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CHAPTER XIV.

-14-A Shot on the Sand Bar.

July and August of 1911 were months of great fires in the Northland. The swamp home of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and the green valley between the two ridges, had escaped the seas of devastating flame; but now, as they set forth on their wandering adventures again, it was not long before their padded feet came in contact with the seared and blackened desolation. Kazan led his blind mate first into the south. Twenty miles beyond the ridge they struck the fire-killed forests. Winds from Hudson's bay had driven the flames in an unbroken sea into the west, and they had left not a vestige of life or a patch of green. Blind Gray Wolf could not see the blackened world, but she sensed

ened and developed by her blindness, drink. They had stood side by side. told her that to the north-and not And the footprints were fresh-made south-lay the hunting-grounds they not more than an hour or two before. were seeking. The strain of dog that A gleam of interest shot into Sandy's was in Kazan still pulled him south. It eyes. He looked behind him, and up was not because he sought man. It was and down the stream. simply dog instinct to travel southinstinct to travel northward. At the end of the third day Gray Wolf won. They recrossed the little valley between the two ridges, and swung north and west into the Athabasca country, striking a course that would ultimately bring them to the headwaters of the McFarlane river.

Late in the preceding autumn a prospector had come up to Fort Smith, on the Slave river, with a pickle bottle filled with gold dust and nuggets. He had made the find on the McFarlane. The first mails had taken the news to the outside world, and by midwinter the earliest members of a treasurehunting horde were rushing into the country by snow-shoes and dog-sledge. Other finds came thick and fast. The McFarlane was rich in free gold, and miners by the score staked out their claims along it and began work. Latecomers swung to new fields farther north and east, and to Fort Smith came rumors of "finds" richer than those of the Yukon. A score of men at firstthen a hundred, five hundred, a thousand-rushed into the new country. Most of these were from the prairie countries to the south, and from the placer beds of the Saskatchewan and the Frazer. From the far North, traveling by way of the Mackenzie and the Liard, came a smaller number of seasoned prospectors and adventurers from the Yukon-men who knew what it meant to starve and freeze and die by inches.

One of these late comers was Sandy McTrigger. There were several reasons why Sandy had left the Yukon. He was "in bad" with the police who patrolled the country west of Dawson, and he was "broke." In spite of these facts he was one of the best prospectors that had ever followed the shores of the Klondike. He had made discoveries running up to a million or two, and had promptly lost them through gambling and drink. He had no conscience, and little fear. Brutality was the chief thing written in his face. His undershot jaw, his wide eyes, low forehead and grizzly mop of red hair proclaimed him at once as a man not to be trusted beyond one's own vision or the reach of a bullet. It was suspected that he had killed a couple of men, and robbed others, but as yet the police had failed to get anything "on" him. But along with this bad side of him, Sandy McTrigger possessed a coolness and a courage which even his worst enemies could not but admire, and also certain mental depths which his unpleasant features did not proclaim.

Inside of six months Red Gold City yond a certain point on the river pros-Not until he was in new country did he his gun-barrel as it struck a birch sap- can they?"

#### THERE IS A RUSH OF GOLD HUNTERS ALONG SLAVE RIVER, AND AMONG THOSE PRESENT IS SANDY MC-TRIGGER, PROSPECTOR AND BAD MAN-SANDY FINDS TRACES OF KAZAN AND HIS MATE.

Fearing dire punishment after kiling a man who had attacked his mistress, Kazan, an Alaskan sledge 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 at 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. They are captured by a naturalist, but released out of sympathy.

his way up a small tributary whose the wind she whined and rubbed herheadwaters were fifty or sixty miles to self against Kazan and trotted a few the south and east. Here and there he found fairly good placer gold. He might have panned six or eight dollars' worth a day. With this much he was disgusted. Week after week he continued to work his way up-stream, and the farther he went the poorer his pans became. At last only occasionally did he find colors. After such disgusting weeks as these Sandy was dangerouswhen in the company of others. Alone he was harmless.

One afternoon he ran his canoe ashore on a white strip of sand. This was at a bend, where the stream had widened, and gave promise of at least a few colors. He had bent down close to the edge of the water when something caught his attention on the wet sand. What he saw were the footprints All of her wonderful instincts, sharp- of animals. Two had come down to

"Wolves," he grunted. "Wish I could ward; in the face of fire it was wolf 'a' shot at 'em with that old minute-gun back there. Gawd-listen to that! And in broad daylight, too!"

He jumped to his feet, staring off. into the bush.

A quarter of a mile away Gray Wolf had caught the dreaded scent of man in the wind, and was giving voice to howl, and not until its last echoes had died away did Sandy McTrigger move. Then he returned to the canoe, took out his old gun, put a fresh cap on the nipple and disappeared quickly over the edge of the bank.

For a week Kazan and Gray Wolf



Brutality Was the Chief Thing Writ-

ten in His Face. ters of the McFarlane and this was the | Catholic. first time since the preceding winter that Gray Wolf had caught the scent of man in the air. When the wind brought the danger-signal to her she was alone. Two or three minutes before the scent came to her Kazan had left her side in swift pursuit of a snow-shoe rabbit, and she lay flat on her belly under a bush, waiting for him. In these moments when she was alone Gray Wolf was constantly sniffing the air. Blindness had developed her scent and had sprung up on the McFarlane, a hearing until they were next to inhundred and fifty miles from Fort fallible. First she had heard the rattle Smith, and Fort Smith was five hun- of Sandy McTrigger's paddle against dred miles from civilization. When the side of his canoe a quarter of a Sandy came he looked over the crude mile away. Scent had followed swiftcollection of shacks, gambling houses ly. Five minutes after her warning and saloons in the new town, and made how! Kazan stood at her side, his head up his mind that the time was not ripe flung up, his jaws open and panting. for any of his "Inside" schemes just Sandy had hunted Arctic foxes, and he yet. He gambled a little, and won suf- was using the Eskimo tactics now, ficient to buy himself grub and half an swinging in a half-circle until he should outfit. A feature of this outfit was an come up in the face of the wind. Knold muzzle-loading rifle. Sandy, who zan caught a single whiff of the manalways carried the latest Savage on the tainted air and his spine grew stiff. market, laughed at it. But it was the But blind Gray Wolf was keener than best his finances would allow of. He the little red-eyed fox of the north, Her started south-up the McFarlane. Be- pointed nose slowly followed Sandy's progress. She heard a dry stick crack pectors had found no gold. Sandy under his feet three hundred yards pushed confidently beyond this point. away. She caught the metallic click of can't be rams while they're ewe-boats,

begin his search. Slowly he worked | ling. The moment she lost Sandy in

steps to the southwest. At times such as this Kazan seldom refused to take guidance from her. They trotted away side by side and by the time Sandy was creeping up snakelike with the wind in his face, Kazan was peering from the fringe of river baits Sandy found pulled down in this whale?" brush down upon the canoe on the white strip of sand. When Sandy returned, after an hour of futile stalking, the marks of their feet in a dozen diftwo fresh tracks led straight down to ferent places. The accumulated bad the canoe. He looked at them in amazement and then a sinister grin wrinkled vent in his disappointment and anger. his ugly face. He chuckled as he went to his kit and dug out a small rubber to curse. The failure of his poison corked bottle, filled with gelatin cap- to his general bad luck. Everything And Prevents Falling Hair Do Cutisules. In each little capsule were five grains of strychnine. There were dark hints that once upon a time Sandy Mc- Gold City. Early in the afternoon he Trigger had tried one of these capsules launched his canoe and drifted down- dandruff and itching with Cuticura by dropping it in a cup of coffee and giving it to a man, but the police had tent to let the current do all of the never proved it. He was expert in the work today, and he used his paddle use of poison. Probably he had killed a thousand foxes in his time, and he head on. He leaned back comfortably dozen of the capsules and thought how between his knees. The wind was in Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere. easy it would be to get this inquisitive his face and he kept a sharp watch for pair of wolves. Two or three days before he had killed a caribou, and each of the capsules he now rolled up in a little ball of deer fat, doing the work with short sticks in place of his fingers, so that there would be no mansmell clinging to the death-baits. Beher warning. It was a long wailing fore sundown Sandy set out at rightangles over the plain, planting the baits. Most of them he hung to low

rabbit and caribou trails. Then he returned to the creek and cooked his sup-

The next morning he was up early, The next morning he was up early, a dropsical condition, often caused by and off to the poison baits. The first disordered kidneys. Naturally when the balt was untouched. The second was kidneys are deranged the blood is filled as he had planted it. The third was with poisonous waste matter, which setgone. A thrill shot through Sandy as tles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or unhe looked about him. Somewhere withsule—unbroken. It was Sandy's first experience with a wild creature whose instincts were sharpened by blindness, and he was puzzled. He had never known this to happen before. If a fox or a wolf could be lured to the point of touching a bait, it followed that the touching a bait, it followed that the balt was eaten. Sandy went on to the fourth and the fifth baits. They were untouched. The sixth was torn to pleces, like the third. In this instance the capsule was broken and the white powder scattered. Two more polson latter, "Do we eat the flesh of the manner. He knew that Kazan and Gray Wolf had done the work, for he found ster. humor of weeks of futile labor found At last he had found something tangible From this he drew a tightly balts he accepted as a sort of climax was against him, he believed, and he made up his mind to return to Red stream with the current. He was conjust enough to keep his slender craft for every-day toilet purposes. chuckled again as he counted out a and smoked his pipe, with the old rifle Book. Address postcard, Cuticura,

> Comes the beginning of the most critical period in the life of Kazan and Gray Wolf. The story is developed to an important point in the next install-

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MANY CREEDS IN ONE CHURCH

bushes. Others he dropped in worn

Big Problem Solved in One Town Where Eighteen Denominations Worship Together.

A federated church, in which 18 denominations are worshiping harmoniously, seems to be solving the smalltown problem in Atascadero, San Luis places a federated church means the uniting of bodies already organized, while here the plan came in response to the popular wish of the people that there be, from the beginning, but one church. Atascadero, it should be said, is a colony, ten miles long and seven miles wide, founded a few years ago by E. G. Lewis.

The church was organized in July, 1915, by the pastor, Dr. Edward A. Berry, a brother of Bishop F. Berry of the Methodist church. Doctor Berry made a systematic campaign of the colonists and found but one who opposed the idea. When the book of the church was opened for signatures, 120 members were enrolled. In less than a year the membership went to 250.

The following denominations are represented: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Evangelical association, Freewill Baptist, Friends, Disciples of Christ, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Episcopal South, Presbyterian, Presbyterian South, United Presbyterian, United Brethren, Universalist, Unitarian, Spiritualist, Roman

The benevolences of the church are all directed toward helping the needy in the lands suffering from war .-Christian Herald.

Discovering Columbus.

During a recent campaign a Tammany leader on the East side, a selfmade man and one not entirely completed yet in some parts, was addressing a mass meeting of Italian-born voters on behalf of his party's ticket.

"Gintlemen and fellow citizens," he began, "I deem it an honor to be permitted to address you upon the issues of the day. I have always had a deep admiration for your native land. I vinerate the mimory of that great, that noble, Eyetalian who was the original discoverer of this here land of ours.

"Why, gintlemen, at me mother's knee I was taught to sing that inspirin' song, 'Columbus, the Jim of the Ocean!""

Whereupon there was loud applause. -Saturday Evening Post.

Their Class

"The submarines can't ram a vessel, can they?" "Of course, they heads of Europe."

### GOOD FARMERS ARE NEEDED

But It Might Be Possible for Too Many People to Go Back to the Land, Says Writer.

To jump from the frying pan into the fire is said to afford slight relief. Here's Grandmother's Recipe to Were half of the city population to "go back to the land," I fancy that the Obispo county, California. In other second estate of man would be quite as unhappy as the first, Girard observes in the Philadelphia Ledger.

could eat would reduce prices so low ing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulthe towns. For if half the population began to practice medicine, or made hats, or weave carpets, those vocations dredfold. would offer no more attractions for ambitious men.

cause it cost less than wood.

the man who knows how to farm. It your hair. is not so good for the shoemaker, blacksmith, store clerk or typewriter.

farmer who set up in trade alongside soil for a thousand years.

Appreciation of Authors.

preciation of their great authorsafter the great authors are dead-was demonstrated at a sale in New York city, where a collection of 33 holograph letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, with engraved portraits, brought \$2,000 from W. H. James. In the collection were detters to Hawthorne and his family from Emerson, Whittier, Bret Harte, Browning, Eugene Field and Irving.

Two thousand dollars is a good, round price to pay for a few old letters, even if they were written by or to an author of the repute of Hawthorne. It is easy to imagine what Hawthorne would have thought on the subject if he could have foreseen this transaction when he was writing juvenile classics like the "Tanglewood Tales" and "Grandfather's Chair" for S. G. Goodrich, and receiving in remuneration sometimes no more than \$50 Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye - Free. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago d

Sign of the Times. "Is it true that the monarchial form of government is on its last legs?" "Perhaps so. At any rate, you will notice that press agents no longer lay particular stress on the fact that their

stars have played before the crowned

#### A GREAT DISCOVERY

(By J. H. Watson, M. D.) Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to

As a remedy for those easily recognized in a radius of two or three hundred symptoms of inflammation caused by uric yards he would find his game. Then acid-as scalding urine, backache and frehis glance fell to the ground under quent urination, as well as sediment in the bush where he had hung the poison the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has capsule and an oath broke from his caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly An-u-ric acts: the pains and stiffness caribou fat lay scattered under the rapidly disappear, for Anuric (double bush and still imbedded in the largest strength), is many times more potent portion of it was the little white cap- than lithia and often eliminates uric acid

#### Knew His Table Manners.

The suggestion of the food conservers that we eat whale recalls the story of the schoolboy who was being questioned by the examiner. Said the

"Y-y-yes, sir," faltered the young-

"And what," pursued the questioner, 'do we do with the bones?"

"P-please, sir," responded the boy, "we I-leave them on the s-s-sides of our plates."—Exchange.

#### SOOTHES ITCHING SCALPS

cura Soap and Ointment.

On retiring, gently rub spots of Ointment. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water using plenty of Soap. Cultivate the use of Cuticura Soap and Ointment Free sample each by mail with

-Adv.

Pater Familias (describing a speech) The audience was that absorbed you could have heard a pin drop Curious Hopeful-Did anybody drop one?-Exchange.

"Mamma, what does it mean when you're wined and dined?"

"That's an obsolete term, Harold. Now you are only grapejuiced and cornbreaded."—Life.

# IF HAIR IS TURNING GRAY, USE SAGE TEA

Darken and Beautify Faded Hair.

That beautiful, even shade of dark, A succession of more crops than we glossy hair can only be had by brewthat there would ensue an exodus of phur. Your hair is your charm. It disgusted newly made farmers back to makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray or streaked, just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hun-

Don't bother to prepare the mixture; you can get this famous old re-So with farming. They know in the cipe improved by the addition of other South what too much cotton means, ingredients for 50 cents a large bottle, They once burned corn in Kansas be- all ready for use. It is called Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound. can always be depended upon to bring Farming is a good game now-for back the natural color and lustre of

Everybody uses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur Compound now because it Mr. Morgan, I understand, finds darkens so naturally and evenly that banking a good occupation, but the nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft of him wouldn't. We do need more the hair, taking one small strand at good farmers, and the agricultural a time; by morning the gray hair has schools are making in four years as disappeared, and after another appliexpert tillers of the soil as those folks cation it becomes beautifully dark and in Lancaster whose ancestors tilled the appears glossy and lustrous. This ready-to-use preparation is a delightful toilet requisite for those who desire dark hair and a youthful appear-That Americans are not without ap mitigation or prevention of disease. ance. It is not intended for the cure,



INE Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in YOUR EYES No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

CHILDREN'S COUGHS may be checked, and more serious condi-tions of the throat will be often avoided