

KAZAN

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



KAZAN ONCE MORE PERFORMS A GREAT SERVICE AND WINS JOAN'S LIFE-LONG AFFECTION.

Synopsis.—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, who has been made savage by brutality, but Isobel, the dog's new mistress, wins his affection instantly. On the way northward, McCready, a dog team driver, joins the party and at night beats the master to insensibility and attacks Isobel. Kazan kills McCready, flees to the woods, joins a wolf pack, whips the leader, takes a mate, Gray Wolf, and soon afterward drives off the pack which had attacked Pierre, a sick man, his daughter, Joan, and her baby. Kazan submits to adoption through kindness. Pierre is near death.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Kazan's alert eyes saw Pierre start suddenly. He rose from his seat on the sledge and went to the tent. He drew back the flap and thrust in his head and shoulders.

"Asleep, Joan?" he asked.
"Almost, father. Won't you please come—soon?"

"After I smoke," he said. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes. I'm so tired—and—sleepy—" Pierre laughed softly. In the darkness he was gripping at his throat.

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there—the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes—I know—"

"Forty miles—straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of airholes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed, father? You're tired—and almost sick."

"Yes—after I smoke," he repeated.

"Joan, will you keep reminding me to-morrow of the airholes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than on the rest of the ice, and like a sponge. Will you remember—the airholes?"

"Yes—"

"Pierre dropped the tent-flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more—forty miles—two days—"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew, also, that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside—by the fire—where he could lie still, and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick, gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic, and from far in the north came faintly a crisp, moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow—the mysterious monotone of the northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of his muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a warning note in which there was more than the mate-call. It was The Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the North howl before the tepees of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

CHAPTER IX.

Out of the Blizzard.

It was dawn when the baby snuggled close to Joan's warm breast and awakened her with its cry of hunger. She opened her eyes, brushed back the thick hair from her face, and could see where the shadowy form of her father was lying on the other side of the tent. He was very quiet, and she was pleased that he was still sleeping. She knew that the day before he had been very near to exhaustion, and so for half an hour longer she lay quiet, coping softly to the baby Joan. Then she arose cautiously, tucked the baby in the warm blankets and furs, put on

her heavier garments, and went outside.

By this time it was broad day, and she breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that the storm had passed. It was bitterly cold. It seemed to her that she had never known it to be so cold in all her life. The fire was completely out. Kazan was huddled in a round ball, his nose tucked under his body. He raised his head, shivering, as Joan came out. With her heavily moccasined foot Joan scattered the ashes and charred sticks where the fire had been. There was not a spark left. In returning to the tent she stopped for a moment beside Kazan, and patted his shaggy head.

"Poor Wolf!" she said. "I wish I had given you one of the bearskins!"

She threw back the tent-flap and entered. For the first time she saw her father's face in the light—and outside, Kazan heard the terrible mounding cry that broke from her lips. No one could have looked at Pierre Radisson's face once—and not have understood.

After that one agonizing cry Joan flung herself upon her father's breast, sobbing so softly that even Kazan's sharp ears heard no sound. She remained there in her grief until every vital energy of womanhood and motherhood in her girlish body was roused to action by the wailing cry of baby Joan. Then she sprang to her feet and ran out through the tent opening. Kazan tugged at the end of his chain to meet her, but she saw nothing of him now. The terror of the wilderness is greater than that of death, and in an instant it had fallen upon Joan. It was not because of fear for herself. It was the baby. The wailing cries from the tent pierced her like knife-thrusts.

And then, all at once, there came to her what old Pierre had said the night before—his words about the river, the airholes, the home forty miles away. "You couldn't lose yourself, Joan." He had guessed what might happen.

She bundled the baby deep in the furs and returned to the fire bed. Her one thought now was that they must have fire. She made a little pile of birch bark, covered it with half-burned bits of wood, and went into the tent for the matches. Pierre Radisson carried them in a waterproof box in a pocket of his bearskin coat. She sobbed as she knelt beside him again, and obtained the box. As the fire flared up she added other bits of wood, and then some of the larger pieces, that Pierre had dragged into camp. The fire gave her courage. Forty miles—and the river led to their home! She must make that, with the baby and Wolf. For the first time she turned to him, and spoke his name as she put her hand on his head. After that she gave him a chunk of meat which she thawed out over the fire, and melted snow for tea. She was not hungry, but she recalled how her father had made her eat four or five times a day, so she forced herself to make a breakfast of a biscuit, a shred of meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanket-wrapped object. When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Thus they struck out for the river, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow. Halfway Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle, touched her face as she

drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her brief exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing, choking cry. Forty miles! She clutched her hands at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was 30 degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it—and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at 30 below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been trees, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing—nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet again. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much

as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forged to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope—and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were leaving her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her—but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge—and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her, she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach out and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

What happens to Joan and her baby after she falls unconscious on the sledge is told graphically in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Dried Buttermilk on the Market. Commercialized dried buttermilk is a new feed. The first carload of it reached Chicago for a company which controls the output of 20,000,000 pounds annually. It is to be used for special mixing feed for fattening poultry and hogs.—Chicago Herald.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR MAY 20

THE IMPORTANCE OF SELF-CONTROL—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

LESSON TEXT—Isa. 28:1-13. GOLDEN TEXT—Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.—1 Cor. 9:25.

Wine in the Scriptures is spoken of under four aspects. First, social, that is illustrated by its use at the marriage in Cana. We must not, however, confuse this wine with the spirituous, strong drink of this present day. Second, medicinal (Prov. 31:6-7; I Tim. 5:23). These passages do not command us to use it as such, and God has very graciously revealed to us in modern medical research the utility of the use of alcohol in the matter of medicine as a remedy. Third, sacrificial wine (Matt. 26:27-29; Luke 22:17-20), and fourth wine is spoken about as productive of the woes of men (See Amos 6:1; Heb. 2:15; Prov. 23:20). It is also mentioned by way of contrast (See Eph. 5:18).

The Scriptures speak of drunkards in four different ways: (1) They are to be stoned (Deut. 21:20); (2) Drunkards lead to poverty (Prov. 23:21); (3) Drunkards are to be separated from other men (I Cor. 5:11); (4) they are to be finally separated from God (I Cor. 6:9).

Abstinence from strong drink is enjoined in the Scriptures under three heads: (1) the priest and Nazirite (Num. 6:3; Luke 1:15); (2) the ruler (Prov. 31:4); (3) those who are to worship Jehovah (Lev. 10:3).

This particular lesson is taken from a portion of Isaiah's prophecy where he is anticipating what is about to happen to Samaria, and uttering his warnings unto Judah.

1. The Steps of Intemperance. First, Disgrace and Dishonor (v. 1). The city of Samaria is compared to a chaplet of flowers on a drunkard's brow, which shall be trodden under foot because of his inebrity. Drunkenness seemed to have been so widespread as to become a national sin. Second, Disease and Degeneracy (v. 2). The pride of beauty spoken of in verse one is to "fall to the earth." This glorious beauty was after all only a "fading flower" (I Pet. 1:24). The coming of the Assyrians upon Samaria is described in a three-fold way: (1) As a "tempest of hail"; (2) as a "destroying storm"; (3) as a "tempest of mighty waters overflowing." The thought contained is that of widespread and overwhelming destruction. Back of this work of devastation and destruction and desolation was the wrath of God against sin (Ch. 2:4-9). All earthy pride shall be trodden under foot. Samaria, a "fading flower," was to be greedily eaten up by the oncoming enemy.

II. Those Reached by Intemperance. Strong drink causes men to err in their conduct, in their moral insight, in their judgments. It reaches the beautiful (v. 1); it reaches the learned (v. 7); it reaches those in authority; in fact all classes. It leads men to the depths of degradation and to the loss of their wills (v. 8); it makes men to become beasts, wallowing in their own vomit. Not only Samaria, but "these also" (vv. 7 and 8), that is people of Jerusalem have erred through wine and strong drink. Even the priests and the prophets had and do so now (See Ch. 56:10-12; Micah 2:11). The priests were especially execrable because of the plain directness of God's word (Lev. 10:10; Ezekiel 44:21). The result of their intemperance was that they utterly failed in their official acts. They reeled in vision and stumbled in judgment. The use of wine and strong drink made their social gatherings filthy and disgusting. Temperance is the habit of abstaining from everything that destroys. It is the control and right use of God's good gifts for service. Intemperance is lack of control or the wrong use of God's gifts in self-indulgence.

III. The Lesson in Contrast. Jerusalem vs. Samaria. Samaria's crown of pride was not the glory of God. Its beauty was a fading flower (v. 4), his wisdom condemned through the ignorance of Samaria (vv. 6, 7, 12), his strength versus their weakness and wickedness (vv. 6, 13). God teaches by contrast as well as by direct precept. Verses nine and ten may be taken as a mocking answer of the people to God's prophet. Isaiah intimates that the time to begin our instruction is in childhood (v. 9), that precept must be upon precept, and line upon line, here a little and there a little. There never is a time when we can let up in this struggle against the mighty evil of intemperance.

Take as a reply (v. 9) this would seem to indicate that God took them to be babes just weaned. If the prophet, himself, is the speaker, then Jehovah is represented as teaching knowledge to babes and not to the self-sufficient. It is these whom he "makes to understand his message" (R. V.), and the method of his teaching is precept upon precept. If we will not hear God's loving and patient call to repentance, he will speak to us through cruel enemies. If we will not teach our children, if we will not keep everlastingly agitating this question, he will use other means (v. 11).

She Is Nemesis of Wildcats. Miss Catherine Modine of northern Curry county, credited with being the champion bobcat huntress of the state, has filed application for one of Uncle Sam's homesteads in the timber reserve. Miss Modine and her shepherd dog have accounted for more than 100 wildcats and lynxes, says a Brandon dispatch in the Portland Oregonian.

With her mother, she successfully conducts a stock and dairy ranch near Denmark, doing their own plowing, fencing and land clearing. There is not a man on the place and there is not a better-developed ranch for its size in that neighborhood.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription ointment—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these lovely spots. Simply get an ounce of ointment—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength ointment, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

Couldn't Use Him. "Father, said the sweet young thing, 'allow me to present my friend, Mr. Numbscull.'"

"Don't present him to me," snapped father, glaring at his victim. "I wouldn't have him as a gift."

If your eyes smart or feel scalded, Roman Eye Balsam applied upon going to bed is just the thing to relieve them. Adv.

Bruises should be judged solely by the way they were obtained.

EAT SKINNER'S THE BEST MACARONI



MADE FROM THE HIGHEST GRADE DURUM WHEAT COOKS IN 12 MINUTES. COOK BOOK FREE SKINNER MFG. CO. OMAHA, U.S.A. Largest Macaroni Factory in America.

STOCK LICK IT—STOCK LIKE IT

For Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs. Contains Copper for the Blood, Sulphur for the Kidneys, Nux Vomica, a Tonic, and Pure Dairy Salt. Used by Veterinarians. 12 years. No Dosing. Drop Brick in feed-box. Ask your dealer for Blackman's or write for Blackman's or write

BLACKMAN STOCK REMEDY COMPANY CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

WANTED OLD FALSE TEETH

Doesn't matter if broken. I pay \$1 to \$10 per set. Send by parcel post and receive check, by return mail. F. Teri, 403 N. Wolfe St., Baltimore, Md.

W. N. U., CHARLOTTE, NO. 20-1917.

W. L. DOUGLAS

"THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE" \$3 \$3.50 \$4 \$4.50 \$5 \$6 \$7 & \$8 FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Save Money by Wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. For sale by over 9000 shoe dealers. The Best Known Shoes in the World.

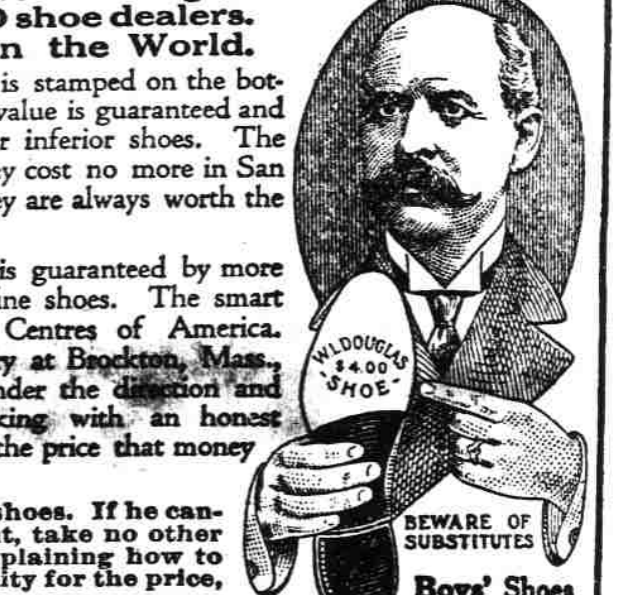
W. L. Douglas name and the retail price is stamped on the bottom of all shoes at the factory. The value is guaranteed and the wear protected against high prices for inferior shoes. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. They are always worth the price paid for them.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the Fashion Centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

Ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If he cannot supply you with the kind you want, take no other make. Write for interesting booklet explaining how to get shoes of the highest standard of quality for the price, by return mail, postage free.

LOOK FOR W. L. Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom.

W. L. Douglas \$3.00 \$2.50 & \$2.00 President, W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., 185 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.



Boys' Shoes Best in the World

SAXON

Strength Economy Service

The Purchase of a Saxon Insures Riding Satisfaction

Saxon cars are today generally recognized as the best cars in their price classes.

Their greater value has been definitely and decisively established by their performance records in the hands of thousands of owners in all parts of the country.

The Saxon Motor Car Corporation has earned one of the biggest successes in the automobile industry. It owes its success to the policy of building good cars and building them in quantities. Its cars have won the respect of the motor buying public.

Such absolute satisfaction as is represented in the following testimonial is the big reason back of Saxon success:

"I want to say that Saxon 'Six' is an automobile that will do all the Saxon Motor Car Corporation claims it will do—and more. 'We have driven our car many thousand miles and can honestly say it is the easiest riding car we ever rode in.'"

JOHN A. DIXON, Seneca, S. D.

Saxon Motor Car Corporation Detroit, Michigan

There is still some good territory open for Saxon dealers. For information you should apply to

Barringer Garage Company Charlotte, N. C.



FRESH—CRISP—WHOLESALE—DELICIOUS THE SANITARY METHOD APPLIED IN THE MAKING OF THESE BISCUITS MAKES THEM THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE. See Dealer has them, or if not by send for him or write us giving his name. CHATTANOOGA BAKERY