

and go oop de Pelly to de mountains. You remembaire dat cabin he spik of between Hoole Rivaire an' Campbell Creek? Well, dere's missionary minister among dose Pelly Indians, and he's goin' to get de job to do at dat cabin. But mind we know not'ing. We see not'ing."

"No, me no see um," the Sitka corroborated. "But um girl. Look what um give up." He waved a hand southward to indicate the sunland's luxury.

"Yes, for de greater t'ing," returned Bruneau. "Dey bot' give it oop for de greater t'ing."

For the voyageur understood that henceforth Dane would abide by the laws that broaden and not the laws that crowd. Through those northern gates of glamour, the White and Chilcoot passes, Jules had passed and shrivelled under the artificiality of the decrees that governed life in the world beyond. Back through those glamorous portals had he retreated to feel his blood leap and his soul thrive under primæval sway. Upon this azoic land lay the laws of the universe in its uncontaminated state, before the hand of civilization had spread its warping veneer or written its crooked code. True, a few of the gold-born towns had felt the leprous touch, but the stupendous outland which held clean men like Dane in thrall knew it not. In the strong, pure, free life no want of woman, no curse of caste, no rust of rivalry, no gall of glory, no edict of earth prevailed. There man, and woman, too, was ruled according to stark merit.