequent traffic.

4. Where it is necessary to add sand or clay to the gravel in order to fill the voids, it should be done after each course is spread and before it is harrowed, except that with some kinds of gravel it may be permissible to add a limited amount of fine material to the surface of the top course after the harrowing is completed and the rolling is in progress.

5. Where the binder consists of some material other than clay, it may be desirable to sprinkle each course with water while it is being rolled, and even where clay is used as a binder a small amount of sprinkling may be necessary in dry weather in order to secure a satisfactory bond. The sprinkling always should be done uniformly and in such quantities as not to wash the fine material out from the gravel or to soften the subgrade.

6. When the road surface is com-

plete it should be uniform in grade and cross section. If depressions occur under the roller they should be corrected by adding gravel and continuing the rolling, and this should be kept up until no depressions or appreciable waves are produced by the roller in moving back and forth over the surface.

7. After the road is opened to traffic it should be watched very carefully for several months and all defects which develop should be corrected immediately. The work of maintaining the road until the surface no longer "picks up" or ravel under traffic should be considered an essential feature of the construction. When traffic is depended upon to compact the gravel, much dragging usually is necessary in order to secure a smooth, well-bonded surface. In fact, the cost of dragging, under such conditions, frequently may exceed the cost of securing a well-bonded surface by means of rolling.

The construction method described above is modified quite frequently by omitting the subgrade trench and the rolling. The practice followed in many localities is simply to grade up the roadbed and heap gravel along the central portion. Traffic is then depended upon to spread and compact the gravel and produce a uniform surface. While some of the roads constructed in this way are great improvements over the original earth roads they are nearly always crowned too much for comfortable driving, and seldom wear as well as when the more careful method of construction is followed. It is believed, therefore, that in the long run it usually pays to employ a trenched subgrade and to compact the surface by rolling, though a possible exception to the economy of a trenched subgrade may exist where good gravel may be obtained very cheap. In this case it may be cheaper to surface the entire roadway than to incur the additional expense of trenching and constructing earth shoulders.

#### TO DESTROY SHEEP SORREL

Weed Cannot Be Entirely Exterminat-ed by Mowing, but It Can Be Weakened to Great Extent.

Sheep sorrel cannot be entirely exterminated by mowing, but it can be greatly weakened. The weed should be mown as soon as the flowering stalks have attained full size, but before they have commenced to turn red.

## IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally. Else we have backache and dull pains in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, indigestion, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of the Salts from any good drug store and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys will then act like new. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent beverage; water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says: "I sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney troubles while it is only trouble."

#### The Situation.

Clerk—I would like more salary, as I am going to get married.  
Employer—Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I am going to get married myself.—Boston Transcript.

#### No Doubt of It.

"Is young Smith well furnished with mental paraphernalia?"  
"Yes, indeed; his pa got him the most expensive makes of 'em"—his change.

#### HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS

Clear Skin and Good Hair by Using Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Besides these fragrant, super-creamy emollients prevent little skin troubles becoming serious by keeping the pores free from obstruction. Nothing better at any price for all toilet purposes.  
Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

#### A Flying Start.

As the result of lectures administered to him by both his father and the young woman of his choice, a certain young man decided to turn over a new leaf and show some interest in business.

"Well Molly," said he to the girl one evening. "I am really going into business in earnest. Made a beginning already today."  
"Good!" exclaimed Molly. "And what was the nature of your start?"  
"I ordered my tailor to make me a business suit."—New York Times.

#### Unwise.

Your right to blow your horn may be a fact beyond dispute; But it's not wise, to say the least, To go upon a toot.

—Boston Transcript.

#### THE LAST EXAMINATION OF WAR'S DRAFT.

Many a man has fallen down because a test of his water showed unmistakably that he had kidney disease.

The kidneys are the scavengers and they work day and night in separating the poisons from the blood. Their signals of distress are easily recognized and include such symptoms as backache, depression, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic twinges, dropsy, gout.  
The very best way to restore to kidneys their normal state of health and cure such symptoms," says Dr. Pierce, of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. "is to drink plenty of water and obtain from your favorite pharmacy a small amount of An-uric, double strength, which is dispensed by almost every druggist." You will find Anuric more potent than lithia, dissolve uric acid as water does sugar.  
Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. and ask for advice if there is need.

#### Natural Conclusion.

"It says here that the famous green corn dance of the Seminoles is described by an eye-witness as a wild, grotesque series of leaps and contortions to the weird music of a dirge-like, mournful chant."  
"Ump—then it must be a cross between one of these here classic outdoor dances and a boy with a green apple stomach ache."—Florida Times Union.



I Made an Automobile Expert of This Man in Just Seven Weeks. DO YOU WANT TO BE AN EXPERT?

Automobile Driver, Automobile Repairman, Automobile Salesman, Gas Tractor Engineer, Stationary Engineer, and earn from \$100 to \$500 per month? If you have two hours a day and a common sense education, I can make you an expert in any of these trades in just six to eight weeks. I prove it by my "Free Trial." Write today for booklet and a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start. ADcox AUTO AND GAS ENGINE SCHOOL. 389 Burnside Street, Portland, Ore.