

KAZAN

JAMES
OLIVER
CURWOOD



KAZAN ONCE MORE PERFORMS A GREAT SERVICE AND WINS JOAN'S LIFE-LONG AFFECTION.

Synopsis.—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, who has been made savage by brutality, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection instantly. On the way northward, McCready, a dog team driver, joins the party and at night beats the master to insensibility and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills McCready, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a mate, Gray Wolf, and soon afterward drives off the pack which had attacked Pierre, a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Kazan submits to adoption through kindness. Pierre is near death.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Kazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.

"Almost, father. Won't you please come—soon?"

"After I smoke," he said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, I'm so tired—and—sleepy—"

Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat.

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Forty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of air-holes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father? You're tired—and almost sick."

"Yes—after I smoke," he repeated.

"Joan, will you keep reminding me tomorrow of the air-holes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the air-holes—"

"Yes-s-s—"

Pierre dropped the tent-flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew, also, that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still, and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick, gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the north came faintly a crisp, moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of his muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a wailing note in which there was more than the mate-call. It was The Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

Out of the Blizzard.

It was dawn when the baby snuggled close to Joan's warm breast and

awakened her with its cry of hunger.

She opened her eyes, brushed back the thick hair from her face, and could see where the shadowy form of her father was lying at the other side of the tent.

He was very quiet, and she was pleased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for half an hour longer she lay quiet, cooling softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bitterly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out. Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left. In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!"

She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible moaning cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard so sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the air-holes, the home forty miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan." He had guessed what might happen.

She bundled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the

tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!" She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles! She clutched her hands at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of.

What happens to Joan and her baby after she falls unconscious on the sledge is told graphically in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GOT RID OF ACHING TOOTH

Frenchman Driven to Heroic Act, When There Seemed to Be No Other Method of Relief.

Here is a yarn told to the unsuspecting people of Bath by one of Lon Wellman's building moving crew of Augusta. One of the Wellman crew of house-movers was formerly a street car conductor. Last evening he had a Frenchman friend who on one occasion had a terrible toothache. He saw the hole in the Frenchman's tooth and advised the man to have it out. His friend went out to do so, but found all the dentists' shops closed, owing to the lateness of the hour.

The Frenchman bore the pain as long as he could and then resolved on heroic remedies. He went to his room, took out a powder flask and poured out some gunpowder, which he jammed into the big hole in his tooth; then he put in for a fuse a piece of silk thread and plugging up the hole over the powder, started the fuse and blew that tooth across the room out of his jaw!

Joe says that he can vouch for the truth of the statement, for next morning the Frenchman came downstairs with a smile on his face, all pain gone and showed him the hole in his jaw made by the blasting of his tooth.—Kennebec Journal.

Makes Sales Record.

Of the 5,000 electric irons put out on trial by an electric company recently at Youngstown, O., only three came back. The men in the sales department believe the company's policy of requiring customers to return irons themselves is responsible for this enviable record. The irons are put out on 15 days' free trial, and if the customers ask for terms the payment is spread over two or three months. While it is thought that many irons would be lost through this method, the records show that the money for only four irons out of the 5,000 could not be collected. The people who had accepted these four irons on trial moved out of town before the first payment was due.

No Chance for Humorist.

Twenty-three thousand seven hundred and sixty-one persons tried to tell what love is, when a New Orleans paper held a prize answer contest on that subject recently. And then the prize went to this one: "Love is the doorway through which the human soul passes from selfishness into service and from solitude into kinship with all humanity!" Southerners are just that sentimental that the person who wrote "Love is what makes two Auburn hairs grow where there was only one red one," probably got stung.—Springfield Republican.

No Gigglers Need Apply.

A request for a "young lady stenographer, thirty to forty years old, past the giggling and flirting age," has been received by W. R. King, manager of the United States Employment bureau. The employer says he wants a woman who has to work for a living and who wants to leave the city and go to a small country town. The salary offered is \$40 a month.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Elk Becoming a Nuisance.

Elk from the Yellowstone park were shipped to Washington, largely for their sentimental value, but it has been found that these animals can make themselves considerable of a nuisance. It is said that in a short time damage to the extent of \$20,000 has been done to the apple orchards of that state by these animals.

Dried Buttermilk on the Market.

Commercialized dried buttermilk is a new feed. The first carload of it reached Chicago for a company which controls the output of 20,000,000 pounds annually. It is to be used for special mixing feed for fattening poultry and hogs.—Chicago Herald.

IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat less meat if Kidneys feel like lead or Bladder bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have backache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well-known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.

The Situation.

Clerk—I would like more salary, sir, as I am going to get married.

Employer—Sorry, but I'll have to reduce it. I am going to get married myself.—Boston Transcript.

No Doubt of It.

"Is young Smith well furnished with mental paraphernalia?"

"Yes, indeed; his pa got him the most expensive makes of 'em."—Exchange.

HAVE SOFT, WHITE HANDS

Clear Skin and Good Hair by Using Cuticura—Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Besides these fragrant, super-creamy emollients prevent little skin troubles becoming serious by keeping the pores free from obstruction. Nothing better at any price for all toilet purposes.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Unwise.

Your right to blow your horn may be a fact beyond dispute; But it's not wise, to say the least, To go upon a toot.

—Boston Transcript.

THE LAST EXAMINATION OF WAR'S DRAFT.

Many a man has fallen down because a test of his water showed unmistakably that he had kidney disease.

The kidneys are the scavengers and they work day and night in separating the poisons from the blood. Their signals of distress are easily recognized and include such symptoms as backache, depression, drowsiness, irritability, headaches, dizziness, rheumatic twinges, dropsy, gout.

"The very best way to restore the kidneys to their normal state of health and cure such symptoms," says Dr. Pierce, of Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., "is to drink plenty of water and obtain from your favorite pharmacy a small amount of An-u-ric, double strength, which is dispensed by almost every druggist." You will find An-u-ric more potent than lithia, dissolve uric acid as water does sugar.

Send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. and ask for advice if there is need.

Natural Conclusion.

"It says here that the famous green corn dance of the Seminoles is described by an eye-witness as a wild, grotesque series of leaps and contortions to the weird music of a dirge-like, mournful chant."

"Ump—then it must be a cross between one of these here classic outdoor dances and a boy with a green apple stomach ache."—Florida Times-Union.



I Made an Automobile Expert of This Man in Just Seven Weeks. DO YOU WANT TO BE AN EXPERT Automobile Driver Automobile Repairman Automobile Salesman Gas Tractor Engineer Stationary Engineer and earn from \$100 to \$500 per month? If you have two hands and a common sense education, I can make you an expert in from six to eight weeks. I prove it by my "Free Trial." Write today for booklet and a letter from me that will make you a friend of mine from the start. ADCOX AUTO AND GAS ENGINE SCHOOL. 388 Burnside Street, Portland, Ore.