

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By
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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Silently, swiftly—the wolf now in every movement, Kazan came to his feet. He forgot the chain that held him. Ten feet away stood the enemy he hated above all others he had ever known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neckbroken. Age and the elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm.

With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's head was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men, and off there was—Gray Wolf! His ears dropped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack—crack—crack, of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigger in a weird and terrible cry.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Empty World.

Mile after mile Kazan went on. For a time he was oppressed by the shivering note of death that had come to him in Sandy McTrigger's cry, and he slipped through the banks like a shadow, his ears flattened, his tail trailing, his hindquarters betraying that curious sinking quality of the wolf and dog stealing away from danger. Then he came out upon a plain, and the stillness, the billion stars in the clear vault of the sky, and the keen air that carried with it a breath of the Arctic barrens made him alert and questioning. He faced the direction of the wind. Somewhere off there, far to the south and west, was Gray Wolf.

For the first time in many weeks he sat back on his haunches and gave the deep and vibrant call that echoed weirdly for miles about him. Back in the banks the big Dane heard it, and whined. From over the still body of Sandy McTrigger the little professor looked up with a white tense face, and listened for a second cry. But instinct told Kazan that to that first call there would be no answer, and now he struck out swiftly, galloping mile after mile, as a dog follows the trail of its master home. He did not turn back to the lake, nor was his direction toward Red Gold City. As straight as he might have followed a road blazed by the hand of man he cut across the forty miles of plain and swamp and forest and rocky ridge that lay between him and the McFarlane. All that night he did not call again for Gray Wolf. With him reasoning was a process brought about by habit—by precedent—and as Gray Wolf had waited for him many times before he knew that she would be waiting for him now near the sand-bar.

By dawn he had reached the river, within three miles of the sand-bar. Scarcely was the sun up when he stood on the white strip of sand where he and Gray Wolf had come down to drink. Expectantly and confidently he looked about him for Gray Wolf, whining softly, and wagging his tail. He began to search for her scent, but rains had washed even her footprints from the clean sand. All that day he searched for her along the river and out on the plain. He went to where they had killed their last rabbit. He sniffed at the bushes where the poison baits had hung. Again and again he sat back on his haunches and sent out his mating cry to her. And slowly, as he did these things, nature was working in him that miracle of the wild which the Creeks have named the "spirit call." As it had worked in Gray Wolf, so now it stirred the blood of Kazan.

With the going of the sun, and the sweeping about him of shadowy night, he turned more and more to the south and east. His whole world was made up of the trails over which he had hunted. Beyond those places he did

not know that there was such a thing as existence. And in that world, small in his understanding of things, was Gray Wolf. He could not miss her. That world, in his comprehension of it, ran from the McFarlane in a narrow trail through the forests and over the plains to the little valley. If Gray Wolf was not here—she was there, and tirelessly he resumed his quest of her.

Not until the stars were fading out of the sky again, and now day was giving place to night, did exhaustion and hunger stop him. He killed a rabbit, and for hours after he had feasted he lay close to his kill, and slept. Then he went on.

The fourth night he came to the little valley between the two ridges, and under the stars, more brilliant now in the chill clearness of the early autumn nights, he followed the creek down into their old swamp home. It was broad day when he reached what had once been his home and Gray Wolf's, and for many minutes Kazan stood silent and motionless sniffing the air. Until now his spirit had remained unbroken, footsore, with thinned sides and gaunt head, he circled slowly through the swamp. All that day he searched. And his crest lay flat now, and there was a hunted look in the droop of his shoulders and in the shifting look of his eyes. Gray Wolf was gone.

Slowly nature was impinging that fact upon him. She had passed out of his world and out of his life, and he was filled with a loneliness and a grief so great that the forest seemed strange, and the stillness of the wild a thing that now oppressed and frightened him. Once more the dog in him was mastering the wolf. With Gray Wolf he had possessed the world of freedom. Without her, that world was so big and strange and empty that it appalled him.

Late in the afternoon he came upon a little pile of crushed clam shells on the shore of the stream. He sniffed at them—turned away—went back, and sniffed again. But the scent she had left behind was not strong enough to tell Kazan, and for a second time he turned away. That night he slunk under a log, and cried himself to sleep. Deep in the night he grieved in his uneasy slumber, like a child. And day after day, and night after night, Kazan remained a slinking creature of the big swamp, mourning for the one creature that had brought him out of



A Strange Fire Leaped Through His Body.

chaos into light, who had filled his world for him, and who, in going from him, had taken from this world even the things that Gray Wolf had lost in her blindness.

CHAPTER XX.

The Call of Sun Rock.

In the golden glow of the autumn sun there came up the stream overlooked by the Sun Rock one day a man, a woman and a child in a canoe. Civilization had done for lovely Joan what it had done for many another wild flower transplanted from the depths of the wilderness. Her cheeks were thin. Her blue eyes had lost their luster. She coughed, and when she coughed the man looked at her with love and fear in his eyes. But now, slowly, the man had begun to see the transformation, and on the day their canoe pointed up the stream and into the wonderful valley that had been their home before the call of the distant city came to them, he noted the flush gathering once more in her cheeks, the fuller redness of her lips, and the gathering glow of happiness and content in her eyes. He laughed softly as he saw these things, and he blessed the forests. In the canoe she had leaned back, with her head almost against his shoulder, and he stopped paddling to draw her to him, and run his fingers through the soft golden masses of her hair.

"You are happy again, Joan," he laughed joyously. "The doctors were right. You are a part of the forests."
"Yes, I am happy," she whispered, and suddenly there came a little thrill

into her voice, and she pointed to a white finger of sand running out into the stream. "Do you remember—years and years ago, it seems—that Kazan left us here? She was on the sand over there, calling to him. Do you remember?" There was a little tremble about her mouth, and she added, "I wonder—where they—have gone."

The cabin was as they had left it. Only the crimson bakkeesh had grown up about it, and shrubs and tall grass had sprung up near its walls. Once more it took on life, and day by day the color came deeper into Joan's cheeks, and her voice was filled with its old wild sweetness of song. Joan's husband cleared the trails over his old trap-lines, and Joan and the little Joan transformed the cabin into home. One night the man returned to the cabin late, and when he came in there was a glow of excitement in Joan's blue eyes, and a tremble in her voice when she greeted him.

"Did you hear it?" she asked. "Did you hear—the call?"

He nodded, stroking her soft hair.

"I was a mile back in the creek swamp," he said. "I heard it!"

Joan's hands clutched his arms.

"It wasn't Kazan," she said. "I would recognize his voice. But it seemed to me it was like the other—the call that came that morning from the sand-bar, his mate?"

The man was thinking. Joan's fingers tightened. She was breathing a little quickly.

"Will you promise me this?" she asked. "Will you promise me that you will never hunt or trap for wolves?"

"I had thought of that," he replied. "I thought of it—after I heard the call. Yes, I will promise."

Joan's arms stole up about his neck.

"We loved Kazan," she whispered. "And you might kill him—or her."

Suddenly she stopped. Both listened.

The door was a little ajar, and to them there came again the wailing mate-call of the wolf. Joan ran to the door. Her husband followed. Together they stood silent, and with tense breath Joan pointed over the starlit plain.

"Listen! Listen!" she commanded. "It's her cry, and it came from the Sun Rock!"

She ran out into the night, forgetting that the man was close behind her now, forgetting that little Joan was alone in her bed. And to them, from miles and miles across the plain, there came a wailing cry in answer—a cry that seemed a part of the wind, and that thrilled Joan until her breath broke in a strange sob.

Farther out on the plain she went and then stopped, with the golden glow of the autumn moon and the stars shimmering in her hair and eyes. It was many minutes before the cry came again, and then it was so near that Joan put her hands to her mouth, and her cry rang out over the plain as in the days of old.

"Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

At the top of the Sun Rock, Gray Wolf—gaunt and thinned by starvation—heard the woman's cry, and the call that was in her throat died away in a whine. And to the north a swiftly moving shadow stopped for a moment, and stood like a thing of rock under the starlight. It was Kazan. A strange fire leaped through his body. Every fiber of his brute understanding was afire with the knowledge that here was home. It was here, long ago, that he had lived, and loved, and fought—and all at once the dreams that had grown faded and indistinct in his memory came back to him as real living things. For, coming to him faintly over the plain, he heard Joan's voice!

In the starlight Joan stood, tense and white, when from out of the pale mist of the moon-glow he came to her, cowering on his belly, panting and wind-run, and with a strange whining note in his throat. And as Joan went to him, her arms reaching out, her lips sobbing his name over and over again, the man stood and looked down upon them with the wonder of a new and greater understanding in his face. He had no fear of the wolf-dog now. And as Joan's arms hugged Kazan's great shaggy head up to her he heard the whining gasping joy of the beast and the sobbing whispering voice of the girl, and with tensely gripped hands he faced the Sun Rock.

"Good heavens!" he breathed "I believe—it's so!"

As if in response to the thought in his mind, there came once more across the plain Gray Wolf's mate-seeking cry of grief and of loneliness. Swiftly as though struck by a lash Kazan was on his feet—oblivious of Joan's touch, of her voice, of the presence of the man. In another instant he was gone, and Joan flung herself against her husband's breast, and almost fiercely took his face between her two hands.

"Now do you believe?" she cried pantingly. "Now do you believe in the God of my world—the God I have lived with, the God that gives souls to the wild things, the God that—that has brought us all—together—once more—home!"

His arms closed gently about her.

"I believe, my Joan," he whispered. "And you understand—now—what it means. Thou shalt not kill!"

"Except that it brings us life—yes, I understand," he replied.

Her warm, soft hands stroked his

face. Her blue eyes, filled with the glory of the stars, looked up into his. "Kazan and she—you and I—and the baby! Are you sorry—that we came back?" she asked.

So close he drew her against his breast that she did not hear the words he whispered in the soft warmth of her hair. And after that, for many hours, they sat in the starlight in front of the cabin door. But they did not hear again that lonely cry from the Sun Rock. Joan and her husband understood.

"He'll visit us again tomorrow," the man said at last. "Come, Joan, let us go to bed."

Together they entered the cabin. And that night, side by side, Kazan and Gray Wolf hunted again in the moonlit plain.

THE END.

SHE NEEDED NO POLICEMAN

Athletic Young Suffragette Gives Impudent Storekeeper the Surprise of His Life.

An athletic young suffragette strolling down Fifth avenue, in New York, the other day gave the surprise of her life to the proprietor of an antique shop. The man was in the back of the store, and the young woman had been wandering about in the front of it several moments before he became aware that she was there. Then he came forward storming and declared she could not leave the store without being searched.

"You come sneaking in here to take some of my things while my back is turned," he cried, seizing her by the arm.

"You impossible person! Don't you dare to touch me," said the young woman coolly. "Why don't you stay in the front of your store where you belong to wait on people?"

By this time they had reached the little flight of steps leading down into the shop, the man still clutching at the girl's elbow. She looked around. There was no policeman in sight. So she settled matters herself. With one vigorous push she sent the proprietor of the antique shop sprawling down the steps, then continued her calm stroll up the avenue.

"Tipperary."

From the train windows I watched the airplanes coming up for night duty outside Paris, writes Louise Closser Hale in Harper's Magazine. We slackened speed at last, and the guardians of our welfare passed on. Our carriage at the end looked out upon a stream with a path alongside of it. A young soldier marched by. He was whistling. It is pleasant to write "whistling." . . . But the air was "Tipperary." Ah, the case with which we all sang it two years—and more—ago! The sureness of a quick return to Tipperary! The confidence of so many singers quiet now forever! It came to me that night on the train like an echo across deep waters—waters on which a host are still struggling toward the far, sad shore of victory. "Tis a long, long way—"

Submarine Diseases Studied.

Passed Assistant Surgeon R. W. McDowell has compiled some interesting facts in connection with disease incident to submarine duty. The most frequent ailments observed in the submarine service include effects of gasoline fumes inhaled, gastro-intestinal disturbances, ear troubles, infections of the respiratory tract, conjunctivitis, rheumatism, or myalgia, burns and injuries and nervous complaints. Of special interest is gasoline poisoning, the effect of inhaling gasoline fumes producing what is known as "gasoline jag." The D class of submarines have gasoline engines, and Surgeon McDowell has seen a large number of cases of poisoning due to the inhalation of the fumes of raw or burned gasoline.

A New Creation.

Margaret, aged eleven, had just returned from her visit to the zoo.

"Well," said her mother, smiling, "did you see the elephants and the giraffe and the kangaroos?"

Margaret looked thoughtful.

"We saw the elephant and the giraffe and the kangaroo-oo."

"What?" said Mrs. Blank.

"The kangaroo-oo. It said 'these animals are a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s.'"

Wine for French Fighters.

In the year 1915 the French government distributed 618,000,000 bottles of wine among the armies, each man and officer receiving half a liter a day. Last year there was a considerable increase, the total amount requisitioned reaching 790,000,000 bottles.

Where Coast Gains Upon Sea.

The Po, in North Italy, is 300 miles in length. The deposits at its mouth have caused the coast to gain upon the sea so rapidly that a point which in the time of Augustus was a seaport town is now 18 miles from the Adriatic.

Real Glass Cutter.

It is only the natural point of a diamond which will cut glass; that obtained by polishing will not.

LEAVES STORED FOR WINTER

They Are Easily and Quickly Gathered in Various Ways—Big Pieces of Cloth Excellent.

(By M. A. COVERDELL.)
If farmers only understood the many uses to which leaves could be put, more of them would be stored.

Some may think it takes too much time and labor, but they are easily and quickly gathered in various ways. One good plan is to have cheap barrels handy, fill them with leaves, and set them away where rain or snow will not reach them.

Another method by which the storage of leaves may be accomplished is that of using common gunny or burlap sacks. These, also, may be stored away without emptying the sacks, and they will be in convenient shape to use a few at a time during the winter.

If one has only a small number of sacks, the leaves may be carried and emptied from the sacks into some out-building not in use; but where one desires to store a considerable quantity, we find that bed-sheets, or similar pieces of cloth, are excellent for the purpose.

Simply spread them on the ground; rake up the leaves with a common garden-rake and pile them on the sheet; catch hold of each of the four corners and draw them together.

A large quantity can be carried in this manner, and when it is desired to empty the sheet, let go of one corner and allow the leaves to roll out.

GOOD MATERIALS FOR MULCH

Ashes, Leaves, Straw, Evergreen Boughs and Clippings Mowed From Lawns Are Valuable.

There are many materials which are valuable for mulching. Ashes, leaves, straw, evergreen boughs and clippings, grass mowed from the lawn, rotten manure, bark, half-rotten wooden chips raked up at the base of the out-of-door woodpile, pine needles from the woods, marsh hay, charred peat and stones are among the materials which can be used.

Stones are valuable laid above the rooting portion of layered slips. Evergreen boughs, coarse manure and dry litter suit hyanthins. Lilies receive a much of ashes with favor and well-rotted manure is a benefit to peonies, for it can be worked into the soil in the spring.

NOVEL USE FOR MOTORCYCLE

Missouri Farmer Converts Vehicle Into Quick-Delivery Machine for Marketing Products

Quite an unusual employment is made of a motorcycle and sidecar by a Missouri farmer and stockman who has converted the vehicle into a quick-delivery machine for carrying certain products to market. By securely fastening a crate over the rear wheel and



placing another on the chassis of the sidecar, he is able to transport a considerable load with dispatch and without particular difficulty. His country place is more than 30 miles from St. Joseph, but with this delivery van he recently carried a calf and a dozen chickens to market and returned within a few hours' time.—Popular Mechanics.

Rapid Transit to Market.

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APPLY LIME WITH SPREADER

Object Should Be to Meet Requirement of Soil—Do Not Mix With Commercial Fertilizer.

Apply lime with a spreader after the ground is plowed. Do not drill it in with seeds nor mix it with commercial fertilizer nor use it in place of fertilizer. Apply lime to meet the lime requirement of a soil, and when this has been done use manure and commercial fertilizers in the ways that have been found profitable for the crops which are to be grown regardless of the fact that lime has been applied.

SUCCESS IN TURKEY RAISING

Proper Selection of Breeding Stock is of Great Importance—Some of Desired Qualities.

One of the most important steps toward success in turkey raising is the proper selection of breeding stock. Birds for breeding should be selected for vigor, size, shape, strong bone, early maturity, and color of plumage.