

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — HE DIDN'T KNOW PANTALETTS WERE IN STYLE AGAIN

BY C. A. VOIGHT



THE NEW "CALL OF THE WILD"

KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

AUTHOR PHILIP STEELE, THE DANGER TRAIL, ETC.

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CHAPTER V (Continued).

It was a strong pack, filled with old and fearless hunters. Gray Wolf was the youngest, and she kept close to Kazan's shoulders. She could see nothing of his red shot eyes and dripping jaws, and would not have understood if she had seen. But she could feel and she was thrilled by the spirit of that strange and mysterious savagery that had made Kazan forget all things but hunt and death.

The pack made no sound. There was only the panting of breath and the soft fall of many feet. They ran swiftly and close. And always Kazan was a leap ahead, with Gray Wolf nosing his shoulder.

Never had he wanted to kill as he felt the desire in him to kill now. For the first time he had no fear of man, no fear of the club, of the whip, or of the thing that blazed forth fire and death. He ran more swiftly, in order to overtake them and give them battle sooner. All of the pent up madness of four years of slavery and abuse at the hands of men broke loose in thin red streams of fire in his veins, and when at last he saw a moving blotch far out on the plain ahead of him, the cry that came out of his throat was one that Gray Wolf did not understand.

Three hundred yards beyond that moving blotch was the thin line of timber, and Kazan and his followers bore down swiftly. Half way to the timber they were almost upon it, and suddenly it stopped and became a black and motionless shadow on the snow. From out of it there leaped that lightning tongue of flame that Kazan had always dreaded, and he heard the hissing song of the death over his head. He did not mind it now. He yelled sharply, and the wolves raced in until four of them were neck and neck with him.

A second flash — and the death drove from breast to tail of a huge gray fighter close to Gray Wolf. A third — a fourth — a fifth spurt of fire from the black shadow, and Kazan himself felt a sudden swift, passing of a red hot thing along his shoulder, where the man's last bullet struck off the hair and stung his flesh.

Three of the pack had gone down under the fire of the rifle, and half of the others were swinging to the right and the left. But Kazan drove straight ahead. Faithfully Gray Wolf followed him.

The sledge dogs had been freed from their traces, and as they could reach the man whom he saw with his rifle held like a club in his hands, Kazan was met by the fighting mass of them. He fought like a fiend, and there was the strength and the fierceness of two mates in the mad gnashing of Gray Wolf's fangs. Two of the wolves rushed in, and Kazan heard the terrific back breaking thud of the rifle. To him it was the club. He wanted to reach it. He wanted to reach the man who held it, and he freed himself from the fighting mass of the dogs and sprang to the sledge. For the first time he saw that there was something human on the sledge, and in an instant he was upon it. He buried his face deep. They sank in something soft and hairy, and he opened them for another lunge. And then he heard the voice. It was her voice! Every muscle in his body stood still. He became suddenly like flesh turned to lifeless stone.

Her voice! The bear rug was thrown back and what had been hidden under it he saw clearly now in the light of the moon and the stars. In him instinct worked more swiftly than human brain could have given birth to reason. It was not she. But the voice was the same, and the white girlish face so close to his own blood-reddened eyes held in it that same mystery that he had learned to love. And he saw now that which was clutching to her breast, and there

CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

A VISIT TO BILLIE BUSHYTAIL.

You remember how Lulu and Jimmie had to be punished for disobeying their papa and mamma, and going too near the waterfall, I suppose? They couldn't go in swimming for three days. Well, the three days were very nearly up; that is there was just one day left, so Lulu said:

"Come on Jimmie, we will go for a walk in the woods. Don't you want to come, too, Alice?"

"Now, of course, Alice could go in the water if she wanted to, for she was not punished, as she had not gone near the waterfall, but instead of going swimming alone, she stayed with her brother and sister, and I call that very kind of her. So when Lulu asked her to take a walk in the woods, Alice answered:

"Of course, I will go with you. Who knows, perhaps we may have an adventure!" For you see Alice was very romantic. That is, she always hoped something would happen that never had happened before, and she was always hoping a fairy prince would come along, and rescue her from some danger. But, up to this time, nothing like this had ever occurred, though those duck children are going to have a small adventure pretty soon, I think.

"All right," spoke Jimmie, "let's take a walk, and see what happens." So they walked on through the woods, which were very fine that day, and they felt the nice, warm, brown earth on their yellow feet, and it was almost as good as going in the water. Pretty soon, just after they had passed under a buttonball tree, the ducklings heard a noise, and who should run out from under a bush but little Sister Sallie. You remember her, I hope; Sister Sallie, who was named after Lolly-pop-Lally, and who lived with Johnnie and Billie Bushytail.

"Why, Sister Sallie!" cried Lulu Wibblewobble, "where are you going this bright, beautiful sunny day?"

"I'm going for the doctor," answered Sister Sallie.

"Are you sick?" inquired Jimmie.

"You don't look so."

"No, it's Billie Bushytail," said the little girl squirrel. "He is quite ill, and I am going for Dr. Possum. Billie has a fever and headache, and he snuffles something terrible. His papa and mamma are quite worried about him. Isn't it terrible to be sick?"

"I don't know," answered Jimmie, "for I was never sick."

"But, Billie!" remarked Alice, "and it is not nice, I do assure you. Suppose we go call on Billie Bushytail. Maybe we could cheer him up."

"I think that would be lovely," spoke Sister Sallie. "You go see him, while I hurry for the doctor."

So the three Wibblewobble children walked on through the pleasant woods, until they came to the place where the Bushytail family had moved. Their home was now in a hollow stump, close to the ground, and there was a fallen tree leading up to it, just like a plank over the brook, so the ducks could easily walk up it. They went right to the front door, and Jimmie knocked with his strong, yellow bill. Mrs. Bushytail opened the door, and when she saw the little ducklings, she said:

"Oh, my dears! Do not come too near, for we don't know what disease Billie may have. I would not want you to catch it."

"Oh, we are not afraid," spoke Jimmie. "But will not come too near. We were out walking in the woods, and we met little Sister Sallie. We came to call on Billie, and cheer him up."

"That is very kind of you," said Mamma Bushytail. "The poor little

BEAUTY CHATS

Edna Kent Forbes

Beautifying One's Eyes

IN CHILDHOOD, the eyes are round, and charming in their straight ahead gaze. But as the mind grows, the eyes elongate to an oval—if not, it is a sign that the mind has not developed. On the contrary, if the eye lengthens too much, it marks the growth of a suspicious, crafty nature.

A wide, clear eye, with the least droop at the corners, is the ideal of present-day standards in beauty. They say the Empress Eugenie had the most perfect pair of languorous droopy eyes, of any famous beauty. And this droop may be cultivated easily, by frequently drawing out the corners of the eyes, with the least downward motion, letting the pull come from the upper lid. This will increase the size of the eye just the faintest bit, and will counteract the bead-like look that spoils most round-eyed people.

Aside from this, nothing should be done to the eyes, to beautify it, except to improve the eyelash and brow. If these do not measure up to standard. Light blue to the blackest of black eyes will be improved and apparently enlarged, if the lashes are long and sweeping. Besides, long lashes shade the eye itself, protecting it from dust and from the glare of the sun. And they soften the expression, giving a dreamy charm that nothing can equal.

There are any number of reliable creams which by their nature will feed and nourish scanty brows and lashes, and make them grow long and thick. These are to be applied with a soft camel's hair brush at night, touching the roots of the hairs, without getting near the brim of the eyeball itself. A recipe for the best known of these will be sent upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Even more important, though, is the cultivation of a bright, animated expression, to lend depth and life to the eye's appearance.

Questions and Answers

Can you give me a remedy for superfluous flesh? I think it would do me all the good in the world if I were thinner.—B.

Reply—No, but I will if you will mail me a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Can you give me a recipe for a good shampoo in these columns?—Grace.

Reply—No, but I will if you will mail me a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



Lashes and brows need to be nourished too

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

My cuzzin Artie and me was playing cards today in the front hall, Artie being the elephant and me being the anhill trainer, and I made him do awl sawts of tricks including sum even a reelfunt coodent properly do, in cloddng spinning erround awn his tale and singing Its a Lawng Way to Tipparary wile he was standing awn his frunt legs, and aftir we got tired thinking up noo trikis I sed, Lets go up in the setting room and show pop and ma. Awl rite, sed the elephant. And we went upstairs and I stuck my hed in the setting room door, saying, Pop, do you want to see a trained elefant, Sure, bring him alawng, ha, ha, sed pop.

Ma, do you want to see a trained elefant, I sed.

O, well if it amuses yure farthir, sed ma.

Jumbo, come in, I sed. And Artie calm wawking in awn his hands and feet, swinging his hed frum wun side to the uthir like a elefant wawking, and pop startid to laff, saying, Ha, ha, very good, Eddy, ha, ha.

Jumbo, stand awn wun hine leg and say Mamma, I sed.

Which the elefant did, and then I made him stick his foot up to his nooze and wiggle it and kratrch for fees and uthir things you dont jrenelly sed elefants doing, and then I sed, Now lift me up awn yure trunk. And I quick sat down awn his hed wen he wasent ipeckting it and his hed went down and hit the floor a fereck crack and the elefant got mad and startid to hit his trainer and a pritty existinge fite was going awn by the time pop jumped up and pulled us apart, saying, Hay, hay, I didnt say I wuntid to stay and see the consert aftir the main show, heer, heers 3 sentis for the elefant if he promises to let by gones be gones.

Wich Artie promised and pop gave him the 3 sentis and me and Artie went out and had a argewment about weathir letting by gones be gones ment giving me wun of the 3 sentis.

once more saw moving life.

The man was returning, and with him was the girl. Her voice was soft and sweet, and there was about her the breath and sweetness of woman. The man stood prepared, but not threatening.

"Be careful, Joan," he warned. She dropped on her knees in the snow, just out of reach.

"Come, boy — come!" she said gently. She held out her hand. Kazan's muscles twitched. He moved an inch — two inches toward her. There was the old light in her eyes and face now, the love and gentleness he had known once before, when another wo-

(To be continued.)