KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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. 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. Inflamed by drink on the following night, McCready beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat and kills him. Fearful of punishment, the dog takes to the woods and wild life.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

—4—

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. Now and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge-traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of his freedom longingly, the wolf blood in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, no whips, none of the man-beasts whom he had first learned to distrust, and then to hate. It was his misfortune—that quarter-strain of wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, had added to the savagery that was born in him. Men had been his worst enemies. They had beaten him time and again until he was almost dead. They called him "bad," and stepped wide of him, and never missed the chance to snap a whip over his back. His body was covered with scars they had given him.

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. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch, and her sweet voice, had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

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. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him demanded the first, and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches, and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not yet quite born.

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. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of 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 wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, or as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quivered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

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. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and entrails lying here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

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. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

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. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled, a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

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.

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 wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

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. The same instinct told him that this was the call—the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

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. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call, and desire to go down into the plain. For he could also see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

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. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

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. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth.

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 hold. It was another miss—by 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.

"Nothing is more tragic than the relation of genius to professional life," said Mr. Barnes. "Genius is solitary and individual, can never be fulfilled until it goes out from the routine and stays out. If genius were respectable, like you or me, he would be mediocre like you or me."

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 same 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 has received."

"Ah, so to speak, basking in the son's raise."

WORK IN HOME GARDEN

Number of Vegetables for Use in Following Winter.

Adequate Supply Will Do Much to Make Family's Fare Attractive and Economical—Cultivation and Storage.

There are a number of vegetables which, though grown in the summer, are usually planted for use in the following winter. An adequate supply of these produced in the home garden will do much to make the family's winter fare more attractive and more economical. Among garden products of this type may be named cabbage, carrots, parsnips, turnips, and rutabagas.

To store cabbage, the heads should be buried in pits or placed in cellars. One method is to dig a trench about 18 inches deep and 3 feet wide and set the cabbage upright with the heads close together, and the roots embedded in the soil. When cold weather comes the heads are covered lightly with straw and 3 or 4 inches of earth put in. Early cabbage cannot be kept, as it does not stand hot weather well. It should be used soon after it has formed a solid head.

Cauliflower is cultivated in much the same way as cabbage, but when the heads begin to develop the leaves may be tied over them in order to exclude the light and keep the heads white. Cauliflower requires a rich,

Squash and Beet.

moist soil and thrives best under irrigation. The tender heads of this vegetable are boiled with butter or cream, and also used for pickling.

Carrots are cultivated in practically the same way as the parsnip, but are not thinned so much and are allowed to grow as thickly as planted. Those not used during the summer are dug in the autumn and stored in the same manner as parsnips or turnips. If there is a surplus it may be fed sparingly to horses and mules or cattle.

Turnips require a rich soil and may be grown either as an early or late crop. For a late crop it is customary to sow the seeds broadcast on land from which some early crop has been removed. In the North this is generally done during July or August, but the usual time is later in the South. The plants are quite hardy

Cabbage and Carrots.

and the roots need not be gathered until after several frosts. They may then be stored in a cellar or buried in a pit outside. Before storing, the tops should be removed. If an early crop is desired the seed should be sown in drills 12 to 18 inches apart as early in the spring as the condition of the soil will permit. After the plants appear they are thinned to about 3 inches. Two pounds of seed are required to plant an acre.

The rutabaga is quite similar to the turnip and is grown in much the same way. It requires more space, however, and a longer period for its growth. It is used to a considerable extent for stock feed and has the advantage of being quite hardy.

CARING FOR PASTURE LANDS

Good Grazing Cannot Be Expected Where There Is Large Amount of Water—It Pays to Drain.

Pasture lands that are saturated with water cannot be expected to furnish good grazing, besides it's very unhealthy for live stock. By proper and careful drainage much of the wet and marshy pasture land—which now produces only unpalatable, tough, fibrous feed, if any at all—can be made into profitable pasture land, which, when tiled, will be found to be very productive agricultural land.

Palatable and nutritious grasses for our flocks and herds cannot be expected to grow continuously on slighted pasture land. It will run out. It pays to drain it and feed it with home-made fertilizers evenly distributed with a manure spreader.

Easier Led Than Driven.

Healthy, full fed, lustry farm boys are easier led than driven. Well-earned, tactfully delivered words of appreciation provide a potent leading string.