

KAZAN

By
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CHAPTER XVII.

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Professor McGill.

Red Gold City was ripe for a night of relaxation. There had been some gambling, a few fights and enough liquor to create excitement now and then, but the presence of the mounted police had served to keep things unusually tame compared with events a few hundred miles farther north, in the Dawson country. The entertainment proposed by Sandy McTrigger and Jan Harker met with excited favor. The news spread for twenty miles about Red Gold City and there had never been greater excitement in the town than on the afternoon and night of the big fight. This was largely because Kazan and the huge Dane had been placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages. Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north, and bred to the traces. Betting favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were risking their money on him were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red light in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear:

"I'd bet on 'im even. I'd give odds if I had to. He'll fight all around the Dane. The Dane won't have no method."

"But he's got the weight," said the other dubiously. "Look at his jaws, an' his shoulders—"

"An' his big feet, an' his soft throat, an' the clumsy thickness of his belly," interrupted the Kootenay man. "For heaven's sake, man, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan had snarled at all these faces about him. But now he lay back against the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage ten feet square rested on a platform three and a half feet from the floor. Seats for the three hundred spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors.

It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. The big Dane was already in the fighting cage. He stood blinking his eyes in the brilliant light of the reflecting lamps. He pricked up his ears when he saw Kazan. Kazan did not show his fangs. Neither revealed the expected animosity. It was the first they had seen of each other, and a murmur of disappointment swept the ranks of the three hundred men. The Dane remained as motionless as a rock when Kazan was prodded from his own cage into the fighting cage. He did not leap or snarl. He regarded Kazan with a dubious questioning poise to his splendid head, and then looked again to the expectant and excited faces of the waiting men. For a few moments Kazan stood stiff-legged, facing the Dane. Then his shoulders dropped, and he, too, coolly faced the crowd that had expected a fight to the death. A laugh of derision swept through the closely seated rows. Catcalls, jeering, taunts flung at McTrigger and Harker, and angry voices demanding their money back mingled with a tumult of growing discontent. Sandy's face was red with mortification and rage. The blue veins in Harker's forehead had swollen twice their normal size. He shook his fist in the face of the crowd, and shouted:

"Wait! Give 'em a chance, you fools!"

At his words every voice was stilled. Kazan had turned. He was facing the Dane. The Dane had turned his eyes to Kazan. Cautiously, prepared for a lunge or a sidestep, Kazan advanced a little. The Dane's shoulders bristled. He, too, advanced upon Kazan. Four feet apart they stood rigid. One could have heard a whisper in the room now. Sandy and Harker, standing close to the cage, scarcely breathed. Splendid

in every limb and muscle, warriors of a hundred fights, and fearless to the point of death, the two half-wolf victims of man stood facing each other. None could see the questioning look in their brute eyes. None knew that in this thrilling moment the unseen hand of the wonderful Spirit God of the wilderness hovered between them, and that one of its miracles was descending upon them. It was understanding. Meeting in the open—rivals in the traces—they would have been rolling in the throes of terrific battle. But here came that mute appeal of brotherhood. In the final moment, when only a step separated them, and when men expected to see the first mad lunge, the splendid Dane slowly raised his head and looked over Kazan's back through the glare of the lights. Harker trembled, and under his breath he cursed. The Dane's throat was open to Kazan. But between the beasts had passed the voiceless pledge of peace. Kazan did not leap. He turned. And shoulder to shoulder—splendid in their contempt of man—they stood and looked through the bars of their prison into the one of human faces.

A roar burst from the crowd—a roar of anger, of demand, of threat. In his rage Harker drew a revolver and leveled it at the Dane. Above the tumult of the crowd a single voice stopped him.

"Hold!" it demanded. "Hold—in the name of the law!"

For a moment there was silence. Every face turned in the direction of the voice. Two men stood on chairs behind the last row. One was Sergeant Brokaw of the Royal Northwest Mounted. It was he who had spoken. He was holding up a hand, commanding silence and attention. On the chair beside him stood another man. He was thin, with drooping shoulders, and a pale smooth face—a little man, whose physique and hollow cheeks told nothing of the years he had spent close up along the raw edge of the Arctic. It was he who spoke now, while the sergeant held up his hand. His voice was low and quiet:

"I'll give the owners five hundred dollars for those dogs," he said.

Every man in the room heard the offer. Harker looked at Sandy. For an instant their heads were close together.

"They won't fight, and they'll make good team-mates," the little man went on. "I'll give the owners five hundred dollars."

Harker raised a hand. "Make it six," he said. "Make it six and they're yours."

The little man hesitated. Then he nodded.

"I'll give you six hundred," he agreed.

Murmurs of discontent rose throughout the crowd. Harker climbed to the edge of the platform.

"We ain't to blame because they wouldn't fight," he shouted, "but if



She Had Faith That He Would Come.

there's any of you small enough to want your money back you can git it as you go out. The dogs 'ad down on us, that's all. We ain't to blame."

The little man was edging his way between the chairs, accompanied by the sergeant of police. With his pale face close to the sapling bars of the cage he looked at Kazan and the big Dane.

"I guess we'll be good friends," he said, and he spoke so low that only the dogs heard his voice. "It's a big price, but we'll charge it to the Smithsonian, lads. I'm going to need a couple of four-footed friends of your moral caliber."

And no one knew why Kazan and the Dane drew nearer to the little scientist's side of the cage as he pulled out a big roll of bills and counted out six hundred dollars for Harker and Sandy McTrigger.

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone in Darkness.

Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed the shooting of Kazan and his capture by Sandy McTrigger. For hours after the shot

she crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her belly, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate.

Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she moved restlessly about in a small circle on the plain, and sent out her first inquiring call for Kazan. Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nearness of man, that was keeping Kazan from her. But she went no nearer than that first circle made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Rock, when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never failed her. Three times she called for him in the early night. Then she made herself a nest under a banksian shrub, and waited until dawn.

Just how she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air and whining. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand-bar, and in the fringe of thick brush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened. After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when the shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood.

She knew it was the blood of her mate, for the scent of him was all about her in the sand, mingled with the man-smell of Sandy McTrigger. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She found the fallen tree to which he had been tied. And then she came upon one of the two clubs that Sandy had used to beat wounded Kazan into submission. It was covered with blood and hair, and all at once Gray Wolf lay back on her haunches and turned her blind face to the sky, and there rose from her throat a cry for Kazan that drifted for miles on the wings of the south wind. Never had Gray Wolf given quite that cry before. It was not the "call" that comes with the moonlit nights, and neither was it the hunt-cry, nor the she-wolf's yearning for matehood. It carried with it the lament of death. And after that one cry Gray Wolf slunk back to the fringe of bush over the river, and lay with her face turned to the stream.

A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been alone in that darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if from out of another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it, and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulders twitched tremulously and she shivered as if stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on the plain. It was different. It frightened her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For an hour she lay motionless, with her head resting on the club cotted with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and the stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She could not see that the day was almost as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was a chaos of slumbering storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could feel the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall from the south and west. The distant rumbling of thunder grew louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished she slunk out from her shelter like a thing benten. Vainly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean. Again the sand was white where Kazan's blood had reddened it. Even under the tree there was no sign of him left.

Until now only the terror of being alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was this hunger that drew her from the

sand-bar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs.

Thirty-six hours before this Kazan and Gray Wolf had left a half of their last kill a mile or two farther back on the plain. The kill was one of the big barren rabbits, and Gray Wolf turned in its direction. She did not require sight to find it. In her was developed to its finest point that sixth sense of the animal kingdom, the sense of orientation, and as straight as a pigeon might have winged its flight she cut through the bush to the spot where they had cached the rabbit. A white fox had been there ahead of her, and she found only scattered bits of hair and fur. What the fox had left the moose birds and bush jays had carried away. Hungrily Gray Wolf turned back to the river.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RARE COIN NEGRO HEIRLOOM

Omaha Man Bought Washington Memorial Dollar From Texas Owner—Few Were Minted.

By the display of a silver dollar J. A. McShane, millionaire oil man of Omaha, became the central figure in a Los Angeles hotel recently, the Express of that city states. Of course, there was nothing remarkable about Mr. McShane's displaying a dollar, nor were those who crowded about him the type of men to whom the coin is rare.

As a matter of fact, the reason for the interest was that the coin in question is a Washington memorial dollar, one of the very few minted just after the first president died in 1799.

The dollar is about the same size as that ordinarily exchanged for a pound or so of potatoes, and on each side is a profile of Washington. On one side is the date of his birth, February 22, 1732, and on the other that of his death, December 14, 1799. There are 36 stars on each side of the coin.

Mr. McShane obtained the dollar from a negro in Texas. The negro said that he had carried it for 20 years and that it had been given him by his grandfather. He was loath to part with it and did so only after Mr. McShane had crossed his palm with considerably more than the face value of the Washington dollar.

Mr. McShane said that he intended to place the coin in the museum of Creighton university of Omaha, which was endowed with \$5,000,000 by the McShane family.

A Legend.

Once upon a time the python did not have to depend upon its strength to kill its enemies. The story says that this huge serpent was the only one of the big snake family that was poisonous, and he was so terrible that he could kill a man by biting his footprints in the earth.

The crow was just as mischievous a bird then as now. One day he watched for the python, and when he was under the tree where the bird was perched, Mr. Crow had a brilliant idea. So he told the python that the last man whose footprints he had bitten had not died. He was alive and perfectly well. This was too much for the python's pride. He spat out all of the poison and the other snakes swallowed it, so that they became the poisonous ones and the python was left with only his enormous strength as his weapon. From this time on he had to crush the life out of his victims.

Ship and Its Gender.

The word "ship" is masculine in French, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese and possesses no sex in Teutonic and Scandinavian, remarks the Marine Journal.

Perhaps it would not be an error to trace the custom of feminizing ships back to the Greeks, who called them by feminine names, probably out of deference to Athene, goddess of the sea.

But the English-speaking sailor, assigns no such reasons. The ship to him is always a lady, even though she be a man-o'-war. She possesses a waist, collars, stays, laces, bonnets, ties, ribbons, chains, watches and dozens of other distinctly feminine attributes.

Naming Cities for Dates.

What is, perhaps, the oddest of all ways to select a name for a city or street is to name it for a certain date, and yet this has been done in Brazil for hundreds of years. It was on January 1, 1531, that a Portuguese captain, Alphonso de Souza by name, entered the mouth of that marvelously beautiful bay, on the shores of which now stands the capital of the vast republic of Brazil. Thinking that he was sailing into a great river, he named the stream Rio de Janeiro, or January river, and all through the centuries the name has remained.

The Wise Man.

"He is a wise man who does not grieve for the thing he has not, but rejoices for those which he has."—Epictetus.

When Adam and Eve put on fig leaves they organized the first style show.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

CHARMING DANCE FROCK



This flesh satin dance frock is lacking in trimmings, but that is made up for in a diversity of draperies and by inside panniers and the zouave bottom. The bodice is of crepe georgette with ruffles falling from the shoulders. A crushed satin girde encircles the waist and comes to a point at the right side. The debutante this winter will enjoy her military dances in simple frocks and have as much fun and look even more lovely than her elder sister did last winter in a more elaborated gown.

SOMETHING NEW FOR BED

Correct Thing at Present is a Bedspread and Bolster Cover to Match It.

If you are re-equipping your beds you will discover that the correct thing now is a bedspread and bolster cover to match. The bedspread is ample enough to permit of being tucked well in at the base, either tucked in at the sides or allowed to hang over the edge. And the spread comes well up to the head of the bed at the top. The bolster cover is about a yard wide and its length is the same as the width of the bedspread. In the shops it is shown over a wooden bolster case, but in practical use it may be spread over the bolster or pillows at night. The old task of keeping the so-called pillow shams in shape or the bother of having an ornamental bolster to use by day is eliminated in this way.

The only exception to this method of bed covering is in having a single, extra long bedspread which extends over the pillows as well as the bed. Some of the very expensive embroidered linen covers are made in one piece in this way. Attractive and inexpensive bedspreads and bolster covers are to be had in printed madras, showing a neatly stitched braid applied to the large scalloped edges.

If one can afford to be lavish in regard to bed furnishings, there are the new basket-weave homespun blankets that are light in weight, but warm enough for the first chilly nights. They are found in wide checks of unbleached wool color and green or blue or pink or yellow.

NEW TYPE OF EVENING GOWN

Idea of Veiled Decollete and Arms, Which Came From France, in Keeping With the Times.

One of the interesting phases of the war time modes is the new type of evening dress, with its veiled decollete and arms.

There is bound to be a certain social life, even in war time. It has been found best for the morale of the people to have some distraction from the sadness of war.

At the same time no one feels like decking out in full evening garb, such as has been worn the last few seasons—sleeveless and decollete to an amazing degree, says a fashion letter in the New York Herald.

France has solved the problem for us in sending us evening dresses that have a dignity and charm quite as attractive and more in keeping with these times. One of the peculiarities of these dresses is that the decollete is higher in the back than usual, and the front has more of the dinner gown effect than the usual opera or ball gowns. The sleeves are sometimes simply elbow sleeves of tulle or net, sometimes long sleeves, such as were first seen last season, with slashes for the hands at about waist depth. Some of these are so long they fall to the floor.

Many of these evening gowns have no trains, but those for the opera and like occasions have sometimes panel trains.