

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

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KAZAN EXPERIENCES THE JOY OF MATING AND HUNTING GAME WITH THE WOLF PACK

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, kills him, takes to the woods and joins a wolf pack. He fights the pack leader.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a crackling of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awaited that fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death.

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass, Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking, at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the crackling of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that thereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppyhood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red staring light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent at the posts. Most of it had been on

the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his side as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fight in the Snow.

They found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvety fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison-baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had put a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accompany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf told him that it might be there.

She told him many other things in the days and nights that followed. The third night Kazan himself gathered the hunt-pack and led in the chase. Three times that month, before the moon left the skies, he led the chase, and each time there was a kill. But as the snows began to grow softer under his feet he found a greater and greater companionship in Gray Wolf, and they hunted alone, living on the big white rabbits. In all the world he had loved but two things, the girl with the shining hair and the hands that had caressed him—and Gray Wolf.

He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mate to the top of the ridge and he would try to tell her what he had left back there. With the dark nights the call of the woman became so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take Gray Wolf with him.

Something happened very soon after that. They were crossing the open plain one day when up on the face of the ridge Kazan saw something that made his heart stand still. A man, with a dog-sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw something glisten in the man's hand. He knew what it was. It

was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed.

He gave his warning to Gray Wolf, and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound—and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a snarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound from behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain, and rolled over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped behind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on.

Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred of the man-scent that had been left behind. Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance—vengeance for his own hurts, and for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man-trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him anxiously. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck a trail. It was fresh—so fresh that he stopped suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his body quivering, and his hair on end. It was a man-trail. There were the marks of the sledge, the dog's feet, and the snowshoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars, and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt-ery—the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that was there tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and



Swift as a Whiplash He Whirled.

added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard-faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the sledge:

"The wolves, father. Are they coming—after us?"

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long white beard, and added grotesquely to the height of his tall gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bearskin pillow on the sleigh. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick shining braid over her shoulder, and she was hugging something tightly to her breast.

"They're on the trail of something—probably a deer," said the man, looking at the breach of his rifle. "Don't worry, Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire. Wee-ah-h-h, boys! Koosh—koosh—" and he snapped his whip over the backs of his team.

From the bundle at the girl's breast there came a small wailing cry. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray leaping form joined them from behind. Another followed. Two came in from the side, and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became swifter. Four—six—seven—ten—fourteen, by the time the

more open and wind-swept part of the plain was reached.

It was a strong pack, filled with old and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing of his red-shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hurt and death.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and close. And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoulder. When at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand.

The strange influence of a kind woman once more works wonders on the savage disposition of the wolf-dog—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LEAVE WELL PERSONS ALONE

Physicians of Opinion That It Does More Harm Than Good to Set Up a Cause for Worry.

The question whether doctors should treat sick men or well men rent the serenity of the New York Academy of Medicine, says the New York Times. The debate started over a discussion as to how to doctor up Americans so as to make this the most efficient of nations. The doctors were so near a solution of the problem when they adjourned than when the discussion began.

After a prolonged discussion of the proper remedies for the presence of inefficient persons in the community, in which it was prophesied that the day was coming when it would be fashionable to be examined, physically and mentally, every now and then, Doctor Meltzer said: "That will only make people sicker—to examine them. Do you know why a dog doesn't die? I'll tell you—a dog never knows why he is living and that he is going to die; after he's dead, he doesn't know it; therefore a dog never dies. People go on for years living orderly lives until somebody, maybe an insurance doctor, tells them they have something the matter with them, and, thenceforth, until they reach their grave, they are sick. Let the physician treat the sick and let the well alone. It is time more was done for the sick man. The doctor's job is with the sick man."

Make a List.

Do you lie awake of nights thinking of what you are going to do tomorrow, or of what you have forgot today? Lots of women do, and it is sheer waste of nervous energy. Don't bother your head worrying about the little details that arise in the course of your day's work. Try the method of making a list. Keep a pad handy, whether it is on your desk, in your sewing basket or on the kitchen wall. Each time a new task arises which you cannot attend to immediately write it on the pad. Then in the course of the day consult your pad, selecting the most important thing to be done, the thing that won't wait until tomorrow. This saves lots of worry. It saves also such complaints as "Mother, you never sewed that button on my coat," or "Mary, did you pay that coal bill that I asked you to attend to?" or "I thought you said you were going to have waffles for supper tonight, mother." There is no use in cluttering the memory with such details when a pencil and paper will do the work.

In making a dress the same method is to be recommended. Often in sewing half the nerve strain comes from worrying over the details of finishing, which you are apt to forget. Just get out pencil and paper and jot down a book here and a bit of trimming there, etc., and get the annoyance off your mind.

Sold Feathers.

On August 28, 1736, according to a story handed down in England, a man passing a bridge near Preston, Lancashire, saw two large flocks of birds meet so rapidly that 180 fell to the ground. He picked them up and sold them in Preston market the same day!—New York Telegram.

Can't Do Without Them.

"We are here today and gone tomorrow," said the philosopher. "True enough," replied the cynic. "Maybe that's why so many self-important people think the world is going to the demitison bow-wows tomorrow."

Invisible Asset.

She—"So you are engaged to Miss Baggs. I'm sure I can't see anything attractive about that woman." He—"Neither can I see it; but it's in the bank, all right."—Boston Transcript.

The average wage of plumbers throughout the country is \$5 for an eight-hour day.

SOIL FOR STRAWBERRY

ONE OF FIRST REQUISITES OF RIPENING FRUIT IS MOISTURE.

Stiff Clay is to Be Avoided Because It Cannot Be Worked Early in Season Without Becoming Cloddy and is Apt to Bake.

(By J. A. BAUER.)

The soil and location best adapted to strawberry culture will vary somewhat in different sections. In a general way we have said that any soil that would grow good crops of corn or potatoes would grow good strawberries, and while this seems to be a pretty safe rule, it is also true that in order to grow them to the best advantage it is necessary to have the soil especially adapted. One of the first requisites of the ripening fruit is moisture, and care should be taken that this is provided. Hence a very dry or loose, sandy soil would not be a safe location, although in moist seasons a fair crop might be harvested. Neither is a stiff clay adapted to strawberry growth, as very early in



Perfect or Staminate.

season it cannot be worked without becoming cloddy, and later is apt to bake, and the plants will suffer more than on sandy soil. It would seem that a sandy loam or loam with slight mixture of clay should, if properly handled, give the best results.

Having chosen a soil retentive of moisture, it next becomes necessary to prepare for proper drainage in case of excessive rainfall, unless the natural lay of the land is such that no water will stand upon the surface. Tile drains are the only practical ones to use. Open ditches will, perhaps, answer this purpose, but are unsatisfactory in many ways.

In planning your strawberry field care should be taken to avoid frosty locations, such as very low land near marshes or lakes, also valleys where there is no chance for circulation of air, as these localities are very liable to heavy frosts, when higher land or that more open to circulation would show little, if any. A hard frost at blossoming time often ruins the entire crop.

The best land one can use is a clover field. After plowing fertilize with a mixture of three pounds of nitrogen,



seven pounds of phosphoric acid and nine pounds of potash, using about eight hundred pounds to the acre.

After about two or three crops the land should be plowed up and after one or two clover crops reset.

Just to find out what varieties of strawberries are best adapted to one's particular soil or climate, it is well to visit neighboring farmers of that locality, and determine by their experience; or, a limited number of plants can be tried.

CLEAN AND STORE PLANTERS

Implements Should Be Put Away Carefully for Another Year—Keep in Good Condition.

As soon as the farmer has finished using the planters for this year, they should be cleaned and put away carefully, so that they will be in good condition for another year. Often by carelessly allowing planters to lay around uncleaned for, one has to buy a new one the following season, or at least hunt for lost parts. Every plate and other part of the planters should be stored carefully away, and the planter left ready for use another year. Prices of machinery are advancing as well as prices of foodstuffs, and there is no reason why the farmer should not take unusually good care of all implements on the farm.

Benefits of Fanning Mill.

The fanning mill judiciously used will do much toward increasing the yield of every crop of small grain as well as assist in keeping the fields free of weeds.