

KAZAN

The Story of
a Dog That
Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Copyright Bobbe-Merrill Co.

WITH WONDERFUL ANIMAL INSTINCT, KAZAN SENSES DEATH NEAR HIM, AND LOVING JOAN, DECIDES TO STAY BY HER TEMPORARILY

Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves the life of Thorpe, his master, and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even Thorpe is afraid to touch Kazan, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party and the following night beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan kills McCready, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a young mate, Gray Wolf, and a few nights later drives off the pack which had attacked human beings and protects a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Won by their kindness the wolf-dog submits to adoption by Joan.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Pierre knelt beside her. He was proffering something, and Kazan smelled meat. But it was the girl's hand that made him tremble and shiver, and when she drew back, urging him to follow her, he dragged himself painfully a foot or two through the snow. Not until then did the girl see his mangled leg. In an instant she had forgotten all caution, and was down close at his side.

"He can't walk," she cried, a sudden tremble in her voice. "Look, mon pere! Here is a terrible cut. We must carry him."

"I guessed that much," replied Radisson. "For that reason I brought the blanket. Mon Dieu, listen to that!"

From the darkness of the forest there came a low wailing cry.

Kazan lifted his head and a trembling whine answered in his throat. It was Gray Wolf calling to him. It was a miracle that Pierre Radisson should put the blanket about Kazan, and carry him in to the camp, without scratch or bite. It was this miracle that he achieved, with Joan's arm resting on Kazan's shaggy neck as she held one end of the blanket. They laid him down close to the fire, and after a little it was the man again who brought warm water and washed away the blood from the torn leg, and then put something on it that was soft and warm and soothing, and finally bound a cloth about it.

All this was strange and new to Kazan. Pierre's hand, as well as the girl's, stroked his head. It was the man who brought him a gruel of meal and tallow, and urged him to eat, while Joan sat with her chin in her two hands, looking at the dog, and talking to him. After this, when he was quite comfortable, and no longer afraid, he heard a strange small cry from the furry bundle on the sledge that brought his head up with a jerk.

Joan saw the movement, and heard the low answering whimper in his throat. She turned quickly to the bundle, talking and cooing to it as she took it in her arms, and then she pulled back the bearskin so that Kazan could see. He had never seen a baby before, and Joan held it out before him, so that he could look straight at it and see what a wonderful creature it was. Its little pink face stared steadily at Kazan. Its tiny fists reached out, and it made queer little sounds at him, and then suddenly it kicked and screamed with delight and laughed. At those sounds Kazan's whole body relaxed, and he dragged himself to the girl's feet.

"See, he likes the baby!" she cried. "Mon pere, we must give him a name. What shall it be?"

"Wait till morning for that," replied the father. "It is late, Joan. Go into the tent, and sleep. We have no dogs now, and will travel slowly. So we must start early."

With her hand on the tent-flap, Joan turned.

"He came with the wolves," she said. "Let us call him Wolf." With one arm she was holding the little Joan. The other she stretched out to Kazan. "Wolf! Wolf!" she called softly.

Kazan's eyes were on her. He knew that she was speaking to him, and he drew himself a foot toward her.

"He knows it already!" she cried. "Good night, mon pere."

For a long time after she had gone into the tent, old Pierre Radisson sat on the edge of the sledge, facing the fire, with Kazan at his feet. Suddenly the silence was broken again by Gray Wolf's lonely howl deep in the forest. Kazan lifted his head and whined.

"She's calling for you, boy," said Pierre understandingly.

He coughed, and clutched a hand to

his breast, where the pain seemed rending him.

"Frost-bitten lung," he said, speaking straight at Kazan. "Got it early in the winter, up at Fond du Lac. Hope we'll get home—in time—with the kids."

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the habit of talking to one's self. But Kazan's head was alert, and his eyes watchful, so Pierre spoke to him.

"We've got to get them home, and there's only you and me to do it," he said, twisting his beard. Suddenly he clenched his fists.

His hollow racking cough convulsed him again.

"Home!" he panted, clutching his chest. "It's eighty miles straight north—to the Churchill—and I pray to God we'll get there—with the kids—before my lungs give out."

He rose to his feet, and staggered a little as he walked. There was a collar about Kazan's neck, and he chained him to the sledge. After that he dragged three or four small logs upon the fire, and went quietly into the tent where Joan and the baby were already asleep. Several times that night Kazan heard the distant voice of Gray Wolf calling for him, but something told him that he must not answer it now. Toward dawn Gray Wolf came close in to the camp, and for the first time Kazan replied to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Message.

Kazan's howl awakened the man. He came out of the tent, peered for a few moments up at the sky, built up the fire, and began to prepare breakfast. He patted Kazan on the head, and gave him a chunk of meat. Joan came out a few moments later, leaving the baby asleep in the tent. She ran up and kissed Pierre, and then dropped down on her knees beside Kazan, and talked to him almost as he had heard her talk to the baby. When she jumped up to help her father, Kazan followed her, and when Joan saw him standing firmly upon his legs she gave a cry of pleasure.

It was a strange journey that began into the north that day. Pierre Radisson emptied the sledge of everything but the tent, blankets, food and the furry nest for baby Joan. Then he harnessed himself in the traces and dragged the sledge over the snow. He coughed incessantly.

"It's a cough I've had half the winter," lied Pierre, careful that Joan saw no sign of blood on his lips or beard. "I'll keep in the cabin for a week when we get home."

Even Kazan, with that strange beast knowledge which man, unable to explain, calls instinct, knew that what he said was not the truth. Perhaps it was largely because he had heard other men cough like this, and that for generations his sledge-dog ancestors had heard men cough as Radisson coughed—and had learned what followed it.

More than once he had scented death in tepees and cabins, which he had not entered, and more than once he had sniffed at the mystery of death that was not quite present, but near—just as he had caught at a distance the subtle warning of storm and of fire. And that strange thing seemed to be very near to him now, as he followed at the end of his chain behind the sledge. It made him restless, and half a dozen times, when the sledge stopped, he sniffed at the bit of humanity buried in the bearskin. Each time that he did this Joan was quickly at his side, and twice she patted his scarred and grizzled head until every drop of blood in his body leaped riotously with a joy which his body did not reveal.

This day the chief thing that he came to understand was that the little creature on the sledge was very precious to the girl who stroked his head and talked to him, and that it was very helpless. He learned, too, that Joan was most delighted, and that her voice was softer and thrilled him more deeply, when he paid attention to that little, warm, living thing in the bearskin.

For a long time after they made camp Pierre Radisson sat beside the fire. Tonight he did not smoke. He stared straight into the flames. When at last he rose to go into the tent with the girl and the baby, he bent over Kazan and examined his hurt.

"You've got to work in the traces tomorrow, boy," he said. "We must make the river by tomorrow night. If we don't—"

He did not finish. He was choking back one of those tearing coughs when the tent-flap dropped behind him. Kazan lay stiff and alert, his eyes filled with a strange anxiety. He did not like to see Radisson enter the tent, for stronger than ever there hung that oppressive mystery in the air about him, and it seemed to be a part of Pierre.

Three times that night he heard faithful Gray Wolf calling for him deep in the forest, and each time he answered her. Toward dawn she came in close to camp. Once he caught the scent of her when she circled around in the wind, and he tugged and whined at the end of his chain, hoping



"I Guessed That Much."

that she would come in and lie down at his side. But no sooner had Radisson moved in the tent than Gray Wolf was gone. The man's face was thinner, and his eyes were redder this morning. His cough was not so loud or so rending. It was like a wheeze, as if something had given way inside, and before the girl came out he clutched his hands often to his throat. Joan's face whitened when she saw him. Anxiety gave way to fear in her eyes. Pierre Radisson laughed when she flung her arms about him, and coughed to prove that what he said was true.

"You see the cough is not so bad, my Joan," he said. "It is breaking up. You cannot have forgotten, ma chérie? It always leaves one red-eyed and weak."

It was a cold, bleak, dark day that followed, and through it Kazan and the man tugged at the fore of the sledge, with Joan following in the trail behind. Kazan's wound no longer hurt him. He pulled steadily with all his splendid strength, and the man never lashed him once, but patted him with his mittened hand on head and back. The day grew steadily darker, and in the tops of the trees there was the low moaning of a storm.

Darkness and the coming of the storm did not drive Pierre Radisson into camp. "We must reach the river," he said to himself over and over again. "We must reach the river—we must reach the river—"

And he steadily urged Kazan on to greater effort, while his own strength at the end of the traces grew less.

It had begun to storm when Pierre stopped to build a fire at noon. The snow fell straight down in a white deluge so thick that it hid the tree trunks fifty yards away. Pierre laughed when Joan shivered and snuggled close up to him with the baby in her arms. He waited only an hour, and then fastened Kazan in the traces again, and buckled the straps once

more about his own waist. In the silent gloom that was almost night Pierre carried his compass in his hand, and at last, late in the afternoon, they came to a break in the timber line, and ahead of them lay a plain, across which Radisson pointed an exultant hand.

"There's the river, Joan," he said, his voice faint and husky. "We can camp here now and wait for the storm to pass."

Under a thick clump of spruce he put up the tent, and then began gathering firewood. Joan helped him. As soon as they had boiled coffee and eaten a supper of meat and toasted biscuits, Joan went into the tent and dropped exhausted on her thick bed of balsam boughs, wrapping herself and the baby up close in the skins and blankets. Tonight she had no word for Kazan. And Pierre was glad that she was too tired to sit beside the fire and talk.

The fine, brave dog strain in Kazan comes to the front again in a crisis and once more he performs a great service—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECORDS POSITION OF STARS

New Astronomical Instrument, Known as the Blink Microscope, Is a Valuable Invention.

One of the newest of astronomical instruments is the blink microscope. The principle involved is similar to that of the moving-picture machine. In the latter the film used consists of a series of pictures, each a little different from its predecessor. If these are presented in rapid succession the series is fused into one picture in which the succeeding differences appear as motion. The blink microscope enables one to compare a photograph of a portion of the heavens with another of the same region taken several years later. An ingenious contrivance brings first one then the other plate into view in rapid succession. If in the interval between the two exposures a star in the region has changed its position appreciably it will appear to move and can be detected at once. Formerly it was necessary to measure carefully the positions of all the stars on both plates in order to detect those with large proper motions. Such stars are sometimes called "run-away" stars.

Thousand Kisses an Hour.

Think of being kissed 1,000 times an hour, six hours at a stretch. Better still, think of these 6,000 kisses in six hours, with time after each for a little sort, sweet love note, and, perhaps, if you are sentimentally and affectionately inclined, you may be able to picture the performance which happened in Langhorne, Pa. It has set the tongues flying.

To make matters worse, the two lovers who indulged in this pleasant pastime had an audience. They were watched by none other than a dignified professor, and, far from minding the intrusion, as if proud of their accomplishments, the two sweethearts cooed and sang to each other and kissed, kissed and kissed.

The sweethearts are parrots, and proud of it. They are not the everyday, plain variety, but are of brilliant and gorgeous plumage and hail from Australia.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

A Bar to Conversation.

"Are you going to the masquerade ball?"

"Yes."

"And what disguise will you assume?"

"I've been thinking of going as George Washington."

"If you present the character accurately you won't be able to pay many compliments to the ladies."

"Why not?"

"George Washington never told a lie, you know."

De Morgan Left Unfinished Novels.

William De Morgan was a man of charming personality, and also of amazing industry. When twitted once about the lengths of his books, he replied: "My next will be a million words." He possessed an extremely kind heart and always visioned the best in people. His own very happy life is reflected in the characteristic optimism in his work. He left two very fine novels unfinished.

Marvelous Banyan Tree.

The giant banyan under which Alexander is said to have camped with 7,000 men, now measures nearly 1,000 feet across the head, contains about 3,000 trunks and forms a dense canopy through which the sunshine never penetrates. Several other species also propagate in like manner.

Only One Egyptian Frog.

The only known species of frog which occurs at present in Egypt is the rana esculata, the edible frog of the continent.

War Methods Changing

By Ex-Governor Hoard

Against our will, we have been forced into the greatest conflict ever known. Our national life and liberties and those of our children are at stake, and we are in this war with very meager preparation. Fortunately in the last three years to supply the allies we have learned how to manufacture in large quantity guns, munitions and other war supplies. This has given us tens of thousands of mechanics and artisans so trained that a large output of these war necessities can be quickly had.

This war has made clear what we all ought to have known and that is that the volunteer system of service utterly fails in a crisis, besides being obviously unjust and undemocratic. Experience shows there is only one plan that will work and that is universal military training and service. Aside from the training that will now be given the men called by the selective draft, we must permanently adopt the plan of giving every young man before he enters a business career at least six months of intensive training to build up his physique and develop him in strength and virility. Nothing else will do so much for him; these men to be subject to call for service, and they should be made available for any kind of service necessary to maintain the army and navy in time of war. It is quite as necessary to plow corn as to dig trenches. A man may be able to render a higher service to his country behind the plow or at a lathe in a workshop than by operating a machine gun in a battle line. Everyone must be brought to understand that he owes a duty to his country that in a crisis must be paid in personal service of such kind as the country may require of him. No matter what that service may be, six months of intensive military training is the best possible preparation he can have for it.

In return for the blessings and opportunities of freedom we enjoy, we owe our country a duty that must be paid even if life must be sacrificed. We have no right to shirk responsibility and endeavor to place the burden upon others.

We must win this war, or God help us. Germany is a mighty foe and to defeat her we must go the limit. If we do not win, liberty and popular government may be lost to the world. There is one lesson we must now learn, that we should have learned years ago, and that is never again to be caught in a position where we are so completely unready to defend ourselves. We must adopt and permanently maintain universal military training. Without this our national life will never be secure. There is no assurance that the present will be the last war. Such predictions have been made after every war. There is only one way and that is to be strong and ready. It is quite probable that if we had been prepared the kaiser would not have trampled upon our rights and we would not have been forced into this awful war. Now that we are in, we must go through to the end and the harder we fight the sooner it will be over.

POULTRY POINTERS

When chicks are confined to a limited range, the ground should be spaded up at frequent intervals, so as to provide fresh ground for them to scratch in.

Any pullet that does not begin laying before the first extremely cold weather will seldom lay many eggs during December and January.

On the farm where pullets have plenty of range, hopper feeding gives very satisfactory results; that is, certain food is put into a self-feeding hopper where it is always available.

There is no economy in giving only one kind of feed, because fowls and chicks need a variety in order to get the required amount of the different kinds of nourishment.

A dirty water dish offers a good chance for the distribution of disease germs, and all dishes should be cleaned and scalded with boiling water frequently during hot weather.

Unless there is plenty of gravel or other grit which the fowls can pick up about the place, they should always have a box of commercial grit where they can reach it at any time, for grit is necessary for perfect digestion.

Geese do not need shelter except during cold winter weather, when open sheds may be provided.

If your flock is penned up, do not neglect the meat constituent of the ration.

The chief danger in feeding oats lies in the hulls. It is too expensive to buy hulled oats, and about the only way to eliminate the trouble is to soak the oats, or, still better, sprout them.