

KAZAN



CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

That night she slept again where Kazan had lain, and three times she called for him without answer. A heavy dew fell, and it drenched the last vestige of her mate's scent out of the sand. But still through the day that followed, and the day that followed that, blind Gray Wolf clung to the narrow rim of white sand. On the fourth day her hunger reached a point where she gnawed the bark from willow bushes. It was on this day that she made a discovery. She was drinking, when her sensitive nose touched something in the water's edge that was smooth, and bore a faint odor of flesh. It was one of the big northern river clams. She pawed it ashore, sniffing at the hard shell. Then she crunched it between her teeth. She had never tasted sweeter meat than that which she found inside, and she began hunting for other clams. She found many of them, and ate until she was no longer hungry. For three days more she remained on the bar.

And then, one night, the call came to her. It set her quivering with a strange new excitement—something that may have been a new hope, and in the moonlight she trotted nervously up and down the shining strip of sand, facing now the north, and now the south, and then the east and the west—her head flung up, listening, as if in the soft wind of the night she was trying to locate the whispering lure of a wonderful voice. And whatever it was that came to her came from out of the south and east. Off there—across the barren, far beyond the outer edge of the northern timber line—was home. And off there, in her brute way, she reasoned that she must find Kazan.

The call did not come from their old windfall home in the swamp. It came from beyond that, and in a flashing vision there rose through her blindness a picture of the towering Sun Rock, of the winding trail that led to it, and the cabin on the plain. It was there that blindness had come to her. It was there that day had ended, and eternal night had begun. And it was there that she had mothered her first-born. Nature had registered these things so that they could never be wiped out of her memory, and when the call came it was from the sunlit world where she had last known light and life and had last seen the moon and the stars in the blue night of the skies.

And to that call she responded, leaving the river and its food behind her—straight out into the face of darkness and starvation, no longer fearing death or the emptiness of the world she could not see; for ahead of her, two hundred miles away, she could see the Sun Rock, the winding trail, the nest of her first-born between the two big rocks—and Kazan!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last of McTrigger.

Sixty miles farther north Kazan lay at the end of his fine steel chain, watching little Professor McGill mixing a pall of tallow and bran. A dozen yards from him lay the big Dane, his huge jaws drooping in anticipation of the unusual feast which McGill was preparing. He showed signs of pleasure when McGill approached him with a quart of the mixture, and he gulped it between his huge jaws. The little man with the cold blue eyes and the gray-blond hair stroked his back without fear. His attitude was different when he turned to Kazan. His movements were filled with caution, and yet his eyes and his lips were smiling, and he gave the wolf-dog no evidence of his fear, if it could be called fear.

The little professor, who was up in the north country for the Smithsonian Institution, had spent a third of his life among dogs. He loved them, and understood them. He had written a number of magazine articles on dog intellect that had attracted wide attention among naturalists. It was largely because he loved dogs, and understood them more than most men, that he had bought Kazan and the big Dane on the night when Sandy McTrigger and his partner had tried to get them to fight to the death in the Red Gold City saloon. The refusal of the two splendid beasts to kill each other for the pleasure of the three hundred men who had assembled to witness the fight delighted him. He had already planned a paper on the incident. Sandy had told him the story of Kazan's capture, and of his wild

mate, Gray Wolf, and the professor had asked him a thousand questions.

But each day Kazan puzzled him more. No amount of kindness on his part could bring a responsive gleam in Kazan's eyes. Not once did Kazan signify a willingness to become friends. And yet he did not snarl at McGill, or snap at his hands when they came within reach. Quite frequently Sandy McTrigger came over to the little cabin where McGill was staying, and three times Kazan leaped at the end of his chain to get at him, and his white fangs gleamed as long as Sandy was in sight. Alone with McGill he became quiet. Something told him that McGill had come as a friend that night when he and the big Dane stood shoulder to shoulder in the cage that had been built for a slaughter pen. Away down in his brute heart he held McGill apart from other men. He had no desire to harm him. He tolerated him, but showed none of the growing affection of the huge Dane. It was this fact that puzzled McGill. He had never before known a dog that he could not make love him.

Today he placed the tallow and bran before Kazan, and the smile in his face gave way to a look of perplexity. Kazan's lips had drawn suddenly back. A fierce snarl rolled deep in his throat. The hair along his spine stood up. His muscles twitched. Instinctively the professor turned. Sandy McTrigger had come up quietly behind him. His brutal face wore a grin as he looked at Kazan.

"It's a fool job—tryin' to make friends with him," he said. Then he added, with a sudden interested gleam in his eyes, "When you startin'?"

"With first frost," replied McGill. "It ought to come soon. I'm going to join Sergeant Conroy and his party at Fond du Lac by the 1st of October."

"And you're going up to Fond du Lac—alone?" queried Sandy. "Why don't you take a man?"

The little professor laughed softly. "Why?" he asked. "I've been through the Athabasca waterways a dozen times, and know the trail as well as I know Broadway. Besides, I like to be alone. And the work isn't too hard, with the currents all flowing to the north and east."

Sandy was looking at the Dane, with his back to McGill. An exultant gleam shot for an instant into his eyes.

"You're taking the dogs?"

"Yes."

Sandy lit his pipe, and spoke like one strangely curious.

"Must cost a heap to take these trips o' yours, don't it?"

"My last cost about seven thousand dollars. This will cost five," said McGill.

"Scot!" breathed Sandy. "An' you carry all that along with you! Ain't you afraid—something might happen—?"

The little professor was looking the other way now. The carelessness in his face and manner changed. His blue eyes grew a shade darker. A hard smile which Sandy did not see hovered about his lips for an instant. Then he turned, laughing.

"I'm a very light sleeper," he said. "A footstep at night rouses me. Even a man's breathing awakes me, when I make up my mind that I must be on my guard. And, besides"—he drew from his pocket a shining blue-steel automatic—"I know how to use this." He pointed to a knot in the wall of the cabin. "Observe," he said. Five times he fired at 20 paces, and when Sandy went up to look at the knot he gave a gasp. There was one jagged hole where the knot had been.

"Pretty good," he grinned. "Most men couldn't do better'n that with a rifle."

When Sandy left, McGill followed him with a suspicious gleam in his eyes, and a curious smile on his lips. Then he turned to Kazan.

"Guess you've got him figured out about right, old man," he laughed softly. "I don't blame you very much for wanting to get him by the throat. Perhaps—"

He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and went into the cabin. Kazan dropped his head between his forepaws, and lay still, with wide-open eyes. It was late afternoon, early in September, and each night brought now the first chill breaths of autumn. Kazan watched the last glow of the sun as it faded out of the southern skies. Darkness always followed swiftly after that, and with darkness came more fiercely his wild longing for freedom. Night after night he had gnawed at his steel chain. Night after night he had watched the stars, and the moon, and had listened for Gray

Wolf's call, while the big Dane lay sleeping.

Tonight it was colder than usual, and the keen tang of the wind that came fresh from the west stirred him strangely. It set his blood afire with what the Indians call the Frost Hunger. Lethargic summer was gone and the days and nights of hunting were at hand. He wanted to leap out into freedom and run until he was exhausted, with Gray Wolf at his side. He knew that Gray Wolf was off there—where the stars hung low in the clear sky, and that she was waiting. He strained at the end of his chain, and whined. All that night he was restless—more restless than he had been at any time before. Once, in the far distance, he heard a cry that he thought was the cry of Gray Wolf, and his answer roused McGill from deep sleep. It was dawn, and the little professor dressed himself and came out of the cabin. With satisfaction he noted the exhilarating snap in the air. He wet his fingers and held them above his head, chuckling when he found the wind had swung into the north. He went to Kazan, and talked to him. Among other things he said, "This'll put the black flies to sleep, Kazan. A day or two more of it and we'll start."

Five days later McGill led first the Dane, and then Kazan, to a packed canoe. Sandy McTrigger saw them off, and Kazan watched for a chance to leap at him. Sandy kept his distance, and McGill watched the two with a thought that set the blood running swiftly behind the mask of his careless smile. They had slipped a mile down-stream when he leaned over and laid a fearless hand on Kazan's head. Something in the touch of that hand, and in the professor's voice, kept Kazan from a desire to snap at him. He tolerated the friendship with expressionless eyes and a motionless body.

"I was beginning to fear I wouldn't have much sleep, old boy," chuckled McGill ambiguously, "but I guess I can take a nap now and then with you along!"

He made camp that night fifteen miles up the lake shore. The big Dane he fastened to a sapling 20 yards



Five Times He Fired at Twenty Paces.

from his small silk tent, but Kazan's chain he made fast to the butt of a stunted birch that held down the tent-flap. Before he went into the tent for the night McGill pulled out his automatic and examined it with care.

For three days the journey continued without a mishap along the shore of Lake Athabasca. On the fourth night McGill pitched his tent in a clump of balsam poplar a hundred yards back from the water. All that day the wind had come steadily from behind them, and for at least a half of the day the professor had been watching Kazan closely. From the west there had now and then come a scent that stirred him uneasily. Since noon he had sniffed that wind. Twice McGill had heard him growling deep in his throat, and once, when the scent had come stronger than usual, he had bared his fangs, and the bristles stood up along his spine.

For an hour after striking camp the little professor did not build a fire, but sat looking up the shore of the lake through his hunting glass. It was dusk when he returned to where he had put up his tent and chained the dogs. For a few moments he stood unobserved, looking at the wolf-dog. Kazan was still uneasy. He lay facing the west. McGill made note of this, for the big Dane lay behind Kazan—to the east. Under ordinary conditions Kazan would have faced him. He was sure now that there was something in the west wind. A little shiver ran up his back as he thought of what it might be.

Behind a rock he built a very small fire, and prepared supper. After this he went into the tent, and when he came out he carried a blanket under his arm. He chuckled as he stood for a moment over Kazan.

"We're not going to sleep in there tonight, old boy," he said. "I don't like what you've found in the west

wind. It may be a—thunderstorm!" He laughed at his joke, and buried himself in a clump of stunted balsam poplars 30 paces from the tent. Here he rolled himself in his blanket, and went to sleep.

It was a quiet starlit night, and hours afterward Kazan dropped his nose between his forepaws and dozed. It was the snap of a twig that roused him. The sound did not awaken the sluggish Dane but instantly Kazan's head was alert, his keen nostrils sniffing the air. What he had smelled all day was heavy about him now. He lay still and quivering. Slowly, from out of the balsam poplars behind the tent, there came a figure. It was not the little professor. It approached cautiously, with lowered head and hunched shoulders, and the starlight revealed the murderous face of Sandy McTrigger. Kazan crouched low. He laid his head flat between his forepaws. His long fangs gleamed. But he made no sound that betrayed his concealment under a thick balsam poplar shrub. Step by step Sandy approached, and at last he reached the flap of the tent. He did not carry a club or a whip in his hand now. In the place of either of those was the glitter of steel. At the door to the tent he paused, and peered in, his back to Kazan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THRIFTY YANKEE FOUND WAY

When His Creditors Paid Him With Cheap Money He Bought Cheap Land and Became Rich Man.

An interesting tale of the profitable use to which ragged confederate money was once put by a Connecticut Yankee was related to me a few days ago by Gen. Edward S. Godfrey.

In the Ku-Klux days General Godfrey was sent to South Carolina and was quartered in the home of the Yankee, who had gone South two decades before the war. The New Englander was a Democrat and had married a Southern woman, but South Carolinians didn't fully rely upon his heart.

When the Civil war came customers all over the state owed him money for carriages and wagons he had sold to them. As confederate money became extremely cheap, these old debts were paid off.

What did he do with the money? Put it all in land, which was then also dirt cheap, and when General Godfrey met him he owned about half the county and was a rich man.

In reality his heart was with the South. This Connecticut wagon builder had armed and equipped an entire company for Lee's army.—Girard, in Philadelphia Ledger.

Willing to Take His Word.

An Irish contractor who had taken on a new job was addressing the gang of men he had employed.

"Look here, boys," he said. "This job has got to be carried through quickly. There has got to be no slackening. I am under a penalty of five hundred dollars if I don't get the work finished in a month. And look here! I can lick any man in this gang, and if I have any trouble, you've got to look out!"

"What did you say?" said a big Irishman, who had evidently had a glass too much. "Did you say that you could lick any man in this gang? If you did, it's a lie! You can't lick me! You come down here and try!"

The contractor answered, "If I can't lick you, you had better go and get your money, because I don't mean to have any man on this 'ere job that I can't lick!"—London Tit-Bits.

Sugar Crop of Hawaii, 1916.

The sugar production of Hawaii for the year ending September 30, 1916, was about 592,793 tons, or 53,237 tons less than in the preceding year. The area harvested in 1916, or 115,419 acres, was 2,219 more than in 1915; but in 1916 a lower yield of cane per acre and a smaller average yield of sugar per ton of cane made the sugar crop of 1916 less than that of the preceding year.

The total area in cane in 1916, or 246,332 acres, was an increase of 6,532 acres over 1915. Of the total cane area, 115,419 acres, or 47 per cent, was harvested, and the remainder, 130,913 acres, was left for the next year's grinding.

Power of Humor.

The following anecdote illustrating Henry Ward Beecher's power of using humor for argument is related in the Youth's Companion: "On one occasion a man in the congregation asked, 'If a man is a good father and a good husband, but never reads the Bible, where will he go when he dies?' 'I'm sure I don't know,' Beecher replied, 'but wherever he goes he has my best wishes.'"

Not So Fortunate.

"My wife is like George Washington; I don't believe she could tell a lie to save her soul." "You're lucky! Mine can tell a lie the minute I get it out of my mouth."

Nor the Dreamless Kind.

Deep snoring is not always significant of that brand of sleep.

"Fifty-Fifty" Biscuits

Have you tried "fifty-fifty biscuits"—Uncle Sam's latest idea for saving wheat flour in hot bread? You use two cupfuls of cornmeal, soy beans which can be home ground, finely crushed peanuts, or rice flour to two cupfuls of white flour. Or you can use one cupful of cornmeal and one cupful of ground soy beans or crushed peanuts with the wheat product.

You can make "fifty-fifty" muffins with one and one-half cupfuls of cooked and mashed sweet or Irish potato, or cooked cereal, or ground soy beans, to an equal amount of flour. Then there are "fifty-fifty" recipes for wafers and for cornmeal cookies.

How to make all these "fifty-fifties" as well as home methods for entire cornmeal gems and yeast breads and rolls made in part of finely crushed peanuts, sweet or Irish potato, soy bean meal which can be made at home by grinding soy beans in a handmill, rice, cornmeal, or cooked cereals, are described in detail in United States department of agriculture circular No. A 91, "Partial Substitutes for Wheat in Bread Making." Here is a sample recipe—the one for "fifty-fifty" biscuits as worked out by Hannah L. Westling, specialist in home demonstration work:

Two cupfuls corn meal, ground soy beans or finely ground peanuts, rice flour, or other substitute.

Two cupfuls white flour.

Four teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Two teaspoonfuls salt.

Four tablespoonfuls shortening.

Liquid sufficient to mix to proper consistency (1 to 1½ cupfuls).

Sift together the flour, meal, salt, and baking powder twice. Have the shortening as cold as possible and cut it into the mixture with a knife, finally rubbing it in with the hands. Mix quickly with the cold liquid (milk, skim milk, or water), forming a fairly soft dough which can be rolled on the board. Turn onto a floured board; roll into a sheet not over one-half inch thick; cut into rounds; place these in lightly floured biscuit tins (or shallow pans), and make 10 to 12 minutes in a rather hot oven. If peanuts are used, the roasted and shelled nuts should be finely crushed with a rolling pin.

In making the flour and peanut biscuits the flour and other dry ingredients should be sifted together twice and then mixed thoroughly with the crushed peanuts.

EPIGRAMS:

I'm settin' out a row of POSTS to fence some pasture land. Now, my idee OF HONOR is to set 'em so they'll stand agin' the storms of winter and the crowdin' of the stock; for my ol' boss leaves things to me: "My boy, you ARE a rock," he tol' me once, "for EVERMORE them POSTS will stand, if I show you my sense OF confidence—no DANGER that you'll try to make work easy for yourself AND free yourself OF CARE if you just feel it's up to you, and that your boss ain't there." Now this may sound like blowin' my own horn, but, 'seems to me, that this is what Tim Titcomb meant, and I think, honestly, that this here war's another proof that what he said was right — to hold Our Country's honored post both you and me must Fight!

Robert Russell.

"Posts of honor are evermore posts of danger and of care."
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POULTRY POINTERS

Be sure to clean the dishes in which you give milk to fowls or chicks at least once a day and disinfect them by scalding. Otherwise, disease germs find in these dishes a very good place to multiply.

It is very essential to have the quarters in which you keep the chickens sanitary, and also to feed sweet, clean food.

Never give spoiled food to young or old poultry, for it is likely to poison them or at least to cause digestive troubles.

In making a change in rations for little chicks it is better to be on the safe side and feed small grain instead of grains that are too large.

There is nothing better for the growing chick than plenty of green feed.

The large body lice on fowls are best destroyed by the use of lice ointment which is applied to a certain part of the hen, or by filling the plumage full of lice-killing powder which can be obtained from poultry supply dealers.