

# KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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**WITH WONDERFUL ANIMAL INSTINCT, KAZAN SENSES DEATH NEAR HIM, AND LOVING JOAN, DECIDES TO STAY BY HER TEMPORARILY**

Kazan, a vicious Alaskan sledge dog, one-quarter wolf, saves the life of Thorpe, his master, and is taken along when the master goes to civilization to meet his bride and return with her to the frozen country. Even Thorpe is afraid to touch Kazan, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection at once. On the way northward McCready, a dog-team driver, joins the party and the following night beats the master insensible and attacks the bride. Kazan kills McCready, flies to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a young mate, Gray Wolf, and a few nights later drives off the pack which had attacked human beings and protects a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Won by their kindness the wolf-dog submits to adoption by Joan.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

Pierre knelt beside her. He was proffering something, and Kazan smelled meat. But it was the girl's hand that made him tremble and shiver, and when she drew back, urging him to follow her, he dragged himself painfully a foot or two through the snow. Not until then did the girl see his mangled leg. In an instant she had forgotten all caution, and was down close at his side.

"He can't walk," she cried, a sudden tremble in her voice. "Look, mon pere! Here is a terrible cut. We must carry him."

"I guessed that much," replied Radisson. "For that reason I brought the blanket. Mon Dieu, listen to that!"

From the darkness of the forest there came a low wailing cry.

Kazan lifted his head and a trembling whine answered in his throat. It was Gray Wolf calling to him.

It was a miracle that Pierre Radisson should put the blanket about Kazan, and carry him in to the camp, without scratch or bite. It was this miracle that he achieved, with Joan's arm resting on Kazan's shaggy neck as she held one end of the blanket. They laid him down close to the fire, and after a little it was the man again who brought warm water and washed away the blood from the torn leg, and then put something on it that was soft and warm and soothing, and finally bound a cloth about it.

All this was strange and new to Kazan. Pierre's hand, as well as the girl's, stroked his head. It was the man who brought him a gruel of meal and tallow, and urged him to eat, while Joan sat with her chin in her two hands, looking at the dog, and talking to him. After this, when he was quite comfortable, and no longer afraid, he heard a strange small cry from the furry bundle on the sledge that brought his head up with a jerk.

Joan saw the movement, and heard the low answering whimper in his throat. She turned quickly to the bundle, talking and cooing to it as she took it in her arms, and then she pulled back the bearskin so that Kazan could see. He had never seen a baby before, and Joan held it out before him, so that he could look straight at it and see what a wonderful creature it was. Its little pink face stared steadily at Kazan. Its tiny fists reached out, and it made queer little sounds at him, and then suddenly it kicked and screamed with delight and laughter. At those sounds Kazan's whole body relaxed, and he dragged himself to the girl's feet.

"See, he likes the baby!" she cried. "Mon pere, we must give him a name. What shall it be?"

"Wait till morning for that," replied the father. "It is late, Joan. Go into the tent, and sleep. We have no dogs now, and will travel slowly. So we must start early."

With her hand on the tent-flap, Joan turned.

"He came with the wolves," she said. "Let us call him Wolf." With one arm she was holding the little Joan. The other she stretched out to Kazan.

"Wolf! Wolf!" she called softly.

Kazan's eyes were on her. He knew that she was speaking to him, and he drew himself a foot toward her.

"He knows it already!" she cried. "Good night, mon pere."

For a long time after she had gone into the tent, old Pierre Radisson sat on the edge of the sledge, facing the fire, with Kazan at his feet. Suddenly the silence was broken again by Gray Wolf's lonely howl deep in the forest. Kazan lifted his head and whined.

"She's calling for you, boy," said Pierre understandingly.

He coughed, and clutched a hand to his breast, where the pain seemed rending him.

"Frost-bitten lung," he said, speaking straight at Kazan. "Got it early in the winter, up at Fond du Lac. Hope we'll get home—in time—with the kids."

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the habit of talking to one's self. But Kazan's head was alert, and his eyes watchful, so Pierre spoke to him.

"We've got to get them home, and there's only you and me to do it," he

said, twisting his beard. Suddenly he clenched his fists.

His hollow racking cough convulsed him again.

"Home!" he panted, clutching his chest. "It's eighty miles straight north—to the Churchill—and I pray to God we'll get there—with the kids—before my lungs give out."

He rose to his feet, and staggered a little as he walked. There was a collar about Kazan's neck, and he chained him to the sledge. After that he dragged three or four small logs upon the fire, and went quietly into the tent where Joan and the baby were already asleep. Several times that night Kazan heard the distant voice of Gray Wolf calling for him, but something told him that he must not answer it now. Toward dawn Gray Wolf came close in to the camp, and for the first time Kazan replied to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Message.

Kazan's howl awakened the man. He came out of the tent, peered for a few moments up at the sky, built up the fire, and began to prepare breakfast. He patted Kazan on the head, and gave him a chunk of meat. Joan came out a few moments later, leaving the baby asleep in the tent. She ran up and kissed Pierre, and then dropped down on her knees beside Kazan, and talked to him almost as he had heard her talk



"I Guessed That Much."

to the baby. When she jumped up to help her father, Kazan followed her, and when Joan saw him standing firmly upon his legs she gave a cry of pleasure.

It was a strange journey that began into the north that day. Pierre Radisson emptied the sledge of everything but the tent, blankets, food and the furry nest for baby Joan. Then he harnessed himself in the traces and dragged the sledge over the snow. He coughed incessantly.

"It's a cough I've had half the winter," lied Pierre, careful that Joan saw no sign of blood on his lips or beard. "I'll keep in the cabin for a week when we get home."

Even Kazan, with that strange beast knowledge which man, unable to explain, calls instinct, knew that what he said was not the truth. Perhaps it was largely because he had heard other men cough like this, and that for generations his sledge-dog ancestors had heard men cough as Radisson coughed—and had learned what followed it.

More than once he had scented death in tepees and cabins, which he had not entered, and more than once he had sniffed at the mystery of death that was not quite present, but near—just as he had caught at a distance the subtle warning of storm and of fire.

And that strange thing seemed to be very near to him now, as he followed at the end of his chain behind the sledge. It made him restless, and half a dozen times, when the sledge stopped, he sniffed at the bit of humanity buried in the bearskin. Each time that he did this Joan was quickly at his side, and twice she patted his scarred and grizzled head until every drop of blood in his body leaped

riotously with a joy which his body did not reveal.

This day the chief thing, that he came to understand was that the little creature on the sledge was very precious to the girl who stroked his head and talked to him, and that it was very helpless. He learned, too, that Joan was most delighted, and that her voice was softer and thrilled him more deeply, when he paid attention to that little, warm, living thing in the bearskin.

For a long time after they made camp Pierre Radisson sat beside the fire. Tonight he did not smoke. He stared straight into the flames. When at last he rose to go into the tent with the girl and the baby, he bent over Kazan and examined his hurt.

"You've got to work in the traces tomorrow, boy," he said. "We must make the river by tomorrow night. If we don't—"

He did not finish. He was choking back one of those tearing coughs when the tent-flap dropped behind him. Kazan lay stiff and alert, his eyes filled with a strange anxiety. He did not like to see Radisson enter the tent, for stronger than ever there hung that oppressive mystery in the air about him, and it seemed to be a part of Pierre.

Three times that night he heard faithful Gray Wolf calling for him deep in the forest, and each time he answered her. Toward dawn she came in close to camp. Once he caught the scent of her when she circled around in the wind, and he tugged and whined at the end of his chain, hoping that she would come in and lie down at his side. But no sooner had Radisson moved in the tent than Gray Wolf was gone. The man's face was thinner, and his eyes were redder this morning. His cough was not so loud or so rending. It was like a wheeze, as if something had given way inside, and before the girl came out he clutched his hands often to his throat. Joan's face whitened when she saw him. Anxiety gave way to fear in her eyes. Pierre Radisson laughed when she flung her arms about him, and coughed to prove that what he said was true.

"You see the cough is not so bad, my Joan," he said. "It is breaking up. You cannot have forgotten, ma cherie? It always leaves one red-eyed and weak."

It was a cold, bleak, dark day that followed, and through it Kazan and the man tugged at the fore of the sledge, with Joan following in the trail behind. Kazan's wound no longer hurt him. He pulled steadily with all his splendid strength, and the man never lashed him once, but patted him with his mittened hand on head and back. The day grew steadily darker, and in the tops of the trees there was the low moaning of a storm.

Darkness and the coming of the storm did not drive Pierre Radisson into camp. "We must reach the river," he said to himself over and over again. "We must reach the river—we must reach the river—And he steadily urged Kazan on to greater effort, while his own strength at the end of the traces grew less.

It had begun to storm when Pierre stopped to build a fire at noon. The snow fell straight down in a white deluge so thick that it hid the tree trunks fifty yards away. Pierre laughed when Joan shivered and snuggled close up to him with the baby in her arms. He waited only an hour, and then fastened Kazan in the traces again, and buckled the straps once more about his own waist. In the silent gloom that was almost night Pierre carried his compass in his hand, and at last, late in the afternoon, they came to a break in the timber line, and ahead of them lay a plain, across which Radisson pointed an exultant hand.

"There's the river, Joan," he said, his voice faint and husky. "We can camp here now and wait for the storm to pass."

Under a thick clump of spruce he put up the tent, and then began gathering firewood, Joan helped him. As soon as they had boiled coffee and eaten a supper of meat and toasted biscuits, Joan went into the tent and dropped exhausted on her thick bed of balsam boughs, wrapping herself and the baby up close in the skins and blankets. Tonight she had no word for Kazan. And Pierre was glad that she was too tired to sit beside the fire and talk.

The fine, brave dog strain in Kazan comes to the front again in a crisis and once more he performs a great service—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Marvelous Banyan Tree. The giant banyan under which Alexander is said to have camped with 7,000 men, now measures nearly 1,000 feet across the head, contains about 3,000 trunks and forms a dense canopy through which the sunshine never penetrates. Several other species also propagate in like manner.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Acting-Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)  
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### LESSON FOR MAY 13

#### JESUS THE TRUE VINE.

LESSON TEXT—John 15:1-3.  
GOLDEN TEXT—I am the vine, ye are the branches.—John 15:5.

This lesson chronologically follows that of last Sunday. Christ had risen with his disciples from the supper table (14:31), and the remainder of his discourse may have occurred in an upper room, or in the courtyard of the house before they left the city, or on the way to the garden of Gethsemane.

I. THE ABIDING LIFE (vv. 1, 4). Under the figure of the vine Jesus teaches spiritual truth by natural analogy. The vine is composed of roots, stem, branches, tendrils, and fruit. There is no separate life: the branches are one with the vine. Christ is the head of that body which is the church to its least member. The life lived by the Christian is Christ's life humanized, the purpose of which is fruit bearing. Discipline is in order to fruitfulness. "He (My Father, the vine-dresser) cuts away any branch on me which is not bearing fruit, and cleans every branch which does bear fruit, to make it bear richer fruit" (Moffat's translation). Paul tells us that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." The Word is the cleansing agent (17:17). Verse four suggests a double abiding—we in him, and he in us—the branch depending upon the vine for life, and the vine depending upon the branch for fruit. Jesus had just been talking about his approaching death, and his disciples were full of anxiety. He tells them not to be troubled, and by this figure assures them, that, though he would leave them, he would still be joined to them. Although they had been made clean, they are taught that the only way to keep clean is by "abiding," which is to be continued through the eternal spirit after his decease and ascent to the Father. "It is given to us to hold fellowship with both the root that twines itself about the cross and the tendrils which stretch upward to glory"—A. J. Gordon. So long as we think of ourselves, and not of Christ, as the source of power, we shall miss the secret of fruitfulness.

II. The Fruitful Life (vv. 5-8). If we abide in him we will bring forth much fruit. Note the progression: "fruit," "more fruit," "much fruit." If the branch does not bear fruit it is fit only for fuel (Isa. 27:11). "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you" (v. 7). Our first fruit is to glorify God (v. 8). The vine does not consume the fruit which it produces, though it does exist for its production, thus glorifying God through its fruit-bearing function. The Bible uses many figures to illustrate the intimate relationship between root and fruit. "Without me," emphasizes Christ, "ye can do nothing." The "word" of verse three is equivalent to the word "I" of verse four. "Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (v. 3). Our fruit bearing is for God's glory because it is an expression of his grace and power, and it is made possible through our identification with his dear son. Our fruitfulness attests our Christian character. We have not yet attained perfection in our conduct, but we are making progress. Progressive deliverance from the power of sin is counterbalanced by corresponding fruitfulness.

III. The Permanent Life (vv. 9-13). "Fruit," "more fruit," "much fruit." Even as the life of Christ has increasingly manifested itself through the ages, so our individual lives are to increase in the fruitfulness which assimilates them to his character and expresses his graces. As the Father has loved him, so has he loved us, and this love he communicates to those who abide in him. The evidence of our abiding is manifested by our joy in keeping his commandments, just as he delighted in keeping his father's commandments. Obedience and joy are correlated terms. The fuller the obedience the greater the joy. Bushnell said: "Heaven is nothing but the joy of a perfectly harmonized being filled with God and his love." Instead of minute, detailed instructions regarding their conduct, the disciples are here presented with love, the governing principle. Love was to be the one sufficient impulse for both divine and human relationships. Our Lord would have the world know his servants by the fruit they bear.

Three things are mentioned as resulting from the abiding life; power to bear much fruit; transform lives and change circumstances through answered prayer; and fullness of joy—a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." The world with its poor counterfeit has nothing like it to give, but all of these gifts are contingent upon our "abiding" in Christ, the source of every blessing. The personal pronoun suggests peculiarly intimate relationships: "My Father," (vv. 1, 8, 10); "My love," (v. 9); "My disciples," (v. 1); "My commandments," (v. 10); "My joy," (v. 11).

## DAIRY THE DAIRY

### HAY SUPPLY FOR DAIRY COWS

Roughages Are Relatively Cheaper Than Grain, but Should Not Be Fed Exclusively.

"Because of the large hay crop and the small demand for it now, roughages should be fed to the limit of the dairy cow's capacity, says Prof. C. C. Hayden of the Ohio experiment station. "Relatively, the roughages, like hay and corn stover, are much cheaper than grains, and hay is of unusually good quality. Roughage, of course, should not be fed exclusively, as such feeding might lead to compaction and death, even in dry cows and helpers. Some grain is needed in every dairy ration." This dairy specialist also declares "Choice alfalfa hay at \$20 a ton is cheaper than bran at \$30. Our experiments show that soy bean hay is in the same class as alfalfa, and clover is third. With corn at \$1 a bushel, clover hay should be worth about \$20 a ton, or \$5 more than it is now quoted."

Timothy hay is recommended for milking cows only in small quantities, to replace such grains as corn and hominy. Leguminous roughages have proved far superior in numerous experiments to timothy for cows in milk.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

### PROFIT IN DAIRYING

To make dollars in dairying, keep cows that are money makers.

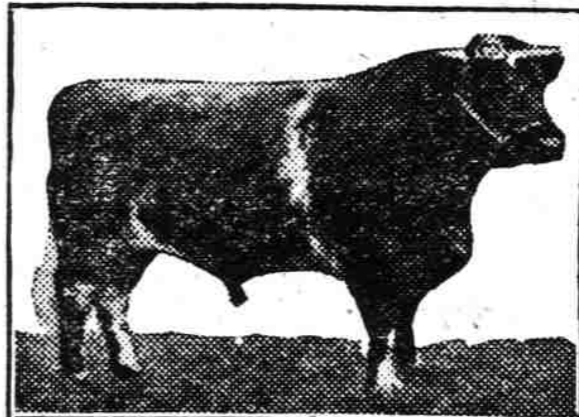
Feed silage or other succulence, plenty of good roughage and grain in proportion to production.

Supply plenty of fresh water. Ventilate barn thoroughly. Produce the best possible products.

### RECORDS OF BIG ASSISTANCE

Help Breeder Answer Questions From Prospective Buyer of Herd Sire—Write for Details.

The present sharp competition in the dairy business and the increased price of feed force the successful dairyman to secure the greatest return possible from his outlay. If he has registered cows he expects more for his progeny than if he has only grades. But to obtain more and enough more to pay to keep purebred stock, L. W. Wing, Jr. of the Missouri college of



Champion Shorthorn Bull.

agriculture, reminds the dairymen that he must be able to answer the following questions from the prospective buyer of a herd sire. Is the sire registered? What is the record of his dam? How many advance registry daughters and proved sons has his sire? And what are the records of his granddams and grandsires? If the breeder is selling a registered cow he must answer: What is her record; the record of her dams and granddams and the ability of her sire and grandsires to produce advance registry daughters and proved sons.

To answer these questions and meet the demands of buyer the breeder of purebred dairy cattle must do official testing. This testing is under the supervision of the various state colleges of agriculture. Breeders ready to take up this work or wishing further information, should write to the dairy department of the college of agriculture of their respective states.

### CORK-BRICK BARN FLOORING

Non-Absorbent and Adapted to Needs of Farm Animals—Laid in Cement Over Concrete Base.

The search for a warm, non-absorbent flooring suited to the needs of horses, cows, hogs and sheep has led to the adoption of cork brick. The brick, as described in Popular Science Monthly, consists of finely granulated cork and refined asphalt, heated and thoroughly mixed, and then molded under pressure into bricks nine by four by two inches. The flooring is laid in cement mortar over a sub-base of concrete and crushed stones or ashes.

### MILK ALL COWS THOROUGHLY

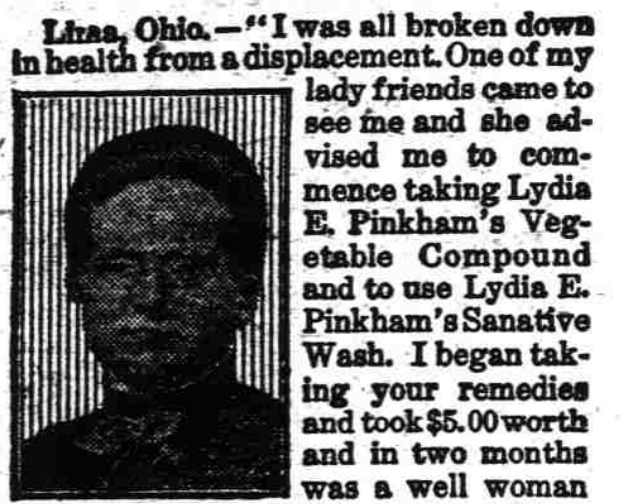
Little Extra Time Required After Usual Amount Has Been Secured Will Pay Dividends.

Sufficient time ought to be taken to milk the cows thoroughly even if so much other work on the farm cannot be accomplished.

A little extra time required to work and manipulate the udder by hand after the usual amount of milk has been obtained will pay dividends and sometimes make a profit where otherwise there would have been a loss.

## BROKEN DOWN IN HEALTH

Woman Tells How \$5 Worth of Pinkham's Compound Made Her Well.



Lima, Ohio.—"I was all broken down in health from a displacement. One of my lady friends came to see me and she advised me to commence taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I began taking your remedies and took \$5.00 worth and in two months was a well woman after three doctors said I never would stand up straight again. I was a midwife for seven years and I recommended the Vegetable Compound to every woman to take before birth and afterwards, and they all got along so nicely that it surely is a godsend to suffering women. If women wish to write to me I will be delighted to answer them."—Mrs. JENNIE MOYER, 342 E. North St., Lima, Ohio.

Women who suffer from displacements, weakness, irregularities, nervousness, backache, or bearing-down pains, need the tonic properties of the roots and herbs contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Motor-driven windlasses have been designed for raising circus tent poles.

Granulated Eyelids, Sties, Inflamed Eyes relieved over night by Roman Eye Balsam. One trial proves its merit. Adv.

Appropriate. "What do you think is a fitting diet with which to outfit submarines?" "I should suggest sinkers."

### Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's

The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds up the Whole System. 50 cents.

### Luminous Radium Paint.

A luminous compound containing radium has been developed by an American manufacturer for use in locating electric-light switches in the dark, marking watch dials, etc. In powder form the compound is of about the same fineness as ordinary talcum powder, and is nearly as white, says Electrical Merchandising. This powder may be mixed with adhesives or varnishes and used as a paint. The compound is also furnished in flexible sheets which can be cut and shaped as desired, and can be applied to uneven or broken surfaces. This form can be used in making self-contained brass-backed buttons to glue on electric switches already installed and for manufacturers to fit into the hard rubber portions of new switch buttons. The enamel is said to be waterproof and immune to damage from vibration, and may be applied to watch dials and indicating devices of all sorts.

### Had Brought Up Many.

The pert lift-boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper care of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy, as he flung open the gate on the top floor for his passenger to step out, "but I brought a good many families up in my time."

A woman can have a lot more fun planning a trip with her husband than he will ever let her have in taking it.

**Economy! Flavor! Nutrition!**

**Grape-Nuts**

FOOD

FOR Breakfast Lunch or Supper