KAZAN

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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Thorpe comes south from the frozen Northland to wed. With him he brings his great dog Kazan, also called the Wild Dog because of his fierceness. Kazan lies sulking in a room when Isobel, Thorpe's fiancee, rushes in and falls on her knees beside him. Thorpe shouts a warning, but she does not heed. Kazan lies still, every muscle a-quiver. Never before has any person dared to touch him save with a whip, but this time he does not snap. Isobel then plays the piano and the dog comes and lies at her side. As days pass Kazan's attachment for her grows. Thorpe and Isobel wed and with Kazan start back to the North. They are met by McCready, a giant guide of brutal appearance. Kazan remembers McCready as the man who murdered his former master. The trio start northward and from the very first McCready stealthily follows Thorpe's bride with his eyes. The first night he begins drinking. Next morning Isobel is sitting on the sledge, her loose hair falling about her shoulders, when McCready comes up behind her and buries his hand in her tresses. Kazan seeing the movement, leaps at McCready who springs back just in time. Thorpe, thinking the dog has sprung at Isobel, seizes a whip and begins lashing Kazan. Isobel seizes Thorpe's hand and sobbing tells him of McCready's advance. The second night McCready drinks again. Late at night Kazan sees him disappear among the trees and return with a club. McCready arouses Thorpe and tells him he has heard some one prowling about the camp. The two disappear, but the rude returns alone. His face is like a beast's. He rushes into the tent where Isobel is sleeping. The next instant Kazan hears her calling his master. The great dog throws his whole weight against the leash and it parts with a snap.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

IN HALF a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap. With a snarl he was at McCready's throat. The first snap of his powerful jaws was death, but he did not know that. He knew only that his mistress was there, and that he was fighting for her. There came one choking gasping cry that ended with a terrible sob; it was McCready. The man sank from his knees upon his back, and Kazan thrust his fangs deeper into his enemy's throat; he felt the warm blood.

The dog's mistress was calling to him now. She was pulling at his shaggy neck. But he would not loose his hold—not for a long time.

When he did his mistress looked down once upon the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the blankets. She was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan muzzled them tenderly. Her eyes were closed. He snuggled up close against her, with his ready jaws turned toward the dead man. Why was she so still, he wondered?

A long time passed, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him.

Then he heard a step outside.

It was his master, and with that old thrill of fear—fear of the club—he went swiftly to the door. Yes, there was his master in the firelight—and in his hand he held the club. He was coming slowly, almost falling at each step, and his face was red with blood. But he had the club! He would beat him again—beat him terribly for hurting McCready; so Kazan slipped quietly under the tent-flap and stole off into the shadows. From out the gloom of the thick spruce he looked back, and a low whine of love and grief rose and died softly in his throat. They would beat him always now—after that. Even she would beat him. They would hunt him down and beat him when they found him.

From out of the glow of the fire he turned his wolfish head to the depths of the forest. There were no clubs or stinging lashes out in that gloom. They would never find him there.

For another moment he wavered. And then, as silently as one of the wild creatures whose blood was partly his, he stole away into the blackness of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

FREE FROM BONDS.

THERE was a low moaning of the wind in the spruce tops as Kazan slunk off into the blackness and mystery of the forest. For hours he lay near the camp, his red and blistered eyes gazing steadily at the tent wherein the terrible thing had happened a little while before.

He knew now what death was. He could tell it farther than man. He could smell it in the air. And he knew that there was death all about him, and that he was the cause of it. He lay on his belly in the deep snow and shivered, and the three-quarters of him that was dog whined in a grief-stricken way, while the quarter that was wolf still revealed itself menacingly in his fangs and in the vengeful glare of his eyes.

Three times the man—his master—came out of the tent and shouted loudly, "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"

Three times the woman came with him. In the firelight Kazan could see her shining hair streaming about her, as he had seen it in the tent, when he had leaped up and killed the other man. In her blue eyes there was the same wild terror and her face was white as the snow. And the second and third time, she, too, called, "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan"—and all that part of him that was dog, and not wolf, trembled joyously at the sound of her voice, and he almost crept in to take his beating. But fear of the club was the greater, and he held back, hour after hour, until now it was silent again in the tent, and he could no longer see their shadows and the fire was dying down.

Cautiously he crept out from the thick gloom, working his way on his belly toward the packed sledge and what remained of the burned logs. Beyond that sledge, hidden in the darkness of the trees, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap.

He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to slink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising from out of the gray ash of the fire-bed, and his eyes closed. Twice—three times—he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time his eyes came only half open, and closed heavily again.

And now, in his sleep, he whined softly, and the splendid muscles of his legs and shoulders twitched, and sudden shuddering ripples ran along his tawny spine. Thorpe, who was in the tent, if he had seen him, would have known that he was dreaming. And Thorpe's wife, whose golden head lay close against his breast, and who shuddered and trembled now and then even as Kazan was doing, would have known what he was dreaming about.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine as stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape——

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and paused, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She would have loved him. She did love him. And he would have followed her, and fought for her always, and died for her when the time came. But Thorpe had come to from the forest again and Kazan had slunk away quickly—for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to him now: The club, the whip and the strange things that spat fire and death. And now——

Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward the thing covered by the blanket.

Then she spoke to Thorpe and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head.

"H-o-o-o-o— Kazan— Kazan— Kazan!" he called.

A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to inveigle him back. He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan—Kazan—Ka-a-a-a-zan!" he shouted again.

Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing of death that Thorpe held in his hand. He turned his head once, and whined softly, and for an instant a great longing filled his reddened eyes as he saw the last of the girl.

He knew now that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky.

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered.

"He is gone."

The man's strong voice choked a little.

"Yes, he is gone. He knew—and I didn't. I'd give—a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm.

"He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back——"

"Listen!"

From deep in the forest there came a long wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him as they faded away before dawn. Now and then, since the day the traders had first bought him and put him into sledge traces away over on the Mackenzie, he had often thought of his freedom longingly, the wolf blood in him urging him to take it. But he had never quite dared. It thrilled him now. There were no clubs here, no whips, none of the man-beasts whom he had first learned to distrust and then to hate.

It was his misfortune—that quarter-strain wolf; and the clubs, instead of subduing him, had added to the savagery that was born in him. Men had been his worst enemies. They had beaten him time and again until he was almost dead. They called him "bad" and stepped wide of him, and never missed the chance to snap a whip over his back. His body was covered with scars they had given him.

He had never felt kindness, or love, until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch and her sweet voice had sent through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledge, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge-mountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and day was like twilight. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him demanded the first and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not yet quite born.

Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of pursuit, and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed.

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time. He wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, or as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quivered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the hoofs of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood. There was an owl's head, feathers, wings and entrails lying here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him whine, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it, and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the tattoo of a clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was his cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed and he growled deep in his throat. He wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

CONTINUED MONDAY.

$50 BILL FLUTTERS OUT 13TH FLOOR WINDOW: CAUGHT IN AIR

Captured by a Hotel Porter Before It Touches the Ground

A $50 bill was swept out of a 13th floor window of the Bellevue-Stratford by a playful breeze. This was while the New Year's revels were, as some people say, at their height, and those who say that usually pronounce "height" with the final "h". There was in that bill the capacity for giving New Year revelry at the height of 13 stories, and if that was what the money was for the owner was not going to lose the chance to spend it. As the $50 bill fluttered and spun and whirled in spirals toward Broad street he rushed to the phone.

"St-st-st-stop that $50 bill," he stuttered to the clerk at his desk 13 stories nearer the centre of the earth.

"I am prepared," replied the clerk, calmly, "to stop anything except a bill. If the bill is for you, I trust that you will pay it without a murmur.

By this time the $50 had reached the third floor and was twirling nearer and nearer to its logical doom in a waste paper can. The stutterer fumed over the wire.

"Th-th-that's what I want to pay my b-b-bill withtha $50 note that is d-d-dropping d-d-down from the window."

Then the clerk sent a porter out into Broad street and the porter deftly caught the $50 bill and returned with it nonchalantly to the desk. It was sent up to the 13th floor.

ALAS FOR FINNEY'S TOES

Mrs. Castle's Dancing Partner in Unpleasant Mixup in Broad Street

The valuable toes of Olin Finney, who dances with Mrs. Vernon Castle while Vernon Castle is on his way to drop bombs on Germans, have been stepped upon. They have been trodden upon by—Oh, no, no, not that; not by Mrs. Castle!—but by "a big, burly sort of person," who was celebrating the New Year by dancing about the sidewalk.

They mixed it up a little in Broad street, it was reported, while merry-makers with horns looked on, never missing a note as they watched, blowing. Mr. Finney got a scratch under the eyebrow, a soiled collar and a dirty bootmark upon his spats. He gave the burly one several blows, but could do little damage, as the latter wore no collar or spats to get soiled.

MISS COFFIN, MAIN LINE GIRL, MAKES GOOD RUNNING GIFT SHOP

Quits Idleness and Easygoing Life to Enter Real Business—Declares Every Girl Should Learn How to Do Something

FORTY years ago girls with any social standing at all were satisfied to lead idle lives until they were married or to sit at home and let their nearest male relative support them if they didn't marry, meanwhile bemoaning the fate that prevented them from having all the frills and furbelows they wanted.

The girl of today is an entirely different type. If she has not what she wants or if the family fortunes are temporarily or permanently impaired she goes out and seeks a job or starts some money making scheme for herself. Many girls grown tired of society's frivolous demands have gladly given it up for the more purposeful world of business.

Of this latter type is Miss Elizabeth Coffin, one of the several Main Line girls who have recently gone into business for themselves. Miss Coffin had devoted a great deal of her life to the study of music, but she realized that it would avail her little as an income producer, so she decided in spite of her family's opposition to start a business for herself.

Through a friend she obtained a tiny shop in West Philadelphia, which had been used for a Christmas sale, and there for the last two years has not only done a successful business but has made a name for her shop in the nearby suburbs as the best place to buy dainty gifts.

Miss Coffin, with a true business sense, felt the need of such a shop as she planned; she knew that the women of West Philadelphia would be glad of a chance to buy gifts and baby clothes, not only at reasonable prices, but in a quiet place where everything was at hand, so she made ready to supply them with just such an opportunity. Her first idea was to get the services of so-called "decayed gentlewomen" for the fine sewing, but she found through practical experience that girls who were accustomed to working regularly were more satisfactory and she now has a corps of Spanish sewing girls who do exquisite work.

Miss Coffin believes that no matter what a girl's station in life or what her future prospects are, she should be taught some business or trade, even if she never uses it.

"You can never tell," she said, "what is going to happen. I have known girls who had everything heart could wish or money could buy suddenly find themselves with nothing but some expensive clothes, through death or failure or something. And those same girls had to stand the most humiliating things from friends and relatives, because they could not earn their own money and had to rely on the kindness of others for their very living.

"Of course," she continued, "lots of girls become social secretaries or companions to elderly relatives; but that, somehow, does not seem to me like really earning your living. It is more like disguised charity."

FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB

Happy, happy New Year to the Rainbow Club, and a great big welcome to 1916!

GOOD-NIGHT TALK

Dear Children—A very dear lady said to me the other day: "Why does the sun rise?"

All children's editors are very wise and SUPPOSED to know EVERYTHING. But in all my life I had never stopped to ask myself: "Why does the sun rise?" I have seen its gold rays rise as though from the ocean itself. I have seen the sun rise over the mountains and across the plains. But why?

The sun, dear children, rises because it HAS TO!

Remember that when you want to lie in bed in the morning. The sun HAS TO get up and is never, never late. So let it be with you.

If you HAVE TO do something you don't like, just remember dear old Father Sun who never tires—who never uses an alarm clock.

Remember that if Father Sun forgot to rise just one thing would happen—it would be the END OF THE WORLD.

Whatever you have to do, DO IT!

FARMER SMITH,
Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

FARMER SMITH, The Children's Editor,
The Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.
I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to
DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY.
SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.
NAME .....
Address .....
Age .....
School I attend .....

Our Postoffice Box

Welcome, another pair of twins, Beatrice and Cecelia Mayerson, Thompson street. A very sweet letter accompanied the picture. It says:

"My sister and I are twins. We have read the stories in the EVENING LEDGER and have enjoyed them very much. We are going to hold Rainbow Club meetings at our house once a week."

BEATRICE AND CECELIA MAYERSON.

Rose Conforto, South 13th street, wrote us a very nice letter. She is only 9 years old and we are quite proud of her. Rose Fisher, North 4th street, is very anxious to send postal cards to the shut-ins. If any more club members would like to do that, the club will gladly furnish them with the names of little ones who would be happy to receive their bright little messages.

Mary Heaney, North 27th street, sends a lovely little note on her very own stationery. Many of her friends have joined the club and we trust that each one of them will be faithful to the postoffice box. Francis Lee, Pemberton street: "I am very glad I joined the Rainbow Club." So are we, Francis, our heart goes pit-a-pat every time the mail man comes in with his bag full of new members!

Honor Roll

(For week ending December 18.)
Otto Kaufman, Butler st.
Madeline Cuneo, Salter st.
Elsie Birchey, N. American st.
Lottie Cays, Fairmount ave.
Esther Hill, N. College ave.
Rose Arata, New Market st.
Marizita McKeon, Merion, Pa.
Harry Steffler, W. York st.
Hannah Hymen, Richmond st.
Mildred Di Santi, Carpenter st.

The Story of a Raindrop

DOWN!

DOWN!

DOWN!

The afternoon was dark and little Willie Raindrop found himself slowly slipping, slipping from the great big black cloud which hung in the heavens.

Suddenly he felt himself whirling through the air, but as he went toward the earth he became rounder and rounder until he felt like a little ball.

Looking down underneath he saw a tree.

"OO! Oo!" he said to himself, "I hope I don't hit that awful-looking thing."

But before he knew it, he had landed gently on something which looked to him very much like the blue sky. Then he said out loud:

"Perhaps I fell up and landed on a piece of the sky."

"Oh, no, you didn't," said a sweet voice near him. "You landed on a violet."

"Excuse me," said little Willie Raindrop, "you were so blue that I thought you were the sky."

"No, indeed," said the sweet little voice, "but I stole my color from the sky."

They were quiet for a long time, then Willie Raindrop said: "I wonder what happens next!"

"You must be patient," said the violet with a sweet voice. "By and by you will sink into the deep moist earth and then come out into the babbling brook, flow on into the rippling river and then to Mother Ocean where you may stay for a year and a day and then come back to your home in the sky."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed little Willie Raindrop.

By this time it was night and the clouds overhead began to pour down other raindrops once more and soon another little raindrop joined Willie, and sure enough he sank into the deep, soft earth and began his long, beautiful journey.

We shall hear more of little Willie Raindrop as he nestles there in dear Mother Earth.

Do You Know This?

1. What is the matter with this sentence? "I'm alright." (Five credits.)

2. Without using the same letter twice in the same word, how many words can you build from TYPEWRITER? (Five credits.)

3. What is the smallest State in the United States? (Five credits.)

The names of those who joined the Rainbow Club this week will be found on page 13.

THE MAN

—of whom Thomas W. Lawson said:

"I would rather own his God-driven pen than Rockefeller's and Morgan's combined fortunes."

—of whom the Australasian "Nation" said:

"He will be the pathfinder for an army of conquerors."

—of whom the London "Academy" said:

"As a figure, as a personality, a force, he has no living rival."

—of whom the Houston "Chronicle" said:

"He is a torpedo shot from the torpedo tube of the twentieth century and aimed at the obstacles that stand in the way of the twenty-first century."

—of whom the Portland "Oregonian" said:

"He is a new King Solomon and with a dash of Robert Louis Stevenson."

---Will be NAMED in

Tomorrow's

PUBLIC LEDGER