

KAZAN

By
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BECAUSE OF KAZAN'S DEVOTION TO HIS NEW MISTRESS, HE IS GIVEN A FRIGHTFUL AND UNJUST BEATING.

Kazan is a huge and 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. Even the master is afraid to touch the dog, but Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his instant devotion. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party and immediately Kazan tries to attack him. Even Isobel finds it hard to quiet the dog.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Kazan paid no attention to him. Another form had approached out of the night, and stood now in the circle of illumination made by the lanterns. It was McCready, who was to accompany Thorpe and his young wife back to the Red River camp, where Thorpe was in charge of the building of the new Transcontinental. The man was straight, powerfully built and clean-shaven. His jaw was so square that it was brutal, and there was a glow in his eyes that was almost like the passion in Kazan's as he looked at Isobel. McCready shifted his gaze, and instantly her hand fell on Kazan's head. For the first time the dog did not seem to feel her touch. He still snarled at McCready, the rumbling menace in his throat growing deeper. Thorpe's wife tugged at the chain.

"Down, Kazan—down!" she commanded.

At the sound of her voice he relaxed. "Down!" she repeated, and her free hand fell on his head again. He slunk to her feet. But his lips were still drawn back. Thorpe was watching him. He wondered at the deadly venom that shot from the wolfish eyes, and looked at McCready. The big guide had uncoiled his long dog-whip. A strange look had come into his face. He was staring hard at Kazan. Suddenly he leaned forward, with both hands on his knees, and for a tense moment or two he seemed to forget that Isobel Thorpe's wonderful blue eyes were looking at him.

"Hoo-koosh, Pedro—charge!"

That one word—charge—was taught only to the dogs in the service of the Northwest Mounted police. Kazan did not move. McCready straightened, and, quick as a shot, sent the long lash of his whip curling out into the night with a crack like a pistol report.

"Charge, Pedro—charge!"

The rumble in Kazan's throat deepened to a snarling growl, but not a muscle of his body moved. McCready turned to Thorpe.

"I could have sworn that I knew that dog," he said. "If it's Pedro, he's bad!"

Thorpe was taking the chain. Only the girl saw the look that came for an instant into McCready's face. It made her shiver. A few minutes before, when the train first stopped at Les Pas, she had offered her hand to this man, and she had seen the same thing then. But even as she shuddered she recalled the many things her husband had told her of the forest people. She had grown to love them, to admire their big, rough manhood and loyal hearts, before he had brought her among them; and suddenly she smiled at McCready, struggling to overcome that thrill of fear and dislike.

"He doesn't like you," she laughed at him softly. "Won't you make friends with him?"

She drew Kazan toward him, with Thorpe holding the end of the chain. McCready came to her side as she bent over the dog. His back was to Thorpe as he hunched down. Isobel's bowed head was within a foot of his face. He could see the glow in her cheek and the pouting curve of her mouth as she quieted the low rumbling in Kazan's throat. Thorpe stood ready to pull back on the chain, but for a moment McCready was between him and his wife, and he could not see McCready's face. The man's eyes

were not on Kazan. He was staring at the girl.

"You're brave," he said. "I don't dare do that. He would take off my hand!"

He took the lantern from Thorpe and led the way to a narrow snow-path branching off from the track. Hidden back in the thick spruce was the camp that Thorpe had left a fortnight before. There were two tents there now in place of the one that he and his guide had used. A big fire was burning in front of them. Close to the fire was a long sledge, and fastened to trees just within the outer circle of firelight Kazan saw the shadowy forms and gleaming eyes of his teammates. He stood stiff and motionless while Thorpe fastened him to a sledge. Once more he was back in his forests—and in command. His mistress was laughing and clapping her hands delightedly in the excitement of the strange and wonderful life of which she had now become a part. Thorpe had thrown back the flap of their tent, and she was entering ahead of him. She did not look back. She spoke no word to him. He whined, and turned his red eyes on McCready.

In the tent Thorpe was saying:

"I'm sorry old Jackpine wouldn't go back with us, Issy. He drove me down, but for love or money I couldn't get him to return. He's a Mission Indian, and I'd give a month's salary to have you see him handle the dogs. I'm not sure about this man McCready. He's a queer chap, the company's agent here tells me, and knows the woods like a book. But dogs don't like a stranger. Kazan isn't going to take to him worth a cent!"

Kazan heard the girl's voice, and stood rigid and motionless listening to it. He did not hear or see McCready when he came up stealthily behind him. The man's voice came as suddenly as a shot at his heels.

"Pedro!"

In an instant Kazan cringed as if touched by a lash.

"Got you that time—didn't I, you old devil!" whispered McCready, his face strangely pale in the firelight. "Changed your name, eh? But I got you—didn't I?"

CHAPTER III.

McCready Pays The Debt.

For a long time after he had uttered those words McCready sat in silence beside the fire. Only for a moment or two at a time did his eyes leave Kazan. After a little, when he was sure



"Not Another Blow!"

that Thorpe and Isobel had retired for the night, he went into his own tent and returned with a flask of whisky. During the next half-hour he drank frequently. Then he went over and sat on the edge of the sledge, just beyond the reach of Kazan's chain.

"Got you, didn't I?" he repeated, the effect of the liquor beginning to show in the glitter of his eyes. "Wonder who changed your name, Pedro. And how did he come by you? Ho, ho, if you could only talk!"

They heard Thorpe's voice inside the tent. It was followed by a low, girlish peal of laughter, and McCready jerked himself erect. His face blazed suddenly red, and he rose to his feet, dropping the flask in his coat pocket. Walking around the fire, he tiptoed cautiously to the shadow of a tree close to the tent and stood there for many minutes listening. His eyes burned with a fiery madness when he returned to the sledge and Kazan. It was midnight before he went into his own tent.

In the warmth of the fire Kazan's eyes slowly closed. He slumbered uneasily, and his brain was filled with troubled pictures. At times he was fighting, and his jaws snapped. At others he was straining at the end of his chain, with McCready or his mistress just out of reach. And then the picture changed. He was running at the head of a splendid team—six dogs of the Royal Northwest Mounted po-

lice—and his master was calling him Pedro! The scene shifted. They were in camp. His master was young and smooth-faced, and he helped from the sledge another man whose hands were fastened in front of him by curious black rings. Again it was later—and he was lying before a great fire. His master was sitting opposite him, with his back to a tent, and as he looked, there came out of the tent the man with the black rings—only now the rings were gone and his hands were free, and in one of them he carried a heavy club. He heard the terrible blow of the club as it fell on his master's head—and the sound of it aroused him from his restless sleep.

He sprang to his feet, his spine stiffening and a snarl in his throat. The fire had died down, and the camp was in the darker gloom that precedes dawn. Through that gloom Kazan saw McCready. Again he was standing close to the tent of his mistress, and he knew now that this was the man who had worn the black iron rings, and that it was he who had beaten him with whip and club for many long days after he had killed his master. McCready heard the menace in his throat and came back quickly to the fire. He began to whistle and draw the half-burned logs together, and as the fire blazed up afresh he shouted to awaken Thorpe and Isobel. In a few minutes Thorpe appeared at the tent-flap and his wife followed him out. Her loose hair rippled in billows of gold about her shoulders, and she sat down on the sledge, close to Kazan, and began brushing it. McCready came up behind her and fumbled among the packages on the sledge. As if by accident, one of his hands buried itself for an instant in the rich tresses that flowed down her back. She did not at first feel the caressing touch of his fingers, and Thorpe's back was toward them.

Only Kazan saw the stealthy movement of the hand, the fondling clutch of the fingers in her hair, and the mad passion burning in the eyes of the man. Quicker than a lynx, the dog had leaped the length of his chain across the sledge. McCready sprang back just in time, and as Kazan reached the end of his chain he was jerked back so that his body struck sidewise against the girl. Thorpe had turned in time to see the end of the leap. He believed that Kazan had sprung at Isobel, and in his horror no word or cry escaped his lips as he dragged her from where she had half fallen over the sledge. He saw that she was not hurt, and he reached for his revolver. It was in his holster in the tent. At his feet was McCready's whip, and in the passion of the moment he seized it and sprang upon Kazan. The dog crouched in the snow. He made no move to escape or to attack. Only once in his life could he remember having received a beating like that which Thorpe inflicted upon him now. But not a whimper or a growl escaped him.

And then, suddenly, his mistress ran forward and caught the whip poised above Thorpe's head.

"Not another blow!" she cried, and something in her voice held him from striking. McCready did not hear what she said then, but a strange look came into Thorpe's eyes, and without a word he followed his wife into their tent.

"Kazan did not leap at me," she whispered, and she was trembling with a sudden excitement. Her face was deathly white. "That man was behind me," she went on, clutching her husband by the arm. "I felt him touch me—and then Kazan sprang. He wouldn't bite me. It's the man! There's something—wrong!"

She was almost sobbing, and Thorpe drew her close in his arms.

"I hadn't thought before—but it's strange," he said. "Didn't McCready say something about knowing the dog? It's possible. Perhaps he's had Kazan before and abused him in a way that the dog has not forgotten. Tomorrow I'll find out. But until I know—will you promise to keep away from Kazan?"

Isobel gave the promise. When they came out from the tent Kazan lifted his great head. The stinging lash had closed one of his eyes and his mouth was dripping blood. Isobel gave a low sob, but did not go near him. Half blinded, he knew that his mistress had stopped his punishment, and he whined softly, and wagged his thick tail in the snow.

Never had he felt so miserable as through the long hard hours of the day that followed, when he broke the trail for his team-mates into the North. One of his eyes was closed and filled with stinging fire, and his body was sore from the blows of the caribou lash. But it was not physical pain that gave the sullen droop to his head and robbed his body of that keen quick alertness of the lead-dog—the commander of his mates. It was his spirit. For the first time in his life, it was broken. McCready had beaten him—long ago; his master had beaten him; and during all this day their voices were fierce and venomous in his ears. But it was his mistress who hurt him most. She held aloof from him, always beyond the reach of his leash; and when they stopped to rest, and again in camp, she looked at him with strange and wondering eyes, and did not speak. She,

too, was ready to beat him. He believed that, and that night he lurked in one of the deepest shadows about the camp-fire and grieved alone. None knew that it was grief—unless it was the girl. She did not move toward him. She did not speak to him. But she watched him closely—and studied him hardest when he was looking at McCready.

The devil in McCready gets the upper hand once too often and McCready pays the penalty. Big developments come in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SODA WATER WELL IS FOUND

It is in the Philippines, and Experts Declare It Is Carbonized by Nature.

Many queer things have been discovered by the drill since and before Colonel Drake discovered that oil could be obtained by the artesian process, but the most unique one is that recently struck in the Philippines. It is located in the town of San Fernando, on the island of Ticao. At the depth of 403 feet an enormous vein of water was struck, with such a gas pressure that the volume was thrown 80 feet in the air. It was only by exerting every possible effort that a small flood was averted. The flow was finally checked, however, and the water directed out and downward through two small pipes, through which it continues to rush with undiminished force.

Samples of the water taken show that it is heavily charged with carbonic acid gas and appears and tastes like ordinary soda water, but analysis is not yet completed.

The man in charge of the drilling, who has had 40 years' experience in drilling artesian wells in many parts of the world, maintains that he has never seen or heard of the equal of the Ticao Island phenomenon.

Peanuts for Consumptives.

A diet of peanuts is suggested as a cure for consumption by Dr. Brewer in the Journal of Hygiene. This seems too simple to be true, but Doctor Brewer tells of two young women who had grown sick of cod-liver oil and tonics and who were treated by him with salted peanuts—all they could eat—combined with inhalations of vinegar.

"One would think this a very indigestible diet," he writes, "but they craved them, and it has always been my policy to find out just what my patients desire to eat, and unless it is too unreasonable, I humor them. Both young ladies have become plump, and after one year's inhalation have ceased coughing, and I pronounced them cured."

Peanuts are recommended also for sleeplessness.

When Razors Were First Used.

Razors appear to have come into general use in France with Louis XIII. One authority has attributed the reason for the style of smooth faces at this time to the fact that the king came to the throne as a child and so, of course, beardless. Out of courtesy to the king, the courtiers shaved their beards so that they would "possess no luxury which their king could not share." From the courtiers the custom descended to the common people, and was also copied by the English, for whom the French even then created the styles.

Fastidious Fox.

Waldemar Eltington of New York recently presented a live silver fox to the Zoological society of St. Louis. The animal is valued at \$550. The gift was hurriedly accepted with profuse expressions of thanks which are now in a fair way to be reconsidered and revised. The fox refuses to eat ordinary food and rejects practically everything offered it except fresh eggs. And fresh eggs are 60 cents a dozen in St. Louis, scarce and apparently looking up.

Wanted Joy Distributed.

Marion was given a beautiful ring Christmas eve. She was overjoyed, but changed it from one finger to the other all evening. No one noticed it that evening, but she kept it up the next morning. Her mother, fearing Marion would lose the ring, said: "Why don't you put your ring on one finger and keep it there, Marion?" "Well, I don't like to be mean. When I keep it on one finger I pity the others."

Exaggerated Foreboding.

"I'm trying to save up something for a rainy day," remarked the thrifty citizen.

"You don't want to stop there," replied the gloom expert. "If half the present predictions are correct, you want to save up for hail, thunder and lightning."

Varying Lengths of Life.

While crabs are known to have lived for half a century, the average life of the oyster is but four years. Frogs die sooner than toads, as the latter may live for 30 years.

NO LAWYER NEEDED

FRENCH - CANADIAN VILLAGE SAGE SETTLED QUARREL.

Old Gentleman Not Only Made Friends Out of Enemies, but Used Transaction to Help Out Needy Widow.

"No, I'm not get born on de State! I come here 'bout eighteen year ago from 'Tee Reevee, Kebee.

"Ma fader, he's dead w'en I'm seven year ol', an' so I'm go for leev on ma gran'fader's, who's beeg farmaire; keep plent' cow an' horse.

"Smart ol' man, too; Justice peace, notaire publique, an' all dat. Not many enso go on de lawynre, I can tol' you, eef dey see ma gran'fader firs'. He's all for keep pence 'mong de neighbor.

"Two mans dey have some leet' troub', an' mebbe got mad queek, an' wan of dem start for get de law.

"On way for see de lawynre dis man mebbe has for pass on de house w're ma gran'fader leev, an' if he's see de ol' man on de houtside, ver' often he's stop for spik wit' heem, an' 'fore he know it he's tol' heem ev'ryting.

"De ol' man he's not spik mooch, jus' listen. Den bimeby, after de man get troo for spik, he mebbe say, 'Wal, wal, dat's too bad, Joe. I didn't tink dat could happen after w'at 'Poleon do for you w'en you're seek las' winter. I don't guess he's so bad feller. Sure dere's not somet'ing wrong on bot' side, Joe? Better go for see heem, an' mebbe talk de ting over.'

"But of course Joe he's ver' mad, an' say, 'O, non, non! You bet I don't go near for see heem no more.'

"Den de ol' man say, 'P'raps, den, it's better I did go to see 'Poleon mysef'. Too bad for see good frien' quarrel dis way.'

"Wal, my gran'fader he go over for see 'Poleon, an' w'en dey spik leet' w'ile 'bout de wedder an' de crop, de ol' man he say, 'W'at's all dis troub' 'bout you an' Joe Gallant, ma frien'? Joe, he's over to ma place an' feel ver' bad. 'Tink you don't was use heem jus' right.

"Joe's ver' good feller, leet' rough sometam, but you 'member how he's take hees team from plowin' an' go roun' an' collec' monee w'en your barn got burn las' fall. Spen' 'ole week in busy tam, an' got mos' hun'ed dollar for you. Dat's good neighbor, 'Poleon. But now can you blame eef he's not feel so good w'en your seven cow an' heifer break down de fence an' tramp hall night hees nice flie' of grain?

"Wal, I tink eef you give to Joe ten dollar in monee, beside feex up de fence, dat mak' it half right.'

"'Poleon hees feel ver' bad—de ol' man spik so nice an' quiet—an' after w'ile he say:

"Wal, M'sten' Legere, I don't forgot dose t'ings Joe Gallant do for me, so eef you will take ten dollar over to Joe, I ver' satisfy.'

"Ma gran'fader he's tak' de monee an' go w're Joe was wait, and say, 'Wal, Joe, 'Poleon he's not so bad feller, after all. He's sen' dis ten dollar over to you, an' is start for feex de fence right away. An' he say dat he's not forget how you collec' for heem monee w'en hees barn was burn.'

"W'en de ol' man get troo for spik, Joe he's feel ver' mean, an' say right out, 'I don't wann' dat ten dollar, an' w'at is more, I tak' it back to 'Poleon w'en I go home.'

"O, non, non! De ol' man say, 'I have de ten dollar. Dat's mine, sure t'ing. But for ma share in de leet' troub', I tak' de monee an' go buy nice bar' flour an' some odder t'ing for poor M's' Larue, w'at's los' her man las' mont', an' have seex leet' boy for feed. Dea I tell her dat's from you an' 'Poleon. Dat's better dan pay de lawynre, Joe.'—Youth's Companion.

Keeping Premises Clear of Ants.

The bureau of entomology says that, if the housewife would get rid of the ants that bother her, the first and most important thing for her to do is to keep all her food supplies, especially sugar and other sweets, in lid-tight metal containers. Anything edible that the children may scatter about should be promptly cleaned up.

Develops Strength.

Considering all the gum that is being chewed, it is remarkable that there aren't more sprained chins.

Joy Out of Life.

The rapid-fire statistician who found that the jitney contained six cents' worth of metal is contradicted by official authority which fixes the value of the nickel at three cents. Somebody is always taking the joy out of life.—Washington Herald.

Mr. I Has Shortest Name.

Mr. I, a fisherman in Hawaii, has the shortest name in the world. He wins over General O of Mexico by a valid technicality, as headline writers can attest.