

KAZAN

By James Oliver Curwood

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CHAPTER XVII.

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Professor McGill.

Red Gold City was ripe for a night of relaxation. There had been some gambling, a few fights and enough liquor to create excitement now and then, but the presence of the mounted police had served to keep things unusually tame compared with events a few hundred miles farther north, in the Dawson country. The entertainment proposed by Sandy McTrigger and Jan Harker met with excited favor. The news spread for twenty miles about Red Gold City and there had never been greater excitement in the town than on the afternoon and night of the big fight. This was largely because Kazan and the huge Dane had been placed on exhibition, each dog in a specially made cage of his own, and a fever of betting began. Three hundred men, each of whom was paying five dollars to see the battle, viewed the gladiators through the bars of their cages. Harker's dog was a combination of Great Dane and mastiff, born in the north, and bred to the traces. Betting favored him by the odds of two to one. Occasionally it ran three to one. At these odds there was plenty of Kazan money. Those who were risking their money on him were the older wilderness men—men who had spent their lives among dogs, and who knew what the red light in Kazan's eyes meant. An old Kootenay miner spoke low in another's ear:

"I'd bet on 'im even. I'd give odds if I had to. He'll fight all around the Dane. The Dane won't have no method."

"But he's got the weight," said the other dubiously. "Look at his jaws, an' his shoulders—"

"An' his big feet, an' his soft throat, an' the clumsy thickness of his belly," interrupted the Kootenay man. "For heaven's sake, man, take my word for it, an' don't put your money on the Dane!"

Others thrust themselves between them. At first Kazan had snarled at all these faces about him. But now he lay back against the boarded side of the cage and eyed them sullenly from between his forepaws.

The fight was to be pulled off in Harker's place, a combination of saloon and cafe. The benches and tables had been cleared out and in the center of the one big room a cage ten feet square rested on a platform three and a half feet from the floor. Seats for the three hundred spectators were drawn closely around this. Suspended just above the open top of the cage were two big oil lamps with glass reflectors.

It was eight o'clock when Harker, McTrigger and two other men bore Kazan to the arena by means of the wooden bars that projected from the bottom of his cage. The big Dane was already in the fighting cage. He stood blinking his eyes in the brilliant light of the reflecting lamps. He pricked up his ears when he saw Kazan. Kazan did not show his fangs. Neither revealed the expected animosity. It was the first they had seen of each other, and a murmur of disappointment swept the ranks of the three hundred men. The Dane remained as motionless as a rock when Kazan was prodded from his own cage into the fighting cage. He did not leap or snarl. He regarded Kazan with a dubious questioning poise to his splendid head, and then looked again to the expectant and excited faces of the waiting men. For a few moments Kazan stood stiff-legged, facing the Dane. Then his shoulders dropped, and he, too, coolly faced the crowd that had expected a fight to the death. A laugh of derision swept through the closely seated rows. Catcalls, jeering, taunts flung at McTrigger and Harker, and angry voices demanding their money back mingled with a tumult of growing discontent. Sandy's face was red with mortification and rage. The blue veins in Harker's forehead had swollen twice their normal size. He shook his fist in the face of the crowd, and shouted:

"Wait! Give 'em a chance, you fools!"

At his words every voice was stilled. Kazan had turned. He was facing the Dane. The Dane had turned his eyes to Kazan. Cautiously, prepared for a lunge or a sidestep, Kazan advanced a little. The Dane's shoulders bristled. He, too, advanced upon Kazan. Four feet apart they stood rigid. One could have heard a whisper in the room now. Sandy and Harker, standing close to the cage, scarcely breathed. Splendid in every limb and muscle, warriors of a hundred fights, and fearless to the point of death, the two half-wolf victims of man stood facing each other. None could see the questioning look in their brute eyes. None knew that in this thrilling moment the unseen hand of the wonderful Spirit God of the wilderness hovered between them, and that one of its miracles was descending upon them. It was understanding. Meeting in the open—rivals in the traces—they would have been rolling in the throes of terrific battle. But here came that quiet appeal of brotherhood.

In the final moment, when only a step separated them, and when men expected to see the first mad lunge, the splendid Dane slowly raised his head and looked over Kazan's back through the glare of the lights. Harker trembled, and under his breath he cursed. The Dane's throat was open to Kazan. But between the beasts had passed the voiceless pledge of peace. Kazan did not leap. He turned. And shoulder to shoulder—splendid in their contempt of man—they stood and looked through the bars of their prison into the one of human faces.

A roar burst from the crowd—a roar of anger, of demand, of threat. In his rage Harker drew a revolver and leveled it at the Dane. Above the tumult of the crowd a single voice stopped him.

"Hold!" It demanded. "Hold—in the name of the law!"

For a moment there was silence. Every face turned in the direction of the voice. Two men stood on chairs behind the last row. One was Sergeant Brokaw of the Royal Northwest Mounted. It was he who had spoken. He was holding up a hand, commanding silence and attention. On the chair beside him stood another man. He was thin, with drooping shoulders, and a pale smooth face—a little man, whose physique and hollow cheeks told nothing of the years he had spent close up along the raw edge of the Arctic. It was he who spoke now, while the sergeant held up his hand. His voice was low and quiet:

"I'll give the owners five hundred dollars for those dogs," he said.

Every man in the room heard the offer. Harker looked at Sandy. For an instant their heads were close together. "They won't fight, and they'll make good team-mates," the little man went on. "I'll give the owners five hundred dollars."

Harker raised a hand. "Make it six," he said. "Make it six and they're yours."

The little man hesitated. Then he nodded.

"I'll give you six hundred," he agreed.

Murmurs of discontent rose throughout the crowd. Harker climbed to the edge of the platform.

"We ain't to blame because they wouldn't fight," he shouted, "but if there's any of you small enough to



She Had Faith That He Would Come.

Want your money back you can get it as you go out. The dogs 'aid down on us, that's all. We ain't to blame."

The little man was edging his way between the chairs, accompanied by the sergeant of police. With his pale face close to the sapling bars of the cage he looked at Kazan and the big Dane.

"I guess we'll be good friends," he said, and he spoke so low that only the dogs heard his voice. "It's a big price, but we'll charge it to the Smithsonian, lads. I'm going to need a couple of four-footed friends of your moral caliber."

And no one knew why Kazan and the Dane drew nearer to the little scientist's side of the cage as he pulled out a big roll of bills and counted out six hundred dollars for Harker and Sandy McTrigger.

CHAPTER XVII.

Alone in Darkness.

Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed the shooting of Kazan and his capture by Sandy McTrigger. For hours after the shot she crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her belly, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate.

Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she moved restlessly about in a small circle on the plain, and sent out her first inquiring call for Kazan. Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nearness of man, that was keeping Kazan from her. But she went no nearer than that first circle made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Rock, when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never failed her. Three times she called for him in the early

night. Then she made herself a nest under a banskian shrub, and waited until dawn.

Just how she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air and whining. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand-bar, and in the fringe of thick bush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened. After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when the shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood.

She knew it was the blood of her mate, for the scent of him was all about her in the sand, mingled with the man-smell of Sandy McTrigger. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She found the fallen tree to which he had been tied. And then she came upon one of the two clubs that Sandy had used to beat wounded Kazan into submission. It was covered with blood and hair, and all at once Gray Wolf lay back on her haunches and turned her blind face to the sky, and there rose from her throat a cry for Kazan that drifted for miles on the wings of the south wind. Never had Gray Wolf given quite that cry before. It was not the "call" that comes with the moonlit nights, and neither was it the hunt-cry, nor the she-wolf's yearning for matehood. It carried with it the lament of death. And after that one cry Gray Wolf slunk back to the fringe of bush over the river, and lay with her face turned to the stream.

A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been alone in that darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if from out of another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it, and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulders twitched tremulously and she shivered as if stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on the plain. It was different. It frightened her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For an hour she lay motionless, with her head resting on the club dotted with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and the stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She could not see that the day was almost as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was a chaos of slumbering storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could feel the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall from the south and west. The distant rumbling of thunder grew louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished she slunk out from her shelter like a thing beaten. Vainly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean. Again the sand was white where Kazan's blood had reddened it. Even under the tree there was no sign of him left.

Until now only the terror of being alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was this hunger that drew her from the sand-bar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs.

Thirty-six hours before this Kazan and Gray Wolf had left a half of their last kill a mile or two farther back on the plain. The kill was one of the big barren rabbits, and Gray Wolf turned in its direction. She did not require sight to find it. In her was developed to its finest point that sixth sense of orientation, and as straight as a pigeon might have winged its flight she cut through the bush to the spot where they had cached the rabbit. A white fox had been there ahead of her, and she found only scattered bits of hair and fur. What the fox had left the moose birds and bush jays had carried away. Hungrily Gray Wolf turned back to the river.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Naming Cities for Dates.

What is, perhaps, the oddest of all ways to select a name for a city or street is to name it for a certain date, and yet this has been done in Brazil for hundreds of years. It was on January 1, 1531, that a Portuguese captain, Alphonso de Souza by name, entered the mouth of that marvelously beautiful bay, on the shores of which now stands the capital of the vast republic of Brazil. Thinking that he was sailing into a great river, he named the stream Rio de Janeiro, or January river, and all through the centuries the name has remained.

EXEMPTION RULES ISSUED BY WILSON

PREPARATIONS FOR MOBILIZATION HAVE ADVANCED ANOTHER STEP.

Process of Selection Will Likely Not Be Made Known Until Drafting Time is Near.

Washington.—Preparation for the mobilization of the first contingent of 625,000 troops of the new national army advanced another step when President Wilson promulgated the regulations to govern exemptions from military service. In the order in which they must come there are three steps in the organization process of the national army as prescribed by Congress. They are registration, selection and exemption. The first step has been carried through. The regulations issued cover in detail the operation of the third step, exemption.

Information concerning the second step in the series is still lacking, and officials are guarding closely the method by which selection is to be applied.

The exemption regulation announced that the boards will be advised of the selection process later, although none of the steps prescribed except the organization of the boards can be carried out until the selection machinery has furnished the names of the men whose fitness and desirability for army service the boards are to judge. There is one hint as to how the selection machinery is to work.

The local boards are directed upon organization to take over from the registration precincts the cards and lists of the men registered on June 5, and, as their first duty, to provide a serial number for each registration card. This has given support to the belief that the selection is to be by number. Reports were current recently that the selection drawing was to be made in Washington.

May Delay Announcements.

Presumably the process of selection will be announced only a short time before it is put in operation. When that will be is not known. September 1 has been the tentative date set for calling the 625,000 of the first contingent to the colors for training. Progress with construction of the sixteen divisional cantonments for the troops will govern the action. It is believed there will be no serious delay.

The exemption process will not take a great deal of time. It is difficult to calculate the time the local boards will need passing on the cases that come before them. The regulations provide that decision in any individual case shall not be delayed more than three days by the local board, or an additional five days when appeal is taken to the district boards. The whole process probably can be carried through in less than thirty days.

There were no surprises in the exemption regulations. The task of passing upon the individual cases is left entirely to the local boards. While the President reserves the right to designate industries necessary for the public good, the question of whether retention of any individual engaged in these industries is essential is left to the boards.

In a statement accompanying the announcement of the regulations, the President called upon the boards to do their work fearlessly and impartially and to remember that "our armies at the front will be strengthened and sustained if they be composed of men free from any sense of injustice in their mode of selection." The statement follows:

The Statement.

"The regulations which I am today causing to be promulgated, pursuant to the direction of the selective service law, cover the remaining steps of the plan for calling into the service of the United States qualified men from those who have registered; those selected as the result of this process to contribute, with the regular army, the national guard and the navy, the fighting forces of the nation, all of which forces are under the terms of the law placed in a position of equal right, dignity and responsibility with the members of all other military forces.

"The regulations have been drawn with a view to the needs and circumstances of the whole country and provide a system which it is expected will work with the least inequality and personal hardship. Any system of selecting men for military service, whether voluntary or involuntary in its operation, necessarily selects some men to bear the burden of danger and sacrifice for the whole nation. The system here provided places all men of military age upon an even plane and then, by a selection which neither favors the one nor penalizes the other, calls out the requisite number for service.

Calls For Loyalty.

"The successful operation of this law and of these regulations depends necessarily upon the loyalty, patriotism and justice of the members of the boards to whom its operation is committed, and I admonish every member of every local board and of every district board to remember that their duty to their country requires an impartial and fearless performance of the delicate and difficult duties intrusted to them. They should remember as to each individual case presented to them that they are called upon to adjudicate the most sacred rights of

the individual and to preserve untarnished the honor of the nation. "Our armies at the front will be strengthened and sustained if they be composed of men free from any sense of injustice in their mode of selection, and they will be inspired to loftier efforts in behalf of a country which the citizens called upon to perform high public functions perform them with justice, fearlessness and impartially."

To Post Names.

Upon organizing, the local boards will take over from the registration boards, all registration cards, which they will number serially and list for posting to public view. Then, after having been advised of the method by which the order of liability for service shall be determined and of the quota to be drawn from its territory (national guard or regular army) each board will prepare a list of persons designated for service in the order of their liability, post the list, give it to the press and within three days send notice to each designated person by mail.

"As the men so notified appear, the boards first will make a physical examination in accordance with special regulations to be provided, bearing in mind that all persons accepted by them will be re-examined by army surgeons. If the physical examination is passed successfully, then comes the question of exemption.

"Persons who must be exempted or discharged by the local board include:

Those Exempted.

"Officers of the United States, of the states, territories and the District of Columbia, ministers of religion, students of divinity, persons in the military or naval service of the United States, subjects of Germany, all other aliens who have not taken out first papers; county or municipal officers, customhouse clerks, workmen in Federal armories, arsenals and navy yards, persons in the Federal service designated by the President for exemption, pilots, merchant marine sailors, those with a status with respect to dependents which renders their exclusion desirable (a married man with dependent wife or child, son of a dependent widow, son of a dependent, aged or infirm parent, or brother of dependent orphan child under 16 years of age); those found morally deficient and any member of any well recognized religious sect existing May 18, 1917, whose creed forbids participation in war and whose religious convictions accord with the creed.

As to Dependents.

"Claims for exemption because of dependents may be made by the man himself, his wife or other dependents, or by a third party who has personally investigated the case. A claim made by the husband must be accompanied by supporting affidavits signed by the wife and by the head of a family residing in the same territory. A claim by the wife or a third party must be accompanied by two supporting affidavits signed by heads of families. Similar rules govern claims on the grounds of other dependents, the dependents of third parties being authorized to file claims with supporting affidavits. In each case the board must be satisfied before it grants exemption or discharge that the dependent or dependents actually are supported mainly by the fruits of the man's mental or physical labor.

Appeals Can Be Made.

Local boards are required, subject to appeal, to pass upon claims for exemption or discharge within three days after the filing of affidavits.

District boards must decide appeal cases within five days after the closing of proofs and their decisions are final. If the ruling of a local board is affirmed the person in question stands finally accepted for military service.

In passing on claims for exemptions on the ground of employment in necessary industrial and agricultural occupations, the district boards must be convinced that the particular enterprise affording such employment actually is necessary to the maintenance of the military establishment or national interest during the emergency.

"The evidence must also establish," the regulations say, "even if the particular industrial enterprise is found necessary for one of the above purposes, that the continuance of such person therein is necessary to the maintenance thereof and that he cannot be replaced by another person without direct, substantial or material loss detrimental to the adequate and effective operation of the particular industrial enterprise or agricultural enterprise in which he is engaged."

President Final Power.

Later the President may from time to time designate certain industries or classes of industries that are necessary and the district boards will be so notified. It will be the duty of each board, however, to ascertain the available labor supply for such industries outside the men called for service and to take the result into consideration in determining such things.

"If, in the opinion of the district board," this section of the regulations concludes, "the direct, substantial, material loss to any such industrial or agricultural enterprise outweighs the loss that would result from failure to obtain the military service of any such person, a certificate of exemption or discharge may be issued to him, x x x."

Certificates of exemption will not necessarily be permanent. They may be revoked with changing conditions, or may be granted only for prescribed periods.

Girls! Use Lemons! Make a Bleaching, Beautifying Cream



The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quart pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary old creams. Care should be taken to strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, smoothener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is simply marvelous to smoothen rough, red hands. Adv.

Bathe in Moonlight.

The pale moonlight that bathes each night the several hundred frame buildings at Fort Benjamin Harrison which house the student officers and the regular army men, shines also over the tents of two Indiana National Guard companies, the First Indiana field hospital and ambulance company No. 1. Late in the afternoon is bath time with the student officers, and with the regulars, and the bathhouses, one for each company, are about the busiest places at the fort, especially after a round of trench-digging. But the men of the field hospital don't care for bathing in the afternoon. Night time is the time for them. Their bathhouses are as open as the air, the bathing facilities provided consisting only of showers set up in the open back of their camp. So, late in the evening, guards are set out, and forms, pallid in the moonlight, emerge from the tents, run to the showers, shiver in the cold water, and beat a hasty retreat to the tents.—Indianapolis News.

ELIXIR BABEK WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD IN THE PHILIPPINES.

"I contracted malaria in 1896, and after a year's fruitless treatment by a prominent Washington physician, your Elixir Babek entirely cured me. On arriving here I came down with tropical malaria—the worst form—and sent home for Babek. Again it proved its value—it is worth its weight in gold here." Brasie O'Hagan, Troop E, 8th U. S. Cavalry, Balayan, Philippines.

ELIXIR BABEK, 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcel Post, prepaid, from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

Disproving a Theory.

The man who had a theory was expounding it.

"Everybody is more or less of a poet," he said. "There's not a person on earth, and there never has been a person who hadn't a spark of divine afflatus. It's only a matter of degree of inspiration of power to express, that makes the difference."

"I disagree with you," put in an auditor, positively. "There was one man who couldn't have been a poet."

"Who was that, may I ask?"

"Adam."

"How do you make out that Adam couldn't have been a poet?"

"Why, that's simple. Poets are born and not made."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Little Bodily Energy in Potatoes.

A pound of potatoes yields hardly one-fifth as much body energy as a pound of rice, cornmeal, or wheat. This is partly because they are much more watery and partly because a large portion is discarded with the skins. Part of this loss is inevitable because the skin itself is not usually considered good to eat; but the more carefully potatoes are pared, the more of the valuable edible substance goes with the skin.

Force of Habit.

"I want three eggs and boil them three minutes. I am hungry—how soon can I have them?"

"In a minute, sir."



Always fresh and crisp! Post Toasties are real corn flakes!