

"The bowman's Félix Bruneau, the voyageur," answered a Circle City man, recognizing the swarthy, clean-shaven face that was uplifted as the canoe rode the steamer's swell. "But who's the steersman? Some size, eh? Who in blazes is he?"

"Dane, Jules Dane," informed Keswick, the Pelly trader.

"Southerner?" asked Carman quickly. "One of the Virginia Danes?"

"No, Northman," Keswick told him. "Born here. St. Michaels. Son of old Dival Dane, him that's dead and drowned with a hundred seal raids to his credit. Jules ain't never been outside far's I know, but it looks like he's hiking there now. Must have cleaned a big stake. I run across him and the French Canadian this summer on the Pelly River above the Glenlyon Mountains. They sure had a good sample. Coarse gold, too. Coarse and flat. They smelled a strike, and they was working twenty-four hours a day. And mind they wasn't advertising it, either. Sour doughs, both of 'em! Look at 'em go round us. Ever see a chechahco do that?"

For Dane and Bruneau were paddling to starboard of the *Dawson* so that the eddies which whirled on the port side might not grind their light gunwale against the steamer's heavy hull. There they drifted a moment with the vessel while their dunnage was raised on a rope let down from the upper deck. Then,