

# KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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## KAZAN BECOMES THE FATHER OF THREE WOLF DOG PUPPIES, AND IN TRYING TO DEFEND THEM AND GRAY WOLF HAS A DEADLY FIGHT

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. Isobel, Kazan's new mistress, wins his instant affection by her kindness. Back in the wilderness, McCready, a guide, beats Thorpe insensibly and attacks the bride. Kazan kills the assailant, flees 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 Pierre, a sick man, his daughter Joan, and her baby. Then, held by Joan's kindness, Kazan stays with her. Pierre dies. Joan and Kazan start with the sledge to the settlement and Joan falls exhausted. The dog saves her and the baby, and with Gray Wolf, establishes a lair near Joan's home.

### CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Good old Kazan," she cried softly, putting her face down close to him. "We're glad you came, Kazan, for we're going to be alone tonight—baby and I. Daddy's gone to the post, and you must care for us while he's away." She tickled his nose with the end of her long shining braid. This always delighted the dog, for in spite of his stoicism Kazan had to sniff and sometimes to sneeze, and twig his ears. And it pleased him, too. He loved the sweet scent of Joan's hair.

"And you'd fight for us, if you had to, wouldn't you?" she went on. Then she rose quietly. "I must close the door," she said. "I don't want you to go away again today, Kazan. You must stay with us."

Kazan went off to his corner, and lay down. Just as there had been some strange thing at the top of the Sun Rock to disturb him that day, so now there was a mystery that disturbed him in the cabin. He sniffed the air, trying to fathom its secret. Whatever it was, it seemed to make his mistress different, too. And she was digging out all sorts of odds and ends of things about the cabin, and doing them up in packages. Late that night, before she went to bed, Joan came and snuggled her hand close down beside him for a few moments.

"We're going away," she whispered, and there was a curious tremble that was almost a sob in her voice. "We're going home, Kazan. We're going away down where his people live—where they have churches, and cities, and music, and all the beautiful things in the world. And we're going to take you, Kazan!"

Kazan didn't understand. But he was happy at having the woman so near to him, and talking to him. At these times he forgot Gray Wolf. The dog that was in him surged over his quarter-strain of wildness, and the woman and the baby alone filled his world. But after Joan had gone to her bed, and all was quiet in the cabin, his old uneasiness returned. He rose to his feet and moved stealthily about the cabin, sniffing at the walls, the door and the things his mistress had done into packages. A low whine rose in his throat. Joan, half asleep, heard it, and murmured:

"Be quiet, Kazan. Go to sleep—go to sleep!"

Long after that, Kazan stood rigid in the center of the room, listening, trembling. And faintly he heard, far away, the wailing cry of Gray Wolf. But tonight it was not the cry of loneliness. It sent a thrill through him. He ran to the door, and whined, but Joan was deep in slumber and did not hear him. Once more he heard the cry, and only once. Then the night grew still. He crouched down near the door.

Joan found him there, still watchful, still listening, when she awoke in the early morning. She came to open the door for him, and in a moment he was gone. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the earth as he sped in the direction of the Sun Rock. Across the plain he could see the cap of it already painted with a golden glow.

He came to the narrow winding trail, and wormed his way up it swiftly.

Gray Wolf was not at the top to greet him. But he could smell her, and the scent of that other thing was strong in the air. His muscles tightened; his legs grew tense. Deep down in his chest there began the low rumble of a growl. He knew now what that strange thing was that had haunted him, and made him uneasy. It was life. Something that lived and breathed had invaded the home which he and Gray Wolf had chosen. He bared his long fangs, and a snarl of defiance drew back his lips. Stiff-legged, prepared to spring, his neck and head reaching out, he approached the two rocks between which Gray Wolf had crept the night before. She was still there. And with her was something else. After a moment the tenseness left Kazan's body. His bristling crest dropped until it lay flat. His ears shot forward, and he put his head and shoulders between the two rocks, and whined softly. And Gray Wolf whined. Slowly Kazan backed out, and faced the rising sun. Then he lay down, so that his body

shielded the entrance to the chamber between the rocks.

Gray Wolf was a mother.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### The Tragedy on Sun Rock.

All that day Kazan guarded the top of the Sun Rock. Fate, and the fear and brutality of masters, had heretofore kept him from fatherhood, and he was puzzled. Something told him now that he belonged to the Sun Rock, and not to the cabin. The call that came to him from over the plain was not so strong. At dusk Gray Wolf came out from her retreat, and slunk to his side, whimpering, and nipped gently at his shaggy neck. It was the old instinct of his fathers that made him respond by caressing Gray Wolf's face with his tongue. Then Gray Wolf's jaws opened, and she laughed in short panting breaths, as if she had been hard run. She was happy, and as they heard a little snuffling sound from between the rocks, Kazan wagged his tail, and Gray Wolf darted back to her young.

The babyish cry and its effect upon Gray Wolf taught Kazan his first lesson in fatherhood. Instinct again told him that Gray Wolf could not go down to the hunt with him now—that she must stay at the top of the Sun Rock. So when the moon rose he went down alone, and toward dawn returned with a big white rabbit between his jaws. It was the wild in him that made him do this, and Gray Wolf ate ravenously. Then he knew that each night hereafter he must hunt for Gray Wolf—and the little whimpering creatures hidden between the two rocks.

The next day, and still the next, he did not go to the cabin, though he heard the voices of both the man and the woman calling him. On the fifth he went down, and Joan and the baby were so glad that the woman hugged him, and the baby kicked and laughed and screamed at him, while the man stood by cautiously, watching their demonstrations with a gleam of disapprobation in his eyes.

"I'm afraid of him," he told Joan for the hundredth time. "That's the wolf-geam in his eyes. He's of a treacherous breed. Sometimes I wish we'd never brought him home."

"If we hadn't—where would the baby have gone?" Joan reminded him, a little catch in her voice.

"I had almost forgotten that," said her husband. "Kazan, you old devil, I guess I love you, too." He laid his hand caressingly on Kazan's head. "Wonder how he'll take to life down there?" he asked. "He has always been used to the forests. It'll seem mighty strange."

"And so—have I—always been used to the forests," whispered Joan. "I guess that's why I love Kazan—next to you and the baby. Kazan—dear old Kazan!"

This time Kazan felt and scented more of that mysterious change in the cabin. Joan and her husband talked incessantly of their plans when they were together; and when the man was away Joan talked to the baby, and to him. And each time that he came down to the cabin during the week that followed, he grew more and more restless, until at last the man noticed the change in him.

"I believe he knows," he said to Joan one evening. "I believe he knows we're preparing to leave." Then he added: "The river was rising again today. It will be another week before we can start, perhaps longer."

That same night the moon flooded the top of the Sun Rock with a golden light, and out into the glow of it came Gray Wolf, with her three little whelps toddling behind her. There was much about these soft little balls that tumbled about him and snuggled in his tawny coat that reminded Kazan of the baby. At times they made the same queer, soft little sounds, and they staggered about on their four little legs just as helplessly as baby Joan made her way about on two. He did not fondle them, as Gray Wolf did, but the touch of them, and their babyish whimpers, filled him with a kind of pleasure that he had never experienced before.

The moon was straight above them, and the night was almost as bright as

day, when he went down again to hunt for Gray Wolf. At the foot of the rock a big white rabbit popped up ahead of him, and he gave chase. For half a mile he pursued, until the wolf instinct in him rose over the dog, and he gave up the futile race. A deer he might have overtaken, but small game the wolf must hunt as the fox hunts it, and he began to slip through the thickets slowly and as quietly as a shadow. He was a mile from the Sun Rock when two quick leaps put Gray Wolf's supper between his jaws. He trotted back slowly, dropping the big seven-pound snow-shoe hare now and then to rest.

When he came to the narrow trail that led to the top of the Sun Rock he stopped. In that trail was the warm scent of strange feet. The rabbit fell from his jaws. Every hair in his body was suddenly electrified into life. What he scented was not the scent of a rabbit, a marten or a porcupine. Fang and claw had climbed the path ahead of him. And then, coming faintly to him from the top of the rock, he heard sounds which sent him up with a terrible whining cry. When he reached the summit he saw in the white moonlight a scene that stopped him for a single moment. Close to the edge of the sheer fall to the rocks, fifty feet below, Gray Wolf was engaged in a death-struggle with a huge gray lynx. She was down—and under, and from her there came a sudden sharp terrible cry of pain.

Kazan flew across the rock. His attack was the swift silent assault of the wolf, combined with the greater courage, the fury and the strategy of the husky. Another husky would have died in that first attack. But the lynx was not a dog or a wolf. It was "Mow-lee, the swift," as the Sarcees had named it—the quickest creature in the wilderness. Kazan's inch-long fangs should have sunk deep in its jugular. But in a fractional part of a second the lynx had thrown itself back like a huge soft ball, and Kazan's teeth buried themselves in the flesh of its neck instead of the jugular. And Kazan was not now fighting the fangs of a wolf in the pack, or of another husky. He was fighting claws—claws that ripped like twenty razor-edged knives, and which even a jugular hold could not stop.

Once he had fought a lynx in a trap, and he had not forgotten the lesson the battle had taught him. He fought to pull the lynx down, instead of forcing it on its back, as he would have done



Kazan's Teeth Sank Deeper.

with another dog or a wolf. He knew that when on its back the fierce cat was most dangerous. One rip of its powerful hind feet could disembowel him.

Behind him he heard Gray Wolf sobbing and crying, and he knew that she was terribly hurt. He was filled with the rage and strength of two dogs, and his teeth met through the flesh and hide of the cat's throat. But the big lynx escaped death by half an inch. It would take a fresh grip to reach the jugular, and suddenly Kazan made the deadly lunge. There was an instant's freedom for the lynx, and in that moment it flung itself back, and Kazan gripped at its throat—on top.

The cat's claws ripped through his flesh, cutting open his side—a little too high to kill. Another stroke and they would have cut to his vitals. But they had struggled close to the edge of the rock wall, and suddenly, without a snarl or a cry, they rolled over. It was fifty or sixty feet to the rocks of the ledge below, and even as they pitched over and over in the fall, Kazan's teeth sank deeper. They struck with terrific force, Kazan uppermost. The shock sent him half a dozen feet from his enemy. He was up like a flash, dizzy, snarling, on the defensive. The lynx lay limp and motionless where it had fallen. Kazan came nearer, still prepared, and sniffed cautiously. Something told him that the fight was over. He turned and dragged himself slowly along the ledge to the trail, and returned to Gray Wolf.

The fight with the lynx necessitates a complete change in the course of life for Kazan and Gray Wolf—as described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Silver in Early Times. In very early times silver was used for ornaments. Spain appears to have been the chief source from which silver was obtained by the ancients. It is thought the hills of Palestine may have furnished some supply of this metal.

## INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)  
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### LESSON FOR JUNE 3

#### JESUS BETRAYED AND DENIED.

LESSON TEXT—John 18:1-11, 15-17.  
GOLDEN TEXT—He was despised and rejected of men.—Isa. 53:3.

In teaching this lesson to some of the younger classes, emphasis might be placed upon the dramatic scene in the garden of Gethsemane, and Peter's denial at the fire. In some of the intermediate classes the scholars might be asked to write short, one-minute essays, describing the scene as though they, themselves, were present. For the adult classes of course the central theme is the way that Christ's followers neglect him today even as the disciples slept in Gethsemane, and betrayed him like Judas or denied him like Peter.

I. The Place of Retreat (vv. 1-3). In his emphasis upon the spiritual grandeur of the deity of Jesus, John does not dwell upon the agony in the garden. He, however, gives us that noblest passage in the New Testament (chs. 14-17), the like of which cannot be found anywhere else in the world's writings. Having spoken these words, Jesus and his disciples went over the Brook Kedron (v. 1) to the garden, there to bear the awful weight of agony that was crushing him (Matt. 26:38), while at the same time he must strengthen his disciples, and fortify them against the coming trials. That this place was a place of frequent resort for Jesus, Judas was aware. It was a sanctuary in which Jesus met the Father, and those who knew him knew it as a place of prayer, and the most likely place to find him at that time of night (v. 3). Rebuffed at Mary's prodigality, Judas had consorted with the priests, and now covetousness is to reap its reward. Judas was not hardened in a day. His greed for money, while at the same time listening to the teachings of Jesus, had gradually hardened his heart.

II. Protecting and Protecting (vv. 4-11). (See Matt. 26; Mark 14; Luke 22). Jesus went forth in order to concentrate the attention of the soldiers upon himself, and to prevent a general attack upon the disciples. In answer to his question, they said they were seeking "Jesus, the Nazarene," a term of contempt which Jesus answered by saying, "I am he." John adds, "and Judas also which betrayed him stood with them." Greed for money, growing into theft and falseness of life, ended with the blackest crime the world has ever known. His salutation sent them backward (v. 6). Perhaps among the officers were some who had failed to arrest him on a former occasion (ch. 7:46), and who were now overawed by his marvelous words and majestic bearing. Again he answered, "Whom seek ye?" (v. 7), and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth," the same words as before, but probably in a changed tone, showing that they were prepared to listen with respect, though certainly not with reverence, to what he might have to offer. What a dramatic picture—the brazenness of sin, Judas who stood among the enemy, and the fearlessness of virtue, Jesus, facing his accusers. Augustine, commenting on this verse, says, "What will he do when he comes as a guest, if he did this when giving himself up as a prisoner?" His act, however, shielded his disciples, for not one of them was to be lost (v. 9 R. V.), and he knew they were not strong enough yet to stand the test of arrest and trial. At this point Peter attempts to defend Jesus (v. 10).

III. Peter Denying (vv. 15-17). As Jesus was led away, his disciples forsook him. They all left him, and fled, but Mark adds that a certain young man followed Jesus. It is conjectured that this young man was Mark. With quickness of action we are now transported to the judgment hall. There we see him bound, with his hands shackled behind his back, and led first to Annas (v. 13), which was an illegal transaction, "as though some reformer should be tried at Tammany hall in New York" (Robert E. Speer). Annas was now very old. From him he was taken to Caiaphas, followed by Peter "afar off," now in a different mood than when he smote the high priest's servant's ear. With him was that other disciple (John's way of referring to himself). Now John was known to the high priest, and he went in with Jesus into the palace, but Peter was standing without at the door. Notice the steps of his failure: First, he "slept" in the garden; second, he followed "afar off" (Luke 22:54); third, he "stood" without; fourth, he "sat" in the midst.

Then notice the denials, the last accompanied by cursing. Attempts to compromise with the world meet with the same measure of failure today as when Peter was in the judgment hall. Bad company is a good thing to keep out of unless gone into to witness for Christ. Peter did not have that purpose. The Lord had only to "look" at Peter (Luke 22:61) and he "remembered." We may deny Christ by our silence, by remaining outside of the church, by denying his existence, by profanity, by ridiculing his friends, by praising his enemies or by living life of worldliness.

## "I BEGAN TO TAKE CARDUI

And Soon Saw That It Benefited Me," Writes This Kentucky Lady. Read Her Statement.

Clifton Mills, Ky.—Mrs. C. W. Woods, of this place, writes: "About 5 years ago I got in very bad health. I got thin, weighed only 91 lbs., and I am tall, too. I had dreadful pains in my left and right sides. . . . I then had in attendance Dr. —, who gave medicine for about a year, which did me no good. He then told me to take Cardui. He said he thought it would benefit me more than anything I could take.

"I would get so bad off I couldn't do my work at all, and I was confined to my bed part of the time, and suffered most of the time; sometimes awful. . . . I then began to take Cardui and I soon began to see that it benefited me. It eased my pains and the enlargement went out of my. . . . and I have been steadily getting better ever since.

"I am now in better health than I have been since I first took sick, am stout and can work all day long. . . . I certainly am getting my former health back and I have a good color and feel better than since I got sick. I now weigh 113½ lbs."

If you suffer from any of the ailments so common to women, try Cardui, the woman's tonic.—Adv.

### How Careless.

"Say, young feller," said Broncho Bob, "have you got a gun on you?" "No, sir," replied the man with the brand-new cowboy uniform. "I was told that it was better to be unarmed, so as to avoid any impression that I was seeking a quarrel."

"Well, that's a great disappointment. I needed a brand-new gun an' thought you'd be bringing along at least a pair of 'em. Don't you let anything like this occur again."

### FIERY RED PIMPLES

That Itch and Burn Are Usually Eczematous—Cuticura Quickly Heals.

It needs but a single hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the most distressing, disfiguring eczemas, itchings and burnings to prove their wonderful properties. They are also ideal for every-day toilet use. Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Orders Courtesy to Public. The New York postmaster has ordered clerks to be courteous to the public.

Women have such a good time talking because they have so little to say that they do not care how they say it.

The occasional use of Roman Eye Balsam at night upon retiring, will prevent and relieve tired eyes, watery eyes, and eye strain. Adv.

Only a man with a little head brags about his small feet.

### Salted Fish Popular Food.

How to conserve the fish supply is one of the subjects receiving careful attention by the British board of trade, in conjunction with the board of agriculture. One of the methods which will probably be adopted is the drying or salting of a much larger proportion of the daily catch than at present, so as to prevent waste by the fish getting out of condition. Salted haddock are already being placed on the market in considerable quantities as an experiment. They sell at about 12 cents a pound retail, and are very palatable. One method of preparing is to boil the fish, throw away the water, and boil up again, but if it is washed to get rid of practically all the salt the haddock should also be soaked in cold water for 24 hours before cooking.

### WOMEN! IT IS MAGIC! LIFT OUT ANY CORN

Apply a few drops then lift corns or calluses off with fingers—no pain.



Just think! You can lift off any corn or callus without pain or soreness. A Cincinnati man discovered this ether compound and named it Freezone. Any druggist will sell a tiny bottle of Freezone, like here shown, for very little cost. You apply a few drops directly upon a tender corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can lift it right off. Freezone is wonderful. It dries instantly. It doesn't eat away the corn or callus, but shrivels it up without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Hard, soft or corns between the toes, as well as painful calluses, lift right off. There is no pain before or afterwards. If your druggist hasn't Freezone, tell him to order a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

### No Photos in London.

Photographers were forbidden to take pictures of the scenes incident to the dedicatory services at St. Paul's cathedral in honor of the entry of the United States into the war, a fact which has aroused the indignation of newspapers and photographers. Press photographers who attended the ceremonies were placed on their honor not to take pictures of any feature of the service, either inside or outside St. Paul's cathedral. The only picture of the king and queen was secured by an amateur photographer who was concealed behind a chimney on the roof of a building along the parade route.

### To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 50 cents.

One of Fixtures. He—Your brother is one of the fixtures in the gas works, I suppose? She—I guess so—anyhow they're going to turn him off.—Judge.

## What is Castoria

CASTORIA is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-Good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*



### Your Liver Is the Best Beauty Doctor

A dull, yellow, lifeless skin, or pimples and eruptions, are twin brothers to constipation. Bile, nature's own laxative, is getting into your blood instead of passing out of your system as it should. This is the treatment, in successful use for 50 years—one pill daily (more only when necessary).

## Carter's Little Liver Pills For Constipation

Genuine bears signature

*W. D. Wood*

Puts You Right Over Night

Pallid, Pale, Putty-Faced People Need Carter's Iron Pills

## WINTERSMITH'S CHILL TONIC

Sold for 47 years. For Malaria, Chills and Fever. Also a Fine General Strengthening Tonic. 50c and \$1.00 at all Drug Stores.