

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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WEYMAN, THE NATURALIST, AND HENRI, THE HUNTER,
MAKE THE STRANGE DISCOVERY THAT A DOG AND A
BLIND WOLF ARE MATES—THEY MARVEL

Fearing dire punishment after killing a man who attacks his mistress, Kazan, an Alaskan dog, one-quarter wolf, takes to wild life and mates with Gray Wolf. Weeks later, drawn by memory of woman's kindness, Kazan saves the life of Joan and her baby, and with Gray Wolf establishes a lair on Sun Rock, near Joan's home. Gray Wolf is blinded and her pups are killed by a lynx. Joan, her husband and her baby leave the country, so Kazan and Gray Wolf go northward.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Weyman was with him when they struck fresh signs of lynx. There was a great windfall ten or fifteen feet high, and in one place the logs had formed a sort of cavern, with almost solid walls on three sides. The snow was beaten down by tracks, and the fur of rabbit was scattered about. Henri was jubilant.

"We got hem—sure!" he said. He built the bait-house, set a trap and looked about him shrewdly. Then he explained his scheme to Weyman. If the lynx was caught, and the two wolves came to destroy it, the fight would take place in that shelter under the windfall, and the marauders would have to pass through the opening. So Henri set five smaller traps, concealing them skillfully under leaves and moss and snow, and all were far enough away from the bait-house so that the trapped lynx could not spring them in his struggles.

"When they fight, wolf jump this way an' that—an' sure get in," said Henri. "He miss one, two, t'ree—but he sure get in trap somewhere."

That same morning a light snow fell, making the work more complete, for it covered up all footprints and buried the telltale scent of man. That night Kazan and Gray Wolf passed within a hundred feet of the windfall, and Gray Wolf's keen scent detected something strange and disquieting in the air. She informed Kazan by pressing her shoulder against his, and they swung off at right angles, keeping to windward of the trap-line.

For two days and three cold starlit nights nothing happened at the windfall. Henri understood, and explained to Weyman. The lynx was a hunter, like himself, and also had its hunt-line, which it covered about once a week. On the fifth night the lynx returned, went to the windfall, was lured straight to the bait, and the sharp-toothed steel trap closed relentlessly over its right hindfoot. Kazan and Gray Wolf were traveling a quarter of a mile deeper in the forest when they heard the clanking of the steel chain as the lynx fought to free itself. Ten minutes later they stood in the door of the windfall cavern.

It was a white clear night, so filled with brilliant stars that Henri himself could have hunted by the light of them. The lynx had exhausted itself, and lay crouched on its belly as Kazan and Gray Wolf appeared. As usual, Gray Wolf held back while Kazan began the battle. In the first or second of these fights on the trap-line, Kazan would probably have been disemboweled or had his jugular vein cut open, had the fierce cats been free. They were more than his match in open fight, though the biggest of them fell ten pounds under his weight. Chance had saved him on the Sun Rock. Gray Wolf and the porcupine had both added to the defeat of the lynx on the sand-bar. And along Henri's hunting line it was the trap that was his ally. Even with his enemy thus shackled he took bigger chances than ever with the lynx under the windfall.

The cat was an old warrior, six or seven years old. His claws were an inch and a quarter long, and curved like scimitars. His forefeet and his left hindfoot were free, and as Kazan advanced, he drew back, so that the trap-chain was slack under his body. Here Kazan could not follow his old tactics of circling about his trapped foe, until it had become tangled in the chain, or had so shortened and twisted it that there was no chance for a leap. He had to attack face to face, and suddenly he lunged in. They met shoulder to shoulder. Kazan's fangs snapped at the other's throat, and missed. Before he could strike again, the lynx flung out its free hindfoot, and even Gray Wolf heard the ripping sound that it made. With a snarl Kazan was flung back, his shoulder torn to the bone.

Then it was that one of Henri's hidden traps saved him from a second attack—and death. Steel jaws snapped over one of his forefeet, and when he leaped, the chain stopped him. Once or twice before, blind Gray Wolf had leaped in, when she knew that Kazan was in great danger. For an instant she forgot her caution now, and as she heard Kazan's snarl of pain, she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had hidden in the space in front of the bait-house, and Gray Wolf's feet found two of these. She fell on her side, snapping and snarling. In his struggles Kazan sprang the remaining two traps. One of them missed. The fifth, and last, caught him by a hindfoot.

Henri and Weyman were out early. When they struck off the main line toward the windfall, Henri pointed to the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and his dark face lighted up with pleasure and excitement. When they reached the shelter under the mass of fallen timber, both stood speechless for a moment, astounded by what they saw. Even Henri had seen nothing like this before—two wolves and a lynx, all in traps, and almost within reach of one another's fangs. But surprise could not long delay the business of Henri's hunters' instinct. The wolves lay first in his path, and he was raising his rifle to put a steel-capped bullet through the base of Kazan's brain, when Weyman caught him eagerly by the arm.

"Wait!" he cried. "It's not a wolf. It's a dog!"

Henri lowered his rifle, staring at the collar. Weyman's eyes shot to Gray Wolf. She was facing them, snarling, her white fangs bared to the foes she could not see. Her blind eyes were closed. Where there should have been eyes there was only hair, and an exclamation broke from Weyman's lips.

"Look!" he commanded of Henri. "What in the name of heaven—"

"One is dog—wild dog that has run to the wolves," said Henri. "And the other is—wolf."

"And blind!" gasped Weyman. "Oul, blind, m'sieur," added Henri, falling partly into French in his amazement. He was raising his rifle again. Weyman seized it firmly.

"Don't kill them, Henri," he said. "Give them to me—alive. Figure up the value of the lynx they have destroyed, and add to that the wolf bounty, and I will pay. Alive, they are worth to me a great deal. Heavens, a dog—and a blind wolf—mates!"

He still held Henri's rifle, and Henri was staring at him, as if he did not yet quite understand.

Weyman continued speaking, his eyes and face blazing. "A dog—and a blind wolf—mates!" he repeated. "It is wonderful, Henri. Down there, they will say I have gone beyond reason, when my book comes out. But I shall have proof. I shall take twenty photographs here, before you kill the lynx. I shall keep the dog and the wolf alive. And I shall pay you, Henri, a hundred dollars apiece for the two. May I have them?"

Henri nodded. He held his rifle in readiness, while Weyman unpacked his camera and got to work. Snarling fangs greeted the click of the camera-shutter—the fangs of wolf and lynx. But Kazan lay cringing, not through fear, but because he still recognized the mastery of man.

Henri shot the lynx, and when Kazan understood this, he tore at the end of his trap-chains and snarled at the writhing body of his forest enemy. By means of a pole and a babiche noose, Kazan was brought out from under the windfall and taken to Henri's cabin. The two men then returned with a thick sack and more babiche, and blind Gray Wolf, still fettered by the traps, was made prisoner. All the rest of that day Weyman and Henri worked to build a stout cage of sap-

lings, and when it was finished, the two prisoners were placed in it.

Before the dog was put in with Gray Wolf, Weyman closely examined the worn and tooth-marked collar about his neck.

On the brass plate he found engraved the one word, "Kazan," and with a strange thrill made note of it in his diary.

After this Weyman often remained at the cabin when Henri went out on the trap-line. After the second day he dared to put his hand between the sapling bars and touch Kazan, and the next day Kazan accepted a piece of raw moose meat from his hand. But at his approach, Gray Wolf would always hide under the pile of balsam in the corner of their prison. The instinct of generations and perhaps of centuries had taught her that man was her deadliest enemy. And yet, this man did not hurt her, and Kazan was not afraid of him. She was frightened at first; then puzzled, and a growing curiosity followed that. Occasionally, after the third day, she would thrust her blind face out of the balsam and sniff the air when Weyman was at the cage, making friends with Kazan. But she would not eat. Weyman noted that, and each day he tempted her with the choicest morsels of deer and moose fat. Five days—six—seven passed, and she had not taken a mouthful. Weyman could count her ribs.

"She die," Henri told him on the seventh night. "She starve before she eat in that cage. She want the forest, the wild kill, the fresh blood. She two—t'ree year old—too old to make civilize."

Henri went to bed at the usual hour, but Weyman was troubled, and sat up late. Midnight came.

He rose, opened the door softly, and went out. Instinctively his eyes turned westward. The sky was a blaze of stars. In their light he could see the cage, and he stood, watching and listening. A sound came to him. It was Gray Wolf gnawing at the sapling bars of her prison. A moment later there came a low sobbing whine, and he knew that it was Kazan crying for his freedom.

Leaning against the side of the cabin was an ax. Weyman seized it, and his lips smiled silently. He moved toward the cage. A dozen blows, and two of the sapling bars were knocked out. Then Weyman drew back. Gray Wolf found the opening first, and she slipped out into the starlight like a shadow. But she did not flee. Out in the open space she waited for Kazan, and for a moment the two stood there, looking at the cabin. Then they set off into freedom, Gray Wolf's shoulder at Kazan's flank.

In the swamp Kazan and Gray Wolf found a home under a windfall. It was a small, comfortable nest, shut in

entirely from the snow and wind. Gray Wolf took possession of it immediately. She flattened herself out on her belly, and panted to show Kazan her contentment and satisfaction. Kazan kept close at her side. A vision came to him, unreal and dreamlike, of that wonderful night under the stars—ages and ages ago, it seemed—when he had fought the leader of the wolf-pack, and young Gray Wolf had crept to his side after his victory and had given herself to him for mate.

The hair had now begun to grow over Gray Wolf's sightless eyes. She had ceased to grieve, to rub her eyes with her paws, to whine for the sunlight, the golden moon and the stars. Slowly she began to forget that she had ever seen those things. She could not run more swiftly at Kazan's flank. Scent and hearing had become wonderfully keen. She could wind a caribou two miles distant, and the presence of man she could pick up at an even greater distance. On a still night she had heard the splash of a trout half a mile away. And as these two things—scent and hearing—became more and more developed in her, those same senses became less active in Kazan.

He began to depend upon Gray Wolf. She would point out the hiding place of a partridge fifty yards from their trail. In their hunts she became the leader—until game was found. And as Kazan learned to trust to her in the hunt, so he began just as instinctively to heed her warnings. If Gray Wolf reasoned, it was to the effect that without Kazan she would die. She had tried hard now and then to catch a partridge or a rabbit, but she had always failed. Kazan meant life to her. And—if she reasoned—it was to make herself indispensable to her mate.

It was her habit, spring, summer and winter, to snuggle close to Kazan and lie with her beautiful head resting on his neck or back. If Kazan snarled at her she did not snap back, but slunk down as though struck a blow. With her warm tongue she would lick the long hair between Kazan's toes. For days after he had run a silver in his paw she nursed his foot. Blindness had made Kazan absolutely necessary to her existence—and now, in a different way, she became more and more necessary to Kazan. They were happy in their swamp home. There was plenty of small game about them. Rarely did they go beyond the limits of the swamp to hunt.

Once more ill fortune comes to Kazan and Gray Wolf—they come into contact with brutal men, those of the mining country in the Northwest. Read of important developments in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WASHINGTON'S WILL POWER

Kept His Pugnacity in Subjection, but Occasionally He Allowed Passion to Have Sway.

It is related of John Adams that when Stuart exhibited his portrait of General Washington, Mr. Adams went to see it. After gazing at it for several minutes he exclaimed, "That's the portrait of a man who knew how to hold his tongue, which this old fool never did!"

The portrait does indicate that the original could be reticent, but it also shows that he could control himself. The square, massive jaw, the full, broad-based nose, and the compressed lips express pugnacity and passion, such as require a strong will to keep them in subjection.

Sometimes even Washington allowed his passion to have sway.

When Glover's Marblehead fishermen and Morgan's Virginia riflemen were engaged in a rough and tumble fight, Washington leaped from his horse over the bars of the camp fence, dashed among the rioters, seized two brawny riflemen by the throat and, shaking them at arms' length, subdued not only them, but the whole band.

It was the victory due to commanding strength, presence and manner. The men saw that they must obey, and they obeyed.

City of Many Names.

No capital city has changed its name so often as Constantinople, which was originally known as Lygos. In B. C. 658 this name was discarded for that of Byzantium, which remained in use until the capture of the city by Septimius Severus, who rechristened it Roma Nova. On making it his capital, Constantine the Great endowed it with his own name, and it is still Constantinople among western nations. This name, however, is ignored by the Turks, who since they obtained possession of Constantinople have preferred to call it Stamboul.

Picnic in a Tree.

In a public park of Tacoma, Wash., the stump of a huge cedar tree has been hollowed out to form a shelter for picnickers; the top of the stump is capped by a platform which is now used as a bandstand.

A Humble Worker.

He does not look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this stooped, grizzled man, but the president of a great motorcar company, according to Popular Science Monthly, says that Magnet Bill saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter, Magnet Bill may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes fixed on the ground.

He gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of a tin bucket and a big steel magnet, strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and piece of metal that might cause a tire puncture. Thousands of cars are run over this roadway to the testing place, and without the precautions taken by Magnet Bill the cost for cut and punctured tires would amount to many thousands of dollars yearly.

Glass Plates Replace Films.

Glass plates, readily printed from negatives, are being used in place of expensive films, in producing motion pictures for the home. In the Bettini apparatus, about 600 small views are contained in rows on a single plate 5 by 8 inches in size, and such a plate replaces 70 or 80 feet of film. The lens is moved mechanically along the rows, at each end that change from one row to the next is made without flicker. A continuous succession of plates may be passed through, and the change from plate to plate is made automatically without interruption of the scenes thrown upon the screen. In a still simpler apparatus, the views are printed spirally upon nonflammable disks of celluloidlike material, each series being limited to the capacity of one disk or record.

Truly Superior.

Speaking of American superiority, Princeton is reported to have an unskipped senior, because he has never seen a woman worthy of his lips. Every man can't be a hermit.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

For Use in His Church?

A clergyman is the inventor of a light bar to be held against the upper lip by clamps fastened in the nostrils to prevent snoring.—Houston Post.

A POWERFUL AID

When you feel sluggish and nervous, tired and indifferent, you have the first symptoms of declining strength and your system positively needs the special nutritive food- tonic in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to replenish your blood power, enliven its circulation and bring back the snap and elasticity of good health. Scott's Emulsion supplies Nature with the correct building-food which is better than any drugs, pills or alcoholic mixtures.

The Norwegian cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion is now refined in our own American laboratories which makes it pure and palatable.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 17-16

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

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

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush off the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy 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 litia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

The Retort.

"Two wrongs don't make a right. Still—"

A senator was discussing the food control bill.

"While the bill has its drawbacks," he went on, "there would be worse drawbacks without it, and so we can face our opponents like the lady."

"My love," her husband said to this lady, "you spend all your money getting your palm read."

"And you, dear," she retorted, "spend all yours getting your nose red."—Exchange.

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

Another Look.

"I'll look for work," a man once said. A job came around his way.

He gave one look and turned his head. And looked the other way.

On the Quiet.

"Oh, George!" exclaimed the bride of six short months, looking up from the paper she was perusing, "here is an account of a woman who was suddenly stricken dumb during a thunderstorm. Do you suppose her husband will love her still?"

"Sure thing," replied George. "Any man who wouldn't love his wife still, deserves the happy fate of an old bachelor."—Exchange.

WOMEN ARE NEEDED TO HELP IN WAR

Women can be usefully employed in nursing the wounded, in making up the soldiers' kits, and a thousand other ways. Many American women are weak, pale or anemic from woman's ills. For young girls just entering womanhood; for women at the critical time; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run-down," tired or over-worked—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a special, safe, and certain help. It can now be had in tablet form.

Nothing stands so high, as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as "Favorite Prescription." It's the only medicine for women put up without alcohol.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve and a positive remedy for the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weakness peculiar to the sex.

Write Dr. Pierce, Pres. Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Inst., Buffalo, N. Y., in full confidence or send 10c for trial package tablets.