

# KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

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## CHAPTER XVI.

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Professor McGill.

Red Gold City was ripe for a night of relaxation. There had been some gambling, a few fights and enough liquor to create excitement now and then, but the presence of the mounted police had served to keep things unusually tame compared with events a few hundred miles farther north, in the Dawson country. The entertainment proposed by Sandy McTrigger and Jan Harker met with excited favor. The news spread for twenty miles about Red Gold City and there had never been greater excitement in the town than on the afternoon and night of the big fight. This was largely because Kazan and the huge Dane had been placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages. Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north, and bred to the traces. Betting favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were risking their money on him were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red light in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear:

"I'd bet on 'im even. I'd give odds if I had to. He'll fight all around the Dane. The Dane won't have no method."

"But he's got the weight," said the other dubiously. "Look at his jaws, an' his shoulders—"

"An' his big feet, an' his soft throat, an' the clumsy thickness of his belly," interrupted the Kootenay man. "For heaven's sake, man, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan had snarled at all these faces about him. But now he lay back against the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage ten feet square rested on a platform three and a half feet from the floor. Seats for the three hundred spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors.

It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. The big Dane was already in the fighting cage. He stood blinking his eyes in the brilliant light of the reflecting lamps. He pricked up his ears when he saw Kazan. Kazan did not show his fangs. Neither revealed the expected animosity. It was the first they had seen of each other, and a murmur of disappointment swept the ranks of the three hundred men. The Dane remained as motionless as a rock when Kazan was prodded from his own cage into the fighting cage. He did not leap or snarl. He regarded Kazan with a dubious questioning poise to his splendid head, and then looked again to the expectant and excited faces of the waiting men. For a few moments Kazan stood stiff-legged, facing the Dane. Then his shoulders dropped, and he, too, coolly faced the crowd that had expected a fight to the death. A laugh of derision swept through the closely seated rows. Catcalls, jeering, taunts flung at McTrigger and Harker, and angry voices demanding their money back mingled with a tumult of growing discontent. Sandy's face was red with mortification and rage. The blue veins in Harker's forehead had swollen twice their normal size. He shook his fist in the face of the crowd, and shouted:

"Wait! Give 'em a chance, you fools!"

At his words every voice was stilled. Kazan had turned. He was facing the Dane. The Dane had turned his eyes to Kazan. Cautiously, prepared for a lunge or a sidestep, Kazan advanced a little. The Dane's shoulders bristled. He, too, advanced upon Kazan. Four feet apart they stood rigid. One could have heard a whisper in the room now. Sandy and Harker, standing close to the cage, scarcely breathed. Splendid in every limb and muscle, warriors of a hundred fights, and fearless to the point of death, the two half-wolf victims of man stood facing each other. None could see the questioning look in their brute eyes. None knew that in this thrilling moment the unseen hand of the wonderful Spirit God of the wilderness hovered between them, and that one of its miracles was descending upon them. It was understanding. Meeting in the open—rivals in the traces—they would have been rolling

In the final moment, when only a step separated them, and when men expected to see the first mad lunge, the splendid Dane slowly raised his head and looked over Kazan's back through the glare of the lights. Harker trembled, and under his breath he cursed. The Dane's throat was open to Kazan. But between the beasts had passed the voiceless pledge of peace. Kazan did not leap. He turned. And shoulder to shoulder—splendid in their contempt of man—they stood and looked through the bars of their prison into the one of human faces.

A roar burst from the crowd—a roar of anger, of demand, of threat. In his rage Harker drew a revolver and leveled it at the Dane. Above the tumult of the crowd a single voice stopped him.

"Hold!" it demanded. "Hold—in the name of the law!"

For a moment there was silence. Every face turned in the direction of the voice. Two men stood on chairs behind the last row. One was Sergeant Brokaw of the Royal Northwest Mounted. It was he who had spoken. He was holding up a hand, commanding silence and attention. On the chair beside him stood another man. He was thin, with drooping shoulders, and a pale smooth face—a little man, whose physique and hollow cheeks told nothing of the years he had spent close up along the raw edge of the Arctic. It was he who spoke now, while the sergeant held up his hand. His voice was low and quiet:

"I'll give the owners five hundred dollars for those dogs," he said.

Every man in the room heard the offer. Harker looked at Sandy. For an instant their heads were close together.

"They won't fight, and they'll make good team-mates," the little man went on. "I'll give the owners five hundred dollars."

Harker raised a hand.

"Make it six," he said. "Make it six and they're yours."

The little man hesitated. Then he nodded.

"I'll give you six hundred," he agreed.

Murmurs of discontent rose throughout the crowd. Harker climbed to the edge of the platform.

"We ain't to blame because they wouldn't fight," he shouted, "but if there's any of you small enough to

night. Then she made herself a nest under a bansian shrub, and waited until dawn.

Just how she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air and whining. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand-bar, and in the fringe of thick bush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened. After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when the shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood.

She knew it was the blood of her mate, for the scent of him was all about her in the sand, mingled with the man-smell of Sandy McTrigger. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She found the fallen tree to which he had been tied. And then she came upon one of the two clubs that Sandy had used to beat wounded Kazan into submission. It was covered with blood and hair, and all at once Gray Wolf lay back on her haunches and turned her blind face to the sky, and there rose from her throat a cry for Kazan that drifted for miles on the wings of the south wind. Never had Gray Wolf given quite that cry before. It was not the "call" that comes with the moonlit nights, and neither was it the hunt-cry, nor the she-wolf's yearning for matehood. It carried with it the lament of death. And after that one cry Gray Wolf slunk back to the fringe of bush over the river, and lay with her face turned to the stream.

A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been alone in that darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if from out of another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it, and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulders twitched tremulously and she shivered as if stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on the plain. It was different. It frightened her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For an hour she lay motionless, with her head resting on the club clogged with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and the stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She could not see that the day was almost as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was a chaos of slumbering storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could feel the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall from the south and west. The distant rumbling of thunder grew louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished she slunk out from her shelter like a thing beaten. Vainly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean. Again the sand was white where Kazan's blood had reddened it. Even under the tree there was no sign of him left.

Until now only the terror of being alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was this hunger that drew her from the sand-bar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs.

Thirty-six hours before this Kazan and Gray Wolf had left a half of their last kill a mile or two farther back on the plain. The kill was one of the big barren rabbits, and Gray Wolf turned in its direction. She did not require sight to find it. In her was developed to its finest point that sixth sense of the animal kingdom, the sense of orientation, and as straight as a pigeon might have winged its flight she cut through the bush to the spot where they had cached the rabbit. A white fox had been there ahead of her, and she found only scattered bits of hair and fur. What the fox had left the moose birds and bush jays had carried away. Hungry Gray Wolf turned back to the river.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone in Darkness.

Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed the shooting of Kazan and his capture by Sandy McTrigger. For hours after the shot she crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her belly, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate.

Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she moved restlessly about in a small circle on the plain, and sent out her first inquiring call for Kazan. Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nearness of man, that was keeping Kazan from her. But she went no nearer than that first circle made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Lock, when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never called her. Three



She Had Faith That He Would Come.

want your money back you can get it as you go out. The dogs 'aid down on us, that's all. We ain't to blame."

The little man was edging his way between the chairs, accompanied by the sergeant of police. With his pale face close to the sapling bars of the cage he looked at Kazan and the big Dane.

"I guess we'll be good friends," he said, and he spoke so low that only the dogs heard his voice. "It's a big price, but we'll charge it to the Smithsonian, lads. I'm going to need a couple of four-footed friends of your moral caliber."

And no one knew why Kazan and the Dane drew nearer to the little scientist's side of the cage as he pulled out a big roll of bills and counted out six hundred dollars for Harker and Sandy McTrigger.

Naming Cities for Dates.

What is, perhaps, the oddest of all ways to select a name for a city or street is to name it for a certain date, and yet this has been done in Brazil for hundreds of years. It was on January 1, 1531, that a Portuguese captain, Alphonso de Souza by name, entered the mouth of that marvelously beautiful bay, on the shores of which now stands the capital of the vast republic of Brazil. Thinking that he was sailing into a great river, he named the stream Rio de Janeiro, or January river, and all through the centuries

## The Beautiful Bethlehem Bells

Over the roar of the cities, over the hills and the dells, With a message of peace to the nations, ring the beautiful Bethlehem bells. Bringing joy to the souls that are sighing in the hovels where poverty dwells— There is life—there is life for the dying, in the beautiful Bethlehem bells.

Far off in a land that is lovely, for the tender sweet story it tells, In the light of a glorious morning rang the beautiful Bethlehem bells: And still in the hearts of creation an anthem exultingly swells. At that memory sweet of the ringing of the beautiful Bethlehem bells.

They ran o'er the hills and the valleys, they summoned the glad world that day, From regions of night to the radiant light of the cot where the Beautiful lay. And forever and ever and ever a wonderful melody dwells in the tender sweet ringing and singing of the beautiful Bethlehem bells.

For they sing of a love that is deathless—a love that still triumphs in loss; They sing of the love that is leading the world to the Calvary cross; Ring sweet o'er the sound of the cities—ring sweet o'er the hills and the dells And touch us with tenderest pity, oh, beautiful Bethlehem bells!

—Frank L. Stanton.

## CHRISTMAS CHILDHOOD.

Christmas is, perforce, a winter festival, a family and fraternal reunion. "Suffer little children to come." Lo, they have come. And the music of their child voices! The concert of the morning stars, what were they to the natural untrained melody of innocent childhood in its joyous expectations? A brief, bright morning picture with fervid expectant fancy attuned to "peace and good will to men," a sacred, solemn, confident, joyous, "peace," a "good will" and fraternal friendship that shall fill and fructify and sanctify the year to come.

Ah, childhood, Christmas childhood! See how for one day it mocks the poet's lines, "Some traces of Eden ye still inherit, but the trail of the serpent is over them all. Its own gift is always the best, and it rejoices that Bill and Jim and Little and Sara fare as well. "Peace on earth," but not of earth; "good will" that shall inform the coming year and mold the man and woman of the future.

### First Christmas Celebration.

The birth of Christ was not originally observed at this time of the year. It was not until nearly 100 years after his death that there was any attempt at a celebration of the event at all, and then for 300 years or more it was celebrated at various times in the year by the Christians in different parts of the world. Some chose the 1st and some the 6th of January, others the 20th of March, the time of the Jewish passover, while still others observed the day on the 29th of September, the feast of the Immaculate. The 10th of April and the 20th of May were also kept as the birthday of Christ. By the fifth century, however, the 25th of December was the day generally adopted.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### An Old Anglo-Norman Carol.

Lordings, listen to our lay— We have come from faraway To seek Christmas; In this mansion we are told He his yearly feast doth hold: 'Tis to-day! May joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love!

Lordings, I now tell you true, Christmas bringeth unto you Only mirth; His house he fills with many a dish Of bread and meat and also fish To grace the day. May joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love!

Lordings, through our army's band They say, Who spends with open hand Free and fast, And oft regales his many friends God gives him double what he spends To grace the day. May joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love!

Lordings, wicked men eschew, In them never shall you view Aught that's good; Cowards are the rabble rout, Kick and beat the grumblers out To grace the day. May joy come from God above To all those who Christmas love!

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## When the Angels Sang

WHAT an interest centered in that babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger at Bethlehem! Prophets were interested, angels were interested, the ages have been most deeply interested since. The shepherds had perhaps some premonition. The seventy weeks of Daniel's prophecy were about fulfilled. It may be at that very time they were talking of the coming of Christ.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by a strange sight in the heavens. It grew brighter and took the form of an angel, and then they heard a voice announcing the birth of Christ as glad tidings for all people, not to the Jews only. Then suddenly the air was filled with angels singing as if they had come right out from the air.

We know not their wonderful song, but part came to mortal ears, "Glory to God in the highest," etc. We know not who those angels were, but we fancy they were the redeemed. Adam was there; Eve was there. Eve, who in her maternal earnestness declared at the birth of her firstborn, "I have got a man from the Lord," hoping that that was he who should bruise the serpent's head. Now, in the fullness of time she had come to witness the birth of the babe who was to be the Saviour of her race. David, Elijah, Moses, the patriarchs, we believe, were with the heavenly host.

This song reveals three things:

First.—The glorification of God through the incarnation. God has glory through his vast work in nature, his providence building up and casting down nations, etc.

In the incarnation there was special glory. It was glory to God in the highest—highest, in that it was above all other glory, in that it extended to all time and in that it wrought such wondrous good.

Second.—The great results to the earth. It would result in peace. Strifes, thorns and thistles were abounding. The earth was torn and bleeding by constant contention. With Christ came peace. The result would be universal peace.

Third.—The effect on the individual man. "Good will toward men," from one another, from God. Out of this good will would finally spring peace on earth and glory to God in the highest.—Dr. Matthew Simpson.

### To Make a True Christmas.

Don't forget the lonely, the suffering, the poor, on Christmas. Remember that the first and greatest Christmas gift was sent not to the rich and powerful, but to the poor and needy. Give to those who are near and dear to you, but somewhere, somehow, in your ordinary life find some one who is near and dear to no one else and make Christmas for him or her.

### Some Christmas Legends

There is a Bosnian legend that the sun leaps in the heavens and the stars dance around it. A great peace comes stealing down over mountain and forest. The rotten stumps stand straight and green on the hillside. The grass is befloored with blossoms, and the birds sing on the mountain tops in thanks to God. In Poland the heavens open and Jacob's ladder is set up between earth and sky. In Austria the candles are set in the window that the Christ Child may not stumble when he comes to bless the home. In north Germany the tables are spread and the lights left burning for the incoming of the Virgin Mary and her attending angel.

The English superstition is admirably voiced by the myriad-minded Shakespeare in "Hamlet":

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes wherein our Lord's birth is celebrated, the bird of dawn singeth all night long. And then they say no spirit can walk abroad. The nights are wholesome. Then no fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm. So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

## Christmas Gifts of a Century Ago

In a New York newspaper of 1814 Christmas gifts were advertised as follows:

"An assortment of books, well calculated for the amusement and instruction of Young Persons, among which are—Barton's Lectures on Female Education and Manners; Foster's Essays on various subjects; Rasselas—Chateaubriand's Nature, an excellent little book, price 3s.; Burder's Village Sermons; Mrs. Chopson's Letters on the Improvement of the Mind."

"A. T. Goodrich, No. 21 Broadway, corner of Cedar street, has just received an extensive assortment of fancy articles, Books, Prints, Medicines, Landscapes and small books for children, that are well adapted for purchase or gift, at this season of complimentary presents."

"By the last arrival from Europe, were also received several of the latest and best Novels, Poems and Miscellaneous Works;

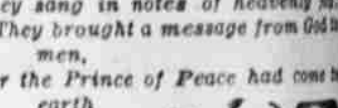
"Fine letterpaper; visiting cards; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Books; Wallets; Memorandum Books; Fine Penknives; Cases of Best Silver Eyed Needles; Opera Glasses and Snuff Boxes."

## The Christmas Story

HERE was peace on the lone, lone hills. And the shepherds watched their flocks by night, When there came from the silent, starry sky A burst of glory, a dazzling light, And the angel choir from far away Sang "Peace on earth, good will to men."

And we hear the song o'er laps of years As it echoes in our hearts again. They sang in notes of heavenly joy: They brought a message from God to men, For the Prince of Peace had come to earth And a child was born at Bethlehem. The Christ had come, the King of kings, That we might God in His beauty see And hearts be light in blessed hope That death should be swallowed in victory.

And they left their flocks and hastened on To the city of David to see the babe, The Saviour of men and the Son of God, The humble child in a manger laid, And they marvel at that which had come to pass And return with glory and praise to God, While the chorus echoes within their hearts As back to the lonely hills they pass. As the shepherds of old, let us haste on This Christmas day to Bethlehem town.

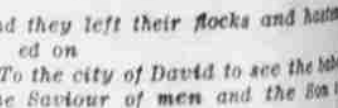


To be with him through all the whole of life. To bear the cross and to gain the crown. No more shall we find him a lonely child. But there forever with God above, He watches and guides our feeble steps Till he bears us home with his infinite love.

How sweetly, how gladly to all the world There comes a message of hope today, For Christ is born and man is free And pain and sorrow must pass away. How sweetly and silently into the heart The Christ Child comes this blessed night To make us noble and good and true, For the light of the world is a wondrous sight.

Dear Christ, may we follow with willing hearts The path of duty, where thou hast led, That sin and shame may have no part, And that joy may fill our souls in stead, And on this thy glorious natal day We shall catch the sound as the glad bells ring Till we hear thy summons to come away And in heaven above thy presence sing.

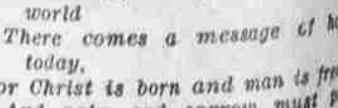
—Rev. Norman Van Pelt Lewis in Philadelphia Public Ledger.



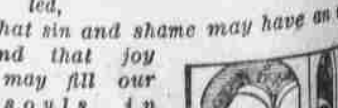
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