

KAZAN SAVES THE LIFE OF HIS MISTRESS AND THEN DE-CIDES TO BID HER FAREWELL FOREVER

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 devotion instantly. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party and Kazan tries to attack him. Even Isobel finds it hard to quiet the dog. Kazan knows that McCready is bad all through. The others do not.

CHAPTER III .- Continued. _3_

Later, after Thorpe and his wife snow, and the effect of the snow upon In the wild terror of that cry he recog-McCready puzzled Kazan. The man nized her voice-and he leaped toward was restless, and he drank frequently the tent. The leash stopped him, from the flask that he had used the night before. In the firelight his face grew redder and redder, and Kazan came cry after cry. She was calling to could see the strange gleam of his his master, and with his master's name teeth as he gazed at the tent in which she was calling him! his mistress was sleeping. Again and again he went close to that tent, and listened. Twice he heard movement, The last time, it was the sound of time he sprang the length of the leash Thorpe's deep breathing. McCready into the night, and the babiche cord hurried back to the fire and turned his face straight up to the sky. The snow a knife. He stopped for an instant, was falling so thickly that when he gasping for breath. The shadows were lowered his face he blinked and wiped his eyes. Then he went into the gloom | Now they were crumpling down! With and bent low over the trail they had a flerce snarl he flung his whole weight made a few hours before. It was almost obliterated by the falling snow. Another hour and there would be no his neck gave way. trail-nothing the next day to tell whoever might pass that they had come this way. By morning it would cover With a snarl he was at McCready's everything, even the fire, if he allowed throat. The first snap of his powerful it to die down. McCready drank again, jaws was death, but he did not know out in the darkness. Low words of an that. He knew only that his mistress insane joy burst from his lips. His was there, and that he was fighting for head was not with a drunken fire. His her. There came one choking gasping heart beat madly, but scarcely more cry that ended with a terrible sob; it furiously than did Kazan's when the was McCready. The man sank from dog saw that McCready was returning his knees upon his back, and Kazan with a club! The club he placed on thrust his fangs deeper into his end against a tree. Then he took a enemy's throat; he felt the warm blood, lantern from the sledge and lighted it.

"Ho, Thorpe-Thorpe!" he called. aside a little, and raised his voice. "Thorpe!"

lantern in his hand.

Still there was no movement inside, and he untied the flap strings and thrust in his lantern. The light flashed on Isobel's golden head, and McCready stared at it, his eyes burning like red coals, until he saw that Thorpe was awakening. Quickly he dropped the flap and rustled it from the outside.

"Ho, Thorpe-Thorpe!" he called

This time Thorpe replied.

"Hello, McCready-is that you?" McCready drew the flap back a little, and spoke in a low voice.

"Yes. Can you come out a minute? Something's happening out in the woods. Don't wake up your wife!"

He drew back and waited. A minute later Thorpe came quietly out of the tent. McCready pointed into the thick spruce.

"I'll swear there's someone nosing tain that I saw a man out there a few died softly in his throat. They would returned, dazed and bleeding, after he minutes ago, when I went for a log. Here-you take the lantern! If I him down, and beat him when they have loved him. She did love him. And wasn't clean fooled, we'll find a trail found him. in the snow.'

He gave Thorpe the lantern and picked up the heavy club. A growl rose in Kazan's throat, but he choked it back. He wanted to snarl forth his warning, to leap at the end of his leash, but he knew that if he did that, they would return and beat him. So he lay still, trembling and shivering, and whining softly. He watched them until they disappeared-and then waited-listened. At last he heard the crunch of snow. He was not surprised to see McCready come back alone. He had expected him to return alone. For he knew what a club meant!

McCready's face was terrible now. It was like a beast's. He was hatless, Kazan slunk deeper in his shadow at the low horrible laugh that fell from his lips-for the man still held the club. In a moment he dropped that, and approached the tent. He drew back | before. the flap and peered in. Thorpe's wife was sleeping, and as quietly as a cat he entered and hung the lantern on a nail in the tent-pole. His movement that there was death all about him, did not awaken her, and for a few mo-

tered, and suddenly the dog was on his that was dog whined in a grief-stricken ly, and for an instant a great longing due to all,

feet, his back tense and bristling, his limbs rigid. He saw McCready's huge shadow on the canvas, and a moment had gone into their tent, it began to later there came a strange piercing cry. choking the snarl in his throat. He saw the shadows struggling now, and there

"Kazan-Kazan-"

He leaped again, and was thrown upon his back. A second and a third about his neck cut into his flesh like still fighting. Now they were upright! once more at the end of the chain. There was a snap, as the thong about

In half a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap.

The dog's mistress was calling to He approached Thorpe's tent-flap, the him now. She was pulling at his shaggy neck. But he would not loose his hold -not for a long time. When he did, There was no answer. He could hear his mistress looked down once upon Thorpe breathing. He drew the flap the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the blankets. She was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan muzzled them tenderly. Her eyes were closed. He snuggled up close against her, with his ready jaws turned toward the dead man. Why was she so still, he wondered?

A long time passed, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him.

Then he heard a step outside.

It was his master, and with that old it Was thrill of fear-fear of the club-he went swiftly to the door. Yes, there was his master in the firelight-and in his head showing from behind a tree. his hand he held the club. He was coming slowly, almost falling at each spare him. Three times Thorpe had step, and his face was red with blood. beaten him for snapping at McCready. But he had the club! He would beat him again-beat him terribly for hurt- if the girl had not saved him. And ly under the tent-flap and stole off into He had taken the life from him, and the shadows. From out the gloom of his master would not spare him. Even the thick spruce he looked back, and the woman could not save him. around the camp," he said. "I'm cer- a low whine of love and grief rose and beat him always now-after that. Even had torn McCready's jugular. Then he It's a good night for stealing dogs, she would beat him. They would hunt

From out of the glow of the fire he turned his wolfish head to the depths of the forest. There were no clubs or stinging lashes out in that gloom. They would never find him there.

For another moment he wavered. And then, as silently as one of the wild creatures whose blood was partly his, he stole away into the blackness of the

CHAPTER IV.

Free From Bonds.

There was a low moaning of the wind in the spruce tops as Kazan slunk off into the blackness and mystery of the forest. For hours he lay near the camp, his red and blistered eyes gazing steadily at the tent wherein the terrible thing had happened a little while

He knew now what death was. He could tell it farther than man. He could smell it in the air. And he knew and that he was the cause of it. He ments he stood there, staring-staring. lay on his belly in the deep snow and Kazan watched McCready as he en- shivered, and the three-quarters of him turned his head once, and whined soft-

way, while the quarter that was wolf filled his reddened eyes as he saw the still revealed itself menacingly in his fangs, and in the vengeful giare of his

Three times the man-his mastercame out of the tent, and shouted loudly, "Kazan-Kazan-Kazan!"

Three times the woman came with him. In the firelight Kazan could see her shining hair streaming about her, as he had seen it in the tent, when he had leaped up and killed the other man. In her blue eyes there was the same wild terror, and her face was white as the snow, "Kazan-Kazan-Kazan!"-and all that part of him that was dog, and not wolf, trembled joyously at the sound of her voice, and he almost crept in to take his beating. But fear of the club was the greater, and he held back, hour after hour, until now it was silent again in the tent, and he could no longer see their shadows, and the fire was dying down.

Cautiously he crept out from the thick gloom, working his way on his belly toward the packed sledge, and what remained of the burned logs. Beyond that sledge, hidden in the darkness of the trees, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap. He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to slink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising from out of the gray ash of the firebed, and his eyes closed. Twice-three times-he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time his SCENES IN A CHINESE INN eyes came only half open, and closed heavily again.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel-and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine as stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only



Kazan's Farewell to the Woman.

He knew that his master would not The last time he would have shot him

would have had her always. She would he would have followed her, and fought the time came. But Thorpe had come had slunk away quickly-for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to strange things that spat fire and death. And now-

It was approaching dawn, and in his watch. hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward the thing covered by the blanket. Then she spoke to Thorpe and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head.

"H-0-0-0-0 — Kazan — Kazan — Kazan!" he called.

A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to invelgle him back. He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan-Kazan-Ka-a-a-a-zan!" he shouted again.

Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing of death that Thorpe held in his hand. He

last of the girl.

He knew, now, that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky,

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered.

"He is gone."

The man's strong voice choked a IIt-

"Yes, he is gone. He knew-and I didn't. I'd give—a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm.

"He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back-"

"Listen!" From deep in the forest there came a long wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

Kazan's real life story begins with the next installment. Just as the good and bad in man are constantly in conflict, so the dog and wolf strains are constantly in conflict in Kazan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hostelry Interestingly Described by American Traveler.

had created! The long room was the penguins. scene of homely industry. From the center rafter hung a big oil-lamp, shed- Dr. Lloyd Brown, the examining phyding its rays over a patriarchal family sician of Harvard, found that 598 as busy as a hive of bees. By the clay of 746 members of the 1916 freshstove sat the grandfather feeding the man class stood in a manner that infire with twigs, and tending a broad of dicated "a potentiality for sickness," hard, swept clean. From one corner feet and legs so imperfect that they came the merry whir of grinding millstones, as a blindfolded donkey walked round and round, while a woman in red with a wonderful headdress gathered up the heaps of yellow cornmeal that cozed from the gray stones. More women in red threw the bright meal high in the air, winnowing it of its chaff; others leaned over clay mortars. pounding condiments with stone pes-

Men were hurrying here and there with firewood, cooking for the travelers. One end of the room was reserved for these wayfarers, but the k'ang at the other end was divided into sections. From each rafter over each section swung quaint little cradles; in each cradle was a little brown baby, each baby tended by a larger child. Far away from the loud clamor say?" of the western world, we fell aslesp in a clean inner room, to the soft sound of swinging cradles and grinding millstones,-Alice Tisdale, in Atlantic.

Perfect Watch.

When a part of the Shackleton expedition to the Antarctic land was marooned at Elephant island they had only one timekeeper, and it hung over a blubber stove for four months, in the smoky atmosphere of a hut made of stray pieces of wood, blocks of ice. odd bits of canvas and an upturned boat. But this is only a part of its history. The watch belonged to the man who had charge of the motor sledges, and it was reported that in the two and one-half years of the exing McCready; so Kazan slipped quiet- now he had torn McCready's throat. pedition this watch was never altered, never stopped going and gained just one minute.

The following incident from an Eng- thing." Kazan was sorry that his master had lish paper shows how important chronometer is on an expedition of this kind.

At one period, in order to accomplish an arduous march, Sir Ernest Shackelton told his companions to dis But it wasn't conduct, ma'am, it was for her always, and died for her when card all their personal belongings. It his razah." was imperative to march "light." in from the forest again, and Kazan Ernest himself set the example by throwing away 50 sovereigns (perhaps, had they been treasury notes him now: the club, the whip and the instead of gold he might have retained them), and everything else went but six pairs of sox, one pound of tobacco Thorpe had come out from the tent, and one pound of cocoa-and the

Was Still Sore on Gretta.

I have a little niece aged four and ing her own." a nephew aged eight. They had a little quarrel before being put to bed. Each does. Nobody had to repeat his evening prayer. Line else has ever sucrepeated his as he had been taught ceeded in getting Then added, "Don't bless Gretta, God; she ain't no good."-Cleveland Leader.

Momentous Decision.

Maude-"Oh, Gertie, what a lovely engagement ring! How I envy you!" Gertle-"You needn't, dear. When it comes to the point, I've either got to marry him or give it back."

Optimistic Thought. Every man's experience is a les

Odd Facts About Babies.

Incubators for babies were used by the ancient Egyptians.

In many countries the belief is held that babies born at precisely twelve midnight are endowed with occult powers.

In some parts of Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a newborn baby to keep evil spirits away. If you rock an empty cradle, you will rock a new baby into it, is a supersti-

tion that is almost overywhere prevalent. In the British museum are specimens of babies' feeding bottles dating to between six and seven hundred years be-

fore Christ. Statisticians tell us that 26,000,000 bables are born into the world each year-about seventy a minute, or more

than one every second. Everywhere and always more boys than girls are born into the world, the proportion approximately being 1,040 male infants to 1,000 female.

Twin bables are not always born on the same day. A little while back a workman's wife at Barrow, in Lancashire, England, gave birth on February 24 to a son. Six weeks later a girl was born. These babies, said the doctor, were undoubtedly twins, notwithstanding the unusually long period intervening between the two births.

Americans to Become Human Penguins Unless They Walk More, Says Student of Feet.

America's physical foundation-the feet and legs of her citizens-is un-Homely Industry the Main Feature of sound, if we are to believe P. A. Valle, who has made a study of feet. If we do not discard the present monstrositles in footwear and get into the habit The building was a long, one-storied of walking, using our legs and feet mud hut, with thatched roof. We en- instead of the automobile and street tered. Behold what the frontiersman car, he says we will become human

He calls attention to the fact that children playing on a dirt floor backed and that 476 of the 596 students had were ineligible for military duty.

Lack of leg exercise is supposed

to be the cause of this condition. Mr. Valle says that the American woman has neglected herself for so long that her legs and feet are suffering malformations. There is no longer in her leg the beauty of the classic line.-Popular Science Monthly.

SOME SMILES

No Transfer.

"Jibbles married for money, you

"Yes." "Where's the money now?"

"Still right where it was when he married for it."

Family Secrets. "Is your father



a commuter, little boy?" "Not yet, sir, but I 'spect he's goin' to be. I heard ma say he was goin' to git

his sentence commuted." The Usual Piece of Mind. "Pa, mother's lookin' for yer." "What's she want of me now?"

she says she's goin' to give yer some-

"She don't want nothing of yer, but

Very Much So. "I hear Chloe was much cut up by William's conduct, Mandy." "So she was, ma'am, so she was.

Birds of a Feather. Billy-Say, what do dey mean by

a smoker's set? Jimmy-Dat's a cinch. It's de crowd what hangs round de cigar store.

Self-Evident. "Talking about

age, Miss Nancy seems to be hold-"You bet she

hold of it.'



Likely.

"Your wife goes to the country, eh ?"

"Yep." "Oh, you! Kicking over the traces a bit, eb?"

"Well, not exactly. But I had a poker party at the house the other night. And I'm afraid she'll be kick ing over the traces when she gets back !"