

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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KAZAN EXPERIENCES THE JOY OF MATING AND HUNTING GAME WITH THE WOLF PACK

Kazan is a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter gray wolf. He saves his master's life and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even the master is afraid to touch the dog, but Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his devotion instantly. On the way northward, McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party. Inflamed by drink on the following night, McCready beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan flies at the assailant's throat, kills him, takes to the woods and joins a wolf pack. He fights the pack leader.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a cracking of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grew tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but awaited that fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death.

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whip-lash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass, Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and sniffed at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking, at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that thereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He circled twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppyhood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red starting light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent at the posts. Most of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf

trotted close at his side as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fight in the Snow.

They found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvety fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison-baits, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had put a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its sting and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accompany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf told him that it might be there.

She told him many other things in the days and nights that followed. The third night Kazan himself gathered the hunt-pack and led in the chase. Three times that month, before the moon left the skies, he led the chase, and each time there was a kill. But as the snows began to grow softer under his feet he found a greater and greater companionship in Gray Wolf, and they hunted alone, living on the big white rabbits. In all the world he had loved but two things, the girl with the shining hair and the hands that had caressed him—and Gray Wolf.

He did not leave the big plain, and often he took his mate to the top of the ridge and he would try to tell her what he had left back there. With the dark nights the call of the woman became so strong upon him that he was filled with a longing to go back, and take Gray Wolf with him.

Something happened very soon after that. They were crossing the open plain one day when up on the face of the ridge Kazan saw something that made his heart stand still. A man, with a dog-sledge and team, was coming down into their world. The wind had not warned them, and suddenly Kazan saw something glisten in the man's hand. He knew what it was. It was the thing that spat fire and thunder, and killed.

He gave his warning to Gray Wolf, and they were off like the wind, side by side. And then came the sound—and Kazan's hatred of men burst forth in a snarl as he leaped. There was a queer humming over their heads. The sound from behind came again, and this time Gray Wolf gave a yelp of pain, and rolled over in the snow. She was on her feet again in an instant, and Kazan dropped behind her, and ran there until they reached the shelter of the timber. Gray Wolf lay down, and began licking the wound in her shoulder. Kazan faced the ridge. The man was taking up their trail. He stopped where Gray Wolf had fallen, and examined the snow. Then he came on.

Kazan urged Gray Wolf to her feet, and they made for the thick swamp close to the lake. All that day they kept in the face of the wind, and when Gray Wolf lay down Kazan stole back over their trail, watching and sniffing the air.

For days after that Gray Wolf ran

lame, and when once they came upon the remains of an old camp, Kazan's teeth were bared in snarling hatred of the man-scent that had been left behind. Growing in him there was a desire for vengeance—vengeance for his own hurts, and for Gray Wolf's. He tried to nose out the man-trail under the cover of fresh snow, and Gray Wolf circled around him anxiously. At last he followed her sullenly. There was a savage redness in his eyes.

Three days later the new moon came. And on the fifth night Kazan struck a trail. It was fresh—so fresh that he stopped suddenly as though struck by a bullet when he ran upon it, and stood with every muscle in his body quivering, and his hair on end. It was a man-trail. There were the marks of the sledge, the dog's feet, and the snowshoe prints of his enemy.

Then he threw up his head to the stars, and from his throat there rolled out over the wide plains the hunt-cry—the wild and savage call for the pack. Never had he put the savagery in it that was there tonight. Again and again he sent forth that call, and then there came an answer and another and still another, until Gray Wolf herself sat back on her haunches and added her voice to Kazan's, and far out on the plain a white and haggard-faced man halted his exhausted dogs to listen, while a voice said faintly from the sledge:

"The wolves, father. Are they coming—after us?"

The man was silent. He was not young. The moon shone in his long white beard, and added grotesquely to the height of his tall gaunt figure. A girl had raised her head from a bearskin pillow on the sledge. Her dark eyes were filled beautifully with the starlight. She was pale. Her hair fell in a thick shining braid over her shoulder, and she was hugging something tightly to her breast.

"They're on the trail of something—probably a deer," said the man, looking at the breech of his rifle. "Don't worry,



Swift as a Whiplash He Whirled.

Jo. We'll stop at the next bit of scrub and see if we can't find enough dry stuff for a fire. Wee-ah-h-h-h, boys! Koosh—koosh—" and he snapped his whip over the backs of his team.

From the bundle at the girl's breast there came a small wailing cry. And far back in the plain there answered it the scattered voice of the pack.

At last Kazan was on the trail of vengeance. He ran slowly at first, with Gray Wolf close beside him, pausing every three or four hundred yards to send forth the cry. A gray leaping form joined them from behind. Another followed. Two came in from the side, and Kazan's solitary howl gave place to the wild tongue of the pack. Numbers grew, and with increasing number the pace became swifter. Four—six—seven—ten—fourteen, by the time the more open and wind-swept part of the plain was reached.

It was a strong pack, filled with old and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing of his red-shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hunt and eat.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and close. And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoulder. When at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand.

The strange influence of a kind woman once more works wonders on the savage disposition of the wolf-dog—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sold Feathers.

On August 28, 1736, according to a story handed down in England, a man passing a bridge near Preston, Lancashire, saw two large flocks of birds meet so rapidly that 180 fell to the ground. He picked them up and sold them in Preston market the same day!—New York Telegram.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR APRIL 29

JESUS WELCOMED AS KING.

LESSON TEXT—John 12:12-19.
GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord—John 12:13.

This lesson marks the beginning of that last tragic week in the life of our Lord, the most important week in all history since creation. The date was probably April 1, A. D. 30.

I. The Lesson of His Kinship. (vv. 12-16). Reading carefully the record of each evangelist, regarding this triumphant entry, we are still at a loss fully to describe the scene. It occurred the day following the supper in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, i. e. on the Jewish Sabbath. From Bethphage Jesus sent two of his disciples into Jerusalem to secure the colt. They were to loose him without asking anyone's permission, and bring the ass and her colt to him to whom all things belong, with no other explanation than, "The Lord hath need of them" (Matt. 21:3). This command was in line with the prophecy (Zech. 9:9). The young ass was a symbol of peace, but the going of the disciples, in obedience to his command, was an act of faith, and obedience is the supreme test of discipleship (John 15:14). In response to their faith, they found everything just as he said it would be (Luke 19:32). Placing their garments upon the colt (Matt. 21:7) Jesus rode upon it toward the city, the people crying, "Hosanna"—literally, "Save, I beseech" (Ps. 118:25-26; see Luke 19:38; Mk. 11:9-10; Matt. 21:9). The enthusiasm of the moment was tremendous. For the moment this great crowd (Mk. 11:8) believed that Jesus was really the Messiah, threw the garments of their holiday attire in his way (Matt. 21:8), and cast their palm branches before him. The Pharisees protested (Luke 19:39-40), but the enemies of Jesus for the moment were impotent (John 12:19). The Pharisees forgot their dignity to such an extent as to get excited along with the multitude, though with another purpose (see Luke 19:37-40). Unfortunately the enthusiasm of the people was not long-lived. Many of the same ones were soon crying, "Crucify him" (Ch. 19:14-15). Jesus himself did not join in the general joy (Luke 19:41-44), for he, with prophetic eye, saw the outcome (Luke 19:41-44).

II. The Lesson of Reverence (vv. 17-19). It is one thing to acknowledge Jesus as a King. It is quite another to reverence him as Lord and Savior. Never was there a time when we need more to have reverence for things holy and for constituted authority than the present day. The act of reverence on the part of this multitude for the God-anointed King ought to be a suggestion to those who look upon Jesus merely as a man.

Ride triumphantly;
Behold we lay
Our lusts and proud wills in Thy way.

Jesus' grief is in strange contrast with the joy of the multitude. The practical application for us today is: "Have we cast our talents before him, God's rightfully anointed King?" There had been a large company of people present when Jesus was at the tomb of Lazarus, and raised him from the dead. The testimony of these eyewitnesses to the power of Jesus must have had great weight with the multitude. The enthusiasm of this crowd for Jesus excited the hatred of the Pharisees, making it all the more intense, for they saw the crowd forsaking them, and following one whom they envied and hated. To one another they exclaimed, "Behold, how ye prevail nothing." Notice the personal pronoun "ye," seeking to lay the fault upon others rather than taking their own share of the burden, another touch of human nature which is evident even today.

III. The Lesson of the Greek Pilgrims (vv. 20-26). These Greeks came first to Philip, who himself was a Greek. The hour had come (v. 23) when the work of Jesus for the Jews was to be finished. The Jews had been threatened with Greek religion, and that assault had been stopped by the Pharisees. Christ came first to the Jews that through them he might reach the Gentiles. Now his work for the Jews is done. He rejoices as he sees the Greeks coming to him, for it was to be in Greek dress and in Greek form of expression that Christianity was to conquer the world. But this rejoicing is tinged with sorrow, for it was a prophecy of the price that he must pay for the redemption of the world.

The Son of Man was glorified by his death; he was glorified by his reception on the part of the Gentiles; he was glorified by the approval of the Father.

Verses 24 expresses one of the most tremendous facts in the life of Jesus (Cf. I Cor. 15:36).

Think of the rich fruits of Christ's death, the countless lives that he reached and ennobled, and the effect of his life on the practical affairs of the world, the hospitals and every movement for the advancement and the well-being of mankind which can be traced to the influence of his life.

Too Many Operations

The Right Medicine in Many Cases Does Better than the Surgeon's Knife. Tribute to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Des Moines, Iowa.—"My husband says I would have been in my grave today had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered from a serious female trouble and the doctors said I could not live one year without an operation. My husband objected to the operation and had me try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I soon commenced to get better and am now well and able to do my own housework. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any woman as a wonderful health restorer."—Mrs. BLANCHE JEFFERSON, 708 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Another Operation Avoided.

Richmond, Ind.—"For two years I was so sick and weak from female troubles that when going up stairs I had to go very slowly with my hands on the steps, then sit down at the top to rest. The doctor said he thought I should have an operation, and my friends thought I would not live to move into our new house. My daughter asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as she had taken it with good results. I did so, my weakness disappeared, I gained in strength, moved into our new home, do all kinds of garden work, and raised hundreds of chickens and ducks. I cannot say enough in praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. M. O. JOHNSTON, Route D, Box 190, Richmond, Ind.

Of course there are many serious cases that only a surgical operation will relieve. We freely acknowledge this, but the above letters, and many others like them, amply prove that many operations are recommended when medicine in many cases is all that is needed.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

Too Many "White Hoses."

Addressing a woman's welfare meeting recently, Mrs. Lloyd-George pointed a moral, with a quaintly pathetic little story.

It concerned a Yorkshire collier's wife, who each Saturday made a practice of calling at the pit where her husband worked, with a view to getting him safely home, and, by persuasion and tact, preventing him getting too much drunk en route.

The poor woman, however, was fain to confess that she seldom succeeded, and asked why, she replied as follows:

"Aw, ye see, lady, Ah might get Bill all right past 't' White Hoss, but, don't yer see, lady, there's th' King's Head, an' 't' Bruhn Coor, an' 't' Blue Pig—seven other White Hoses, so to speyke—afore Bill gets dahn that hawf-mile to ahr haase."

A Sister's Dire Thrust.

A quarrel between two sisters over the administration of the estate of their mother flared up in probate court at Belleville, says the St. Louis Star. Judge Frank Perrin had held that Miss Amanda Holdener had made a correct accounting of the estate. Her sister, Mrs. Veronica Fitzmorris, who had asked that final settlement be not ordered, fairly screamed at her: "I will ride on horseback in front of your horse in a red dress when you are buried."

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IS IT A COUGH?

Montrose, W. Va.—"I had a cough every winter for years, but always with the return of warm weather it would leave me, but this particular time even that failed. I was thin, had poor appetite and spent restless nights. A neighbor advised me to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, so my husband got me a bottle. I left it at my bedside that night and just took a little sip often, and it soon allayed the irritation in my throat and I got some sleep. I continued its use and the change was great, indeed. I began to gain in flesh, my appetite returned and by the time I had completed two or three bottles I was sound and well."—MRS. E. S. ANNON, Route 1.

Liquid or tablets. All druggists.

Do You Neglect Your Machinery?

The machinery of the body needs to be well oiled, kept in good condition just as the automobile, steam engine or bicycle. Why should the human neglect his own machinery more than that of his horse or his engine? Yet most people do neglect themselves. To clean the system at least once a week is to practice preventive measures. You will escape many ills and clear up the coated tongue, the sallow complexion, the dull headache, the lazy liver, if you will take a pleasant laxative made up of the May-apple, juice of the leaves of aloes, root of jalap, and called Pleasant Pellets. You can obtain at almost any drug store in this country these vegetable pellets in vials for 25c—simply ask for Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. There can be no counterfeits if they have the Dr. Pierce stamp. Proven good by 50 years' use.

