

IN THE FORESTS OF THE NORTH.

By Jack London, in Pearson's Magazine.

(Concluded from yesterday.) Thom raised the skin-flap of her father's lodge. Two men sat with him, and the three looked at her with swift interest. But her face betokened nothing as she entered and took her seat quietly, without speech. Tantlatch drummed with his knuckles on a spearhaft across his knees, and

is a great man, and he put strength in thy arm, O Tantlatch, and gave thee power, and made thy name to be feared in the land, to be feared and to be respected. He is very wise and there be much profit in his wisdom. And there be questions yet to arise, and needs upon his wisdom yet to come, and we cannot bear to let

was Thom lost to Keen and the promise broken.

The old shaman paused and looked directly at the young man. "And be it known that I, Chugungatte, did advise that the promise be broken."

"Nor have I taken other women to my bed," Keen broke in. "And I have builded my own fire, and cooked my own food, and ground my teeth in my loneliness."

Chugungatte waved his hand that he had not finished. "I am an old man, and I speak from understanding. It be good to be strong and grasp for power. It be better to forego power that good come out of it. In the old days I sat at thy shoulder, Tantlatch, and my voice was heard over all in the council and my advice taken in affairs of moment. And I was strong and held power. Under Tantlatch, I was the greatest man. Then came the Stranger Man, and I saw that he was cunning and wise and great. And in that he was wiser and greater than I, it was plain that greater profit should arise from him than me. And I had thy ear, Tantlatch, and thou didst listen to my words, and the Stranger Man was given power and place, and thy daughter, Thom. And the tribe prospered under the new laws in the new days, and so shall it continue to prosper with the Stranger Man in our midst. We be old men, we two, O Tantlatch, thou and I, and this be an affair of head, not heart. Hear my words, Tantlatch! Hear my words! The man remains!"

There was a long silence. The old chief pondered with the massive certitude of Fate, and Chugungatte seemed to wrap himself in the mists of a great antiquity. Keen looked with yearning upon the woman, and she, unnoting, held her eyes steadfastly upon her father's face. The wolf-dog shoved the tent-flap aside, and plucking courage at the quiet, wormed forward on his belly. He sniffed curiously at Thom's listless hand, cocked ears challengingly, at

hurl themselves forward boldly and with clamor. Instead, there was great restraint and self-control, and they were content to advance silently, creeping and crawling from shelter to shelter. By the river bank, and partly protected by a narrow open space, crouched the Crees and voyageurs. Their eyes could see nothing, and only in vague ways did their ears hear, but they felt the thrill of life which ran through the forest, the indistinct, indefinable movement of an advancing host.

"Damn them," Fairfax muttered, "they've never faced powder, but I taught them the trick."

Avery Van Brunt laughed; knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and put it carefully away with the pouch, and loosened the hunting-knife in its sheath at his hip.

"Wait," he said. "We'll wither the face of the charge and break their hearts."

"They'll rush scattered if they remember my teaching."

"Let them. Magazine rifles were made to pump. We'll—good! First blood! Extra tobacco, Loom!"

Loom, a Cree, had spotted an exposed shoulder, and with a stinging bullet had apprised its owner of his discovery.

"If we can tease them into breaking forward," Fairfax muttered, "if we can only tease them into breaking forward."

Van Brunt saw a head peer from behind a distant tree, and with a quick shot sent the man sprawling to the ground in a death-struggle. Michael potted a third, and Fairfax and the rest took a hand, firing at every exposure and into each clump of agitated brush. In crossing one little swale out of cover, five of the tribesmen remained on their faces, and to the left, where the covering was sparse, a dozen men were struck. But they took the punishment with sullen steadiness, coming on cautiously, deliberately, without haste, and without lagging.

Ten minutes later, when they were quite close, all movements were sus-



"But she caught at her husband's name, and cried out in Esquimos: 'Yes! Yes! Fairfax! My Man!'"

gazed idly along the path of a sun-ray which pierced a lacing-hole and flung a glittering track across the murky atmosphere of the lodge. To his right, at his shoulder, crouched Chugungatte, the shaman. Both were old men, and the weariness of many years brooded in their eyes. But opposite them sat Keen, a young man and chief favorite in the tribe. He was quick and alert of movement and his black eyes flashed from face to face in ceaseless scrutiny and challenge.

Silence reigned in the place. Now and again camp noises penetrated, and from the distance, faint and far, like the shadows of voices, came the wrangling of boys in thin, shrill tones. Tantlatch glanced apathetically at his daughter:

"And thy man, how is it with him and thee?"

"He sings strange songs," Thom made answer. "and there is a new look on his face, a new light in his eyes, and with the Newcomer he sits by the fire, and they talk and talk, and the talk is without end. There be something calling him from afar, and he seems to sit and listen, and to answer, singing, in his own people's tongue."

Keen leaned forward, and Thom held speech till her father nodded for her to proceed.

"It be known to thee, O Tantlatch, that the wild goose and the swan and the little ringed duck be born here in the low-lying lands. It be known that they go away before the face of the frost to unknown places. And be it known, likewise, that always do they return when the sun is in the land and the waterways are free. Always do they return to where they were born, that new life may go forth. The land calls to them, and they come. And now there is another land that calls, and it is calling to my man; the land where he was born, and he hath it in mind to answer the call. Yet is he my man. Before all women he is my man."

"Is it well, Tantlatch? Is it well?"

Chugungatte demanded with the hint of menace in his voice.

"Ay, it is well!" Keen cried boldly. "The land calls to its children, and all lands call their children home again. As the wild goose and the swan and the little ringed duck are called, so is called this Stranger Man who has lingered with us and who now must go. Also there be the call of kind. The goose mates with the goose, nor does the swan mate with the little ringed duck. It is not well that the swan should mate with the little ringed duck. Nor is it well that Stranger Men should mate with the women of our villages. Wherefore I say the man should go, to his own kind, in his own land."

"He is my own man," Thom answered, "and he is a great man."

"Ay, he is a great man," Chugungatte lifted his head with a faint recrudescence of youthful vigor. "He

him go. It is not well that we should let him go."

Tantlatch continued to drum on the spearhaft, and gave no sign that he had heard. Thom studied his face in vain, and Chugungatte seemed to shrink together and droop down as the weight of years descended upon him again.

"No man makes my kill," Keen smote his chest a valorous blow. "I make my own kill. I am glad to live when I make my own kill. When I creep through the snow upon the great moose, I am glad. And when I draw the bow, so, with my full strength, and drive the arrow fierce and swift and to the heart, I am glad. And the meat of no man's kill tastes as sweet as the meat of my kill. I am glad to live, glad in my own cunning and strength, glad that I am a doer of things, a doer of things for myself. And so I say it is well this Stranger Man should go. His wisdom does not make us wise. We do not live when he does our living for us. We grow fat and like women, and we are afraid to work, and we forget how to do things for ourselves. Let the man go, O Tantlatch, that we may be men! I am Keen, a man, and I make my own kill!"

Tantlatch turned a gaze upon him in which seemed the vacancy of eternity. Keen waited the decision expectantly; but the lips did not move and the old chief turned toward his daughter.

"That which be given cannot be taken away," she burst forth. "I was but a girl when this Stranger Man, who is my man, came among us. And I knew not men, or the ways of men, and my heart was in the play of girls, when thou, Tantlatch, thou and none other, didst call me to thee and press me into the arms of the Stranger Man. Thou and none other, Tantlatch, and as thou didst give me to the man, so didst thou give the man to me. He is my man. In my arms has he slept, and from my arms he cannot be taken."

"It were well, O Tantlatch," Keen followed quickly, with a significant glance at Thom. "it were well to remember that that which be given cannot be taken away."

Chugungatte straightened up. "Out of thy youth, Keen, come the words of thy mouth. As for ourselves, O Tantlatch, we be old men, and we understand. We, too, have looked into the eyes of women and felt our blood go hot with strange desires. But the years have chilled us, and we have learned the wisdom of the council, the shrewdness of the cool head and hand, and we know that the warm heart be over-warm and prone to rashness. We know that Keen found favor in thy eyes. We know that Thom was promised him in the old days when she was yet a child. And we know that the new days came, and the Stranger Man, and that out of our wisdom and desire for welfare

Chugungatte, and hunched down upon his haunches before Tantlatch. The spear rattled to the ground, and the dog, with a frightened yell, sprang sideways, snapping in mid-air and on the second leap cleared the entrance.

Tantlatch looked from face to face, pondering each one long and carefully. Then he raised his head, with rude royalty, and gave judgment in cold and even tones. "The man remains. Let the hunters be called to gether. Send a runner to the next village with word to bring on the fighting men. I shall not see the Newcomer. Do thou, Chugungatte, have talk with him. Tell him he may go at once, if he would go in peace. And if fight there be, kill, kill, kill, to the last man, but let my word go forth that no harm befall our man, the man whom my daughter hath wedded. It is well."

Chugungatte rose and tottered out. Thom followed, but as Keen stooped to the entrance the voice of Tantlatch stopped him. "Keen, if were well to harken to my word. The man remains. Let no harm befall him."

Because of Fairfax's instructions in the art of war, the tribesmen did not

pend, the advance ceased abruptly, and the quietness that followed was portentous, threatening. Only could be seen the green and gold of the woods and undergrowth, shivering and trembling to the first faint puffs of the day-wind. The wan white morning sun mottled the earth with long shadows and streaks of light. A wounded man lifted head and crawled painfully out of the swale, Michael following him with his rifle, but forbearing to shoot. A whistle rang along the invisible line from left to right, and a flight of arrows arched through the air.

"Get ready," Van Brunt commanded, a new metallic note in his voice. "Now!"

They broke cover simultaneously. The forest heaved into sudden life. A great yell went up, and the rifles backed back sharp defiance. Tribesmen knew their deaths in mid-leap, and as they fell their brothers surged over them in a roaring, irresistible wave. In the forefront of the rush, hair flying and arms swinging free, flashing past the tree-trunks and leaping the obstructing logs, came Thom. Fairfax sighted on her and almost pulled trigger ere he knew her.

"My man! My man!" Thom cried. "Thou art safe!"

"There is no need! They are dead, and life be good!"

She held him close till he tripped and stumbled, tripped again, and fell backward to the ground. His head struck a jutting root, and he was half-stunned and could struggle but feebly. In the fall she had heard the feathered swish of an arrow darting past, and she covered his body with hers, as with a shield, her arms holding him tight, her face pressed to his.

Then it was that Keen rose up from a tangled thicket a score of feet away. He looked about him with care. The fight had swept on, and the cry of the last man was dying away. There was no one to see. He fitted an arrow to the string and glanced at the man and woman. Between her breast and arm the flesh of the man's side showed white. Keen bent the bow and drew back the arrow to its head. Twice he did so, calmly and for certainty, and then drove the bone-barbed missile straight home to the white flesh gleaming yet inore white in the dark-armed, dark-breasted embrace.



"Keen bent the bow and drew back the arrow to its head. Twice he did so, calmly and for certainty, and then drove the bone-barbed missile straight home."

"The woman! Don't shoot!" he cried. "See! She is unarmed!"

The Crees never heard, nor Michael and his brother voyageur, nor Van Brunt, who was keeping one shell continuously in the air. But Thom bore straight on, unharmed, at the heels of a skin-clad hunter who had veered in from her from the side. Fairfax emptied his magazine into the men to right and left of her, and swung his rifle to meet the big hunter. But the man, seeming to recognize him, swerved suddenly aside and plunged his spear into the body of Michael. On the moment, Thom had one arm passed around her husband's neck, and twisting half about, with voice and gesture was splitting the mass of charging warriors. A score of men hurled past on either side, and Fairfax, for a brief instant's space, stood looking upon her and her bronze beauty, thrilling, exulting, stirred to unknown depths, visioning strange things, dreaming, immortally dreaming. Snatches and scraps of Old World philosophies and New World ethics floated through his mind and things wonderfully concrete and woefully incongruous—hunting scenes, stretches of sombre forest, vastnesses of silent snow, the glittering of ball-room lights, great galleries and lecture halls, a fleeting shimmer of glistening test tubes, long rows of book-timed shelves, the throb of machinery, and the road of traffic, a fragment of forgotten song, faces of dear women and old chums, a lonely watercourse amid upstanding peaks, a shattered boat on a pebbly strand, quiet, moonlit fields, fat vales, the smell of hay.

A hunter, struck between the eyes with a rifle-ball, pitched forward lifeless, and with the momentum of his charge slid along the ground. Fairfax came back to himself. His comrades, those that lived, had been swept far back among the trees beyond. He could hear the fierce "Hia! Hia!" of the hunters as they closed in and cut and thrust with their weapons of bone and ivory. The cries of the stricken men smote him like blows. He knew the fight was over, the cause was lost, but all his race-traditions and race-loyalty impelled him into the welter that he might die at least with his kind.

Football This Afternoon

After having twice suffered defeat at the hands of the Canadians at Rugby football, the Englishmen are still convinced they can muster up the better team and this afternoon they will have another go at the noble game. They are going in with the idea of winning or "busting" something and the game will probably be the best yet played this season. The sons of the motherland have strengthened their team very materially, particularly on the scrimmage line. General Manager Newell, who was considered a wonder while at Yale, will play with the Englishmen, though he will be at considerable disadvantage owing to the difference between the American and English games. He will miss the signals, interference and other fine points with which the American game excels. Mr. Senkler will captain the Canadians and Mr. Hughes the Englishmen. The game will be called at 4 o'clock sharp.

Concert Sunday Evening

The professional friends of John Mulligan, the old sordough actor, will tender him a grand farewell testimonial tomorrow (Sunday) evening at the Auditorium, at which time an unusually excellent program will be rendered. Among the features will be a sketch by Miss Keltch, Mr. Readick and Mr. Hooley. Master Frank Readick, Jr., will take part and Miss Dimple Hooley will make her first appearance before the footlights. Miss Lorne will sing and there will be a full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Freimuth.

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SKETCH IS

For Present Yukon C

Territory Divided Election of Five Dawson Has

A sketch has been drafted showing the districts of the five districts in conformity with the bill passed at the last session. Members will be elected on the Yukon same will be presented at the sitting next.

"The districts are ranged," said Acting Major Wood today, "and the bill altered before the council. Some of the admirably arranged stances at least improvement might be made. In districts which take the Fortymile and tributaries and all its tributaries creeks such as Gold and Sulphur should have consideration. Inhabited section of Fortymile, yet in the same district for this map is which we are now to see if any improvement in the proposition may be altered before it is adopted. As the apportionment now stands, districts are provided entitled to one territory included being as follows:

No. 1—The city limits of the district incorporated in

No. 2—West of the river being the bottom river and its mile creek and Indian river and

No. 3—Bonanza river and its tributaries includes Bonanza, Ker.

No. 4—Stewart all that section 2 and district No. 2 of latitude the Hootalingua art river and its Pelly river and

No. 5—Whiteho in the Salmon, Hootalingua, up large, Tagish and Dawson is entitled sentative, but there is nothing dent of the city another district ests he should district see fit mere fact of him not acting as a

The ordinance election is ready no date is fixed being arranged tion. It can not vember 30 as the which Means. bromson Look the ago; but it will date as soon as ments can be m

Kaffirs T Vienna, August blatt" today with an Ausl from South Al steamer with Botha, De Wet Australian is that in the con General Botha. "It is proba no need to lead the Boers, but

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