

KAZAN

By
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CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.
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It was late in the afternoon when Kazan and Gray Wolf came out on a sand bar five or six miles down-stream. Kazan was lapping up the cool water when Sandy drifted quietly around a bend a hundred yards above them. If the wind had been right, or if Sandy had been using his paddle, Gray Wolf would have detected danger. It was the metallic click-click of the old-fashioned lock of Sandy's rifle that awakened her to a sense of peril. Instantly she was thrilled by the nearness of it. Kazan heard the sound and stopped drinking to face it. In that moment Sandy pressed the trigger. A belch of smoke, a roar of gunpowder, and Kazan felt a red-hot stream of fire pass with the swiftness of a lightning-flash through his brain. He stumbled back, his legs gave way under him, and he crumpled down in a limp heap. Gray Wolf darted like a streak off into the bush. Blind, she had not seen Kazan wilt down upon the white sand. Not until she was a quarter of a mile away from the terrifying thunder of the white man's rifle did she stop and wait for him.

Sandy McTrigger grounded his canoe on the sand bar with an exultant yell. "Got you, you old devil, didn't I?" he cried. "I'd 'a' got the other, too, if I'd 'a' had something besides this d—old relic!"

He turned Kazan's head over with the butt of his gun, and the leer of satisfaction in his face gave place to a sudden look of amazement. For the first time he saw the collar about Kazan's neck.

"My Gawd, it ain't a wolf," he gasped. "It's a dog, Sandy McTrigger—a dog!"

CHAPTER XV.

Sandy's Method.

McTrigger dropped on his knees in the sand. The look of exultation was gone from his face. He twisted the collar about the dog's limp neck until he came to the worn plate, on which he could make out the faintly engraved letters K-a-z-a-n. He spelled the letters out one by one, and the look in his face was of one who still disbelieved what he had seen and heard.

"A dog!" he exclaimed again. "A dog, Sandy McTrigger an' a— a beauty!"

He rose to his feet and looked down on his victim. A pool of blood lay in the white sand at the end of Kazan's nose. After a moment Sandy bent over to see where his bullet had struck. His inspection filled him with a new and greater interest. The heavy ball from the muzzle-loader had struck Kazan fairly on top of the head. It was a glancing blow that had not even broken the skull, and like a flash Sandy understood the quivering and twitching of Kazan's shoulders and legs. He had thought that they were the last muscular throes of death. But Kazan was not dying. He was only stunned, and would be on his feet again in a few minutes.

Sandy was a connoisseur of dogs—of dogs that had worn sledge traces. He had lived among them two-thirds of his life. He could tell their age, their value, and a part of their history at a glance. In the snow he could tell the trail of a Mackenzie hound from that of a Malamute, and the track of an Eskimo dog from that of a Yukon husky. He looked at Kazan's feet. They were wolf feet, and he chuckled. Kazan was part wild. He was big and powerful, and Sandy thought of the coming winter, and of the high prices that dogs would bring at Red Gold City. He went to the canoe and returned with a roll of stout moose-hide babiche. Then he sat down cross-legged in front of Kazan and began making a muzzle. He did this by plaiting babiche thongs in the same manner that one does in making a web of a snow-shoe. In ten minutes he had the muzzle over Kazan's nose and fastened securely about his neck. To the dog's collar he then fastened a ten-foot rope of babiche. After that he sat back and waited for Kazan to come to life.

When Kazan first lifted his head he could not see. There was a red film before his eyes. But this passed away swiftly and he saw the man. His first instinct was to rise to his feet. Three times he fell back before he could stand up. Sandy was squatted six feet from him, holding the end of the babiche, and grinning. Kazan's fangs gleamed back. He growled, and the

crest along his spine rose menacingly. Sandy jumped to his feet.

"Guess I know what you're figuring on," he said. "I've had your kind before. The d— wolves have turned you bad, an' you'll need a whole lot of club before you're right again. Now, look here."

Sandy had taken the precaution of bringing a thick club along with the babiche. He picked it up from where he had dropped it in the sand. Kazan's strength had fairly returned to him now. He was no longer dizzy. The mist had cleared away from his eyes. Before him he saw once more his old enemy, man—man and the club. All of the wild ferocity of his nature was roused in an instant. Without reasoning he knew that Gray Wolf was gone, and that this man was accountable for her going. He knew that this man had also brought him his own hurt, and what he ascribed to the man he also attributed to the club. In his newer undertaking of things, born of freedom and Gray Wolf, man and club were one and inseparable. With a snarl he leaped at Sandy. The man was not expecting a direct assault, and before he could raise his club or spring aside Kazan had landed full on his chest. The muzzle about Kazan's jaws saved him. Fangs that would have torn his throat open snapped harmlessly. Under the weight of the dog's body he fell back, as if struck down by a catapult.

As quick as a cat he was on his feet again, with the end of the babiche twisted several times about his hand. Kazan leaped again, and this time he was met by a furious swing of the club. It smashed against his shoulder, and sent him down in the sand. Before he could recover Sandy was upon him, with all the fury of a man gone mad. He shortened the babiche by twisting it again and again about his hand, and the club rose and fell with the skill and strength of one long accustomed to its use. The first blows served only to add to Kazan's hatred of man, and the ferocity and fearlessness of his attacks. Again and again he leaped in, and each time the club fell upon him with a force that threatened to break his bones. There was a tense hard look about Sandy's cruel mouth. He had never known a dog like this before, and he was a bit nervous, even with Kazan muzzled. Three times Kazan's fangs would have sunk deep in his flesh had it not been for the babiche. And if the thongs about his jaws should slip, or break—

Sandy followed up the thought with a smashing blow that landed on Kazan's head, and once more the old batter fell limp upon the sand. McTrigger's breath was coming in quick gasps. He was almost winded. Not until the club slipped from his hand did he realize how desperate the fight had been. Before Kazan recovered from the blow that had stunned him Sandy examined the muzzle and strengthened it by adding another babiche thong. Then he dragged Kazan to a log that high water had thrown up on the shore a few yards away and made the end of the babiche rope fast to a dead snag. After that he pulled his canoe higher up on the sand, and began to prepare camp for the night.

For some minutes after Kazan's stunned senses had become normal he lay motionless, watching Sandy McTrigger. Every bone in his body gave him pain. His jaws were sore and bleeding. His upper lip was smashed where the club had fallen. One eye was almost closed. Several times Sandy came near, much pleased at what he regarded as the good results of the beating. Each time he brought the club. The third time he prodded Kazan with it, and the dog snarled and snapped savagely at the end of it. That was what Sandy wanted—it was an old trick of the dog-slaver. Instantly he was using the club again, until with a whining cry Kazan slunk under the protection of the snag to which he was fastened. He could scarcely drag himself. His right forepaw was smashed. His hind-quarters sank under him. For a time after this second beating he could not have escaped had he been free.

Sandy was in unusually good humor. "I'll take the devil out of you all right," he told Kazan for the twentieth time. "There's nothin' like beatin's to make dogs an' wimmin live up to the mark. A month from now you'll be worth two hundred dollars or I'll skin you alive!"

Three or four times before dusk Sandy worked to rouse Kazan's animosity. But there was no longer any desire left in Kazan to fight. His two terrific beatings, and the crushing blow of the bullet against his skull, had made him sick. He lay with his head between his forepaws, his eyes closed, and did not see McTrigger. He paid no attention to the meat that was thrown under his nose. He did not know when the last of the sun sank behind the western forests, or when the darkness came. But at last something roused him from his stupor. To his dazed and sickened brain it came like a call from out of the far past, and he raised his head and listened. Out on the sand McTrigger had built a fire, and the man stood in the red glow of it now, facing the dark shadows beyond the shoreline. He, too, was listening. What had roused Kazan came

again now—the lost mourning cry of Gray Wolf far out on the plain.

With a white Kazan was on his feet, tugging at the babiche. Sandy snatched up his club, and leaped toward him.

"Down, you brute!" he commanded. In the firelight the club rose and fell with ferocious quickness. When McTrigger returned to the fire he was breathing hard again. He tossed his club beside the blankets he had spread out for a bed. It was a different looking club now. It was covered with blood and hair.

Several times that night Kazan heard Gray Wolf's call. He whined softly in response, fearing the club. He watched the fire until the last embers of it died out, and then cautiously dragged himself from under the snag. Two or three times he tried to stand on his feet, but fell back each time. His legs were not broken, but the pain of standing on them was excruciating. He was hot and feverish. All that night he had craved a drink of water. When Sandy crawled out from between his blankets in the early dawn he gave him both meat and water. Kazan drank the water, but would not touch the meat. Sandy regarded the change in him with satisfaction. By the time the sun was up he had finished his breakfast and was ready to leave. He approached Kazan fearlessly now, without the club. Untying the babiche he dragged the dog to the canoe. Kazan slunk in the sand while his captor fastened the end of the hide rope to the stern of the canoe.

He pushed off, bow foremost. Bracing himself with his paddle he then began to pull Kazan toward the water. In a few moments Kazan stood with his forefeet planted in the damp sand at the edge of the stream. For a brief interval Sandy allowed the babiche to fall slack. Then with a sudden powerful pull he jerked Kazan out into the



Strengthened It by Adding Another Babiche Thong.

water. Instantly he sent the canoe into midstream, swung it quickly down with the current, and began to paddle enough to keep the babiche taut about his victim's neck. In spite of his sickness and injuries Kazan was now compelled to swim to keep his head above water. In the wash of the canoe, and with Sandy's strokes growing steadily stronger, his position became each moment one of increasing torture. At times his shaggy head was pulled completely under water. At others Sandy would wait until he had drifted alongside, and then thrust him under with the end of his paddle. He grew weaker. At the end of a half mile he was drowning. Not until then did Sandy pull him alongside and drag him into the canoe. The dog fell limp and gasping in the bottom. Brutal though Sandy's methods had been, they had worked his purpose. In Kazan there was no longer a desire to fight. He no longer struggled for freedom. He knew that this man was his master, and for the time his spirit was gone. All he desired now was to be allowed to lie in the bottom of the canoe, out of reach of the club, and safe from the water. The club lay between him and the man. The end of it was within a foot or two of his nose, and what he smelled was his own blood.

For five days and five nights the journey down-stream continued, and McTrigger's process of civilizing Kazan was continued in three more beatings with the club, and another resort to the water torture. On the morning of the sixth day they reached Red Gold City, and McTrigger put up his tent close to the river. Somewhere he obtained a chain for Kazan, and after fastening the dog securely back of the tent he cut off the babiche muzzle.

"You can't put no meat in a muzzle," he told his prisoner. "An' I want you to git strong—an' fierce as hell. I've got an idee. It's an idee you can lick your weight in wildcats. We'll pull off a stunt pretty soon that'll fill our pockets with dust. I've done it afore, and we can do it here. Wolf an' dog—s'elp me Satan but it'll be a drawin' card!"

Twice a day after this he brought fresh raw meat to Kazan. Quickly Ka-

zan's spirit and courage returned to him. The soreness left his limbs. His battered jaws healed. And after the fourth day each time that Sandy came with meat he greeted him with the challenge of his snarling fangs. McTrigger did not beat him now. He gave him no fish, no fallow and meal—nothing but raw meat. He traveled five miles up the river to bring in the fresh entrail of a caribou that had been killed. One day Sandy brought another man with him and when the stranger came a step too near Kazan made a sudden swift lunge at him. The man jumped back with a startled oath. "He'll do," he growled. "He's lighter by ten or fifteen pounds than the Dane, but he's got the teeth, an' th' quickness, an' he'll give a good show before he goes under."

"I'll make you a bet of twenty-five per cent of my share that he don't go under," offered Sandy.

"Done!" said the other. "How long before he'll be ready?"

Sandy thought a moment. "Another week," he said. "He won't have his weight before then. A week from today, we'll say. Next Tuesday night. Does that suit you, Harker?"

Harker nodded. "Next Tuesday night," he agreed. Then he added, "I'll make it a half of my share that the Dane kills your wolf-dog."

Sandy took a long look at Kazan. "I'll just take you on that," he said. Then, as he shook Harker's hand, "I don't believe there's a dog between here and the Yukon that can kill the wolf!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCIENCE AND WAR A UNIT

Members of French Military Expedition in Balkans Are Devoting Much Time to Both.

The French military expedition in the Balkans, following the example of the armies of Napoleon and Marshal Maison in carefully preserving and classifying all objects of archeological interest discovered by the troops, has gathered data that it is thought will throw much light on the primitive history of Macedonia.

Objects unearthed in trench digging at the front in Macedonia and in the construction of field works in the entrenched camp are assembled at Salonki all duly labeled, with full details of their discovery.

Organized research is being done so far as circumstances permit. Three flying columns have been sent to cover particularly interesting regions to make soundings with a view to the preparation of archeological charts or maps.

These columns have already collected information of inestimable value, with specimens of poetry, fragments of ceramics, with data as to the depth at which they were discovered.

"Slavery" in South America.

Timid, cringing, taking off his hat respectfully to every white man he meets, the Indian of the west coast of South America is a pitiable object, says World Outlook.

In the cities he shares with the burro the honor of being everybody's burden bearer. No one but an Indian will be seen with even the smallest package and you can engage a descendant of the "children of the sun" to carry home anything from half a pound of tea to a 200-pound trunk. You pay him what you will, he dares not chaffer about price with a white man.

On the great plantations and in the mines the Indian is a virtual slave. There is no free agricultural labor on the west coast. Four days a week, the peon must work for the great landholders at the munificent wage of ten cents a day. The rest of the time he may devote to his own acre or two which must feed and clothe his family.

Origin of Lace-Making.

A romantic legend is still current among the peasants of Europe concerning the origin of lace. As the story goes, a lover, who could offer his betrothed no costly gift, one day brought to her a leaf which he had plucked in the forest.

She accepted it as a true token of love, and preserved it with care. In time the lover went away—to the war, perhaps—and never returned.

The maiden prized the leaf then as a sacred treasure, and when she found only the delicate veining left of her keepsake, she took needle and thread and tried to copy the fairylike web. And thus was made the first bit of real lace.—Girls' World.

Smallest Canadian Province.

Prince Edward Island is one of the maritime provinces of Canada, and the smallest province of the Dominion, having an area of 2,184 square miles. The population at the last census was 111,198. Charlottetown, the capital, has about 12,000 population. The province is administered by a lieutenant governor, appointed for five years by the governor general of the Dominion, who acts through an executive council. There is a legislative assembly of 30 members, elected for four years, half by property holders and half by manhood suffrage.

EXCELLENT WAR CROP

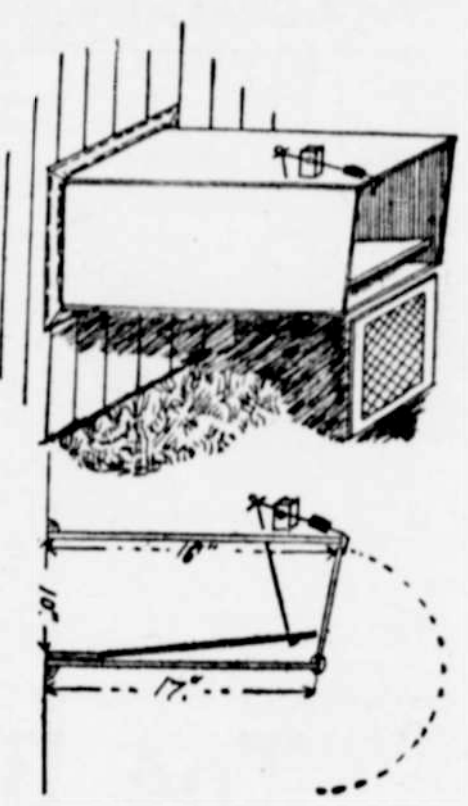
Poultry Offers One of Best Ways of Increasing Food.

Fowls Feed More Economically Than Any Other Farm Animal When Carefully Handled—Little Capital is Required.

Poultry has been called the crop that never fails. It offers one of the best ways of increasing food production on short notice. Poultry uses feed more economically probably than any other class of farm animal when it is carefully handled. It will produce a pound of meat or eggs on four pounds of grain when protein concentrates are fed. Pullets will begin laying in from 6 to 8 months. Cockerels are ready for market at the age of 12 to 16 weeks.

There is good money in poultry and eggs if the flock is properly managed. Very little capital is required and expensive stock and equipment are unnecessary. Careful management and feeding are more important than expensive equipment.

Laying hens should be allowed to moult naturally. The common idea that if hens are compelled to moult early they will quickly feather out and commence laying early in the fall is erroneous. An early moult is not a sign of early fall production. Usually the late-moulting hen is the heavier pro-



Trap Nest Tells Profits.

ducer. In fact a lack of feather growth is one of the points to consider when selecting hens for winter laying.

Very often show birds are forced into summer molt by a restriction of feed. This is done so that the birds may be in full feather once more for the early show season. This should never be practiced with utility stock. It will cause production to stop and weaken the hens at a time of the year when full strength is needed. It is unwise to change the general character of the feed. The addition of some oil-carrying ingredient, however, such as sunflower seed, will aid in the development of new feathers.

Chickens may be produced economically on city and suburban lots by utilizing the food wastes from the kitchen. Under such conditions, hens may be kept profitably for egg production. On farms, chickens thrive on bugs, insects and worms, seeds, wild berries, weeds and grasses, and give the cheapest meat product pound for pound.

The labor required by chickens is slight, which is an important consideration when man-labor is scarce. It can be performed by women, children, convalescents and elderly people.

RID FIELD OF CHINCH BUGS

Deep Furrow Along Edge of Field Will Prove Effective—Circular Holes Will Help.

Plow a deep furrow along the edge of the field, running the land side of the plow toward the field to be protected. In dry weather the sides of the furrow can be made so smooth and so steep that the bugs will find it easier to crawl along the bottom than to climb up the sides. Circular holes from 30 to 40 feet apart, made with a post-hole digger, may then be dug in the bottom of the trench. Into these holes the bugs will fall in large numbers, where they may be killed easily by sprinkling kerosene oil over them. A log dragged back and forth along the furrow is useful in keeping the bottom and sides in good condition during dry weather.

Save Every Thing.

Remember that the question is not whether you personally may feel that you can afford to waste food; the point is that the nation cannot afford to have any food wasted by anybody.