

KAZAN

By
**James
Oliver
Curwood**

Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak. But she was very still. He thrust his nose into her loose hair. A whine rose in his throat, and suddenly he raised his head and sniffed in the face of the wind. Something came to him with that wind. He muzzled Joan again, but she did not stir. Then he went forward, and stood in his traces, ready for the pull, and looked back at her. Still she did not move or speak, and Kazan's whine gave place to a sharp, excited bark.

The strange thing in the wind came to him stronger for a moment. He began to pull. The sledge runners had frozen to the snow, and it took every ounce of his strength to free them. Twice during the next five minutes he stopped and sniffed the air. The third time that he halted, in a drift of snow, he returned to Joan's side again, and whined to awaken her. Then he tugged again at the end of his traces, and foot by foot he dragged the sledge through the drift. Beyond the drift there was a stretch of clear ice, and here Kazan rested. During a lull in the wind the scent came to him stronger than before.

At the end of the clear ice was a narrow break in the shore, where a creek ran into the main stream. If Joan had been conscious she would have urged him straight ahead. But Kazan turned into the break, and for ten minutes he struggled through the snow without a rest, whining more and more frequently, until at last the white broke into a joyous bark. Ahead of him, close to the creek, was a small cabin. Smoke was rising out of the chimney. It was the scent of smoke that had come to him in the wind. A hard, level slope reached to the cabin door, and with the last strength that was in him, Kazan dragged his burden up that. Then he settled himself back beside Joan, lifted his shaggy head to the dark sky and howled.

A moment later the door opened. A man came out. Kazan's reddened, snow-shot eyes followed him watchfully as he ran to the sledge. He heard his startled exclamation as he bent over Joan. In another lull of the wind there came from out of the mass of furs on the sledge the wailing, half-smothered voice of baby Joan.

A deep sigh of relief heaved up from Kazan's chest. He was exhausted. His strength was gone. His feet were torn and bleeding. But the voice of baby Joan filled him with a strange happiness, and he lay down in his traces, while the man carried Joan and the baby into the life and warmth of the cabin.

A few minutes later the man reappeared. He was not old, like Pierre Radisson. He came close to Kazan, and looked down at him.

"My God," he said. "And you did that—alone!"

He bent down fearfully, unfastened the traces, and led him toward the cabin door. Kazan hesitated but once—almost on the threshold. He turned his head, swift and alert. From out of the moaning and wailing of the storm it seemed to him that for a moment he had heard the voice of Gray Wolf.

Then the cabin door closed behind him.

Back in a shadowy corner of the cabin he lay, while the man prepared something over a hot stove for Joan. It was a long time before Joan rose from the cot on which the man had placed her. After that Kazan heard her sobbing; and then the man made her eat, and for a time they talked. Then the stranger hung up a big blanket in front of the bunk, and sat down close to the stove. Quietly Kazan slipped along the wall, and crept under the bunk. For a long time he could hear the sobbing breath of the girl. Then all was still.

The next morning he slipped out through the door when the man opened it, and sped swiftly into the forest. Half a mile away he found the trail of Gray Wolf, and called to her. From the frozen river came her reply, and he went to her.

Vainly Gray Wolf tried to lure him back into their old haunts—away from the cabin and the scent of man. Late that morning the man harnessed his dogs, and from the fringe of the forest Kazan saw him tuck Joan and the baby among the furs on the sledge, as old Pierre had done. All that day

JOAN LEARNS THAT THE LOVE OF KAZAN IS A VERY GREAT PRIZE INDEED, AND SHE SHOWS HER AFFECTION FOR THE DOG

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 Isabel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, 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 Pierre, a sick man, his daughter Joan, and her baby. Kazan, lured by Joan's kindness, stays near her. Pierre dies. Joan and Kazan start to pull the sledge to the settlement. Joan falls exhausted and cold.

he followed in the trail of the team, with Gray Wolf slinking behind him. They traveled until dark; and then, under the stars and the moon that had followed the storm, the man still urged on his team. It was deep in the night when they came to another cabin, and the man beat upon the door. A light, the opening of the door, the joyous welcome of a man's voice, Joan's sobbing cry—Kazan heard these from the shadows in which he was hidden, and then slipped back to Gray Wolf.

In the days and weeks that followed Joan's homecoming the lure of the cabin and of the woman's hand held Kazan. As he had tolerated Pierre, so now he tolerated the younger man who lived with Joan and the baby. He knew that the man was very dear to Joan, and that the baby was very dear to him, as it was to the girl. It was not until the third day that Joan succeeded in coaxing him into the cabin—and that was the day on which the man returned with the dead and frozen body of Pierre. It was Joan's husband who first found the name on the collar he wore, and they began calling him Kazan.

Half a mile away, at the summit of a huge mass of rock which the Indians called the Sun rock, he and Gray Wolf had found a home; and from here they went down to their hunts on the plain, and often the girl's voice reached up to them, calling, "Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

Through all the long winter Kazan hovered thus between the lure of Joan and the cabin—and Gray Wolf.

Then came spring—and the Great Change.

CHAPTER X.

The Great Change.

The rocks, the ridges and the valleys were taking on a warmer glow. The poplar buds were ready to burst. The scent of balsam and of spruce grew heavier in the air each day, and all through the wilderness, in plain and forest, there was the rippling murmur of the spring floods finding their way to Hudson's bay. In that great bay there was the rumble and crash of the ice fields thundering down in the early break-up through the Roes Welcome—the doorway to the Arctic, and for that reason there still came with the April wind an occasional sharp breath of winter.

Kazan had sheltered himself against that wind. Not a breath of air stirred in the sunny spot the wolf-dog had chosen for himself. He was more comfortable than he had been at any time during the six months of terrible winter—and as he slept he dreamed.

Gray Wolf, his wild mate, lay near him, flat on her belly, her forepaws reaching out, her eyes and nostrils as keen and alert as the smell of man could make them. For there was that smell of man, as well as of balsam and spruce, in the warm spring air. She gazed anxiously and sometimes steadily, at Kazan as he slept. Her own gray spine stiffened when she saw the tawny hair along Kazan's back bristle at some dream vision. She whined softly as his upper lip snarled back, showing his long, white fangs. But, for the most part, Kazan lay quiet, save for the muscular twitchings of legs, shoulders and muzzle, which always tell when a dog is dreaming; and as he dreamed there came to the door of the cabin out on the plain a blue-eyed girl-woman, with a big brown braid over her shoulder, who called through the cup of her hands, "Kazan, Kazan, Kazan!"

The voice reached faintly to the top of the Sun rock, and Gray Wolf flattened her ears. Kazan stirred, and in another instant he was awake and on his feet. He leaped to an outcropping ledge, sniffing the air and looking far out over the plain that lay below them.

Over the plain the woman's voice came to them again, and Kazan ran to the edge of the rock and whined. Gray Wolf stepped softly to his side and laid her muzzle on his shoulder. She had grown to know what the Voice meant. Day and night she feared it, more than she feared the scent or sound of man.

Since she had given up the pack and her old life for Kazan, the Voice had become Gray Wolf's greatest enemy, and she hated it. It took Kazan from her. And wherever it went, Kazan followed.

Night after night it robbed her of her mate, and left her to wander alone

under the stars and the moon, keeping faithfully to her loneliness, and never once responding with her own tongue to the hunt-calls of her wild brothers and sisters in the forests and out on the plains. Usually she would snarl at the Voice, and sometimes nip Kazan lightly to show her displeasure. But today, as the Voice came a third time, she slunk back into the darkness of a fissure between two rocks, and Kazan saw only the fiery glow of her eyes.

Kazan ran nervously to the trail their feet had worn up to the top of the Sun rock, and stood undecided. All day, and yesterday, he had been uneasy and disturbed. Whatever it was that stirred him seemed to be in the air, for he could not see it or hear it or scent it. But he could feel it. He went to the fissure and sniffed at Gray Wolf. Usually she whined coaxingly. But her response today was to draw back her lips until he could see her white fangs.

A fourth time the Voice came to them faintly, and she snapped fiercely at some unseen thing in the darkness between the two rocks. Kazan went again to the trail, still hesitating. Then he began to go down. It was a narrow, winding trail, worn only by the



Darted Swiftly in the Direction of the Cabin.

pads and claws of animals, for the Sun rock was a huge crag that rose almost sheer up for a hundred feet above the tops of the spruce and balsam, its bald crest catching the first gleams of the sun in the morning and the last glow of it in the evening. Gray Wolf had first led Kazan to the security of the retreat at the top of the rock.

When he reached the bottom he no longer hesitated, but darted swiftly in the direction of the cabin. Because of that instinct of the wild that was still in him, he always approached the cabin with caution. He never gave warning, and for a moment Joan was startled when she looked up from her baby and saw Kazan's shaggy head and shoulders in the open door. The baby struggled and kicked in her delight, and held out her two hands with cooing cries to Kazan. Joan, too, held out a hand.

"Kazan!" she cried softly. "Come in, Kazan!"

Slowly the wild red light in Kazan's eyes softened. He put a forefoot on the sill, and stood there, while the girl urged him again. Suddenly his legs seemed to sink a little under him, his tail drooped and he slunk in with that doggy air of having committed a crime. The creature he loved were in the cabin, but the cabin itself he hated. He hated all cabins, for they all breathed of the club and the whip bondage. Like all the sledge-dogs, he preferred the open snow for a bed, and the spruce-tops for shelter.

Joan dropped her hand to his head, and at its touch there thrilled through him that strange joy that was his reward for leaving Gray Wolf and the wild. Slowly he raised his head until his black muzzle rested on her lap, and he closed his eyes while that wonderful little creature that mystified him so—the baby—prodded him with her tiny feet, and pulled his tawny hair. He loved these baby-maulings even more than the touch of Joan's hand. Motionless, sphinxlike, undemonstra-

tive in every muscle of his body, Kazan stood, scarcely breathing. More than once this lack of demonstration had urged Joan's husband to warn her. But the wolf that was in Kazan, his wild aloofness, even his mating with Gray Wolf had made her love him more. She understood, and had faith in him.

In the days of the last snow Kazan had proved himself. A neighboring trapper had run over with his team, and the baby Joan had toddled up to one of the big huskies. There was a fierce snap of jaws, a scream of horror from Joan, a shout from the men as they leaped toward the pack. But Kazan was ahead of them all. In a gray streak that traveled with the speed of a bullet he was at the big husky's throat. When they pulled him off, the husky was dead. Joan thought of that now, as the baby kicked and tumbled Kazan's head.

Another important event bobs up for Kazan, and the wolf dog assumes a new pride and dignity. It's all told in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DRINKING WATER IN GUTTERS

However, the Ladies of the Andean Capital Also Bathe in It.

Ibague, capital of the Colombian province of Tolima, claims 2,300 "souls," but the count takes much for granted. It is a square-cornered town of almost wholly thatched one-story buildings, its wide streets atrociously cobbled and its few sidewalks worn perilously slippery and barely wide enough for two feet at once.

A stream of crystal-clear water gurgles down every street through cobbled gutters, lulling the travel-weary to sleep and furnishing a convenient means of washing photographic films. We drank less often, however, after we had strolled up to the end of the mountain and found three none-too-handsome ladies bathing in the reservoir.

It is a peaceful, roomy place, where everyone has unlimited space on the grassy, gentle slope to put up his little chalky, straw-roofed cottage, yet all the street line as if fearful of missing anything that might unexpectedly pass. Foreigners seem to be a great novelty, and I could find no satisfactory reason why so many Ibaguenees were blind, unless they had overindulged themselves in the national game of staring.—Harry A. Franck, in the Century Magazine.

Eucalyptus Leaves.

Eucalyptus are evergreens, which shed their bark but not their leaves, but they are not shade trees. The leaves are placed in inclined rather than in horizontal positions, and the passage of light is but little obstructed. For this reason, smaller trees and bushes and grass grow underneath, and the woods in places assume the appearance of a jungle from which arise the towering shafts of trees. It is interesting to note that primitive types of eucalyptus, as well as the young or more modern types, have horizontal leaves, pointing to a time in the geologic past when the climate was more congenial and no precautions to conserve moisture need be taken.—National Geographic Magazine.

Big Profit in Onions.

Roman Skivlecki of Sunderland continues to be favored of fortune or by his own foresight. He held on to his onions when all his wise Yankee friends said "sell," and has got the highest price on record, \$7 a bag of 100 pounds. When the price got up to \$3 his Yankee friends dropped in and told Roman that it was dangerous to hold on any longer, and they repeated the warnings at \$4, \$5 and \$6, but still Roman kept some of them till the last, if there is any last when crops are going up on a crop failure. Roman made a net profit of \$7,000 on his onions in 1901, and he must have done much better than that this year.—Northampton Gazette.

Doctors Don't Know Everything.

"I thought you told me that your doctor had ordered you to quit drinking?" said Smith.

"Aw, these doctors don't know what they are talking about," replied Brown, as he stirred his highball. "I quit drinking for two days and I didn't feel a bit better."

He Disliked Laziness.

After a day or two in a hustling, bustling western town a tramp shook the dust from his boots with a snarl. "They must be darn lazy people in this town. Everywhere you turn they offer you work to do."

Safe to Be Around.

"How is your husband getting on with his golf?"

"Very well, indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."

The dry season range of temperature in Cuba is from 60 to 85 degrees.

SAGE AND SULPHUR DARKENS GRAY HAIR

It's Grandmother's Recipe to Restore Color, Gloss and Attractiveness.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, for about 50 cents.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appearance. It is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

A Forward Guest.

Hostess to Her Husband—How inattentive you are, John. You must really look after Mr. Blank better—he's helping himself to everything.—Boston Transcript.

Repatee See-Saw.

The needle had been making piercing remarks to the shirt.

"I know your fell purpose," said the latter. "It is to see the seamy side of life."—Exchange.

Just a Suggestion.

"My boy," said Mr. Grabcoinc, seriously, "I want you to acquire a competency."

"Well, dad, if you treat me right in your will, your dream will come true."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A WOMAN'S BURDENS IN THIS WAR

Every woman's burdens are lightened when she turns to the right medicine. If her existence is made gloomy by the chronic weakness, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, she will find relief and emancipation from her trouble in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she finds new life and strength. It's a powerful, invigorating tonic and nerveine which was discovered and used by an eminent physician for many years in all cases of "female complaints" and weakness. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; in bearing-down sensations, periodical pains, ulceration, inflammation, and every kindred ailment, the "Favorite Prescription" will benefit or cure.

The "Prescription" contains no alcohol, and is sold in tablet or liquid form. Send 50c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for large trial pkg.

Ought to Know.

A recently commissioned second lieutenant was drilling his command in an Indianapolis street.

Something went wrong and the soldiers found themselves trying to march over a six-foot fence.

The lieutenant halted the company and said:

"Men, why don't you do what I want you to do instead of what I tell you to do?"—Indianapolis News.

NERVOUSNESS AND BLUES

Symptoms of More Serious Sickness.

Washington Park, Ill.—"I am the mother of four children and have suffered with female

trouble, backache, nervous spells and the blues. My children's loud talking and romping would make me so nervous I could just tear everything to pieces and I would ache all over and feel so sick that I would not want anyone to talk to me at times. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills restored me to health and I want to thank you for the good they have done me. I have had quite a bit of trouble and worry but it does not affect my youthful looks. My friends say 'Why do you look so young and well?' I owe it all to the Lydia E. Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. ROBT. STOPIEL, Sage Avenue, Washington Park, Illinois.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free of charge.