

KAZAN



KAZAN AND GRAY WOLF ARE OVERTAKEN BY FOREST FIRE AND IN ORDER TO SAVE THEMSELVES THEY HAVE TO BATTLE WITH ANOTHER LYNX

Fearing dire punishment, after killing a man who attacks 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 a 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 and her baby and husband leave the country, so Kazan, with his blind and dependent mate, goes northward.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

One day he found a little baby moose under one of the closed windows. It was old, and worn out, and blackened by snow and rain, but he lay down beside it, and remained there for a long time, while the baby Joan—a thousand miles away—was playing with the strange toys of civilization. Then he returned to Gray Wolf among the spruce and balsam.

The cabin was the one place to which Gray Wolf would not follow him. At all other times she was at his side. Now that she had become accustomed to blindness, she even accompanied him on his hunts, until he struck game, and began the chase. Then she would wait for him. Kazan usually hunted the big snow-shoe rabbits. But one night he ran down and killed a young doe. The kill was too heavy to drag to Gray Wolf, so he returned to where she was waiting for him and guided her to the feast. In many ways they became more and more inseparable as the summer lengthened, until at last, through all the wilderness, their footprints were always two by two and never one by one.

Then came the great fire. Gray Wolf caught the scent of it when it was still two days to the west. The moon, drifting into the west, became blood red. When it dropped behind the wilderness in this manner, the Indians called it the bleeding moon, and the air was filled with omens.

All the next day Gray Wolf was nervous, and toward noon Kazan caught in the air the warning that she had sensed many hours ahead of him. Steadily the scent grew stronger, and by the middle of the afternoon the sun was veiled by a film of smoke.

The flight of the wild things from the triangle of forest between the junctions of the Pipestone and Cree rivers would have begun then, but the wind shifted. It was a fatal shift. The fire was raging from the west and south. Then the wind swept straight eastward, carrying the smoke with it, and during this breathing spell all the wild creatures in the triangle between the two rivers waited. This gave the fire time to sweep completely across the base of the forest triangle, cutting off the last trails of escape.

Then the wind shifted again, and the fire swept north. The head of the triangle became a death-trap. All through the night the southern sky was filled with a lurid glow, and by morning the heat and smoke and ash were suffocating.

Panic-stricken, Kazan searched vainly for a means of escape. Not for an instant did he leave Gray Wolf. It would have been easy for him to swim across either of the two streams, for he was three-quarters dog. But at the first touch of water on her paws, Gray Wolf drew back, shrinking. Like all her breed, she would face fire and death before water. Kazan urged. A dozen times he leaped in, and swam out into the stream. But Gray Wolf would come no farther than she could wade.

They could hear the distant murmuring roar of the fire now. Ahead of it came the wild things, moose, caribou and deer plunged into the water of the streams and swam to the safety of the opposite side. Out upon a white finger of sand lumbered a big black bear with two cubs, and even the cubs took to the water, and swam across easily. Kazan watched them, and whined to Gray Wolf.

And then out upon that white finger of sand came other things that dreaded the water as Gray Wolf dreaded it: a big fat porcupine, a sleek little marten, a fisher-cat that sniffed the air and wailed like a child. Those things that could not or would not swim outnumbered the others three to one. Hundreds of little ermine squeaked along the shore like rats, their squeaking little voices sounding incessantly; foxes ran swiftly along the banks, seeking

a tree or a windfall that might bridge the water for them; the lynx snarled and faced the fire; and Gray Wolf's own tribe—the wolves—dared take no deeper step than she.

Dripping and panting, and half choked by heat and smoke, Kazan came to Gray Wolf's side. There was but one refuge left near them, and that was the sand bar. It reached out for fifty feet into the stream. Quickly he led his blind mate toward it. As they came through the low brush to the river-bed, something stopped them both. To their nostrils had come the scent of a deadlier enemy than fire. A lynx had taken possession of the sand bar, and was crouching at the end of it. Three porcupines had dragged themselves into the edge of the water, and lay there like balls, their quills alert and quivering. A fisher-cat was snarling at the lynx. And the lynx, with ears laid back, watched Kazan and Gray Wolf as they began the invasion of the sand bar.

Faithful Gray Wolf was full of fight, and she sprang shoulder to shoulder with Kazan, her fangs bared. With an angry snap, Kazan drove her back, and she stood quivering and whining while he advanced. Light-footed, his pointed ears forward, no menace or threat in his attitude, he advanced. It was the deadly advance of the husky trained in battle, skilled in the art of killing. A man from civilization would have said that the dog was approaching the lynx with friendly intentions. But the lynx understood. It was the old feud of many generations—made deadlier now by Kazan's memory of that night at the top of the Sun Rock.

Instinct told the fisher-cat what was coming, and it crouched low and flat; the porcupines, scolding like little children at the presence of enemies and the thickening clouds of smoke, thrust their quills still more erect. The lynx lay on its belly, like a cat, its hind-quarters twitching, and gathered for the spring. Kazan's feet seemed scarcely to touch the sand as he circled lightly around it. The lynx pivoted as he circled, and then it shot in a round snarling ball over the eight feet of space that separated them.

Kazan did not leap aside. He made no effort to escape the attack, but met it fairly with the full force of his shoulders, as sledge-dog meets sledge-dog. He was ten pounds heavier than the lynx, and for a moment the big loose-jointed cat with its twenty knifelike claws was thrown on its side. Like a flash Kazan took advantage of the moment, and drove for the back of the cat's neck.

In that same moment blind Gray Wolf leaped in with a snarling cry, and fighting under Kazan's belly, she fastened her jaws in one of the cat's hind legs. The bone snapped. The lynx, twice outweighed, leaped backward, dragging both Kazan and Gray Wolf. It fell back down on one of the porcupines, and a hundred quills drove into its body. Another leap and it was free—feeling into the face of the smoke. Kazan did not pursue. Gray Wolf came to his side and licked his neck, where fresh blood was crimsoning his tawny hide. The fisher-cat lay as if dead, watching them with fierce little black eyes. The porcupines continued to chatter, as if begging for mercy. And then a thick black suffocating pall of smoke drove low over the sand bar and with it came air that was furnace-hot.

At the uttermost end of the sand bar Kazan and Gray Wolf rolled themselves into balls and thrust their heads under their bodies. The fire was very near now. The roar of it was like that of a great cataract, with now and then a louder crash of falling trees. The air was filled with ash and burning sparks, and twice Kazan drew forth his head to snap at blazing embers that fell upon and seared him like hot irons.

Close along the edge of the stream grew thick green bush, and when the fire reached this, it burned more slowly,

and the heat grew less. Still, it was a long time before Kazan and Gray Wolf could draw forth their heads and breathe more freely. Then they found that the finger of sand reaching out into the river had saved them. Everywhere in that triangle between the two rivers the world had turned black, and was hot underfoot.

The smoke cleared away. The wind changed again, and swung down cool and fresh from the west and north. The fisher-cat was the first to move cautiously back to the forests that had been, but the porcupines were still rolled into balls when Gray Wolf and Kazan left the sand bar. They began to travel up-stream, and before night came, their feet were sore from hot ash and burning embers.

The moon was strange and foreboding that night, like a spatter of blood in the sky, and through the long silent hours there was not even the hoot of an owl to give a sign that life still existed where yesterday had been a paradise of wild things. Kazan knew that there was nothing to hunt, and they continued to travel all that night. With dawn they struck a narrow swamp along the edge of the stream. Here beavers had built a dam, and they were able to cross over into the green country on the opposite side. For another day and another night they traveled westward, and this brought them into the thick country of swamp and timber along the Waterfound.

And as Kazan and Gray Wolf came from the West, there came from the Hudson's bay post to the East a slim dark-faced French half-breed by the name of Henri Lott, the most famous lynx hunter in all the Hudson's bay country.

And up from the South, at this same time, there was slowly working his way by canoe and trail a young university zoologist who was gathering material for a book on "The Reasoning of the Wild." His name was Paul Weyman, and he made arrangements to spend a part of the winter with



Gray Wolf Drew Back, Shrinking.

Henri Lott, the half-breed. He brought with him plenty of paper, a camera and the photograph of a girl. His only weapon was a pocketknife.

And meanwhile Kazan and Gray Wolf found the home they were seeking in a thick swamp five or six miles from the cabin that Henri Lott had built.

CHAPTER XIII.

Always Two by Two.

It was January when a guide from the post brought Paul Weyman to Henri Lott's cabin on the Waterfound. "It is d— strange," said Henri. "I have lost seven lynx in the traps, torn to pieces like they were no more than rabbits that the foxes had killed. No thing—not even bear—have ever tackled lynx in a trap before. It is the first time I ever see it."

This aroused Weyman. He was one of that growing number of thoughtful men who believed that man's egotism, as a race, blinds him to many of the more wonderful facts of creation.

"There is one big wolf an' one smaller," said Henri. "An' it is always the big wolf who goes in an' fights the lynx. I see that by the snow. While he's fighting, the smaller wolf makes many tracks in the snow just out of reach, an' then when the lynx is down, or dead, it jumps in an' helps tear it into pieces. All that I know by the snow."

During the two weeks that followed, Weyman found much to add to the material of his book. Not a day passed that somewhere along Henri's trap-line they did not see the trails of the two wolves, and Weyman observed that—as Henri had told him—the footprints were always two by two, and never one by one. On the third day they came to a trap that had held a lynx, and at sight of what remained Henri cursed in both French and English until he was purple in the face. The lynx had been torn until its pelt was practically worthless.

Weyman saw where the smaller wolf

had waited on its haunches, while its companion had killed the lynx. He did not tell Henri all he thought. But the days that followed convinced him more and more that he had found the most dramatic exemplification of his theory. Back of this mysterious tragedy of the trap-line there was a reason.

Why did the two wolves not destroy the fisher-cat, the ermine and the marten? Why was their feud with the lynx alone?

Weyman was strangely thrilled. He was a lover of wild things, and for that reason he never carried a gun. And when he saw Henri placing poison baits for the two marauders, he shuddered, and when, day after day, he saw that these poison baits were untouched, he rejoiced. Something in his own nature went out in sympathy to the heroic outlaw of the trap-line who never failed to give battle to the lynx. Nights in the cabin he wrote down his thoughts and discoveries of the day. One day the big idea came to Henri.

Kazan and Gray Wolf once again come into contact with human beings and have further strange experiences—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WARNED BY A PREMONITION

Bankers Removed \$250,000 Because of It, and Building Caught Fire That Night.

"I have a premonition that something is going to happen during the night," said the cashier of the banking firm of C. B. Richards & Co., agents of the Lloyd Italiano Steamship line, at 31-33 Broadway, one recent afternoon.

So the firm immediately moved \$250,000 in cash and securities to the vaults of the Equitable Trust company. Something did happen. Fire started in the building, and early the next day firemen were fighting a stubborn blaze 40 feet beneath the street.

Dense volumes of suffocating smoke poured out of the building, permeating the pressrooms of the Journal of Commerce, which also occupied the building. The loss was \$20,000.—New York Telegram.

Why He Needed Her.

John McIntosh and his daughter, Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Detroit recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sightseeing, always together.

The girl's aunt, noticing this one day, suggested that she let her father go downtown alone occasionally, and added, jokingly, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Ay, ahntie, but he wahnts me," explained Janet, earnestly. "He canna thole to stir out o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna believe hoo fasht he is onywhere wi'oot me. Ye see, father taa'ks sic braid Scotch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's aboot, an' I hae tae gang wi him tae the convvrsa'."—Harper's Magazine.

Small but Notable Kingdom.

Smallest in population among the kingdoms of the world, "Hedjaz" carries to the Arabic brain the idea of "separation." The newly made king rules indeed over a desolate land, and about as many subjects as could be accommodated in Bristol. But his "kingdom" is nevertheless the richest in the world, from the Moslem point of view, since it holds the cities of Mecca and Medina. Our illustrious ally, lately a shereef, is in the way of dignity; for he not only controls the holy places, but being a direct descendant of Mohammed, his position as the new caliph should become unchallengeable.—London Chronicle.

The Pacifist Sword-Cane.

The loaded cane has gone out of fashion, principally for the reason that such a thing is a source of danger lying around loose, as a cane is apt to do; but a whistling cane has been invented by which help may be summoned by one who is attacked and for any reason unable to make an outcry. The apparatus is entirely hidden in the handle of the cane, but yet exposed sufficiently to be quickly reached by the hand of the person carrying it, and two or three hard compressions will attract instantly the attention of anyone within a distance of several hundred yards.

Glass Gardens.

A few square feet of sunny ground and a hotbed or cold frame, large or small, will produce vegetables and flowers weeks ahead of those who garden without glass. A little glass adds a wonderful amount of interest to the garden and prolongs the season for many weeks in the spring and in the autumn. A good frame with sash will last for years, and this is to be considered in buying good material at the outset.

Some Giant Cuttlefish.

Some cuttlefish are so large that the suckers, when stretched to their full length, can encompass the girth of a half-dozen human

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Many walnut growers from Oregon and adjoining states are attending the third annual session of the Western Walnut association, which convened in McMinnville Wednesday.

The board of directors of the Astoria chamber of commerce, has engaged C. R. Barr, city ticket agent of the O. W. R. & N. company, as secretary and manager of the chamber. Barr will assume his new duties on December 1.

Christmas-like activity pervaded the headquarters of the Hood River Red Cross chapter Saturday. Patriotic women, who have been devoting every Wednesday to Red Cross work, passed the day packing 100 Christmas boxes destined to enlisted men in France.

Rains are causing discontinuance of state highway work in several parts of Oregon, according to reports reaching the State Highway department, although it is probable that on Eastern Oregon work and in some of the western parts of the state the work will continue through most of the winter.

The Martin Brothers, of Klamath Falls, have definitely decided to rebuild their mill which was destroyed by fire July 15. The new mill will be absolutely the last word in the arrangement and equipment of flour mills, and will have a capacity of 125 barrels per day.

Representative Hawley attended a session of the Commercial club in Tillamook Thursday evening to secure information on the Tillamook harbor. It was the opinion of those at the meeting that in the future the club should work for improvement up to the mouth of Tillamook river rather than on the Hoquarten slough.

Charles Galloway, state tax commissioner, left Friday for Atlanta, Ga., where he will attend sessions of the National Tax association and also a meeting of the congress of states on taxation. Delegates from 42 states will attend the congress, which has for its object the adjustment of differences between tax laws of the various states and also between the state and Federal tax laws.

Shotaro Otani, a Japanese, arrested by the Federal authorities at Astoria, Thursday evening for failing to register for the draft, has been released on his own recognizance to appear for hearing when wanted by Federal grand jury. George Miller, a German, arrested on the same charge, is being held in the county jail. He was committed to jail, as he informed the officers he intended to leave town as soon as released from custody.

Soldiers of Oregon are not to go without regular correspondents from home, according to a plan outlined by Superintendent Churchill, of the department of public instruction. Each city superintendent is asked to make up a list of the soldiers from his town and pupils will be requested, as a part of their regular work in English, to write letters to the soldiers, these letters to tell the news of the community at home and to include an account of each patriotic undertaking which the community is joining in to help win the war.

A severe earthquake shock was felt throughout the Lakeview district Saturday at 5:45 o'clock.

The reappearance on Coos Bay of active I. W. W. members is giving rise to much speculation as mills and shipyards at North Bend are filling government contracts with spruce for airplane and hulls for several ships.

After reaching the lowest point it has attained for 15 years, the Willamette river at Albany is beginning to rise slowly as a result of the recent rains. The river has been stationary at 0.8 feet above low-water mark.

Thought of the office of the Wheeler county agricultural agent, a carload of rye has been distributed among the farmers near Fossil. A shortage of rye seed necessitated a shipment from outside points. All available rye in the county was sold at \$2.50 a bushel, but this carload brought \$1.90, a saving of \$720 to the farmers.

Railroad and public service commissions are advised to administer the laws with due regard to the security of investors as well as of the consumers of such utility, in a report received by the Public Service Commission from the committee on capitalization and intercorporate relations of National Association of Railway commissioners.

The run of silversides at Gardiner, which has been exceedingly light the past two weeks, is increasing and the fishing fleet is out in full force.

The old saying about the shoemaker's children going barefooted is well illustrated in the case of J. H. Chambers, of Cottage Grove, who has sold thousands of cords of wood during the past year, but now finds himself without a dry stick of wood for his own use, owing to a fire that recently destroyed his mill.