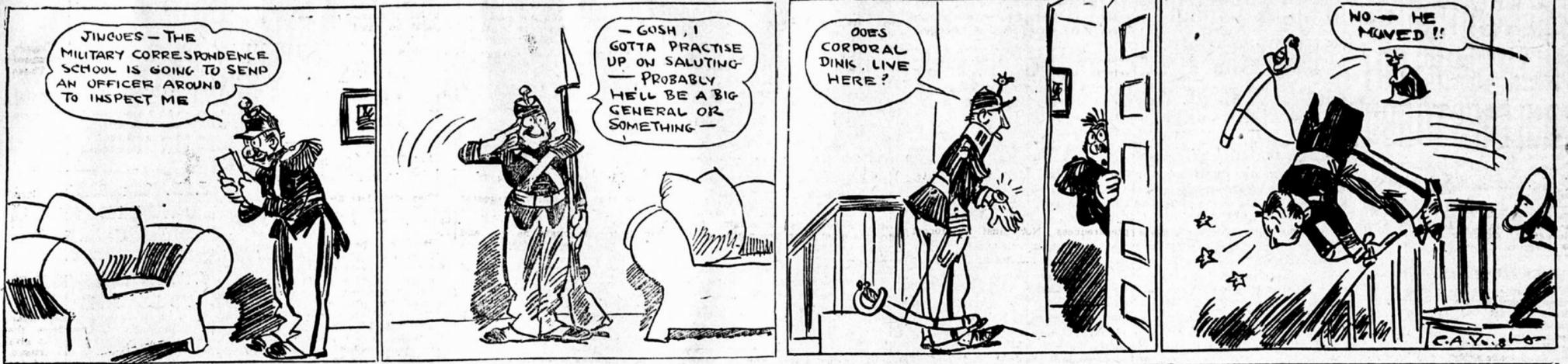


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — THE INSPECTING OFFICER'S WRIST WATCH JARRED HIS NERVES

BY C. A. VOIGHT



THE NEW "CALL OF THE WILD"

KAZAN

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

AUTHOR OF PHILIP STEELE, THE DANGER TRAIL, etc.

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CHAPTER VI (Continued.)

"He can't walk," she cried, a sudden tremble in her voice. "Look, mon pere! Here is a terrible cut. We must carry him."

"I guessed that much," replied Radisson. "For that reason I brought the blanket. Mon Dieu, listen to that!"

From the darkness of the forest there came a low wailing cry.

Kazan lifted his head and a trembling whine answered in his throat. It was Gray Wolf calling to him.

It was a miracle that Pierre Radisson should put the blanket about Kazan and carry him in to the camp, without scratch or bite. It was this miracle that he achieved, with Joan's arm resting on Kazan's shaggy neck as she held one end of the blanket. They laid him down close to the fire, and after a little it was the man again who brought warm water and washed away the blood from the torn leg, and then put something on it that was soft and warm and soothing, and finally bound a cloth about it.

All this was strange and new to Kazan. Pierre's hand, as well as the girl's, stroked his head. It was the man who brought him a gruel of meat and tallow, and urged him to eat, while Joan sat with her chin in her two hands, looking at the dog, and talking to him. After this, when he was quite comfortable, and no longer in pain, he heard a strange small cry from the furry bundle on the sledge that brought his head up with a jerk.

Joan saw the movement and heard the low answering whimper in his throat. She turned quickly to the bundle, talking and cooing to it as she took it in her arms, and then she pulled back the bearskin so that Kazan could see. He had never seen a baby before, and Joan held it out before him so that he could look straight at it and see what a wonderful creature it was. Its little pink face started steadily at Kazan. Its tiny fists reached out, and it made queer little sounds at him and then suddenly it kicked and screamed with delight and laughed. At those sounds Kazan's whole body relaxed, and he dragged himself to the girl's feet.

"See, he likes the baby!" she cried. "Mon pere, we must give him a name. What shall it be?"

"Wait till morning for that," replied the father. "It is late, Joan. Go into the tent, and sleep. We have no dogs now, and will travel slowly. So we must start early."

With her hand on the tent flap, Joan turned.

"He came with the wolves," she said. "Let us call him Wolf." With one arm she was holding the little Joan. The other she stretched out to Kazan. "Wolf! Wolf!" she called softly.

Kazan's eyes were on her. He knew that she was speaking to him, and he drew himself a foot toward her.

"He knows it already!" she cried. "Good night, mon pere."

For a long time after she had gone into the tent, old Pierre Radisson sat on the edge of the sledge, facing the fire, with Kazan at his feet. Suddenly the silence was broken again by Gray Wolf's lonely howl deep in the forest. Kazan lifted his head and whined.

"She's calling for you, boy," said Pierre understandingly.

He coughed and clutched a hand to his breast, where the pain seemed rending him.

"Frost bitten lung," he said, sneaking straight at Kazan. "Got it early in the winter, up at Fond du Lac. Hope we'll get home — in time — with the kids."

In the loneliness and emptiness of the big northern wilderness one falls into the habit of talking to one's self. But Kazan's head was alert, and his eyes watchful, so Pierre spoke to him.

"We've got to get them home, and there's only you and me to do it," he said, twisting his beard. Suddenly he

BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORBES

Rolling Off Flesh

IT IS only when too much fat is considered as a disease and treated as such, that there is any hope of "reducing"; and the first aid, of course, is to study the nature and cause of the disease of over-abundant flesh.

First of all, fat is laid on particle by particle, and it is a long time in coming—reduction therefore must be equally slow, a wearing away and absorbing of the fatty parts, or the flesh that has stretched to cover the increasing bulk will hang in loose and flabby folds, and the woman will look years and years older. Most fat women live in closed rooms, breathing air that has been breathed before, they move about comparatively little and their minds are not actively working all the time.

This is the rule. The exceptions of course may be counted by thousands, but the rule holds good nevertheless. However, there is always a chance to take off the worst of the extra flesh.

First by dieting, eliminating most fatty foods, practically all sweets, and all in between meal tidbits.

Again, there is vigorous exercise, as mentioned in another article here some while back.

And then, there is rolling. Some while back, the idea came out that if a woman laid on the floor and rolled up and down the room it would reduce her, and it became quite a popular pastime—it may even have done some good. But rolling a plain wooden rolling pin over the fatty parts of the body by its friction and weight will crush and destroy the particles of useless flesh. The back of the shoulder is one of the prettiest parts of the body if it is slim and flat, one of the ugliest if it is too fleshy. And rolling a rolling pin over the shoulders, or having it done for one, is an excellent remedy.

Reply—Wear a snugly fitted corset cover that will fit down over the top of the corset. Also, wear the corsets loose enough so that the flesh can be accommodated around the waist, not squeezed out above the stays.

What can I do to make my hair grow down over my forehead? My forehead is too high and makes me look starchy.—C. H. M.

Reply—Comb your hair down over



A plain rolling-pin will make a shapely back

He did not finish. He was choking back one of those tearing coughs when the tent flap dropped behind him. Kazan lay stiff and alert, his eyes filled with a strange anxiety. He did not like to see Radisson enter the tent stronger than ever there hung that oppressive mystery in the air about him, and it seemed to be a part of Pierre.

Three times that night he heard faithful Gray Wolf calling for him deep in the forest, and each time he answered her. Toward dawn she came in close to camp. Once he caught the scent of her when she circled around in the wind, and he tugged and whined at the end of his chain, hoping that she would come in and lie down at his side. But no sooner had Radisson moved in the tent than Gray Wolf was gone. The man's face was thinner and his eyes were redder this morning. His cough was not so loud or so rending. It was like a wheeze, as if something had given way inside, and before the girl came out he clutched his hands often at his throat. Joan's face whitened when she saw him. Anxiety gave way to fear in her eyes. Pierre Radisson laughed when she flung her arms about him, and coughed to prove that what he said was true.

"You see the cough is not so bad, my Joan," he said. "It is breaking up. You can not have forgotten, ma cherie! It always leaves one red eyed and weak."

It was a cold bleak dark day that followed, and though it Kazan and the man tugged at the fore of the sledge, with Joan following in the trail behind. Kazan's wound no longer hurt him. He pulled steadily with all his splendid strength, and the man never lashed him once, but patted him with his mittened hand on head and back. The day grew steadily darker and in the tops of the trees there was the low moaning of a storm.

Darkness and the coming of the storm did not drive Pierre Radisson to camp. "We must reach the river," he said to himself over and over

"We're almost home, Joan. That is our river out there — the Little Beaver. If I should run away and leave you tonight you could follow it right to our cabin. It's only forty miles. Do you hear?"

"Yes — I know —"

"Forty miles — straight down the river. You couldn't lose yourself, Joan. Only you'd have to be careful of air-holes in the ice."

"Won't you come to bed father? You're tired — and almost sick."

"Yes — after I smoke," he repeated. "Joan, will you keep reminding me to-morrow of the air-holes? I might forget. You can always tell them, for the snow and the crust over them are whiter than that on the rest of the ice and like a sponge. Will you remember — the air holes—"

"Yes—s—"

Pierre dropped the tent flap and returned to the fire. He staggered as he walked.

"Good night, boy," he said. "Guess I'd better go in with the kids. Two days more — forty miles — two days!"

Kazan watched him as he entered the tent. He laid his weight against the end of his chain until the collar shut off his wind. His legs and back twitched. In that tent where Radisson had gone were Joan and the baby. He knew that Pierre would not hurt them, but he knew also that with Pierre Radisson something terrible and impending was hovering very near to them. He wanted the man outside by the fire — where he could lie still and watch him.

In the tent there was silence. Nearer to him than before came Gray Wolf's cry. Each night she was calling earlier, and coming closer to the camp. He wanted her very near to him tonight, but he did not even whine in response. He dared not break that strange silence in the tent. He lay still for a long time, tired and lame from the day's journey, but sleepless. The fire burned lower; the wind in the tree tops died away; and the thick gray clouds rolled like a massive curtain from under the skies. The stars began to glow white and metallic and from far in the north there came faintly a crisp moaning sound, like steel sleigh runners running over frosty snow — the mysterious monotone of the Northern lights. After that it grew steadily and swiftly colder.

Tonight Gray Wolf did not compass herself by the direction of the wind. She followed like a sneaking shadow over the trail Pierre Radisson had made, and when Kazan heard her again, long after midnight, he lay with his head erect, and his body rigid, save for a curious twitching of the muscles. There was a new note in Gray Wolf's voice, a wailing note in which there was more than the mere call. It was the Message. And at the sound of it Kazan rose from out of his silence and his fear, and with his head turned straight up to the sky he howled as the wild dogs of the north howled before the teeps of masters who are newly dead.

Pierre Radisson was dead.

(To be continued.)

THE FROCK AND ITS TRIMMINGS

BRAID ON CHIFFON—CHIFFON ON SERGE

CAPE COLLARS AND CHOKERS

New York, Oct. 16.—Winter fashions have been fully settled upon and it is gratifying to say that for many a season, if ever, they have not been as attractive as they are this year. There is a charming variety. Fabrics are rich both in quality and coloring, trimmings are artistic, and designs are simplicity itself.

Trimming Notes.

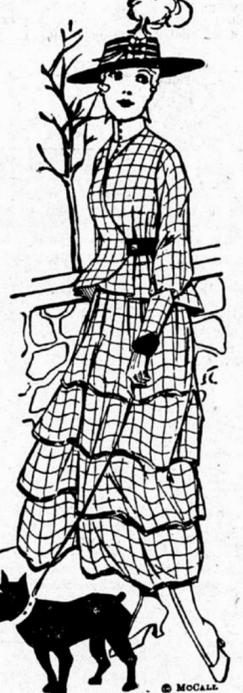
The simple serge and gabardine frocks, so much favored for all daytime occasions, are trimmed effectively with braid designs in soutache, Hercules, and novelty braidings; but the touches that render them distinctive are the curious color notes that

simple dress, and the idea of the colored chemisettes of the summer is being carried out for winter in faille and brocades, striped and figured velvets. Chemisettes of pale pink faille, made with high, unlined, unboned collars, buttoning at the side and wrinkling about the throat like a mousquetaire glove, are worn with gowns of serge or velvet. The neckline of the dress is usually rounded in an old-fashioned curve and finished with a straight band of the material. At one of the fall openings in Paris a chiffon afternoon frock was trimmed with a wide, heavy Hercules braid; following this idea comes a frock of serge trimmed with touched chiffon.

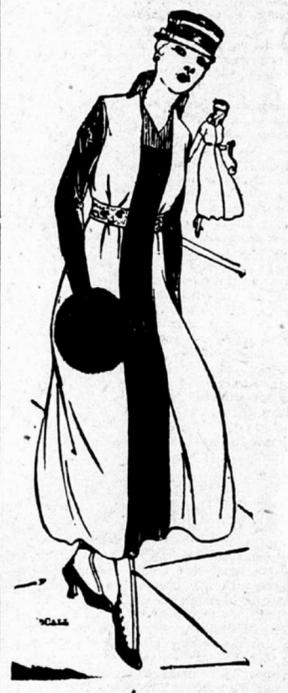
Among the button novelties, both for service and for trimming purposes, there is a large gold button, patterned after the plain, four-holed porcelain underwear button; another is an acorn button of brilliants.

Colored Facings.

Skirts are being trimmed considerably this winter; and there is a marked use of velvet and cloth, combined, and of velvet and chiffon, and velvet and faille. Many of the skirts are banded with velvet, wide and narrow. Some of the prettiest and smartest notions along this line are the contrasting facings. Early last spring, Paquin introduced the idea in a chic



Braid Trimmed Check costume.



Redingote of Serge and Satin.

are being introduced for contrast on many of the smart new French models.

Pink silk embroidery is often seen on frocks of dark blue serge, and a dull russet embroidery is unusually smart on dark blue; this wool embroidery is one of the new notions of the winter; it appears on collars, cuffs, girdles, and trimming bands of frocks, coats and blouses. Heavy wool worked out in a rib effect to imitate wide Hercules braid, is a detail of many of the imported serge and gabardine dresses. The various conventionalized soutache patterns on a foundation of net or chiffon, often edged with a band of a flat silk braid or an edge of fur, is such in vogue for trimming the more dressy frocks; the wide braids, in numberless attractive designs, are popular as well. The standing soutache designs are favored for yokes and chemisettes and for the half belt so much a feature of the smart panel Princess dress. The wide braids are often used for an entire panel or yoke on a skirt; also for cuffs, and the standing band collars which appear on so many of these cloth dresses.

Cape Collars and Chokers.

Another quaint and becoming detail of these dark cloth dresses is the collar. Many of the plain redingotte serge gowns are made with single or double cape collars. Colored collars of all descriptions are being worn; turnover collars of colored velvet add a smart touch to the choker of the

little afternoon dress of dark blue taffeta; it is now being applied to serge and cloth frocks. Many of the strictly tailored dresses of serge, gabardine, or broadcloth, show these bright colored facings; the facing generally comes down and finishes the lower edge of the skirt with a narrow piping with rose, red, old gold, and black velvet; the effect is wonderfully attractive and harmonious.

Leather As A Trimming.

One of the smart innovations of the season is the three-quarter coat of leather, trimmed with fur and velvet. Paquin introduced this at her recent opening and also introduced leather as a trimming for suits and frocks.

OLD SETTLERS' DAY AT MT. PLEASANT

PROGRAM IS OUT FOR REUNION WHICH WILL BE HELD THERE ON OCT. 21.

Mt. Pleasant, Oct. 16.—Program for Old Settlers' day to be held in Mt. Pleasant Thursday, October 21st at 2 p. m. in the public square if the weather permits:

Invocation.

Music.

Address of Welcome—Mayor J. H. Mills.

Music.

Address—R. E. Galer.

Five minutes speeches by pioneers. Old fashioned song—J. H. Mills.

Music in charge of Mrs. Kitchen and Mrs. Kauffman.

President—W. B. Porter.

Secretary—Wm. Spahr.

Reception committee—C. W. Milner, W. E. Taylor, Miss Mellissa Lazebny and Mrs. William Beery.