

# KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By James Oliver Curwood  
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KAZAN ONCE AGAIN COMES UNDER MAN'S INFLUENCE AND PERFORMS GREAT GOOD DEEDS.

Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, 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 affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party, and on the following night, inflamed by drink, he beats the master senseless and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat, kills him, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader and takes a young mate, Gray Wolf.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Halfway to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the hissing song of the death-bee over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelped sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were neck-and-neck with him.

A second flash—and the death-bee drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third—a fourth—a fifth spurt of that fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift passing of a red-hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet shaved off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge-dogs had been freed from their traces, and before he could reach the man, whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Kazan wanted to reach the man who held the rifle, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his jaws deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice! It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice; the bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-red eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which she was clutching to her breast, and there came from it a strange thrilling cry.

In a flash he turned. He snapped at Gray Wolf's flank, and she dropped away with a startled yelp. It had all happened in a moment, but the man was almost down. Kazan leaped under his clubbed rifle and drove into the face of what was left of the pack. His fangs cut like knives. If he had fought like a demon against the dogs, he fought like ten demons now, and the man—bleeding and ready to fall—staggered back to the sledge, marveling at what was happening. For in Gray Wolf there was now the instinct of matehood, and seeing Kazan tearing and fighting the pack she joined him in the struggle which she could not understand.

When it was over, Kazan and Gray Wolf were alone out on the plain. The pack had slunk away into the night, and the same moon and stars that had given to Kazan the first knowledge of his birthright told him now that no longer would those wild brothers of the plains respond to his call when he howled into the sky.

He was hurt. And Gray Wolf was hurt, but not so badly as Kazan. He was torn and bleeding. One of his legs was terribly bitten. After a time he saw a fire in the edge of the forest. The old call was strong upon him. He wanted to crawl in to it, and feel the girl's hand on his head, as he had felt that other hand in the world beyond the ridge. He would have gone—and would have urged Gray Wolf to go with him—but the man was there. He whined, and Gray Wolf thrust her warm muzzle against his neck. Something told them both that they were outcasts, that the plains, and the moon, and the stars were against them now, and they slunk into the shelter and the gloom of the forest.

Kazan could not go far. He could still smell the camp when he lay down. Gray Wolf snuggled close to him. Gently she soothed with her soft tongue Kazan's bleeding wounds. And Kazan, lifting his head, whined softly to the stars.

## CHAPTER VII.

Joan.

On the edge of the cedar and spruce forest old Pierre Radisson built the fire. He was bleeding from a dozen wounds, where the fangs of the wolves had reached to his flesh, and he felt in his breast that old and terrible pain, of which no one knew the meaning but himself. He dragged in log after log, piled them on the fire until the flames leaped up to the crisp needles of the limbs above, and heaped a supply close at hand for use later in the night.

From the sledge Joan watched him, still wild-eyed and fearful, still trembling. She was holding her baby close to her breast. Her long heavy hair smothered her shoulders and arms in a dark lustrous veil that glistened and rippled in the firelight when she moved. Her young face was scarcely a woman's tonight, though she was a mother. She looked like a child.

Old Pierre laughed as he threw down the last armful of fuel, and stood breathing hard.

"It was close, ma chérie," he panted through his white beard. "We were nearer to death out there on the plain than we will ever be again, I hope. But we are comfortable now, and warm. Eh? You are no longer afraid?"

He sat down beside his daughter, and gently pulled back the soft fur that enveloped the bundle she held in her arms. He could see one pink cheek of baby Joan. The eyes of Joan, the mother, were like stars.

"It was the baby who saved us," she whispered. "The dogs were being torn to pieces by the wolves, and I saw them



Fought Like Ten Demons Now.

leaping upon you, when one of them sprang to the sledge. At first I thought it was one of the dogs. But it was a wolf. He tore once at us, and the bear-skin saved us. He was almost at my throat when baby cried, and then he stood there, his red eyes a foot from us, and I could have sworn that he was a dog. In an instant he turned, and was fighting the wolves. I saw him leap upon one that was almost at your throat."

"He was a dog," said old Pierre, holding out his hands to the warmth. "They often wander away from the posts, and join the wolves. I have had dogs do that. Ma chérie, a dog is a dog all his life. Kicks, abuse, even the wolves cannot change him—for long. He was one of the pack. He came with them—to kill. But when he found us—"

"He fought for us," breathed the girl. She gave him the bundle, and stood up, straight and tall and slim in the firelight. "He fought for us—and he was terribly hurt," she said. "I saw him drag himself away. Father, if he is out there—dying—"

Pierre Radisson stood up. He coughed in a shuddering way, trying to stifle the sound under his beard. The fleck of crimson that came to his lips with the cough Joan did not see. She had seen nothing of it during the six days they had been traveling up

from the edge of civilization. Because of that cough, and the strain that came with it, Pierre had made more than ordinary haste.

"I have been thinking of that," he said. "He was badly hurt, and I do not think he went far. Here—take little Joan and sit close to the fire until I come back."

The moon and the stars were brilliant in the sky when he went out in the plain. A short distance from the edge of the timber line he stood for a moment upon the spot where the two wolves had overtaken them an hour before. Not one of his four dogs had lived. The snow was red with their blood, and their bodies lay stiff where they had fallen under the pack. Pierre shuddered as he looked at them. If the wolves had not turned their first mad attack upon the dogs, what would have become of himself, Joan and the baby? He turned away, with another of those hollow coughs that brought the blood to his lips.

A few yards to one side he found in the snow the trail of the strange dog that had come with the wolves, and had turned against them in that moment when all seemed lost. It was not a clean running trail. It was more of a furrow in the snow, and Pierre Radisson followed it, expecting to find the dog dead at the end of it.

In the sheltered spot to which he had dragged himself in the edge of the forest Kazan lay for a long time after the fight, alert and watchful. He felt no very great pain. But he had lost the power to stand upon his legs. His flanks seemed paralyzed. Gray Wolf crouched close at his side, sniffing the air. They could smell the camp, and Kazan could detect the two things that were there—man and woman. He knew that the girl was there, where he could see the glow of the firelight through the spruce and the cedars. He wanted to go to her. He wanted to drag himself close in to the fire, and take Gray Wolf with him, and listen to her voice, and feel the touch of her hand. But the man was there, and to him man had always meant the club, the whip, pain, death.

Gray Wolf crouched close to his side, and whined softly as she urged Kazan to flee deeper with her into the forest. At last she understood that he could not move, and she ran nervously out into the plain, and back again, until her footprints were thick in the trail she made. The instincts of matehood were strong in her. It was she who first saw Pierre Radisson coming over their trail, and she ran swiftly back to Kazan and gave the warning.

Then Kazan caught the scent, and he saw the shadowy figure coming through the starlight. He tried to drag himself back, but he could move only by inches. The man came rapidly nearer. Kazan caught the glint of the rifle in his hand. He heard his hollow cough, and the tread of his feet in the snow. Gray Wolf crouched shoulder to shoulder with him, trembling and showing her teeth. When Pierre had approached within fifty feet of them she slunk back into the deeper shadows of the spruce.

Kazan's fangs were bared menacingly when Pierre stopped and looked down at him. With an effort he dragged himself to his feet, but fell back into the snow again. The man leaned his rifle against a sapling and bent over him fearlessly. With a fierce growl Kazan snapped at his extended hands. To his surprise the man did not pick up a stick or a club. He held out his hand again—cautiously—and spoke in a voice new to Kazan. The dog snapped again, and growled.

The man persisted, talking to him all the time, and once his mittened hand touched Kazan's head, and escaped before the jaws could reach it. Again and again the man reached out his hand, and three times Kazan felt the touch of it, and there was neither threat nor hurt in it. At last Pierre turned away and went back over the trail.

When he was out of sight and hearing, Kazan whined, and the crest along his spine flattened. He looked wistfully toward the glow of the fire. The man had not hurt him, and the three-quarters of him that was dog wanted to follow.

Gray Wolf came back, and stood with stiffly planted forefeet at his side. She had never been this near to man before, except when the pack had overtaken the sledge out on the plain. She could not understand. Every instinct that was in her warned her that he was the most dangerous of all things, beasts, the storms, the floods, cold and starvation. And yet this man had not harmed her mate. She sniffed at Kazan's back and head, where the mittened hand had touched. Then she trotted back into the darkness again, for beyond the edge of the forest she once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.

"Be careful, Joan," he warned. She dropped on her knees in the snow, just out of reach. "Come, boy—come!" she said gently.

She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch—two inches toward her. There was the old light in her eyes and face now, the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another woman with shaggy hair and eyes had come into his life. "Come!" she whispered as she saw him move, and she bent a little, reached a little farther with her hand, and at last touched his head.

The young woman, by kindness, wins from this fierce wolf-dog a service that saves her life. It's all told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## WELL EQUIPPED WITH BRAINS

Nature Was by No Means Niggardly When She Handed Feathered Creatures Their Portion.

Naturalists have arrived at the conclusion that the brain in birds is large in proportion to the body. If it is admitted that intelligence depends upon the weight of brain, then the goldfinch must be placed at the top of the list of birds; the brain weighs one-fourteenth of its whole body. It must be remarked, however, that attempts to draw conclusions as to the intelligence of certain birds from a comparison of the weight of the brain with that of the body have been considered futile. In man the brain forms from one-twenty-second to one-thirty-third of the whole body; in the canary, one-fourteenth; the sparrow, one-twenty-fifth; the chaffinch, one-twenty-seventh; the redbreast, one-thirty-second; the blackbird, one-sixty-eighth; the duck, one-two-hundred-and-fifty-seventh; the eagle, one-two-hundred-and-sixtieth; the goose, one-three-hundred-and-sixtieth; the domestic hen, one-four-hundred-and-twelfth. By some the preternaturally cunning raven is supposed to be the most highly developed of birds. His courage is so great that the eagle respects it, and his intelligence prevents him from getting into unseen though suspected dangers.

## Make Home Happy.

Happy, well-ordered homes are the foundations of society, a solid basis on which to build a state. Home-making is something beyond and superior to mere housekeeping. It is a high calling. It requires noble traits of character and fine executive ability and real wisdom. The responsibility of the home-making does not devolve on one alone. Every member of the family has his or her share. Friends are dear, strangers have a certain claim on us, but the members of our family are nearer and dearer. Give of your love, your help, your sympathy and comfort to your own family first and most. Those with happy homes are more able to give from the heart to others in need. No one can tell how far the influence of a happy home will go.

## He Wanted to Know.

The late E. H. Harriman, says the Wall Street Journal, was a stickler for facts. He cared little for an approximate statement. When he asked his employees for information he wanted it definite.

While traveling through the cheerless deserts of Nevada one day with a number of the officials of the Union Pacific, the train passed a little station with much platform, a bleak background of sagebrush and junipers, and no habitation within sight.

"What is that station there for?" asked Mr. Harriman of one of the railway officials with the party.

"They ship a few cattle and two or three cars of wool."

"Which is it, two or three?" snapped Mr. Harriman. "Which is it? There is a difference of 33 1-3 per cent."

## Not Like a Church.

The express elevator in one of the office buildings flew up to the tenth floor. Nobody called for a floor number, nobody spoke.

All at once a timid little voice said: "Mother, please, may I speak?"

"Of course, dear, why not?" answered mother.

"O, it is not here like in church then, isn't it?" came the quite relieved reply.

## The Exception.

"I am going to call up that pretty telephone girl and ask her to marry me."

"Then you won't get the usual answer."

"What do you mean?"

"She'll hurry to reply, 'Ring on.'"

## Deer Was a Fighter.

A large deer appeared in a Virginian pasture in which there was a large number of cows and defeated the cattle in a pitched battle, goring several of them to such an extent that they later died. The deer was captured and killed by a posse.

Milwaukee Pythians plan erection of a temple to cost \$300,000. Sixteen lodges.

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Force of Habit.  
Crown (to ex-cabinet minister in an accident)—"Would you like to go to the hospital?" "Shall I get you a drop of brandy?" "Did you slip on the banana peel?" "Did yer fall?" "Are yer hurt, sir?" "Shall I fetch a doctor?" "Is that your hat, sir?"  
Ex-Cabinet Minister—The answers to one, two, five and six are in the negative; to three, four and seven in the affirmative.—Exchange.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.

## ALL MEN AT HOME SHOULD PREPARE FOR WAR.

The first test a man is put thru for either war or life insurance is an examination of his water. This is most essential because the kidneys play a most important part in causing premature old age and death. The more injurious the poisons passing thru the kidneys the sooner comes decay—so says Dr. Pierce of Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., who further advises all people who are past thirty to preserve the vitality of the kidneys and free the blood from poisonous elements, such as uric acid—drink plenty of water—sweat some daily and take Anuric, double strength, before meals.  
This An-u-ric is a late discovery of Dr. Pierce and is put up in tablet form, and can be obtained at almost any drug store. For that backache, lumbago, rheumatism, "rusty" joints, swollen feet or hands, due to uric acid in the blood, Anuric quickly dissolves the uric acid as hot water does sugar. Take a little Anuric before meals and live to be a hundred. Send 10 cents to Dr. Pierce for trial package of Anuric.