

KAZAN

The Story of
a Dog That
Turned Wolf

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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GRAY WOLF SUFFERS PERMANENT INJURY AND BECOMES DEPENDENT ON KAZAN FOR LIFE ITSELF—THE BIG WOLF-DOG LOSES HIS HUMAN FRIENDS AND IS LONESOME

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 senseless 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 when Pierre dies and helps her drag the sledge to a settler's cabin, saving the lives of mother and daughter. With Gray Wolf, he establishes a lair on Sun Rock, near Joan's home. Gray Wolf has pups. She is attacked by a lynx, which permanently injures her and kills the pups before Kazan kills the lynx.

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

Gray Wolf was no longer in the moonlight. Close to the two rocks lay the limp lifeless little bodies of the three pups. The lynx had torn them to pieces. With a whine of grief Kazan approached the two boulders and thrust his head between them. Gray Wolf was there, crying to herself in that terrible sobbing way. He went in, and began to lick her bleeding shoulders and head. All the rest of that night she whimpered with pain. With dawn she dragged herself out to the lifeless little bodies on the rock.

And then Kazan saw the terrible work of the lynx. For Gray Wolf was blind—not for a day or a night, but blind for all time. A gloom that no sun could break had become her shroud. And perhaps again it was that instinct of animal creation, which often is more wonderful than man's reason, that told Kazan what had happened. For he knew now that she was helpless—more helpless than the little creatures that had gambled in the moonlight a few hours before. He remained close beside her all that day.

Vainly that day did Joan call for Kazan. Her voice rose to the Sun Rock, and Gray Wolf's head snuggled closer to Kazan, and Kazan's ears dropped back, and he licked her wounds. Late in the afternoon Kazan left Gray Wolf long enough to run to the bottom of the trail and bring up the snow-shoe rabbit. Gray Wolf muzzled the fur and flesh, but would not eat. Still a little later Kazan urged her to follow him to the trail. He no longer wanted to stay at the top of the Sun Rock, and he no longer wanted Gray Wolf to stay there. Step by step he drew her down the winding path away from her dead puppies. She would move only when he was very near her—so near that she could touch his scarred flank with her nose.

They came at last to the point in the trail where they had to leap down a distance of three or four feet from the edge of a rock, and here Kazan saw how utterly helpless Gray Wolf had become. She whined, and crouched twenty times before she dared make the spring, and then she jumped stiff-legged, and fell in a heap at Kazan's feet. After this Kazan did not have to urge her so hard, for the fall impinged on her the fact that she was safe only when her muzzle touched her mate's flank. She followed him obediently when they reached the plain, trotting with her foreshoulder to his hip.

Kazan was heading for a thicket in the creek bottom half a mile away, and a dozen times in that short distance Gray Wolf stumbled and fell. And each time that she fell Kazan learned a little more of the limitations of blindness. Once he sprang off in pursuit of a rabbit, but he had not taken twenty leaps when he stopped and looked back. Gray Wolf had not moved an inch.

All that day they remained in the thicket. In the afternoon he visited the cabin. Joan and her husband were there, and both saw at once Kazan's torn side and his lacerated head and shoulders.

"Pretty near a finish fight for him," said the man, after he had examined him. "It was either a lynx or a bear. Another wolf could not do that."

For half an hour Joan worked over him, talking to him all the time, and fondling him with her soft hands. She bathed his wounds in warm water, and then covered them with a healing salve, and Kazan was filled again with that old restful desire to remain with her always, and never to go back into the forests. For an hour she let him lie on the edge of her dress, with his nose touching her foot, while she worked on baby things. Then she rose to prepare supper, and Kazan got up—a little wearily—and went to the door. Gray Wolf and the gloom of the night were calling him, and he answered that call with a slouch of his shoulders and a drooping head. Its old thrill was gone. He watched his chance, and went out through the door. The moon had risen when he rejoined Gray Wolf. She greeted his return with a low whine of joy, and muzzled him with her blind

face. In her helplessness she looked happier than Kazan in all his strength.

From now on, during the days that followed, it was a last great fight between blind and faithful Gray Wolf and the woman. If Joan had known of what lay in the thicket, if she could once have seen the poor creature to whom Kazan was now all life—the sun, the stars, the moon, and food—she would have helped Gray Wolf. But as it was she tried to lure Kazan more and more to the cabin, and slowly she won.

At last the great day came, eight days after the fight on the Sun Rock. Kazan had taken Gray Wolf to a wooded point on the river two days before, and there he had left her the preceding night when he went to the cabin. This time a stout babiche thong was tied to the collar round his neck, and he was fastened to a staple in the log wall. Joan and her husband were up before it was light next day. The sun was just rising when they all went out, the man carrying the baby, and Joan leading him. Joan turned and locked the cabin door, and Kazan heard a sob in her throat as they followed the man down to the river. The big canoe was packed and waiting. Joan got in first, with the baby. Then, still holding the babiche thong, she drew Kazan up close to her, so that he lay with his weight against her.

The sun fell warmly on Kazan's back as they shoved off, and he closed his eyes, and rested his head on Joan's lap. Her hand fell softly on his shoulder. He heard again that sound which the man could not hear, the broken sob in her throat, as the canoe moved slowly down to the wooded point.

Joan waved her hand back at the cabin, just disappearing behind the trees. "Good-by!" she cried sadly. "Good-by—" And then she buried her face close down to Kazan and the baby, and sobbed.

The man stopped paddling. "You're not sorry—Joan?" he asked. They were drifting past the point now, and the scent of Gray Wolf came to Kazan's nostrils, rousing him, and bringing a low whine from his throat.

"You're not sorry—we're going?" Joan shook her head.

"No," she replied. "Only I've—always lived here—in the forests—and they're—home!"

The point with its white finger of sand, was behind them now. And Kazan was standing rigid, facing it. The man called to him, and Joan lifted her head. She, too, saw the point, and suddenly the babiche leash slipped from her fingers, and a strange light leaped into her blue eyes as she saw what stood at the end of that white tip of sand. It was Gray Wolf. Her blind eyes were turned toward Kazan. At last Gray Wolf, the faithful, understood. Scent told her what her eyes could not see. Kazan and the man-smell were together. And they were going—going—going—

"Look!" whispered Joan.

The man turned. Gray Wolf's forefeet were in the water. And now, as the canoe drifted farther and farther away, she settled back on her haunches, raised her head to the sun which she could not see and gave her last long wailing cry for Kazan.

The canoe lurched. A tawny body shot through the air—and Kazan was gone.

The man reached forward for his rifle. Joan's hand stopped him. Her face was white.

"Let him go back to her! Let him go—let him go!" she cried. "It is his place—with her."

And Kazan reaching the shore, shook the water from his shaggy hair, and looked for the last time toward the woman. The canoe was drifting slowly around the first bend. A moment more and it had disappeared. Gray Wolf had won.

CHAPTER XII.

The Days of Fire.

From the night of the terrible fight with the big gray lynx on the top of the Sun Rock, Kazan remembered less and less vividly the old days when he had been a sledge-dog, and the leader

of a pack. He would never quite forget them, and always there would stand out certain memories from among the rest, like fires cutting the blackness of night. But as a man dates events from his birth, his marriage, his freedom from a bondage, or some foundation-step in his career, so all things seemed to Kazan to begin with two tragedies which had followed one fast upon the other after the birth of Gray Wolf's pups.

The first was the fight on the Sun Rock, when the big gray lynx had blinded his beautiful wolf mate for all time, and had torn her pups into pieces. He in turn had killed the lynx. But Gray Wolf was still blind. Vengeance had not been able to give her sight. She could no longer hunt with him, as they had hunted with the wild wolf-packs out on the plain, and in the dark forests. So at thought of that night he always snarled, and his lips curled back to reveal his inch-long fangs.

The other tragedy was the going of Joan, her baby and her husband. Something more infallible than reason told Kazan that they would not come back. Brightest of all the pictures that remained with him was that of the sunny morning when the woman and the baby he loved, and the man he endured because of them, had gone away in the canoe, and often he would go to the point, and gaze longingly down-stream, where he had leaped from the canoe to return to his blind mate.

So Kazan's life seemed now to be made up chiefly of three things: his hatred of everything that bore the scent or mark of the lynx, his grieving for Joan and the baby, and Gray Wolf. It was natural that the strongest passion in him should be his hatred of the lynx, for not only Gray Wolf's blindness and the death of the pups, but even the loss of the woman and the baby he laid to that fatal struggle on the Sun Rock. From that hour he became the deadliest enemy of the lynx tribe. Wherever he struck the scent of the big gray cat he was turned into a snarling demon, and his hatred grew day by day, as he became more completely a part of the wild.

He found that Gray Wolf was more necessary to him now than she had ever been since the day she had left the wolf-pack for him. He was three-quarters dog, and the dog-part of him demanded companionship. There was only Gray Wolf to give him that now. They were alone. Civilization was four hundred miles south of them. The nearest Hudson's Bay post was sixty miles to the west. Often, in the days of the woman and the baby, Gray Wolf had spent her nights alone out in the forest, waiting and calling for Kazan. Now it was Kazan who was lonely and uneasy when he was away from her side.

In her blindness Gray Wolf could no longer hunt with her mate. But gradually a new code of understanding grew up between them, and through her blindness they learned many things that they had not known before. By early summer Gray Wolf could travel with Kazan, if he did not move too swiftly. She ran at his flank, with her shoulder or muzzle touching him, and Kazan learned not to leap, but to trot. Very quickly he found that he must choose the easiest trails for Gray Wolf's feet. When they came to a space to be bridged by a leap, he would muzzle Gray Wolf and whine, and she would stand with ears alert—listening. Then Kazan would take the leap, and she understood the distance she had to cover. She always over-leaped, which was a good fault.

In another way, and one that was destined to serve them many times in the future, she became of greater help than ever to Kazan. Scent and hearing entirely took the place of sight. Each day developed these senses more and more, and at the same time there developed between them the dumb language whereby she could impress upon Kazan what she had discovered by scent or sound. It became a curious habit of Kazan's always to look at Gray Wolf when they stopped to listen, or to scent the air.

After the fight on the Sun Rock, Kazan had taken his blind mate to a thick clump of spruce and balsam in the river bottom, where they remained until early summer. Every day for weeks Kazan went to the cabin where Joan and the baby—and the man—had been. For a long time he went hopefully, looking each day or night to see some sign of life there. But the door was never open. The boards and saplings at the windows always remained. Never a spiral of smoke rose from the clay chimney. Grass and vines began to grow in the path. And fainter and fainter grew that scent which Kazan could still find about it—the scent of man, of the woman, the baby.

Going farther into the north woods, Kazan and Gray Wolf have other stirring adventures—a thrilling episode is described in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fads And Fancies Of Fashion



New Ideas in Graduation Frocks

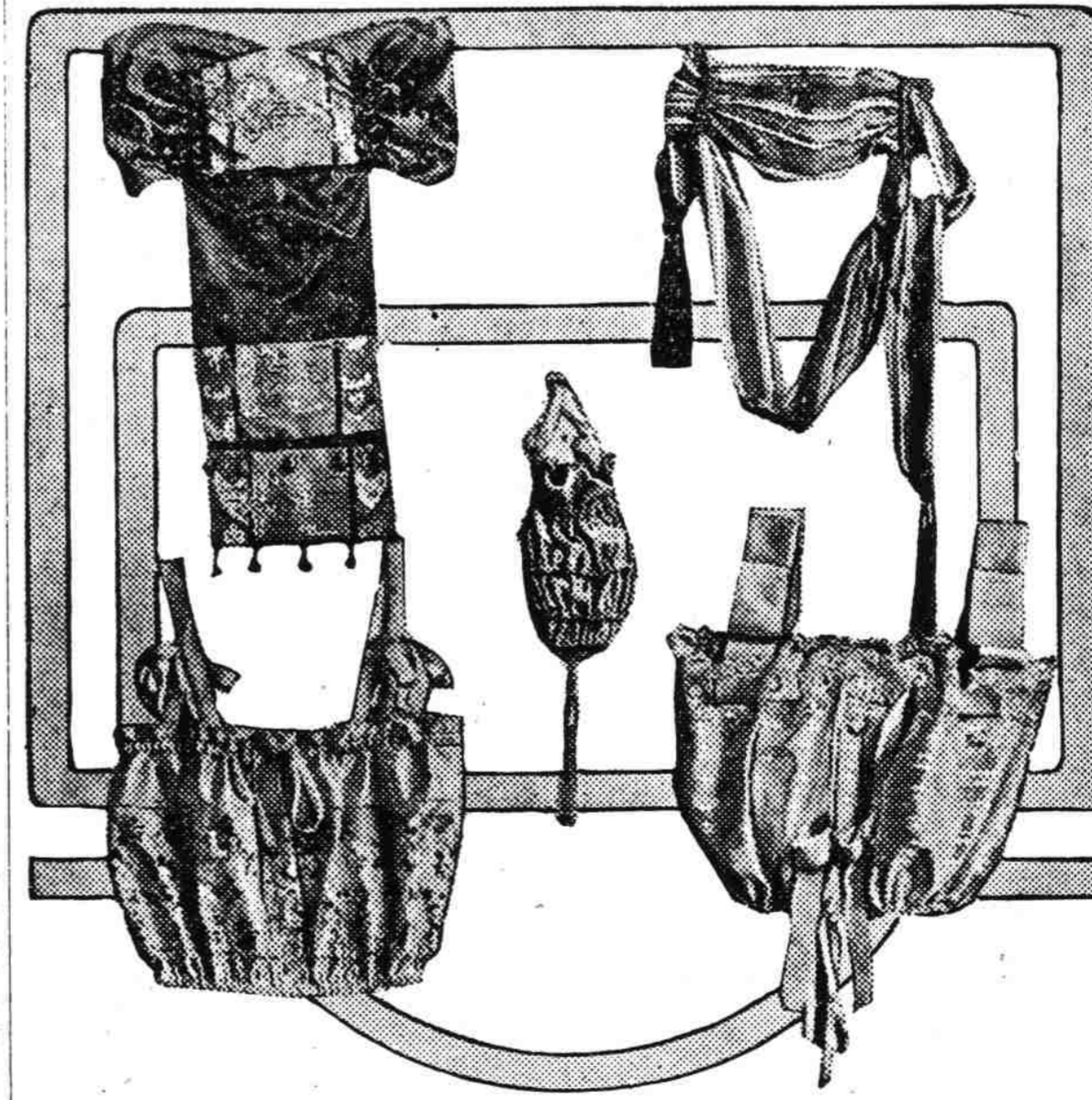
If it were not for net, crepe georgette might be said to hold first place in the esteem of fashion for mid-summer dressy frocks, and if it were not for crepe georgette, we would certainly concede that distinction to net. As it is they flourish with equal success and appear side by side in the most enchanting dresses.

But when it comes to choosing materials for graduation frocks there is nothing quite so well liked as net. It is sprightly and youthful looking and dresses made of it are planned to visualize the young summer. Plain, fine-meshed nets are exactly suited to the youth of those who are just about to bid farewell to school days. In spite of the lovely, interminable procession of white-clad maids that have passed along this same path, some new touches have been found to distinguish the dresses of this year's graduates. Little, inconspicuous accessories and novel decorations make them interesting and the daintiness and refinement of net and organdie make them beautiful.

The net frock shown in the picture will set off a youthful figure. It is simple enough with a plain, moderately full skirt and wide hem. Fine organdie ruching is set on the skirt in medallions and about the collar and sleeves. The bodice is very simple with square neck and a collar that stimulates a fichu at the front. It ends under a girdle of taffeta edged with narrow ribbon. Narrow ribbons are placed over the shoulders and they pass under the girdle, at the front and back, and fall below the waistline to about half the length of the skirt. They are finished with little pink rosebuds near the ends. Also, there are tiny pink roses at the neck.

The ribbons and the girdle may be in white, but in the dress, as pictured, they are in blue.

These simple net dresses are worn over slips of white or colored organdie. Lace and crochet balls, small tucks and embroidery appear in their decoration and the fashion of the hour favors light pink and blue combined in girdles and ribbons worn with them.



Gifts Made of Ribbons

No matter what dull or matter-of-fact business may lead unwilling feet along the ways of department stores, something interesting is going to happen once they are inside. For all paths lead past the ribbon counter—those who know women and ribbon plan it that way. Ribbons are the one luxury that all women afford, and she is a cold-hearted creature who can pass them without lingering awhile to look at the most beautiful and the most splendid products of the looms. They refresh the soul like flowers.

In June and in December ribbons are at their best, for in these months people make many gifts. Just now there are displays that merit the name of gorgeous, in which the richest ribbons are shown made up into bags or used to ornament plainer ribbons in girdles. Plain satin and flowered ribbons are chosen for exquisite corset-covers to be worn under blouses of georgette crepe or net. Breakfast and boudoir capes are made of satin ribbon with

hand crochet or fine machine made laces combined with them. Luxurious negligees and even petticoats are added to the long list of things suggesting gifts for the bride or her maids, and for girl graduates.

Two girdles are shown in the picture. One of them is of wide black satin ribbon, with bands of brocade, in turquoise blue and silver, across the ends and a finish of little silver balls. The other is a handsome Roman stripe in a long sash with ends finished with black silk tassels. The girdle slips through two black silk slides. The corset covers are of flowered ribbon and plain satin ribbon joined with needlework stitches and of wide moire with satin stripes combined with lace. In the latter, clusters of the finest roses, made of baby ribbon, are set across the front.

Julie Bottomley

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

How to loosen a tender corn or callus so it lifts out without pain.

Let folks step on your feet hereafter; wear shoes a size smaller if you like, for corns will never again send electric sparks of pain through you, according to this Cincinnati authority.

He says that a few drops of a drug called freezone, applied directly upon a tender, aching corn, instantly relieves soreness, and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out.

This drug dries at once and simply shrivels up the corn or callus without even irritating the surrounding skin. A small bottle of freezone obtained at any drug store will cost very little but will positively remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

If your druggist hasn't stocked this new drug yet, tell him to get a small bottle of freezone for you from his wholesale drug house.—adv.

Just Reversed.

Doctor—Did he take the medicine I prescribed for him religiously?
Nurse—No, sir; he swore every time.

Tetterine Cures Itching Piles Quickly.

"One application of Tetterine cured me of a case of Itching Piles I had for five years."
Bayard Benton, Waterboro, S. C.
Tetterine cures Eczema, Tetter, Ground Itch, Ring Worm, Infants' Sore Head, Pimples, Itching Piles, Rough Scaly Patches on the Face, Old Itching Sores, Dandruff, Canker Sores, Corns, Chilblains and every form of Scalp and Skin Disease. Tetterine 50c. Tetterine Soap 5c. At druggists, or by mail direct from The Shuptrine Co., Savannah, Ga.
With every mail order for Tetterine we give a box of Shuptrine's 10c Liver Pills free. Adv.

A Real Patriot.

"You ought to be proud of your boy."

"We are. He volunteered to serve his country without insisting on being enlisted as an officer."

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.

Much Too Much.

We eat too much. We heat too much. We try too much to beat too much. We growl too much. We scowl too much. We play the midnight owl too much.

We ape too much. We gape too much, and dally with red tape too much. We treat too much, and cheat too much, and fear to face defeat too much.

We buy too much. We lie too much, and snivel and deny too much. We save too much, and slave too much, with one foot in the grave too much.

We sit too much. We spit too much, wear shoes too tight to fit too much. We mess too much and dress too much; in sixteen suits or less too much.

We spit too much. We fight too much and seek the great white light too much. We read too much. We speed too much, hit dope and use the weed too much. We drink too much. We drink too much.—Oscar Schleif, in Health Culture.

Certainly Not.

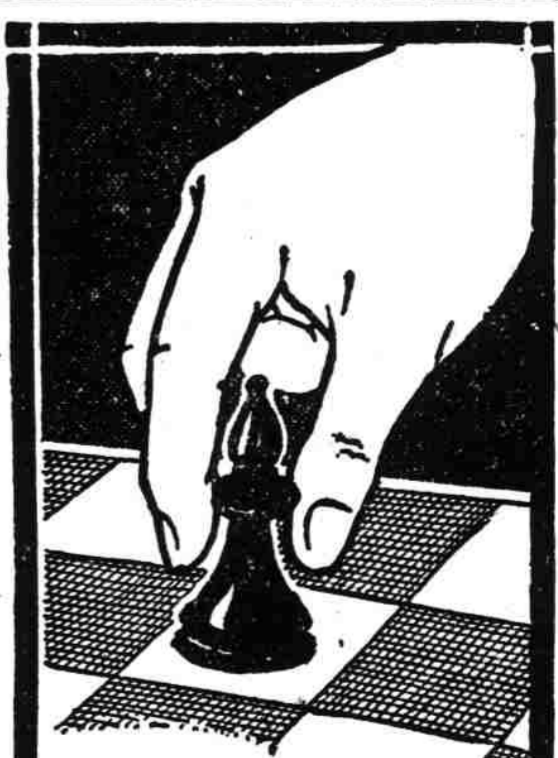
"Gee, but she's a fine-looking widow!"

"Of course! And if I were a widow you wouldn't see me."

Feminine Candor.

Husband—That skirt would shock a modiste!

Wife—It is a bit long.



A Wise Move

is to change from coffee to

POSTUM

before the harm is done.

"There's a Reason"