

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — HE ALMOST MADE A FATAL MISTAKE THAT TIME

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 VII.

meat and as much hot tea as she could drink.

The terrible hour she dreaded followed that. She wrapped blankets closely about her father's body, and tied them with babiche cord. After that she piled all the furs and blankets that remained on the sledge close to the fire, and snuggled baby Joan deep down in them. Pulling down the tent was a task. The ropes were stiff and frozen, and when she had finished, one of her hands was bleeding. She piled the tent on the sledge, and then, half covering her face, turned, and looked back.

Pierre Radisson lay on his balsam bed, with nothing over him now but the gray sky and the spruce-tops. Kazan stood stiff-legged and sniffed the air. His spine bristled when Joan went back slowly and knelt beside the blanketed object.

When she returned to him her face was white and tense, and now there was a strange and terrible look in her eyes as she stared out across the barren. She put him in the traces, and fastened about her slender waist the strap that Pierre had used. Then, floundering knee-deep in the freshly fallen and drifted snow, Half-way Joan stumbled in a drift and fell, her loose hair flying in a shimmering veil over the snow. With a mighty pull Kazan was at her side, and his cold muzzle touched her face as she drew herself to her feet. For a moment Joan took his shaggy head between her two hands.

"Wolf!" she moaned. "Oh, Wolf!"

She went on, her breath coming pantingly now, even from her deep exertion. The snow was not so deep on the ice of the river. But a wind was rising. It came from the north and east, straight in her face, and Joan bowed her head as she pulled with Kazan. Half a mile down the river she stopped, and no longer could she repress the hopelessness that rose to her lips in a sobbing choking cry. Forty miles and stood clutched at her breast, and stood breathing like one who had been beaten, her back to the wind. The baby was quiet. Joan went back and peered down under the furs, and what she saw there spurred her on again almost fiercely. Twice she stumbled to her knees in the drifts during the next quarter of a mile.

After that there was a stretch of wind-swept ice, and Kazan pulled the sledge alone. Joan walked at his side. There was a pain in her chest. A thousand needles seemed pricking her face, and suddenly she remembered the thermometer. She exposed it for a time on the top of the tent. When she looked at it a few minutes later it was thirty degrees below zero. Forty miles! And her father had told her that she could make it and could not lose herself! But she did not know that even her father would have been afraid to face the north that day, with the temperature at thirty below, and a moaning wind bringing the first warning of a blizzard.

The timber was far behind her now. Ahead there was nothing but the pitiless barren, and the timber beyond that was hidden by the gray gloom of the day. If there had been nothing, Joan's heart would not have choked so with terror. But there was nothing — nothing but that gray, ghostly gloom, with the rim of the sky touching the earth a mile away.

The snow grew heavy under her feet. Always she was watching for those treacherous, frost-coated traps in the ice her father had spoken of. But she found now that all the ice and snow looked alike to her, and that there was a growing pain back of her eyes. It was the intense cold.

The river widened into a small lake, and here the wind struck her in the face with such force that her weight was taken from the strap, and Kazan dragged the sledge alone. A few inches of snow impeded her as much as a foot had done before. Little by little she dropped back. Kazan forged to her side, every ounce of his magnificent strength in the traces. By the time they were on the river channel again, Joan was at the back of the sledge, following in the trail made by Kazan. She was powerless to help him. She felt more and more the leaden weight of her legs. There was but one hope — and that was the forest. If they did not reach it soon, within half an hour, she would be able to go no farther. Over and over again she moaned a prayer for her baby as she struggled on. She fell in the snow-drifts. Kazan and the sledge became only a dark blotch to her. And then, all at once, she saw that they were having her. They were not more than twenty feet ahead of her — but the blotch seemed to be a vast distance away. Every bit of life and strength in her body was now bent upon reaching the sledge — and baby Joan.

It seemed an interminable time before she gained. With the sledge only six feet ahead of her she struggled for what seemed to her to be an hour before she could reach it and touch it. With a moan she flung herself forward, and fell upon it. She no longer heard the wailing of the storm. She no longer felt discomfort. With her face in the furs under which baby Joan was buried, there came to her with swiftness and joy a vision of warmth and home. And then the vision faded away, and was followed by deep night.

Kazan stopped in the trail. He came back then and sat down upon his haunches beside her, waiting for her to move and speak. But she was very still. He thrust his nose into her loose hair. A white rose in his head, and suddenly he raised his head, and sniffed in the face of the wind. Something came to him with that wind. He muzzled Joan again, but she did not stir. Then he went forward, and stood in his traces, ready for the pull, and looked back at her. Still she did not move or speak, and Kazan's whine gave place to an excited bark.

The strange thing in the wind came to him stronger for a moment. He began to pull. The sledge runners had frozen to the snow, and it took every ounce of his strength to free them. Twice during the next five minutes he stopped and snuffed the air. The third time that he halted, in a drift of snow he returned to Joan's side again, and whined to awaken her. Then he tugged again at the end of his traces, and foot by foot he dragged the sledge through the drift. Beyond the drift there was a stretch of clear ice, and here Kazan rested. During the lull in the wind he sent came to him stronger than before.

At the end of the clear ice was a narrow break in the shore, where a creek ran into the main stream. If Joan had been conscious she would have urged him straight ahead. But Kazan turned into the break and for ten minutes he struggled through the snow without a rest, whining more and more frequently, until at last the white broke into a joyous bark. Ahead of him, close to the creek, was a small cabin. Smoke was rising out of the chimney. It was the scent of smoke that had come to him in the wind. A hard level slope reached to the cabin door, and with the last strength that was in him Kazan dragged his burden up that. Then he settled himself back beside Joan, lifted his shaggy head to the dark sky and howled.

A moment later the door opened. A man came out. Kazan's reddened, snow shot eyes followed him watchfully as he ran to the sledge. He heard his startled exclamation as he bent over Joan. In another lull of the wind there came from out of the mass of furs on the sledge the wailing, half-smothered voice of baby Joan.

A deep sigh of relief heaved up from Kazan's chest. He was exhausted. His strength was gone. His feet were torn and bleeding. But the voice of baby Joan filled him with a strange happiness, and he lay down in his traces, while the man carried Joan and the baby into the life and warmth of the cabin.

A few minutes later the man reappeared. He was not old, like Pierre Radisson. He came close to Kazan, and looked down at him.

"My God," he said. "And you did that — alone!"

He bent down fearlessly, unfastened

him from the traces, and led him toward the cabin door. Kazan hesitated but once — almost on the threshold. He turned his head, swift and alert. From out of the moaning and wailing of the storm it seemed to him that for a moment he had heard the voice of Gray Wolf.

Then the cabin door closed behind him.

Back in a shadowy corner of the cabin he lay, while the man prepared something over a hot stove for Joan. It was a long time before Joan rose from the cot on which the man had placed her. After that Kazan heard her sobbing; and then the man made her eat, and for a time they talked. Then the stranger hung up a big blanket in front of the bunk, and sat down close to the stove. Quietly Kazan slipped along the wall and crept under the bunk. For a long time he could hear the sobbing breath of the girl. Then all was still.

The next morning he slipped out through the door when the man opened it, and sped swiftly into the forest. Half a mile away he found the trail of Gray Wolf, and called to her. From the frozen river came her reply and he went to her.

Vainly Gray Wolf tried to lure him back into their old haunts — away from the cabin and the scent of man. Late that morning the man harnessed his dogs, and from the fringe of the forest Kazan saw him tuck Joan and the baby among the furs on the sledge, as old Pierre had done. All that day he followed in the trail of the team, with Gray Wolf slinking behind him. They traveled until dark; and then, under the stars and the moon that had followed the storm, the man still urged on his team. It was deep in the night when they came to another cabin, and the man beat upon the door. A light, the opening of the door, the joyous welcome of a man's voice, Joan's sobbing cry — Kazan heard these from the shadows in which he was hidden, and then slipped back to Gray Wolf.

In the days and weeks that followed Joan's home coming the lure of the cabin and of the woman's hand held Kazan. As he had tolerated Pierre, so now he tolerated the younger man who lived with Joan and the baby. He knew that the man was very dear to Joan, and that the baby was very dear to him, as it was to the girl. It was not until the third day that Joan succeeded in coaxing him into the cabin — and that was the day on which the man returned with the dead and frozen body of Pierre. It was Joan's husband who first found the name on the collar he wore, and they began calling him Kazan.

Half a mile away, at the summit of a huge mass of rock which the Indians called the Sun Rock, he and Gray Wolf had found a home; and from here they went down to their haunts on the plain and often the girl's voice reached up to them, calling "Kazan! Kazan! Kazan!"

Through all the long winter Kazan hovered thus between the lure of Joan and the cabin — and Gray Wolf.

Then came Spring — and the Great Change.

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam

Mrs. William Miller.

Anna Walford was born in Ohio October, 30, 1857. She came to Iowa with her parents when she was one year old and has resided in Wapello county ever since. Those were the days of the pioneers and she was of that pioneer stock who have made our beautiful state what it is and to whom the present generation owes so much. It was the Cliffland neighborhood which attracted these eastern folks from Ohio and here she spent most of her life under the shadow of those mighty cliffs that are evidence of God's mighty handwork in the creation of the world. About ten years ago the family moved to Ottumwa.

She was married to George W. Clodfelter who left her a widow in 1877 with two small babies John Clodfelter and Clara Teesdale of Cedar Rapids, both of whom survive their mother.

She was married again to William Miller on December, 23, 1882, to which union were born seven children of whom only three survive her, two sons, Bert and Clay of Ottumwa and Mrs. Nelly Bailey, Denver Colo. As a girl of sixteen she found Jesus Christ as her savior and united with the M. E. church, later transferring her membership to the little congregational church at Cliffland. Her life was spent for her home and children. When some three or four years ago a dread disease laid hold of the fair young daughter Gladys, she spared not herself night or day with constant care and tender watching for the three long years of Gladys' sickness, trying to save the precious life.

Since then the heart of this noble woman seemed to be broken and her health failed constantly. She delighted to read Gladys' bible and to read out of Gladys' hymn book and attend out of church of which she had been a member, the first Christian church of this city.

On Saturday October 2 she passed away to be with Jesus. At the time she was 58 years, eleven months and two days old. She was laid to rest on that last resting place of so many pioneers, Garrison Rock cemetery on October 5, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. C. A. Montanus, which was survived by her husband William Miller, three sons, two daughters and five grandchildren and two brothers Jacob of Moorhead, Ia., and Daniel of Logan. — Contributed.

BEAUTY CHATS

A Slender Wrist

BY THE WRIST AND ANKLE, say the beauty specialists who study the outward and visible symbols of beauty in relation to the culture of the person, can the character and refinement of the owner be told.

To be perfectly lovely, the wrist should curve gracefully from the hand, and the bone be practically unseen. Massage is about the best way to develop the daintily curved line, both if the wrist is too thin, or too large. A bleach—lemon juice will do—should be used occasionally, to make the hairs of the arms iridescent, while if the skin is rough or red, or imperfect in any way, glycerine should be rubbed in every day or two.

If the wrists are bony, olive oil will build them out to right proportions and soften and refine the skin as well. If they are too fleshy, a vigorous massage with the palm of the hand will tend to reduce the soft fat, and bring the wrist down into proper proportion.

For winter weather, the wrists should be better protected than fashion seems to allow. This is a matter of health as well as beauty. Not that one need wear knitted wristlets or such abominations—one need merely use glycerine before going out.

Questions and Answers

Have had a red blotch on the end of my nose for several months. Can you tell me what to use to remove it?—Maybelle.

Reply—I would advise a strict diet to purify your blood. These spots usually mean some sort of disorder, due to upset digestion and impure blood.

Will you send me the recipes for flesh-building cream and the bust developer?—Mrs. T.

Reply—These will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. So many requests come in that they cannot be answered, unless those who write send me addressed envelopes for all that. And slim wrists and stamped envelopes for reply.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

Grandpaw calm around for supper last night, and he had a little thing with him, and he showed it to pop, saying, "Look at heer, Willyum, heers a sticker awl rite, the point is to see if you can get the 3 littel balls in the 3 littel holes."

The puzzil has yet to be invented that can stump Willyum Potts, sed pop. And he took the littel thing, saying, "Now jest keep yur eye on yur Unkel Dudley. Children permitted to keep both eyes awn him."

And he started to ligitl the littel box, making it rattil, and aftir, a wile he stopped smiling to himself and slid away down in his chare and kepp awn trying to get the 3 littel balls in the 3 littel holes, saying, "Well what the dash blank dimmitty."

Its a sticker awl rite, hee, hee, sed grandpaw.

Its nothing of the kind, its perfectly simpil, give me time, thats awl, sed pop, as the amature magacian sed wen he failed to find a rabbit in his burthris high fat. (Give me time.)

An he kepp awn ratteling it and aftir a wile ma called up to us to come down in a moment, as soon as I do grandpaw, You 2 go down a wile, ill be down in a moment, as soon as I do this thing, newir shell it be sed in the history books that a dinkey littel puzzil got the best of the grate Willyum Potts.

And me and grandpaw, went down, grandpaw saying, its a sticker, thares no doubt about that. And aftir we had bin eeting supper a wile, ma went out in the hall and called up to pop, "Farthir, do you want evvrything to get cold."

The blooming blazes with evvrything, sed pop. And we cood heer the puzzil ratteling awl the way down staires, and aftir a wile grandpaw went out in the hall and called up, Willyum, I dont hardly bleeve youll be abel to do it, wun of the holes is kind of stopped up, and the ball cant stay in it.

Wel wy the dinkitty slim slam Wistebsher sauce idnt you say so, sed pop. And we herd sumthing go Bang awn the secting room floor, beeing the puzzil bracking, and pop calm down and ate his supper looking mad as anything, and evvry time he looked at grandpaw he looked maddir.

SAYS NEW PLANET IS REALLY OLD ONE

Paris, Oct. 19.—Professor Bigoudan, in a communication to the academy of sciences, announced that calculations made by Fabry and Blondel at Marseilles, show that the new planet whose discovery was announced by Professor Sola of Barcelona observatory, is really "93 ambrosi," which has been lost sight of for thirty-six years.

Professor Sola of Barcelona, Spain, announced that he had discovered on September 15, a new planet in the constellation of Pisces.

WAR CONTRACTS ARE DISTRIBUTED IN U. S.

New York, Oct. 19.—The distribution of a \$7,000,000 Russian war contract for munitions and supplies recently awarded in this country was announced today. The Bradley Construction company was awarded the munition contract, which totals about \$50,000,000 and includes 1,000,000 rifle cartridges. Its contract provides also for a new one-man machine gun which is carried on a soldier's back and is an American invention. A contract for five million yards of cloth for overcoats was awarded to the American Woolen company.

SAFETY FIRST IS KEYNOTE OF MEET

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 19.—Safety first, not as a matter of dollars and cents, but as an effort to save human life and limb, is the keynote of the fourth annual congress of the National Safety Council, which opened here today. The sessions will close Thursday night.

CEDAR, ROUTE NO. 1.

Jake Bride of near Bloomfield, visited over Sunday at the Bert Keppe home in Kirksville and other old friends in the vicinity.

Mrs. Susan Plummer of Eddyville, is visiting relatives in Kirksville and vicinity.

W. J. Brown attended the John Warner public sale.

Mrs. Jacob Ross of Kirksville, is seriously ill.

Ernest Van Cleve and several of the farmers are filling their silos.

Mrs. Myrtle Chick is visiting a few days at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. E. Allison.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Allison of Kirksville are visiting in White City.

TO KEEP ARMIES APART.

Milan, Oct. 19.—The correspondent of the Secolo at Bucharest telegraphs that the Serbians are attempting to occupy Widin to prevent the Germans from establishing communication with the Bulgarians by the Lo-Palanka route. The Serbian army is seeking to envelop the Bulgarian troops operating in the direction of the Timok river.