

# KAZAN

The Story of  
a Dog That  
Turned Wolf

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## GRAY WOLF SUFFERS PERMANENT INJURY AND BECOMES DEPENDENT ON KAZAN FOR LIFE ITSELF —THE BIG WOLF-DOG LOSES HIS HUMAN FRIENDS AND IS LONESOME

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 when Pierre dies and helps her drag the sledge to a settler's cabin, saving the lives of mother and daughter. With Gray Wolf, he establishes a lair on Sun Rock, near Joan's home. Gray Wolf has pups. She is attacked by a lynx, which permanently injures her and kills the pups before Kazan kills the lynx.

### CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Gray Wolf was no longer in the moonlight. Close to the two rocks lay the limp lifeless little bodies of the three pups. The lynx had torn them to pieces. With a whine of grief Kazan approached the two boulders and thrust his head between them. Gray Wolf was there, crying to herself in that terrible sobbing way. He went in, and began to lick her bleeding shoulders and head. All the rest of that night she whimpered with pain. With dawn she dragged herself out to the lifeless little bodies on the rock.

And then Kazan saw the terrible work of the lynx. For Gray Wolf was blind—not for a day or a night, but blind for all time. A gloom that no sun could break had become her shroud. And perhaps again it was that instinct of animal creation, which often is more wonderful than man's reason, that told Kazan what had happened. For he knew now that she was helpless—more helpless than the little creatures that had gambled in the moonlight a few hours before. He remained close beside her all that day.

Vainly that day did Joan call for Kazan. Her voice rose to the Sun Rock, and Gray Wolf's head snuggled closer to Kazan, and Kazan's ears dropped back, and he licked her wounds. Late in the afternoon Kazan left Gray Wolf long enough to run to the bottom of the trail and bring up the snow-shoe rabbit. Gray Wolf muzzled the fur and flesh, but would not eat. Still a little later Kazan urged her to follow him to the trail. He no longer wanted to stay at the top of the Sun Rock, and he no longer wanted Gray Wolf to stay there. Step by step he drew her down the winding path away from her dead puppies. She would move only when he was very near her—so near that she could touch his scarred flank with her nose.

They came at last to the point in the trail where they had to leap down a distance of three or four feet from the edge of a rock, and here Kazan saw how utterly helpless Gray Wolf had become. She whined, and crouched twenty times before she dared make the spring, and then she jumped stiff-legged, and fell in a heap at Kazan's feet. After this Kazan did not have to urge her so hard, for the fall impinged on her the fact that she was safe only when her muzzle touched her mate's flank. She followed him obediently when they reached the plain, trotting with her foreshoulder to his hip.

Kazan was heading for a thicket in the creek bottom half a mile away, and a dozen times in that short distance Gray Wolf stumbled and fell. And each time that she fell Kazan learned a little more of the limitations of blindness. Once he sprang off in pursuit of a rabbit, but he had not taken twenty leaps when he stopped and looked back. Gray Wolf had not moved an inch.

All that day they remained in the thicket. In the afternoon he visited the cabin. Joan and her husband were there, and both saw at once Kazan's torn side and his lacerated head and shoulders.

"Pretty near a finish fight for him," said the man, after he had examined him. "It was either a lynx or a bear. Another wolf could not do that."

For half an hour Joan worked over him, talking to him all the time, and fondling him with her soft hands. She bathed his wounds in warm water, and then covered them with a healing salve, and Kazan was filled again with that old restless desire to remain with her always, and never to go back into the forests. For an hour she let him lie

on the edge of her dress, with his nose touching her foot, while she worked on baby things. Then she rose to prepare supper, and Kazan got up—a little wearily—and went to the door. Gray Wolf and the gloom of the night were calling him, and he answered that call with a slouch of his shoulders and a drooping head. Its old thrill was gone. He watched his chance, and went out through the door. The moon had risen when he rejoined Gray Wolf. She greeted his return with a low whine of joy, and muzzled him with her blind face. In her helplessness she looked happier than Kazan in all his strength.

From now on, during the days that followed, it was a last great fight between blind and faithful Gray Wolf and the woman. If Joan had known of what lay in the thicket, if she could once have seen the poor creature to whom Kazan was now all life—the sun, the stars, the moon, and food—she would have helped Gray Wolf. But as it was she tried to lure Kazan more and more to the cabin, and slowly she won.

At last the great day came, eight days after the fight on the Sun Rock. Kazan had taken Gray Wolf to a wooded point on the river two days before, and there he had left her the preceding night when he went to the cabin. This time a stout babiche thong was tied to the collar round his neck, and he was fastened to a staple in the log wall. Joan and her husband were up before it was light next day. The sun was just rising when they all went out, the man carrying the baby, and Joan leading him. Joan turned and looked the cabin door, and Kazan heard a sob in her throat as they followed the man down to the river. The big canoe was packed and waiting. Joan got in first, with the baby. Then, still holding the babiche thong, she drew Kazan up close to her, so that he lay with his weight against her.

The sun fell warmly on Kazan's back as they shoved off, and he closed his eyes, and rested his head on Joan's lap. Her hand fell softly on his shoulder. He heard again that sound which the man could not hear, the broken sob in her throat, as the canoe moved slowly down to the wooded point.

Joan waved her hand back at the cabin, just disappearing behind the trees.

"Good-by!" she cried sadly. "Good-by—" And then she buried her face close down to Kazan and the baby, and sobbed.

The man stopped paddling. "You're not sorry—Joan?" he asked.

They were drifting past the point now, and the scent of Gray Wolf came to Kazan's nostrils, rousing him, and bringing a low whine from his throat. "You're not sorry—we're going?" Joan shook her head.

"No," she replied. "Only I've—always lived here—in the forests—and they're—home!"

The point with its white finger of sand, was behind them now. And Kazan was standing rigid, facing it. The man called to him, and Joan lifted her head. She, too, saw the point, and suddenly the babiche leash slipped from her fingers, and a strange light leaped into her blue eyes as she saw what stood at the end of that white tip of sand. It was Gray Wolf. Her blind eyes were turned toward Kazan. At last Gray Wolf, the faithful, understood. Scent told her what her eyes could not see. Kazan and the man-smell were together. And they were going—going—going—

"Look!" whispered Joan. The man turned. Gray Wolf's forefeet were in the water. And now, as the canoe drifted farther and farther away, she settled back on her haunches,

raised her head to the sun which she could not see and gave her last long wailing cry for Kazan.

The canoe lurched. A tawny body shot through the air—and Kazan was gone.

The man reached forward for his rifle. Joan's hand stopped him. Her face was white.

"Let him go back to her! Let him go—let him go!" she cried. "It is his place—with her."

And Kazan reaching the shore, shook the water from his shaggy hair, and looked for the last time toward the woman. The canoe was drifting slowly around the first bend. A moment more and it had disappeared. Gray Wolf had won.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### The Days of Fire.

From the night of the terrible fight with the big gray lynx on the top of the Sun Rock, Kazan remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge-dog, and the leader of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest, like fires cutting the blackness of night. But as a man dates events from his birth, his marriage, his freedom from a bondage, or some foundation-step in his career, so all things seemed to Kazan to begin with two tragedies which had followed one fast upon the other after the birth of Gray Wolf's pups.

The first was the fight on the Sun Rock, when the big gray lynx had blinded his beautiful wolf mate for all time, and had torn her pups into pieces. He in turn had killed the lynx. But Gray Wolf was still blind. Vengeance had not been able to give her sight. She could no longer hunt with him, as they had hunted with the wild wolf-packs out on the plain, and in the dark forests. So at thought of that night he always snarled, and his lips curled back to reveal his inch-long fangs.

The other tragedy was the going of Joan, her baby and her husband. Something more infallible than reason told Kazan that they would not come back. Brightest of all the pictures that remained with him was that of the sunny morning when the woman and the baby he loved, and the man he endured because of them, had gone away in the canoe, and often he would go to the point, and gaze longingly down-stream, where he had leaped from the canoe to return to his blind mate.

So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Wolf. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of the big gray cat he was turned into a snarling demon, and his hatred grew day by day, as he became more completely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf-pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog-part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was four hundred miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was sixty miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

In her blindness Gray Wolf could no longer hunt with her mate. But gradually a new code of understanding grew up between them, and through her blindness they learned many things that they had not known before. By early summer Gray Wolf could travel with Kazan, if he did not move too swiftly. She ran at his flank, with her shoulder or muzzle touching him, and Kazan learned not to leap, but to trot. Very quickly he found that he must choose the easiest trails for Gray Wolf's feet. When they came to a space to be bridged by a leap, he would muzzle Gray Wolf and whine, and she would stand with ears alert—listening. Then Kazan would take the leap, and she understood the distance she had to cover. She always over-leaped, which was a good fault.

In another way, and one that was destined to serve them many times in the future, she became of greater help than ever to Kazan. Scent and hearing entirely took the place of sight. Each day developed these senses more and more, and at the same time there developed between them the dumb language whereby she could impress upon Kazan what she had discovered by scent or sound. It became a curious habit of Kazan's always to look at Gray Wolf when they stopped to listen, or to scent the air.

After the fight on the Sun Rock, Kazan had taken his blind mate to a thick clump of spruce and balsam in the river bottom, where they remained until early summer. Every day for weeks Kazan went to the cabin where Joan and the baby—and the man—had been. For a long time he went hopefully, looking each day or night to see some sign of life there. But the door was never open. The boards and saplings at the windows always remained. Never a spiral of smoke rose from the clay chimney. Grass and vines began to grow in the path. And fainter and fainter grew that scent which Kazan could still find about it—the scent of man, of the woman, the baby.

Going farther into the north woods, Kazan and Gray Wolf have other stirring adventures—a thrilling episode is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MUST STAND GREAT PRESSURE

Steel in Modern Guns is Subjected to Strain Which is Beyond Ordinary Comprehension.

Modern high-power guns could not be built without steel strong enough to resist the enormous pressure to which they are subjected. How great these pressures are is beyond comprehension, says the Wall Street Journal.

At each discharge of a gun, in the case of field pieces, for less than three-tenths of a second the pressure exceeds 20 tons to the square inch, and the speed of the projectile leaving the muzzle is more than 2,500 feet a second. The energy developed is placed at about 500,000 foot-pounds. In other words, considering the cannon a motor working during an exceedingly short time, its rating is about 20,000,000 horse power.

Not only must the metal be able to resist these strains time after time, but to do so under unfavorable conditions, such as high temperatures produced by the explosives. And not only must the metal of the gun be as strong as this, but it is the same with that of the shell. The shell of a French "75" supports a pressure estimated at 17 tons, the work of the device that takes up the recoil reaches about 12 tons to the square inch, and the mount neutralizes at each discharge about two tons.

It has been possible to test in the machine shops the pieces of a battery that has fired several thousand shots and to show that they have suffered not the slightest deformation.

### Printing Linoleum.

Linoleums are printed by means of a series of blocks, a block being necessary for every color that is shown in the finished pattern. The printing machine contains devices for keeping the blocks wet with liquid color as the goods pass beneath them. It also has a long table on which the linoleum moves forward a little bit at a time, getting a new color at each step. After printing, the goods are again hung up in a warm room to set the colors. Then they are ready for market. In cutting the blocks for printing linoleums, which is a very complicated process, every line and dot is worked out separately by electric machinery guided by hand. The simplest design of three or four colors involves the cutting out of thousands of distinct printing surfaces.

### Sounded Too Belligerent.

Seized with longing for the Philadelphia scrap of his youth, Henry W. Thornton, general manager of the Great Eastern railway, wrote from London to a friend at home and asked for some. He got no answer. When his hunger at last drove him to investigate, he found that the censor had refused to pass his letter because of the belligerent sound of the word scrapple.

### Very Puzzling.

Eddie who had always attended a Baptist Sunday school, was taken on a visit to Sunday school at a Methodist church. "Mamma, how is that?" he said. "I thought you said this was a Methodist Sunday school."

"So it is, my dear."

"Well, but, mamma, the lesson was all about John the Baptist."—Christian Herald.

### No Escape.

Crawford—You must have felt pleased when the family next door with the phonograph moved out. Crabshaw—I was, at first; but the people who moved in play the ukulele.

## EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Take a glass of Salts if your Back hurts or Bladder bothers.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, 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 salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

### Qualification.

Master—What! Forgotten your pencil again? What would you think of a soldier who went to war without a gun?

Tommy—I'd think he was an officer, sir.—Passing Show.

### Flashed From the Star.

"Ah, Miss Ethel, may I not dream that one day you will be mine?"

"You may, but it won't come true."

## GRANDM USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She mixed Sulphur with it to Restore Color, Gloss, Youthfulness.

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and luxuriant. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, streaked or gray. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get a 50-cent bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound at any drug store all ready for use. This is the old time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.

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

### Force of Circumstances.

"Artesian laborers are more healthy than other people, I suppose."

"Why should they be?"

"Aren't they all well diggers?"—

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.

### A Sure Way.

"Old Millie can't please his young wife any way he tries, and yet he lives only for her."

"Then let him try dying for her."

## NURSING THE WOUNDED

It takes strength and courage to nurse the wounded. Every woman should make herself fit for war's call at home or abroad. Health and strength are within the reach of every woman. They are brought to you by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Take this medicine, and there's a safe and certain remedy for the chronic weakness, derangements, and diseases peculiar to the sex. It will build up, strengthen, and invigorate every "run-down" or delicate woman. It regulates and assists the natural functions.

requires a special tonic and nerve. At some period in her life, a woman if you're a tired or afflicted woman, turn to "Favorite Prescription," you will find it never fails to benefit. Sold in tablet or liquid form. Send Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a laxative made up of the May-apple, leaves of aloes, root of jalap, and called "Pleasant Pellets."