EVENING DEDGER-PHIBADEDPHIA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 81, 1916.



THE MIRACLE. KAZAN lay mute and motionless, his gray nose between his forepaws, his eyes half closed. A rock could have appeared scarcely less lifeless than he: not a muscle twitched; not a hair moved; not an eyelld guivered. Yet every drop of the blood in his splendid body was racing in a ferment of excitement that Kasan had never before experienced; every nerve and fibre of his wonderful muscles was tense as steel wire. Quarterstrain wolf, three-quarters "husky," he lived the four years of his life in the wilderness. He had felt the pangs of starvation. He knew what it meant to freeze. He had listened to the walling winds of the long Arabio night over the barrens. He had heard the thunder of the torrent and the cataract and had cowered under the mighty crash of the storm. His throat and sides were scarred by battle and his eyes were red with the blister of the snows. He was called Kazan, the

frozen world. He had never known fear-until now. He had never felt in him before the desire to run-not even on that terrible day in the forest when he had fought and killed the big gray lynx. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but he knew that he was in another world and that many things in it startled and alarmed him. It was his first glimpse of civilization. He wished that his master would come back into the strange room where he had left him. It was a room filled with hideous things. There were great human faces on the wall, but they did not move or speak, but stared at him in a way be had never seen people look before. He remembered having looked on a master who lay very quiet and very cold in the snow, and he had sat back on his haunches and wailed forth the death seng; but these people on the walls looked alive and yet seemed dead.

who drove him through the perils of a

Suddenly Kazan lifted his ears a little. He heard steps, then low voices. One of them was his master's voice. But the other-it so t a little tremor through him! Once, so long ago that it must have been in his puppyhood days, he seemed to have had a dream of a laugh that was like the girl's laugh-a laugh that was all at once filled with a wonderful happiness, the thrill of a wonderful love, and a weetness that made Kazan lift his head as they came in. He looked straight at he knew that ahe must be dear to his master, for his master's arm was about her. In the glow of the light he saw that har hair was very bright, and that there was the color of the crimson bakneesh vine in her face and the blue of the bakneesh flower in her shining eyes. Suddemly she saw him, and with a little cry darted toward him.

uted th or, and when the girl opened that door us! Kazan-She was on her knees beside him, all in the morning she found him curled up tight against it. She had reached down fuffy and sweet and beautiful, her eyes wonderfully, her hands about to him. Should he cringe back? he snap? Was she one of the and hugged him, the thick amother of her long hair falling all over him in a should he anap? delightful perfume; thereafter she placed pily. wall, and his enemy! things on the a rug before the door for him to aleep Should he leap at her white throat? He saw the man running forward, pale as death. Then her hand fell upon his head and the touch sent a thrill through him on. All through the long nights he knew that she was just beyond the door, and he was content. Each day he thought that guivered in every nerve of his body. With both hands she turned up his head. Her face was very close, and he heard her say, almost sobbingly: vou! less and less of the wild places, and more of her. Then there came the beginning of the "And you are Kazan-dear old Kazan, change. There was a strange hurry and my Kazan, my hero dog-who brought him home to me when all the others had excitement around him, and the girl paid less attention to him. He grew uneasy. died! My Kazan-my hero!" And then, miracle of miracles, her face He sniffed the change in the air, and as crushed down against him, and he alt her sweet warm touch. In those moments Kazan did not move. he began to study his master's face. Then there came the morning, very early, when the babiche collar and the iron chain He scarcely breathed. It seemed a long before the girl lifted her face from And when she did there were tears were fastened to him again. Not until he had followed his master out through in her blue eyes, and the man was stand the door and into the street did he begin ing above them, his hands gripped tight his jaws set. to understand. They were sending him

The gripping story of a wolf-dog and of the love of beautiful women in rugged Alaska, where men are brutal and death lurks near

time could not equal the sounds they made. It was his first music.

For a moment it startled and frightened him, and then he felt the fright pass away and a strange tingling in his body. He wanted to sit back on his haunches and howl, as he had howled at the billon stars in the skics on cold winter nights. But something kept him from doing that. It was the girl. Slowly he began slinking toward her. He felt the eyes of the man upon him and stopped. Then a little more-inches at a time, with his throat and jaw straight out along the floor! He was half-way to her-half-way across the room-when the wonderful sounds grew years off and very low.

very soft and very low. "Go on!" he heard the man urge in a low, quick voice. "Go on! Don't stop!" The girl turned her head, saw Kazan cringing there on the floor, and continued to play. The man was still looking, but his eyes could not keep Kazan back now. He went nearer, still nearer, until at last Wild Dog, because he was a giant among his kind and as fearless even as the men whe drove him through the perils of a sing. He had heard a Cree woman croon

ing in front of her tepes; he had heard the wild chant of the caribou song-he had never heard anything like this wonderful sweetness that fell from the lips of the girl. He forgot his master's presence now. Quietly, cringingly, so that she would not know, he lifted his head. He saw her looking at him; there was something in her wonderful eyes that gave him confidence, and he laid his head in her lap. For the second time he felt the touch of a woman's hand, and he closed his eyes with a long, sighing breath. The music stopped. There came a little fluttering sound above him, like a laugh and a sob in one. He heard his

master cough. "I've always loved the old rascal-but] never thought he'd do that," he said, and his voice sounded queer to Kazan.

Chapter II INTO THE NORTH.

ONDERFUL days followed for W Kazan. He missed the forests and deep snows. He missed the daily strife of keeping his teammates in trace, the yapping at his heels, the atraight long pull over the open spaces and the barrens. He missed the "Koosh-koosh-Hoo-yah!" of the driver, the spiteful snap of his 20foot caribou-gut whip, and that yelping and straining behind him that told him he had his followers in line. But something had come to take the place of that which he missed. It was in the room, in the air all about him, even when the girl or his master was not near. Wherever them, his red eyes gleaming. At once she had been, he found the presence of that strange thing that took away his loneliness. It was the woman scent, and sometimes it made him whine softly when the girl herself was actually with him. He was not lonely, nights, when he should have been out howling at the stars. He was not lonely, because one night he

prowled about until he found a certain



JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

through the long hard hours of the day that followed, when he broke the trail for his teammates into the North. One of his eyes was closed and filled with stinging fire, and his body was sore from the blows of the carlbou lash. But it was not physical pain that gave the sullen droop to his head and robbed his body of that keen quick alertness of the lead-dog-the commander of his mates. It was his spirit. For the first time in his life, it was broken.

Was his spirit. For the hist time in his life, it was broken. In the second second second McCready had beaten him; and during all this day their voices were flerce and vengeful in his ears. But it was his mistrens who hurt him most. She held aloof from him, always beyond the reach of his leash; and when they stopped to rest, and again in camp, she looked at him with strange and wondering eyes, and did not speak. She, too, was ready to beat him. He believed that, and so slunk away from her and crouched on his belly in the snow. With him, a broken spirit meant a broken heart, and that night he lurked in one of the deepest shadows about the camp-fire and grieved alone. None knew that it was grief-unless it None knew that it was grief-unless it was the girl. She did not move toward him. She did not speak to him. But she watched him closely-and studied him hardest when he was looking at Mc-Cready.

Later, after Thorpe and his wife had gone into their tent, it began to snow, and the effect of the snow upon McCready puzzled Kazan. The man was restless, and he drank frequently from the flask and he drank frequently from the flask that he had used the night before. In the firelight his face grew redder and red-der, and Kazan could see the strange gleam of his teeth as he gazed at the tent in which his mistress was sleeping. Again and again he went close to that tent, and listened. Twice he heard move-ment. The last time it was the sound of Thorpe's deep breathing. McCready hur-ried back to the fire and turned his face straight up to the sky. The snow was falling so thickly that when he lowered his face he blinked and wiped his eyes. Then he went out into the gloom and bent low over the trail they had made a few hours before. It was almost o-literated by the falling snow. Another hour and there would be no trall-nothing the next day to tell whoever might pass that they had come this way. By morning it would cover everything, even the fire, if he al-lowed it to die down. McCready drank lowed it to die down. McCready drank again, out in the darkness. Low words of an insane joy burst from his lips. His head was hot with a drunken fire. His heart beat madly, but scarcely more furi-ously than did Kazan's when the dog saw that McCready was returning with a club. The club he placed on end against a tree. Then he took a lantern from the sledge and lighted it. He approached Thorpe's tent-fap, the lantern in his hand. Thorpe's tent-flap, the lantern in his hand.

Thorpe's tent-flap, the lantern in his hand. "Ho, Thorpe-Thorpe!" he called. There was no answer. He could hear Thorpe breathing. He drew the flap aside a little and raised his voice. 'Thorpe!

A

untled the flap strings and thrust in his lantern. The light flashed on Isobel's golden head, and McCready started at it. his eyes burning like red coals, until he saw that Thorpe was awakening. Quickly he dropped the flap and rustled it from the outside.

"I never knew him to let any one touch him-with their naked hand," he said in a tense wondering voice. "Move back quictly, Isobel. Good heaven-look at

Kazan whined softly, his bloodshot eyes on the girl's face. He wanted to fe and again; he wanted to touch her face Would they beat him with a club, he wondered, if he dared! He meant no harm now. He would kill for her. He wringed toward her, inch by inch, his wras never faitering. He heard what the man said-"Good heaven! Look at that!" "and he shuddered. But no blow fell to drive him back. His cold muzzle touched her filmy dress, and she looked at him, without moving, her wet eyes blazing like stars.

"See!" she wispered. "See!" Half an inch more-an inch, two inches, and he gave his big gray body a hunch toward her. er. Now his muzzle traveled alowly u rard-over her foot, to the hand and at last touched the warm little hand that hay there. His eyes were still on her face; he saw a queer throbbing in her bare white throat, and then a trem-bing of her lips as she looked up at the man with a wonderful look. He, too, melt down baside them, and patted the dog se his head. Kazan did not like the man's touch. He mistrust dit, as nature had taught him to mistrust the touch of all men's hands, but he permitted it, because he saw that it in some way pleased the girl. lay there. His eyes were still pleased the girl.

"Kazan, old boy, you wouldn't hurt her, ould you?" said his master, softly. you?" said his master, softly oth love her, don't we, boy? Can' alp it, can we? And she's ours, Karan and we're going to take cire of her all

For a work going to take three of her an our lives, and if we ever have to we'll fight for her like hell-won't we? Eh. Kazan, old boy?! For a long time after they left him where he was lying on the rug. Kazan's size did not leave the girl. He watched and listened-and all the time there grow fore and more in him the craving to Steps up to them, ud touch the girl's store and more in him the travel of a orean up to them ... ud touch the girl's hand, or her dress, or her toot. After a time his master said something, and, with a little hugh, the girl jumped up and is not a big, square, sh'ning thing that the constraint in a corner, and which and crosswise in a corner, and which ted a row of white teeth longer than the teeth were for the girl's ingers becked them now, and all the whisper-by of winds that he had ever heard, the manic of the waterfalls and the "sells, and the trilling of birds in spring-

away! He sat suddenly back on his haunches and refused to budge. "Come, Kazan," coaxed the man, 'Come on, boy."

He hung back and showed his white fangs. He expected the lash of a whip or the blow of a club, but neither came. His master laughed and took him back to the house. When they left it again the girl was with them and walked with her hand touching his head. It was she who persuaded him to leap up through a big dark hole into the still darker interior of a car, and it was she who lured

him to the darkest corner of all, where his master fastened his chain. Then they went out, laughing like two children. For hours after that Kazan lay still and tense, listening to the queer rumble of wheels under him. Several times those wheels stopped, and he heard voices outside. At last he was sure that he heard a familiar voice, and he strained at his chain and whined. The closed door slid back. A man with a lantern elimbed in. followed by his master. He paid no attention to them, but glared out through the opening into the gloom of night, He almost broke loose when he leaned down upon the white snow, but when he saw

no one there he stood rigid, sniffing the air. Over him were the stars he had howled at all his life and about him were ain the forests, black and silent, shutting them in like a wall. Vainly he sought for that one scent that was missing, and Thorpe heard the low note of grief in his

ahaggy throat. He took the lantern and heid it above his head, at the same time toosening his hold on the leash. At that signal there came a voice from out of the night. It came from behind them, and Kazan whiried so suddenly that the loosely held chain slipped from the man's hand. He saw the glow of other lanterns. And then, once more, the voice-"Kan-an-zan!"

"Kas-as-san!" He was off like a bolt Thorpe laughed to himself as he followed. "The old pirate!" he chuckled. When he came to the lantefn-lighted space back of the caboose Thorpe found Kazan crouching down at a woman's feet. It was Thorpe's wife. She smiled triumphantity at him as he came up out of the shoom

"Stop!" shouted the m an. "He's dangerous!"

"You've won!" he laughed, not unhapdog." he said. "If it's Pedro, he's bad!"

"I'd have wagered my last dollar he wouldn't do that for any voice on earth. You've won! Kazan, you brute, I've lost shiver. A few minutes before, when the

His face suddenly sobered as Isobel stooped to pick up the end of the chain. "He's yours, Issy," he added quickly, "but you must let me care for him until -we know. Give me the chain. I won't trust him even now. He's a wolf. I've seen him take an Indian's hand off at a single snap. I've seen him tear out another dog's jugular in one leap. He's an outlaw-a bad dog-in spite of the fact that he hung to me like a hero and brought me out alive. I can't trust him. him softly. with him?"

strl.

used. A big fire was burning in front of them. Close to the fire was a long sledge, and fastened to trees just within the outer circle of firelight Kazan saw the

shadowy forms and gleaming eyes of his

teammates. He stood stiff and motion-less while Thorpe fastened him to a aledge. Once more he was back in his forests-and in command. His mistress

In the tent Thorpe was saying:

"I'm sorry old Jackpine wouldn't go back with us, Issy. He drove me down,

Give me the chain---' He did not finish. With the snarl of wild beast Kazan had leaped to his feet. His lips drew up and bared his long fangs. His spine stiffened, and with

sudden cry of warning, Thorpe dropped a hand to the revolver at his belt. Kazan paid no attention to him. An-other form had approached out of the night, and stood now in the circle of illumination made by the lanterns. It was to accompany ; wife back to the was McCready, w' Thorpe and his y Red River camp. where Thorpe was in charge of the building of the new Transcontinental. The man was straight, pow-erfully built and clean shaven. His jaw

do that. He would take off my hand.' He took the lantern from Thorpe and led the way to a narrow snow-path branching off from the track. Hidden was so square that it was brutal, and there was a glow in his eye that was almost like the passion in Kazan's as he looked at Isobel. back in the thick spruce was the camp that Thorpe had left a forhight before. There were two tents there now in place of the one that he and his guide had

Her red and white stocking cap had slipped free of her head and was hang-ing over her shoulder. The dull blaze of the lanterns shone in the warm glow of her hair. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes, suddenly turned to him, were as blue as the bluest bakneesh flower and glowed like diamonds. Mc Cready shifted his gaze, and instantly her hand fell on Kazan's head. For the first time the dog did not seem to feel her touch. He still snarled at Mc-Cready, the rumbling menace in his throat growing deeper. Thorpe's wife tugged at the chain.

'Down, Kasan-down!" she commanded At the sound of her voice he relaxed. "Down!" she repeated, and her free "Down!" she repeated, and har free hand fell on his head again. He slunk to her feet. But his lips were still drawn back. Thorpe was watching him.

He wondered at the deadly venom that shot from the wolfish eyes, and lookeit at McCready. The big guide had uncelled his long dog-whip. A strange look had come into his face. He was staring hard with both hands on his knees, and forward, with both hands on his knees, and for a tenus moment or two he seemed to for-get that Isobel Thorpe's wonderful blue eyes were looking at him.

"Hoo-koosh, Pedro-charge!" That one word-charge was taught only to the dogs in the service of the North-west Mounted Police. Kasan did not move. McCready straightened and quick as a shot sent the long lash of his whip

uring out juto the night with a crack nize a platoi report. "Chargo, Fedro-charge!" The rumble in Kazao's throat deepened a splatof report. Chargo, Fedro-charge!" In an instant Kasan eringed as if touched by a lash. "Got you that ims-didn't I, you eld devili" whispered McCready, his face strangely pais in the freilght. "Charged your name, sh? But I got you-didn't I?"

I could have sworn that I know that

"Pedrol"

Chapter III Thorpe was taking the chain. Only the MCCREADY PAYS THE DEBT. girl saw the look that came for an in-FOR a long time after he had uttered those words McCready sat in silence stant into McCready's face. It made her

beside the fire. Only for a moment or train had first stopped at Les Pas, she two at a time did his eyes leave Kazan. had offered her hand to this man and she After a little, when he was sure that had seen the same thing then. But even Thorpe and Isobel had retired for the as she shuddered she recalled the many night, he went into his ow: tent and rethings her husband had told her of the turned with a flask of whisky. During the forest people. She had grown to love next half hour he drank frequently. Then them, to admire their big, rough manhe went over and sat on the end of the hood and loyal hearts, before he had sledge, leyond the reach of Kazan's chain brought her among them; and suddenly "Got you, didn't I?" he repeated, the she smiled at McCready, struggling to effect of the liquor beginning to show overcome that thrill of fear and dislike. in the glitter of his eyes. "Wonder who "He doesn't like you," she laughed at changed your name, Pedro. And how the "Won't you make friends devil did he come by you? Ho, ho, if you

She drew Kazan toward him, with Thorpe holding the end of the chain, Mocould only talk-" They heard Thorpe's voice inside th Cready came to her alde as she bent over ent. It was followed by a low girlish the dog. His back was to Thorpe as he hunched down. Isobel's bowed head was within a foot of his face. He could see peal of laughter, and McCready jerked himself erect. His face blazed suddenly the glow in her cheek and the pouting red, and he rose to his feet, dropping the curve of her mouth as she quieted the low rumbling in Kazan's throat. Thorpe stood ready to pull back on the chain, flask in his coat pocket. Walking around the fire, he tiptoed cautiously to the but for a moment McCready was between him and his wife, and he could not see McCready's face. The man's eyes were not on Kazan. He was staring at the shadow of a tree close to the tent and stood there for many minutes listening. His eyes burned with a flery madness

when he returned to the sledge and 'You're brave." he said. "I don't dare Kazan. It was midnight before he went into his own tent. In the warmth of the fire Kazan's eyes

slowly closed. He slumbered uneasily, and his brain was filled with troubled pictures. At times he was fighting, and his laws snapped. At others he was straining at the end of his chain, with Mc-Cready or his mistress just out of reach. He felt the gentle touch of the giri's hand again and heard the wonderful sweetness of her voice as she sang to him and his master, and his body trembled and twitched with the thrills that had forests-and in command. Its mistress was laughing and diapping her hands de-lightedly in the excitement of the strange and wonderful life of which she had now become a part. Thorpe had thrown back the flap of their tent, and she was enter-ing ahead of him. She did not look back She spoke no word to him. He whined, and turned his red eyes on McCready. In the tent Thorpe was saving: filled him that night. And then the ploture changed. He was running at the head of a splendld team-six dogs of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police-and his hoyal rotating him Pedrol The scene shifted. They were in camp. His master was young and smooth-faced and he helped from the sledge another man whose hands were fastened in front of him by curious black rings. Again it was later-and he was lying before a great fire.

back with us, isay. He double in own, but for love or money I couldn't get him to return. He's a Mission Indian, and I'd give a month's salary to have you see him handle the dogs. I'm not sure about this man McCready. He's a queer His master was sitting opposite him with his back to a tent, and as he looked, with his back to a test, and as he toked, there came out of the test the man with the black rings—only now the rings were gone and his hands were free, and in one of them he carried a heavy club. He heard the terrible blow of the club as it fell on his master's head—and the sound of it aroused him from his restless about this man McCready. He's a queer chap, the company's agent here tells me, and knows the woods like a book. But dogs don't like a stranger. Kasan isn't going to take to him worth a cent." Kasan heard the girl's voice, and stood rigid and motionless listening to it. He did not hear or see McCready when he came up a stealibily behind him. The

He sprang to his feet, his spine stiffen-Ing and a snarl in his throat. The fire had died doyn and the camp was in the darker came up stealthly behind him. The man's voice came as suddenly as a shot at his heels. gloom that precedes dat n. that gloom Kazan saw McCready Through the was standing close to the tent of his mistrees, and he knew now that this was the man who had wora the black from rings, and that it was he who had beaten him with whip and club for many long days after he had killed his master. Mo-

Cready heard the menace in his throat and came back quickly to the fire. He began to whistle and draw the halfburned logs together, and as the fire blazed up afresh he shouted to awaken Thorpe and Isobel. In a few minutes Thorpe appeared at the tent-flap and his wife followed him out. Her loose hair rippled in billows of gold about her shoulders and she sat down on the sledge, close to Kazan, and began brushing it. McCready came up behind her and fumbled among the packages on the sledge. As if by accident one of his hands buried itself for an instant in the rich treases that flowed down her back. She did not at first feel the caressing touch of his fingers, and Thorpe's back was toward them. Only Kazan saw the stealthy movement

of the hand, the fondling clutch of the fingers in her hair and the mad passion burning in the eyes of the man. Quicker than a lynx, the dog had leaped the length of his chain across the sledge. McCready sprang back just in time, and as Kazan reached the end of his chain he was jerked back so that his body struck sidewise against the girl. Thorpe had turned in time to see the end of the He believed that Kazan had sprung at Isobel, and in his horror no word or cry escaped his lips as he dragged her from where she had half fallen over the sledge. He saw that she was not hurt, and he reached for his revolver. It was in his heister in the tent. At his feet was Mc-Cready's whip and in the passion of the nent he seized it and sprang upon

Kazan. The dog crouched in the snow. He made no move to escape or to attack. Only once in his life could he remember having received a beating like that which

Thorps inflicted upon him now. But not a whimper or a growl escaped him. And then, auddenly, his mlatress ran forward and caught the whip poised above Thorpe's head. "Not another blow!" she cried, and

something in her voice held him from striking. McCready did not hear what she said then, but a strange look came into Thorpe's eyes, and without a word he followed his wife into their tent.

"Kazan did not leap at me." she whispored, and she was trembling with a sudden excitement. Her face was deathly white. "That man was behind me," she went on, clutching her husband by the arm. "I felt him touch me-sad then kazan sprang. He wouldn't hite me. It's the man! There's something-wrong-"

She was almost sobbing, and Thorpe irew her close in his arm. "I hadn't thought before-but it's strangs," he said. "Didn't McCready say something about knowing the dog? It's possible. Perhaps he's had Kasan before

and abused him in a way that the dog has not forgotten. Temorrow I'll find out. But until i know-will you promise to keep away from Kazan?"

laobel gave the promise. When they came out from the tent Kazan lifted his great head. The stinging lash had closed one of his eyes and his mouth was drip-ping blood. Inobei gave a low sob, but did not go near him. Half blinded he knew that his mistruss had stopped his punish-mont, and he whined softly, and wagsed his thick tail in the snew. blower had he delt so minera

"Ho, Thorpe!-Thorpe!" he called again.

This time Thorpe replied. "Hello, McCready-is that you?" McCready drew the flap back a little

and spoke in a low voice. "Yes. Can you come out a minute? Something's happening out in the woods.

Don't wake up your wife!' He drew back and waited. A minute later Thorpe came quietly out of the tent. McCready pointed into the thick spruce.

"I'll swear there's some one nosing around the camp," he said. "I'm certain that I saw a man out there a few minutes ago when I went for a log. It's a good night for stealing dogs. Here-you take the lantern! If I wasn't clean fooled, we'll find a trail in the snow."

He gave Thorpe the lantern and picked up the heavy club. A growi rose in Kazan's throat, but he choked it back.

He wanted to snari forth his warning, to leap at the end of his leash, but he knew that if he did that they would return and beat him. So he lay still, trem-Hing and shivering, and whining softly. He watched them until they disappeared -and then waited-listened. At last he heard the crunch of snow. He was not surprised to see McCready come back alone. He had expected him to return alone. For he knew what a club meantly

McCready's face was terrible now. It was like a beast's. He was hatless. Kazan slunk deeper in his shadow at the low horrible laugh that fell from his for the man still held the club. moment he dropped that and approached the tent.

He drew back the flap and peered in Thorpe's wife was sleeping, and quietly as a cat he entered and hi d as hung the lantern on a nail in the tent pole. His movement did not awaken her, and a few moments he stood there, staroutside, crouching in the deep shadow,

Kazan tried to fathom the meaning of these strange things that were happen-ing. Why had his master and Me-Cready gone out into the forest? Why had not his master returned? It was his master, and not McCready, who belonged in that tent. Then why was McCready there? He watched McCready as he entered, and suddenly the dog was on his feet, his back tonse and bristling, him limbs rigid. He saw McCready's huge shadow on the canvas, and a moment later there came a strange pletomoment later there came a strange piece-ing cry. In the wild terror of that cry he recognized her voice and he leaped toward the tent. The least stopped him, choking the snari in his throat. He saw the sindows struggling now, and there came cry after cry. She was calling to his master, and with his master's name she was calling him: "Karan-Karan-""

He leaped again, and was thrown upon his back. A second and a third time he sprang the length of the leash into the night, and the babliche cord about his neck cut into his flesh like a knifs. ichica. his neck cut into his heat here is sinted. He stopped for an instant, gasping for breath. The shadows were still fighting. Now they were upright! Now they were crumpling down? With a flerce smart ha fung his whole weight more more at the end of the chain. There was a snap, as the thong about his neck gave away.

Continued in Tomorrow's Evening Ledger