

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

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WEYMAN, THE NATURALIST, AND HENRI, THE HUNTER, MAKE THE STRANGE DISCOVERY THAT A DOG AND A BLIND WOLF ARE MATES—THEY MARVEL

Fearing dire punishment after killing a man who attacks his mistress, Kazan, an Alaskan dog, one-quarter wolf, takes to wild life and mates with Gray Wolf. Weeks later, drawn by memory of 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, her husband and her baby leave the country, so Kazan and Gray Wolf go northward.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

Weyman was with him when they struck fresh signs of lynx. There was a great windfall ten or fifteen feet high, and in one place the logs had formed a sort of cavern, with almost solid walls on three sides. The snow was beaten down by tracks, and the fur of rabbit was scattered about. Henri was jubilant.

"We got them—sure!" he said. He built the bait-house, set a trap and looked about him shrewdly. Then he explained his scheme to Weyman. If the lynx was caught, and the two wolves came to destroy it, the fight would take place in that shelter under the windfall, and the marauders would have to pass through the opening. So Henri set five smaller traps, concealing them skillfully under leaves and moss and snow, and all were far enough away from the bait-house so that the trapped lynx could not spring them in his struggles.

"When they fight, wolf jump this way and that—an sure get in," said Henri. "He miss one, two, three—but he sure get in trap somewhere."

That same morning a light snow fell, making the work more complete, for it covered up all footprints and buried the telltale scent of man. That night Kazan and Gray Wolf passed within a hundred feet of the windfall, and Gray Wolf's keen scent detected something strange and disquieting in the air. She informed Kazan by pressing her shoulder against his, and they swung off at right angles, keeping to windward of the trap-line.

For two days and three cold starlit nights nothing happened at the windfall. Henri understood, and explained to Weyman. The lynx was a hunter, like himself, and also had its hunt-line, which it covered about once a week. On the fifth night the lynx returned, went to the windfall, and the sharp-toothed steel trap closed relentlessly over its right hindfoot. Kazan and Gray Wolf were traveling a quarter of a mile deeper in the forest when they heard the clanking of the steel chain as the lynx fought to free itself. Ten minutes later they stood in the door of the windfall cavern.

It was a white clear night, so filled with brilliant stars that Henri himself could have hunted by the light of them. The lynx had exhausted itself, and lay crouched on its belly as Kazan and Gray Wolf appeared. As usual, Gray Wolf held back while Kazan began the battle. In the first or second of these fights on the trap-line, Kazan would probably have been disemboweled or had his jugular vein cut open, had the fierce cats been free. They were more than his match in open fight, though the biggest of them fell ten pounds under his weight. Chance had saved him on the Sun Rock. Gray Wolf and the porcupine had both added to the defeat of the lynx on the sand-bar. And along Henri's hunting line it was the trap that was his ally. Even with his enemy thus shackled he took bigger chances than ever with the lynx under the windfall.

The cat was an old warrior, six or seven years old. His claws were an inch and a quarter long, and curved like scimitars. His forefeet and his left hindfoot were free, and as Kazan advanced, he drew back, so that the trap-chain was slack under his body. Here Kazan could not follow his old tactics of circling about his trapped foe, until it had become tangled in the chain, or had so shortened and twisted it that there was no chance for a leap. He had to attack face to face, and suddenly he lunged in. They met shoulder to shoulder. Kazan's fangs snapped at the other's throat, and missed. Before he could strike again, the lynx flung out its free hindfoot, and even Gray Wolf heard the ripping sound that it made. With a snarl Kazan was flung back, his shoulder torn to the bone.

Then it was that one of Henri's hidden traps saved him from a second attack—and death. Steel jaws snapped over one of his forefeet, and when he leaped, the chain stopped him. Once or twice before, blind Gray Wolf had leaped in, when she knew that Kazan was in great danger. For an instant she forgot her caution now, and as she heard Kazan's snarl of pain, she sprang in under the windfall. Five traps Henri had hidden in the space in front of the bait-house, and Gray Wolf's feet found two of these. She fell on her side, snapping and snarl-

ing. In his struggles Kazan sprang the remaining two traps. One of them missed. The fifth, and last, caught him by a hindfoot.

Henri and Weyman were out early. When they struck off the main line toward the windfall, Henri pointed to the tracks of Kazan and Gray Wolf, and his dark face lighted up with pleasure and excitement. When they reached the shelter under the mess of fallen timber, both stood speechless for a moment, astounded by what they saw. Even Henri had seen nothing like this before—two wolves and a lynx, all in traps, and almost within reach of one another's fangs. But surprise could not long delay the business of Henri's hunters' instinct. The wolves lay first in his path, and he was raising his rifle to put a steel-capped bullet through the base of Kazan's brain, when Weyman caught him eagerly by the arm.

"Wait!" he cried. "It's not a wolf. It's a dog!"

Henri lowered his rifle, staring at the collar. Weyman's eyes shot to Gray Wolf. She was facing them, snarling, her white fangs bared to the foes she could not see. Her blind eyes were closed. Where there should have been eyes there was only hair, and an exclamation broke from Weyman's lips.

"Look!" he commanded of Henri.

"What in the name of heaven—"

"One is dog—wild dog that has run to the wolves," said Henri. "And the other is—wolf."

"And blind!" gasped Weyman.

"Oui, blind, m'ieur," added Henri, falling partly into French in his amazement. He was raising his rifle again. Weyman seized it firmly.

"Don't kill them, Henri," he said. "Give them to me—alive. Figure up the value of the lynx they have destroyed, and add to that the wolf bounty, and I will pay. Alive, they are worth to me a great deal. Heavens, a dog—and a blind wolf—mates!" He still held Henri's rifle, and Henri was staring at him, as if he did not yet quite understand.

Weyman continued speaking, his eyes and face blazing.

"A dog—and a blind wolf—mates!" he repeated. "It is wonderful, Henri. Down there, they will say I have gone beyond reason, when my book comes out. But I shall have proof. I shall take twenty photographs here, before you kill the lynx. I shall keep the dog and the wolf alive. And I shall pay you, Henri, a hundred dollars apiece for the two. May I have them?" Henri nodded. He held his rifle in readiness, while Weyman unpacked his camera and got to work. Snarling fangs greeted the click of the camera-shutter—the fangs of wolf and lynx. But Kazan lay cringing, not through fear, but because he still recognized the mastery of man.

Henri shot the lynx, and when Kazan understood this, he tore at the end of his trap-chains and snarled at the writhing body of his forest enemy. By means of a pole and a babche noose, Kazan was brought out from under the windfall and taken to Henri's cabin. The two men then returned with a thick sack and more babche, and blind Gray Wolf, still fettered by the traps, was made prisoner. All the rest of that day Weyman and Henri worked to build a stout cage of saplings, and when it was finished, the two prisoners were placed in it.

Before the dog was put in with Gray Wolf, Weyman closely examined the worn and tooth-marked collar about his neck.

On the brass plate he found engraved the one word, "Kazan," and with a strange thrill made note of it in his diary.

After this Weyman often remained at the cabin when Henri went out on the trap-line. After the second day he dared to put his hand between the sapling bars and touch Kazan, and the next day Kazan accepted a piece of raw moose meat from his hand. But at his approach, Gray Wolf always hid under the pile of balsam in the corner of their prison. The instinct of generations and perhaps of centuries had taught her that man was her deadliest enemy. And yet, this man did not hurt her, and Kazan was not afraid of him. She was frightened at first; then puzzled, and a growing curiosity followed that. Occasionally, after the third day, she would thrust her blind face out of the balsam and sniff the air when Weyman was at the cage, making

friends with Kazan. But she would not eat. Weyman noted that, and each day he tempted her with the choicest morsels of deer and moose fat. Five days—six—seven passed, and she had not taken a mouthful. Weyman could count her ribs.

"She die," Henri told him on the seventh night. "She starve before she eat in that cage. She want the forest, the wild kill, the fresh blood. She two—'rree year old—toc old to make civilize."

Henri went to bed at the usual hour, but Weyman was troubled, and sat up late. Midnight came.

He rose, opened the door softly, and went out. Instinctively his eyes turned westward. The sky was a blaze of stars. In their light he could see the cage, and he stood, watching and listening. A sound came to him. It was Gray Wolf gnawing at the sapling bars of her prison. A moment later there came a low sobbing whine, and he knew that it was Kazan crying for his freedom.

Leaning against the side of the cabin was an ax. Weyman seized it, and his lips smiled silently. He moved toward the cage. A dozen blows, and two of the sapling bars were knocked out. Then Weyman drew back. Gray Wolf found the opening first, and she slipped out into the starlight like a shadow. But she did not flee. Out in the open space she waited for Kazan, and for a moment the two stood there, looking at the cabin. Then they set off into freedom, Gray Wolf's shoulder at Kazan's flank.

In the swamp Kazan and Gray Wolf found a home under a windfall. It was a small, comfortable nest, shut in entirely from the snow and wind. Gray Wolf took possession of it immediately. She flattened herself out on her belly, and panted to show Kazan her contentment and satisfaction. Kazan kept close at her side. A vision came to him, unreal and dreamlike, of that wonderful night under the stars—ages and ages ago, it seemed—when he had fought the leader of the wolf-pack, and young Gray Wolf had crept to his side after his victory and had given herself to him for mate.

The hair had now begun to grow over Gray Wolf's sightless eyes. She had ceased to grieve, to rub her eyes with her paws, to whine for the sunlight, the golden moon and the stars. Slowly she began to forget that she had ever seen those things. She could not run more swiftly at Kazan's flank. Scent and hearing had become wonderfully keen. She could wind a caribou two miles distant, and the presence of man she could pick up at an even greater distance. On a still night she had heard the splash of a trout half a mile away. And as these two things—scent and hearing—became more and more developed in her, those same senses became less active in Kazan.

He began to depend upon Gray Wolf. She would point out the hiding place of a partridge fifty yards from their trail. In their hunts she became the leader—until game was found. And as Kazan learned to trust to her in the hunt, so he began just as instinctively to heed her warnings. If Gray Wolf reasoned, it was to the effect that without Kazan she would die. She had tried hard now and then to catch a partridge or a rabbit, but she had always failed. Kazan meant life to her. And—if she reasoned—it was to make herself indispensable to her mate.

It was her habit, spring, summer and winter, to snuggle close to Kazan and lie with her beautiful head resting on his neck or back. If Kazan snarled at her she did not snap back, but slunk down as though struck a blow. With her warm tongue she would lick the long hair between Kazan's toes. For days after he had run a silver in his paw she nursed his foot. Blindness had made Kazan absolutely necessary to her existence—and now, in a different way, she became more and more necessary to Kazan. They were happy in their swamp home. There was plenty of small game about them. Rarely did they go beyond the limits of the swamp to hunt.

Once more ill fortune comes to Kazan and Gray Wolf—they come into contact with brutal men, those of the mining country in the Northwest. Read of important developments in the next instalment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Humble Worker.

He does not look like a very important part of a big automobile organization, this stooped, grizzled man, but the president of a great motorcar company, according to Popular Science Monthly, says that Magnet Bill saves his salary a dozen times over every day he works. Rain or shine, summer or winter, Magnet Bill may be seen walking slowly about the automobile plant, his eyes fixed on the ground.

He gets his nickname from the fact that his tools consist solely of a tin bucket and a big steel magnet, strapped to the end of a shovel handle. It is his duty to save automobile tires by removing from the roadway every nail and piece of metal that might cause a tire puncture. Thousands of cars are run over this roadway to the testing place, and without the precautions taken by Magnet Bill the cost for cut and punctured tires would amount to many thousands of dollars yearly.

More Recruits.

"My stomach's gone back on me. I can't go to banquets any more." "Cheer up, old chap. You're only sixty-five. You can still have a lot of fun dancing."



Preparing the Feast

Two Thanksgiving Proclamations of Revolutionary Days

THE last Thanksgiving proclamation of the revolution was reported to congress October 18, 1783, by Duane, Samuel Huntington and Holt. It was written by Mr. Duane and given to the people on the second Thursday in December. It expresses thanks for the discharge of troops in the following words:

"Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Ruler of all human events to dispose the hearts of the late belligerent powers to put a period to the effusion of human blood, by proclaiming a cessation of all hostilities by sea and land, and these United States are not only happily rescued from the dangers and calamities to which they have been so long exposed, but their freedom, sovereignty and independence are ultimately acknowledged; and, whereas, in the process of a contest on which the most essential rights of human nature depended the interposition of divine providence in our favor hath been most abundantly and most graciously manifested, and the citizens of these United States have every reason for praise and gratitude to the God of their salvation; . . . the United States in congress assembled do recommend it to the several states to set apart the second Thursday in December next as a day of public thanksgiving."

The first national Thanksgiving to be promulgated after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States was written by Washington and issued on October 3, 1789. This was a general recommendation of thanksgiving for the establishment of the Constitution. The whereabouts of the original of this instrument is unknown. The earliest Thanksgiving proclamation of Washington as president in the possession of the department of state is one dated January 1, 1795, and was issued in view of the suppression of the rebellion in western Pennsylvania, which for a time threatened the safety of the union.

This document was written by Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury, and bears amendments by Edmund Randolph, secretary of state. The original copy is yellow and the ink is faded, but it is yet legible. It is the engrossed copy which bears the great seal of the United States and the signatures of Washington and Randolph. The proclamation is as follows:

"When we review the calamities which afflict so many other nations, the present condition of the United States affords much of consolation and satisfaction. Our exemption hitherto from foreign war, an increasing prospect of the continuance of that exemption, the great degree of internal tranquility we have enjoyed, the recent confirmation of that tranquility by the suppression of an insurrection which so wantonly threatened it, the happy

Heavy Responsibility



course of our public affairs in general, the unexampled prosperity of all classes of our citizens, are circumstances which peculiarly mark our situation with indications of the divine beneficence toward us. In such a state it is an especial manner our duty as a people, with devout reverence and affectionate gratitude, to acknowledge our many and great obligations to almighty God, and to implore him to continue and confirm the blessings we experience.

"Deeply penetrated with this sentiment, I, George Washington, president of the United States, do recommend to all religious societies and denominations, and to all persons whomsoever within the United States, to set apart and observe Thursday, the 19th day of February next, as a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, and on that day to meet together and render their sincere thanks to the great ruler of nations for the manifold and signal mercies which distinguish our lot as a nation, particularly for the possession of constitutions of government which unite and by their union establish liberty with order, for the preservation of our peace, foreign and domestic; for the seasonable control which has been given to the spirit of disorder in the suppression of the late insurrection."

Season for All to Magnify Blessings and Forget Crosses

WE CELEBRATE that great holiday, Thanksgiving, at this season. In the gay round of pleasures the day always brings, perhaps not one of us will stop a moment and seriously look back over the past year, now rapidly drawing to a close. Many of us—in fact, all of us—should pause a moment and quietly review the past months.

Perhaps these months brought us many trials, but they also brought us many blessings. It is the blessings we should itemize and magnify and forget the crosses. We may sigh discontentedly and say, "Well, last year I had many more reasons to be thankful than I have this year," but if we are fair and honest with ourselves we will have to admit that, even if troubles came our way, the blessings that followed them were far greater in number.

Who has not read the story of that first Thanksgiving Day? Fancy a woman in these times enduring the hardships and worries those strong-hearted New England pilgrims endured; and what a wonderful lesson in unselfishness they have handed down to us!

Argue and elaborate as we will on our burdens, we know fate has been good to us. Life is not all sunshine. If it were we would very soon grow tired of life. Disappointments, setbacks, disillusionments come to everyone, and we must expect they will come to us. Indeed, we have no voice in the matter. They will come to us as surely as day follows night; but do we accept them patiently? That is another story.

Many women look only on the dark side of life. "What's the use?" they say dejectedly. "Everything I try to do turns out a failure." There is a tiny breath of selfishness here. "I'm very prominent in these women's thoughts. Perhaps if they did something worth while for someone else their work would be crowned with success. Doing something for another has never yet turned out a failure. There isn't a case on record showing where failure has followed a kind deed done for another. Perhaps this other did not appreciate the efforts taken to her behalf, yet the fact remains that the woman who put herself out to make another woman happy experienced a wonderful happiness herself."

—New York Evening Telegram.

VERY POPULAR



The Duck—My, I'm getting popular. The whole family just watch me the time.

Feast Without Gorging. Thanksgiving day is devoted many pleasant activities in social life in the pursuit of health and amusement, but of old it was a day of heartfelt thanksgiving, first of all, and so it should always be, and especially so it should be this year. If a feast, but why should the feast be gorge?

JUST THE THING



"H'm, I guess I'll get about a barrel of that stuff."

G. Washington
By the President
Edmund Randolph

Belongs to All Humanity. Essentially our American Thanksgiving is least American of our holidays, for the simple reason that it is too human to be merely American. There were no most human things left for the New England fathers to originate. They are immemorably older than this country. There are no original ways of expressing gratitude. All the pathways of thanksgiving are very old paths.—James Lane Allen in Munsey's Magazine.

Make Use of God's Gifts. "All that I have is thine," says God to us—earth and sun and rain and crops. Let us use them all the year for all they are worth.