

KAZAN

The Story of a Dog That Turned Wolf

By James Oliver Curwood

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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Silently, swiftly—the wolf now in every movement, Kazan came to his feet. He forgot the chain that held him. Ten feet away stood the enemy he hated above all others he had ever known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neckbroken. Age and the elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm.

With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men, and off there was—Gray Wolf! His ears dropped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack—crack—crack, of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigger in a weird and terrible cry.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Empty World.

Mile after mile Kazan went on. For a time he was oppressed by the shivering note of death that had come to him in Sandy McTrigger's cry, and he slipped through the banks like a shadow, his ears flattened, his tail trailing, his hindquarters betraying that curious slinking quality of the wolf and dog stealing away from danger. Then he came out upon a plain, and the stillness, the billion stars in the clear vault of the sky, and the keen air that carried with it a breath of the Arctic barrens made him alert and questioning. He faced the direction of the wind. Somewhere off there, far to the south and west, was Gray Wolf.

For the first time in many weeks he sat back on his haunches and gave the deep and vibrant call that echoed weirdly for miles about him. Back in the banks the big Dane heard it, and whined. From over the still body of Sandy McTrigger the little professor looked up with a white tense face, and listened for a second cry. But instinct told Kazan that to that first call there would be no answer, and now he struck out swiftly, galloping mile after mile, as a dog follows the trail of its master home. He did not turn back to the lake, nor was his direction toward Red Gold City. As straight as he might have followed a road blazed by the hand of man he cut across the forty miles of plain and swamp and forest and rocky ridge that lay between him and the McFarlane. All that night he did not call again for Gray Wolf. With him reasoning was a process brought about by habit—by precedent—and as Gray Wolf had waited for him many times before he knew that she would be waiting for him now near the sand-bar.

By dawn he had reached the river, within three miles of the sand-bar. Scarcely was the sun up when he stood on the white strip of sand where he and Gray Wolf had come down to drink. Expectantly and confidently he looked about him for Gray Wolf, whining softly, and wagging his tail. He began to search for her scent, but rains had washed even her footprints from the clean sand. All that day he searched for her along the river and out on the plain. He went to where they had killed their last rabbit. He sniffed at the bushes where the poison baits had hung. Again and again he sat back on his haunches and sent out his mating cry to her. And slowly, as he did these things, nature was working in him that miracle of the wild which the Crees have named the "spirit call." As it had worked in Gray Wolf, so now it stirred the blood of Kazan.

With the going of the sun, and the sweeping about him of shadowy night, he turned more and more to the south and east. His whole world was made up of the trails over which he had hunted. Beyond those places he did not know that there was such a thing as existence. And in that world, small in his understanding of things, was Gray Wolf. He could not miss her. That world, in his comprehension of it, ran from the McFarlane in a narrow trail through the forests and over the plains to the little valley. If Gray Wolf was not here—she was there, and tirelessly he resumed his quest of her.

Not until the stars were fading out of the sky again, and gray day was giving place to night, did exhaustion and hunger stop him. He killed a reb-

bit, and for hours after he had feasted he lay close to his kill, and slept. Then he went on.

The fourth night he came to the little valley between the two ridges, and under the stars, more brilliant now in the chill clearness of the early autumn nights, he followed the creek down into their old swamp home. It was broad day when he reached what had once been his home and Gray Wolf's, and for many minutes Kazan stood silent and motionless sniffing the air. Until now his spirit had remained unbroken. Footsore, with thinned sides and gaunt head, he circled slowly through the swamp. All that day he searched. And his crest lay flat now, and there was a hunted look in the droop of his shoulders and in the shifting look of his eyes. Gray Wolf was gone.

Slowly nature was impinging that fact upon him. She had passed out of his world and out of his life, and he was filled with a loneliness and a grief so great that the forest seemed strange, and the stillness of the wild a thing that now oppressed and frightened him. Once more the dog in him was mastering the wolf. With Gray Wolf he had possessed the world of freedom. Without her, that world was so big and strange and empty that it appalled him.

Late in the afternoon he came upon a little pile of crushed clam shells on the shore of the stream. He sniffed at them—turned away—went back, and sniffed again. But the scent she had left behind was not strong enough to tell Kazan, and for a second time he turned away. That night he slunk under a log, and cried himself to sleep. Deep in the night he grieved in his uneasy slumber, like a child. And day after day, and night after night, Kazan remained a sinking creature of the big swamp, mourning for the one creature that had brought him out of chaos into light, who had filled his world for him, and who, in going from him, had taken from this world even the things that Gray Wolf had lost in her blindness.

CHAPTER XX.

The Call of Sun Rock.

In the golden glow of the autumn sun there came up the stream overlooked by the Sun Rock one day a man, a woman and a child in a canoe. Civilization had done for lovely Joan what it had done for many another



A Strange Fire Leaped Through His Body.

wild flower transplanted from the depths of the wilderness. Her cheeks were thin. Her blue eyes had lost their luster. She coughed, and when she coughed the man looked at her with love and fear in his eyes. But now, slowly, the man had begun to see the transformation, and on the day their canoe pointed up the stream and into the wonderful valley that had been their home before the call of the distant city came to them, he noted the flush gathering once more in her cheeks, the fuller redness of her lips, and the gathering glow of happiness and content in her eyes. He laughed softly as he saw these things, and he blessed the forests. In the canoe she had leaned back, with her head almost against his shoulder, and he stopped paddling to draw her to him, and run his fingers through the soft golden masses of her hair.

"You are happy again, Joan," he laughed joyously. "The doctors were right. You are a part of the forests." "Yes, I am happy," she whispered, and suddenly there came a little thrill into her voice, and she pointed to a white finger of sand running out into the stream. "Do you remember—years and years ago, it seems—that Kazan left us here? She was on the sand over there, calling to him. Do you remember?" There was a little tremble about her mouth, and she added, "I wonder—where they—have gone."

The cabin was as they had left it. Only the crimson bakeneesh had grown up about it, and shrubs and tall grass had sprung up near its walls. Once more it took on life, and day by day the color came deeper into Joan's cheeks, and her voice was filled with its old wild sweetness of song. Joan's husband cleared the trails over his old trap-lines, and Joan and the little Joan transformed the cabin into home. One night the man returned to the cabin late, and when he came in there was a glow of excitement in Joan's blue eyes, and a tremble in her voice when she greeted him.

"Did you hear it?" she asked. "Did you hear—the call?" He nodded, stroking her soft hair. "I was a mile back in the creek swamp," he said. "I heard it!"

Joan's hands clutched his arms. "It wasn't Kazan," she said. "I would recognize his voice. But it seemed to me it was like the other—the call that came that morning from the sand-bar, his mate?"

The man was thinking. Joan's fingers tightened. She was breathing a little quickly.

"Will you promise me this?" she asked. "Will you promise me that you will never hunt or trap for wolves?" "I had thought of that," he replied. "I thought of it—after I heard the call. Yes, I will promise."

Joan's arms stole up about his neck. "We loved Kazan," she whispered. "And you might kill him—or her."

Suddenly she stopped. Both listened. The door was a little ajar, and to them there came again the wailing mate-call of the wolf. Joan ran to the door. Her husband followed. Together they stood silent, and with tense breath Joan pointed over the starlit plain.

"Listen! Listen!" she commanded. "It's her cry, and it came from the Sun Rock!"

She ran out into the night, forgetting that the man was close behind her now, forgetting that little Joan was alone in her bed. And to them, from miles and miles across the plain, there came a wailing cry in answer—a cry that seemed a part of the wind, and that thrilled Joan until her breath broke in a strange sob.

Farther out on the plain she went and then stopped, with the golden glow of the autumn moon and the stars shimmering in her hair and eyes. It was many minutes before the cry came again, and then it was so near that Joan put her hands to her mouth, and her cry rang out over the plain as in the days of old.

"Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

At the top of the Sun Rock, Gray Wolf—gaunt and thinned by starvation—heard the woman's cry, and the call that was in her throat died away in a whine. And to the north a swiftly moving shadow stopped for a moment, and stood like a thing of rock under the starlight. It was Kazan. A strange fire leaped through his body. Every fiber of his brute understanding was afire with the knowledge that here was home. It was here, long ago, that he had lived, and loved, and fought—and all at once the dreams that had grown faded and indistinct in his memory came back to him as real living things. For, coming to him faintly over the plain, he heard Joan's voice!

In the starlight Joan stood, tense and white, when from out of the pale mists of the moon-glow he came to her, cringing on his belly, panting and wind-run, and with a strange whining note in his throat. And as Joan went to him, her arms reaching out, her lips sobbing his name over and over again, the man stood and looked down upon them with the wonder of a new and greater understanding in his face. He had no fear of the wolf-dog now. And as Joan's arms hugged Kazan's great shaggy head up to her he heard the whining gasping joy of the beast and the sobbing whispering voice of the girl, and with tensely gripped hands he faced the Sun Rock.

"Good heavens!" he breathed. "I believe—it's so—" As if in response to the thought in his mind, there came once more across the plain Gray Wolf's mate-seeking cry of grief and of loneliness. Swiftly as though struck by a lash Kazan was on his feet—oblivious of Joan's touch, of her voice, of the presence of the man. In another instant he was gone, and Joan flung herself against her husband's breast, and almost fiercely took his face between her two hands.

"Now do you believe?" she cried pantingly. "Now do you believe in the God of my world—the God I have lived with, the God that gives souls to the wild things, the God that—that has brought us all—together—once more—home!"

His arms closed gently about her. "I believe, my Joan," he whispered. "And you understand—now—what it means, 'Thou shalt not kill!'?" "Except that it brings us life—yes, I understand," he replied.

Her warm, soft hands stroked his face. Her blue eyes, filled with the glory of the stars, looked up into his. "Kazan and she—you and I—and the baby! Are you sorry—that we came back?" she asked.

So close he drew her against his breast that she did not hear the words he whispered in the soft warmth of her hair. And after that, for many hours, they sat in the starlight in front of the cabin door. But they did not hear again that lonely cry from the Sun Rock. Joan and her husband understood.

"He'll visit us again tomorrow," the man said at last. "Come, Joan, let us go to bed." Together they entered the cabin. And that night, side by side, Kazan and Gray Wolf hunted again in the moonlit plain.

THE END.

A New Creation.

Margaret, aged eleven, had just returned from her visit to the zoo. "Well," said her mother, smiling, "did you see the elephants and the giraffe and the kangaroos?" Margaret looked thoughtful. "We saw the elephant and the giraffe and the kangaroos." "What?" said Mrs. Blank. "The kangaroos. It said 'these animals are a-a-g-e-r-o-u-s'!"

Wine for French Fighters.

In the year 1915 the French government distributed 618,000,000 bottles of wine among the armies, each man and officer receiving half a liter a day. Last year there was a considerable increase, the total amount requisitioned reaching 790,000,000 bottles.

BUYERS ARE PAYING FOR LIBERTY BONDS

MORE THAN SIXTY PER CENT OF ISSUE HAS ALREADY BEEN PAID.

ONLY 20 PER CENT DUE NOW

Out of the Proceeds The Government Has Redeemed Certificate of Indebtedness—Financial Activities Break Records.

Washington.—More than sixty per cent of the \$2,000,000,000 liberty loan already has been paid into the treasury. The treasury statement, the first issued in twenty-four days, shows payments June 30 on the liberty loan account of \$1,385,024,456.

Only twenty per cent of the loan or \$400,000,000 was due June 30, the two payments of two and eighteen per cent, respectively, being due June 15 and June 28. The amount thus voluntarily paid into the treasury by subscribers ahead of time totalled but \$15,000,000 under a round billion dollars.

Out of the proceeds and other revenues the government has redeemed treasury certificates of indebtedness, issued in anticipation of the loan, amounting to \$625,000,000 June 30. The balance was deposited in federal reserve and national and state banks and trust companies throughout the country in accordance with Secretary McAdoo's plan for distributing the deposits among as many institutions as possible. A total of \$560,662,218 was deposited in banks other than federal reserve banks June 30.

The heavy payments on liberty loan account ran up the government balance of cash on hand June 30 to the record figure of \$1,064,086,250. This was after the treasury department had redeemed certificates of indebtedness amounting to \$625,000,000. The last day of the fiscal year also ranked high in ordinary revenue receipts, the total being more than \$2,000,000,000.

Hundreds of thousands who bought so-called baby bonds, those of \$50 to \$100 denomination, availed themselves of the privilege of paying in full at once.

GOVERNMENT WORKING ON INSURANCE PLANS

Washington.—The federal government's plan for insuring officers and men of the army, navy and marine corps against death and injury while in service, broadened into a complex program which would provide government allowances for families of soldiers and sailors, and the rehabilitation and training of injured men to fit them for making a livelihood after the war.

The program was discussed at conferences among officials of the war, navy, treasury, commerce and labor departments, the labor committee of the council of national defense and the presidents and other high officers of leading insurance companies of the United States.

Issuance of insurance policies from \$1,000 to \$10,000 on officers and men at ordinary peace time rates, the government paying the extra cost, indemnities for total or partial disability, and administration of the entire scheme by the government's war risk insurance bureau, which is at present insuring officers and crews of American merchant vessels, are among the outstanding features of the proposed program.

Three Young Ladies Drowned.

Mobile, Ala.—Misses Gussie Ryley, Dora Nelson and Ethel Woodman were drowned while bathing in a river near Moss Point, Miss., according to advices received here. All were members of prominent families in that section. The bodies were recovered.

Luther Burbank is Seriously Ill. Santa Rosa, Cal.—Luther Burbank, noted horticulturist, is seriously ill at his home here from overwork and a cold. He is 68 years old.

SUBMARINE IS SUNK BY AMERICAN GUNNERS

Paris.—An American steamer recently sank a large German submarine according to a dispatch to the camps from Havre.

While on a voyage from the United States the steamer was attacked by a submarine, and replying to its fire, sent thirty-five shells at the underwater boat, which assumed a perpendicular position and disappeared beneath the water.

GERMAN RAIDER IS IN EASTERN WATERS

An Atlantic Port.—A British steamer which arrived here from Calcutta brought word of German attempts to stop trade between the far east and English and American ports. The ship's officers said the waters of South Africa had been strewn with mines recently and that two steamers, one of 5,000 tons and another of 3,200 tons, which had not been reported since they left Capetown, were believed to have been lost.

FOOD CONTROL BILL PASSED BY SENATE

ADMINISTRATION MEASURE WILL BE RE-WRITTEN THIS WEEK.

TO WILSON IN TEN DAYS

Bill Gives President Broad Authority Over Control of Foods, Feeds, Fuels, kKerosene and Gasoline.

Washington.—The administration food control bill, virtually written after five weeks' bitter contest, was passed by the Senate, eighty-one to six. Conferees from House and Senate have begun work and leaders hope the measure may be in the President's hands in ten days.

As revamped, the bill gives the President broad authority over foods, feeds and fuels, the latter, including kerosene and gasoline, provides administration by a food board of three members instead of an individual; authorizes federal fixing of coal prices, requisitioning and operation of mines, and authorizes a minimum guaranteed price of not less than \$2 per bushel for wheat at primary markets. The Senate prohibition sections, prohibiting manufacture of distilled beverages during the war and directing the President to buy all distilled spirits in bond, was substituted for the House "bone dry" provision and will be one subject of difficulty in conference.

Senators voting against the bill were: France, Maryland; Hardwick, Georgia; Penrose, Pennsylvania; Reed, Missouri; Sherman, Illinois and Sutherland, West Virginia.

Many Amendments.

Scores of amendments were disposed of, but the principal features were the incorporation of the amendment authorizing the minimum wheat price, and another by Senator Pomerene's greatly broadening the government's power to handle the coal situation. The government's guarantee for wheat would be payable at all principal interior primary markets until July 1, 1919. The Senate rejected, 45 to 35, an amendment by Senator Norris to have the food board instead of Congress fix the minimum price.

The Pomerene coal amendment, incorporated by the overwhelming vote of 72 to 12, directs the President through the federal trade commission, or other agency, to fix coal prices, wholesale and retail, regulate the entire industry and, if necessary, take over and operate coal mines and fix prices of labor.

On a final vote, the Senate refused 60 to 23, to place the bill's administration in the hands of an individual. Senators understood the administration would endeavor to have the conferees substitute the original House provision for a single administrator.

Appropriation in the House bill of \$150,000,000 was left unchanged by the Senate, which added an appropriation of \$10,000,000 for federal purchase and sale of soda nitrates for fertilizer. Another important Senate addition to the bill provides for a joint congressional committee to supervise war expenditures. It was proposed by Senator Owen.

To Prevent Hoarding.

The Senate also added provisions against hoarding of foodstuffs and for regulation of grain exchanges, authorizing the President to close them if necessary to stop speculation in futures.

The bill limits government control virtually to the original subjects of the House measure, foods, feeds and fuels.

In lieu of the House bill's broad provisions for licensing food dealers, the Senate bill limits federal licensing to the following agencies and these only which have products in interstate coal storage and packing houses, farm implement factories, coal producers and dealers and wholesalers of designated necessities.

The House bill's provisions for federal requisitioning of necessities is limited to the Senate redraft to food, feeds and fuels and other supplies for military purposes only. Government purchase and sale of foodstuffs, to maintain reasonable prices, also is limited by the Senate bill to fuel, wheat, flour, meal, beans and potatoes.

The House provision for authority to requisition factories generally was curtailed by the Senate to factories, packing houses, mines and other plants needed for military or other public use connected with the common defense.

Neither House or Senate draft presents the original administration proposals for government control of clothing and maximum price fixing.

PREMIER KERENSKY HASTENS TO FRONT

London.—Premier Kerensky has started for the front at the instance of the Central Committee of Soldiers' and Workmen's delegates, according to a Reuter dispatch from Petrograd. Dispatches from Galicia state that the breach in the Russian line is eight miles wide and ten miles deep. The Bouhse Gazette says that a meeting of delegates from regiments at the front it was resolved to turn over all authority to M. Karensky.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

Woman Saved From a Serious Surgical Operation.

Louisville, Ky.—"For four years I suffered from female troubles, headaches, and nervousness. I could not sleep, had no appetite and it hurt me to walk. If I tried to do any work, I would have to lie down before it was finished. The doctors said I would have to be operated on and I simply broke down. A friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the result is I feel like a new woman. I am well and strong, do all my own house work and have an eight pound baby girl. I know Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which every woman dreads. Mrs. NELLIE FISHBACK, 1521 Christy Ave., Louisville, Ky.



Everyone naturally dreads the surgeon's knife. Sometimes nothing else will do, but many times Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved the patient and made an operation unnecessary.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know, write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for helpful advice given free.

KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney medicine. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample size bottle by Parcel Post, also pamphlet telling very well of it. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents, also mention this paper.

PILOCURA CURES PILES

The New Internal Treatment. 25c and 50c a box. Send for sample today. Mailed free. Pilocura Company, Washington, D. C.

Faith. "Bobby, have you said your prayers?" "Oh, ma! God knows what I want. Why must I go over the same old ground night after night?"—Life.

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A WELL-KNOWN WASHINGTON DRUGGIST. In reference to ELIXIR BABEK the great remedy for child and fever and all malarial diseases. "Within the last five months I have sold 3,500 bottles of ELIXIR BABEK for Malaria, Chills and Fever. Our customers speak very well of it." Henry Evans, 922 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C. ELIXIR BABEK 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kiosco's & Co., Washington, D. C.

"Skidding Jane." A certain distinguished and noble member of the cabinet applied for the use of a government motorcar the other day to use on "business of national importance," as the phrase goes. He was sent a car driven by a very smart and attractive looking chauffeur, says the London Chronicle. About four or five hours later his lordship appeared in a towering rage and asked what they mean by sending him a woman who drove in a most reckless manner, endangering his life from the moment he got into his car. "Oh, they must have sent you 'Skidding Jane'!" said the officer in charge, nonchalantly.

Mathematician Wanted. "I understand some big lots of potatoes have been spoiled," remarked Mrs. Cortossel.

"Yep," replied Farmer Cortossel. "I'm waitin' for our boy Josh to come home so's we can talk it over with him."

"What'll Josh know about it?" "He has been studying the higher mathematics. I want him to figure out how many peellin's folks'll have to save in the kitchen to make up for the waste of a carload of potatoes."

Women always have a suspicion that they are entertaining angels unawares.

Pittsburgh employers pay out \$1,500,000 a day in wages.

Whole Wheat and Malted Barley skillfully blended and processed make **Grape-Nuts** a most delicious food in flavor as well as a great body, brain and nerve builder. "There's a Reason"