

KAZAN

JAMES
OLIVER
CURWOOD



KAZAN BECOMES THE FATHER OF THREE WOLF DOG PUPPIES, AND IN TRYING TO DEFEND THEM AND GRAY WOLF HAS A DEADLY FIGHT

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. Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his instant affection by her kindness. Back in the wilderness, McCready, a guide, beats Thorpe senseless and attacks the bride. Kazan kills the assailant, 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. Then, held by Joan's kindness, Kazan stays with her. Pierre dies. Joan and Kazan start with the sledge to the settlement and Joan falls exhausted. The dog saves her and the baby, and with Gray Wolf, establishes a lair near Joan's home.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Good old Kazan," she cried softly, putting her face down close to him. "We're glad you came, Kazan, for we're going to be alone tonight—baby and I. Daddy's gone to the post, and you must care for us while he's away." She tickled his nose with the end of her long shining braid. This always delighted the baby, for in spite of his stoicism Kazan had to sniff and sometimes to sneeze, and twig his ears. And it pleased him, too. He loved the sweet scent of Joan's hair.

"And you'd fight for us, if you had to, wouldn't you?" she went on. Then she rose quietly. "I must close the door," she said. "I don't want you to go away again today, Kazan. You must stay with us."

Kazan went off to his corner, and lay down. Just as there had been some strange thing at the top of the Sun Rock to disturb him that day, so now there was a mystery that disturbed him in the cabin. He sniffed the air, trying to fathom its secret. Whatever it was, it seemed to make his mistress different, too. And she was digging out all sorts of odds and ends of things about the cabin, and doing them up in packages. Late that night, before she went to bed, Joan came and snuggled her hand close down beside him for a few moments.

"We're going away," she whispered, and there was a curious tremble that was almost a sob in her voice. "We're going home, Kazan. We're going away down where his people live—where they have churches, and cities, and music, and all the beautiful things in the world. And we're going to take you, Kazan!"

Kazan didn't understand. But he was happy at having the woman so near to him, and talking to him. At these times he forgot Gray Wolf. The dog that was in him surged over his quarter-strain of wildness, and the woman and the baby alone filled his world. But after Joan had gone to her bed, and all was quiet in the cabin, his old uneasiness returned. He rose to his feet and moved stealthily about the cabin, sniffing at the walls, the door and the things his mistress had done into packages. A low whine rose in his throat. Joan, half asleep, heard it, and murmured:

"Be quiet, Kazan. Go to sleep—go to sleep—"

Long after that, Kazan stood rigid in the center of the room, listening, trembling. And faintly he heard, far away, the wailing cry of Gray Wolf. But tonight it was not the cry of loneliness. It sent a thrill through him. He ran to the door, and whined, but Joan was deep in slumber and did not hear him. Once more he heard the cry, and only once. Then the night grew still. He crouched down near the door.

Joan found him there, still watchful, still listening, when she awoke in the early morning. She came to open the door for him, and in a moment he was gone. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he sped in the direction of the Sun Rock. Across the plain he could see the cap of it already painted with a golden glow.

He came to the narrow winding trail, and wormed his way up it swiftly.

Gray Wolf was not at the top to greet him. But he could smell her, and the scent of that other thing was strong in the air. His muscles tightened; his legs grew tense. Deep down in his chest there began the low rumble of a growl. He knew now that that strange thing was that had haunted him, and made him uneasy. It was life. Something that lived and breathed had invaded the home which he and Gray Wolf had chosen. He heard his long fangs, and a snarl of defiance drew

back his lips. Stiff-legged, prepared to spring, his neck and head reaching out, he approached the two rocks between which Gray Wolf had crept the night before. She was still there. And with her was something else. After a moment the tenseness left Kazan's body. His bristling crest dropped until it lay flat. His ears shot forward, and he put his head and shoulders between the two rocks, and whined softly. And Gray Wolf whined. Slowly Kazan backed out, and faced the rising sun. Then he lay down, so that his body shielded the entrance to the chamber between the rocks.

Gray Wolf was a mother.

CHAPTER XI.

The Tragedy on Sun Rock.

All that day Kazan guarded the top of the Sun Rock. Fate, and the fear and brutality of masters, had heretofore kept him from fatherhood, and he was puzzled. Something told him now that he belonged to the Sun Rock, and not to the cabin. The call that came to him from over the plain was not so strong. At dusk Gray Wolf came out from her retreat, and slunk to his side, whimpering, and nipped gently at his shaggy neck. It was the old instinct of his fathers that made him respond by caressing Gray Wolf's face with his tongue. Then Gray Wolf's jaws opened, and she laughed in short panting breaths, as if she had been hard run. She was happy, and as they heard a little snuffling sound from between the rocks, Kazan wagged his tail, and Gray Wolf darted back to her young.

The babyish cry and its effect upon Gray Wolf taught Kazan his first lesson in fatherhood. Instinct again told him that Gray Wolf could not go down to the hunt with him now—that she must stay at the top of the Sun Rock. So when the moon rose he went down alone, and toward dawn returned with a big white rabbit between his jaws. It was the wild in him that made him do this, and Gray Wolf ate ravenously. Then he knew that each night hereafter he must hunt for Gray Wolf—and the little whimpering creatures hidden between the two rocks.

The next day, and still the next, he did not go to the cabin, though he heard the voices of both the man and the woman calling him. On the fifth he went down, and Joan and the baby were so glad that the woman hugged him, and the baby kicked and laughed and screamed at him, while the man stood by cautiously, watching their demonstrations with a gleam of disapprobation in his eyes.

"I'm afraid of him," he told Joan for the hundredth time. "That's the wolf-gleam in his eyes. He's of a treacherous breed. Sometimes I wish we'd never brought him home."

"If we hadn't—where would the baby—have gone?" Joan reminded him, a little catch in her voice.

"I had almost forgotten that," said her husband. "Kazan, you old devil, I guess I love you, too." He laid his hand caressingly on Kazan's head. "Wonder how he'll take to life down there?" he asked. "He has always been used to the forests. It'll seem mighty strange."

"And so—have I—always been used to the forests," whispered Joan. "I guess that's why I love Kazan—next to you and the baby. Kazan—dear old Kazan!"

This time Kazan felt and scented more of that mysterious change in the cabin. Joan and her husband talked incessantly of their plans when they were together; and when the man was away Joan talked to the baby, and to him. And each time that he came down to the cabin during the week that followed, he grew more and more rest-

less, until at last the man noticed the change in him.

"I believe he knows," he said to Joan one evening. "I believe he knows we're preparing to leave." Then he added: "The river was rising again today. It will be another week before we can start, perhaps longer."

That same night the moon flooded the top of the Sun Rock with a golden light, and out into the glow of it came Gray Wolf, with her three little whelps toddling behind her. There was much about these soft little balls that tumbled about him and snuggled in his tawny coat that reminded Kazan of the baby. At times they made the same queer, soft little sounds, and they staggered about on their four little legs just as helplessly as baby Joan made her way about on two. He did not fondle them, as Gray Wolf did, but the touch of them, and their babyish whimperings, filled him with a kind of pleasure that he had never experienced before.

The moon was straight above them, and the night was almost as bright as day, when he went down again to hunt for Gray Wolf. At the foot of the rock a big white rabbit popped up ahead of him, and he gave chase. For half a mile he pursued, until the wolf instinct in him rose over the dog, and he gave up the futile race. A deer he might have overtaken, but small game the wolf must hunt as the fox hunts it, and he began to slip through the thickets slowly and as quietly as a shadow. He was a mile from the Sun Rock when two quick leaps put Gray Wolf's supper between his jaws. He trotted back slowly, dropping the big seven-pound snow-shoe hare now and then to rest.

When he came to the narrow trail that led to the top of the Sun Rock he stopped. In that trail was the warm scent of strange feet. The rabbit fell from his jaws. Every hair in his body was suddenly electrified into life. What he scented was not the scent of a rabbit, a marten or a porcupine. Fang and claw had climbed the path ahead of him. And then, coming faintly to him from the top of the rock, he heard sounds which sent him up with a terrible whining cry. When he reached the summit he saw in the white moonlight a scene that stopped him for a single moment. Close to the edge of the sheer fall to the rocks, fifty feet below, Gray Wolf was engaged in a death-struggle with a huge gray lynx. She was down—and under, and from her there came a sudden sharp terrible cry of pain.

Kazan flew across the rock. His attack was the swift silent assault of the wolf, combined with the greater cour-



Kazan's Teeth Sank Deeper.

age, the fury and the strategy of the husky. Another husky would have died in that first attack. But the lynx was not a dog or a wolf. It was "Mow-lee, the swift," as the Sarcees had named it—the quickest creature in the wilderness. Kazan's inch-long fangs should have sunk deep in its jugular. But in a fractional part of a second the lynx had thrown itself back like a huge soft ball, and Kazan's teeth buried themselves in the flesh of its neck instead of the jugular. And Kazan was not now fighting the fangs of a wolf in the pack, or of another husky. He was fighting claws—claws that ripped like twenty razor-edged knives, and which even a jugular hold could not stop.

Once he had fought a lynx in a trap, and he had not forgotten the lesson the battle had taught him. He fought to pull the lynx down, instead of forcing it on its back, as he would have done with another dog or a wolf. He knew that when on its back the fierce cat was most dangerous. One rip of its powerful hind feet could disembowel him.

Behind him he heard Gray Wolf sobbing and crying, and he knew that she was terribly hurt. He was filled with the rage and strength of two dogs, and his teeth met through the flesh and hide of the cat's throat. But the big lynx escaped death by half an inch. It would take a fresh grip to reach the jugular, and suddenly Kazan made the deadly lunge. There was an instant's freedom for the lynx, and in that moment it flung itself back, and Kazan gripped at its throat—on top.

The cat's claws ripped through his flesh, cutting open his side—a little too high to kill. Another stroke and they would have cut to his vitals. But they had struggled close to the edge of the rock wall, and suddenly, without a snarl or a cry, they rolled over. It was fifty or sixty feet to the rocks of the ledge below, and even as they pitched over and over in the fall, Kazan's teeth sank deeper. They struck with terrific force, Kazan uppermost. The shock sent him half a dozen feet from his enemy. He was up like a flash, dizzy, snarling, on the defensive. The lynx lay limp and motionless where it had fallen. Kazan came nearer, still prepared, and sniffed cautiously. Something told him that the fight was over. He turned and dragged himself slowly along the ledge to the trail, and returned to Gray Wolf.

The fight with the lynx necessitates a complete change in the course of life for Kazan and Gray Wolf—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAYS TOYS WILL BE UNKNOWN

Children Will Find Their Enjoyment in Useful Things Adapted to Their Mental Level.

Dr. Maria Montessori of Rome, internationally famed authoress and educator, foretold to 700 women the coming of the time when toys will be unknown and children will find enjoyment in useful things adapted to their mental level. She was talking at a meeting arranged by the New England Montessori association.

"Impatience on the part of mothers materially hinders the progress of children," she said. "Let a child take his own time about performing duties and you will find they are done far better than the mothers could do them. Imagine yourself dressing leisurely, but thoroughly, to be suddenly grabbed by a giant maid, literally thrust into your clothes and hustled into a motorcar."

"Sometimes we adults go part way through life as if in chaos until we find something that interests us. Then a phenomenon takes place. Why not give the child the same chance? We can be compared to an airplane. We first must have a motor, then we run over the ground a short distance, and finally we rise in flight. A child must be developed along those same lines."

Our Humorists.

All we can say is that we hope any given humorist of ours will live out the greatest length of days and not stop joking before he dies. We need every moment of his three score years and ten to keep us sane and kind, and we cannot be satisfied with a stinted measure of time for him. When he begins unsurpassably to delight the world, our national pride as well as our human need is bound up in his continuance. Possibly we are going from bad to worse as we have always been, but we think we have been kept from the worst by the humorist's smile, not by the satirist's frown. Other races, other lands abound in songs and sermons, but we have sent our laughter over the world to save it alive more than anything else could.—W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

When Novels Were Really Long.

Though William de Morgan wrote some of the longest novels of recent times, his efforts were conciseness itself compared with the works of some of the seventeenth century romancers. Mile de Scudery's once famous story, "Le Grand Cyrus," for instance, fills five folio volumes of 500 pages each in the English translation, and her contemporary, La Calprenede, was even more diffuse, his "Cleopatre" running into 23 volumes. The leisurely method of the early novelists is well illustrated in "Parthenissa," by Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, in which the eight hundredth page finds the two chief characters still engaged in the process of introducing themselves to each other, begun on page one.—London Observer.

Carrier Pigeons in Warfare.

The value of airplanes in the war is partly due to the speed of the carrier pigeons taken aloft and released with messages. Should the airplane be shot down the bird may accomplish the task the man set out to do. In the French army alone it is said upward of 15,000 carrier pigeons are used daily.

Silver in Early Times.

In very early times silver was used for ornaments. Spain appears to have been the chief source from which silver was obtained by the ancients. It is thought the hills of Palestine may have furnished some supply of this metal.

On the Stand.

Lawyer—I suppose, sir, after the threats made against you, you lived in continual trepidation?

Witness—No, sir; I lived in the suburbs.

SAGE TEA BEAUTIFIES AND DARKENS HAIR

Don't Stay Gray! It Darkens So Naturally that Nobody can Tell.

You can turn gray, faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous almost overnight if you'll get a 50-cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound" at any drug store. Millions of bottles of this old famous Sage Tea Recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, are sold annually, says a well-known druggist here, because it darkens the hair so naturally and evenly that no one can tell it has been applied.

Those whose hair is turning gray or becoming faded have a surprise awaiting them, because after one or two applications the gray hair vanishes and your locks become luxuriantly dark and beautiful.

This is the age of youth. Gray-haired, unattractive folks aren't wanted around, so get busy with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound to-night and you'll be delighted with your dark, handsome hair and your youthful appearance within a few days.

This preparation is a toilet regulette and is not intended for the cure, mitigation or prevention of disease.

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



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.

SALTS IF BACKACHE AND KIDNEYS HURT

Stop eating meat for a while if your Bladder is troubling you

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; remove all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach sours, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness. Jad Salts is a life saver for regular meat eaters. It is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia-water drink.

ACID POISONING!

The most eminent physicians recognize that uric acid stored up in the system is the cause of gout and rheumatism, that this uric acid poison is present in the joints, muscles, or nerves. By experimenting and analysis at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y., Dr. Pierce discovered a combination of native remedies that he called An-u-ric, which drives out the uric acid from the system, and in this way the pain, swelling and inflammation subside. If you are a sufferer from rheumatism, backache, pains here or there, you can obtain Anuric, double strength, at any drug store and get relief from the pains and ills brought about by uric acid; or send Dr. Pierce 10c for trial pkg. Anuric which you will find many times more potent than lithia and eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you. Send a sample of your water to Dr. Pierce and it will be tested free of charge. Anuric is a regular insurance and life-saver for all big meat eaters and those who deposit lime-salts in their joints.