REX BEACH ADVENTURE STORIES

Where Northern Lights Come Down o' Nights

By REX BEACH

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HE mission house at Togiak stands forlornly on a wind swept Alaskan spit, while buddled around it a swarm of dirt covered igloos grovel in an ecstasy of abasement.

Many natives crawled out of these and stared across the bay as down a gully came an arctic caravan, men and dogs, black against the deadly whiteness. Ahead swung the guide. straddling awkwardly on his five foot webs, while the straining pack pattered at his beels. Big George, the driver, urged them with strong words, idioms of the northland, and his long whip bit sharply at their legs.

His companion, clinging to the sled, atumbled now and then, while his face, splitting from the snap of the frost, was smothered in a muffler. Sometimes he fell, plunging into the snow. rising painfully and groaning with the misery of "snow blindness."

"Most there now, Cap. Keep up your grit."

"I'm all right," answered the afficted man wearily. "Don't mind me." George, too, had suffered from the sheen of the unbroken whiteness, and, while his eyes had not wholly closed, he saw but dimly. His cheeks were grease smeared and blackened with charred wood to break the snow giare, but through his mask showed signs of suffering, while his bloodshot eyes dripped scalding tears and throbbed distressfully. For days he had not dared to lose sight of the guide. Once he had caught him sneaking the dogs away, and he feared he had killed the man for a time. Now Jaska broke trall ahead, his sullen, swollen features baleful in their injury.

Down the steep bank they alld, across the numbed up sea ice at the giver mouth and into the village.

"Ar the greeting of their guide to his tribesmen George started. Twelve years of coast life had taught him the dialect from Point Barrow south, and he glanced at Captain to find whether he, too, had heard the message. As Jacka handed a tallaman to the chief he strode to him and snatched it.

"Oho! It's Father Orloff, is it? Dhim!" He gazed at the token, a white spruce chip with strange marks and carvings.

"What does it mean, George?" said the blind man.

black. You should have known it be one day the tribesmen came to me in a fore we started. I'm a marked man in this coast country. It's Orloff's work, the renegade! 'Father,' he calls himself-father to these devils be rules he'd have my life if these watery liv- eyes. 'Do ye want her now?' ered curs didn't dread the sound of "For a minute I believed him. my voice. God help him when we

tile circle, then cried to the chief in the native tongue:

"Ob. Shaman! We come bleeding and hungry. Hunger grips us, and our bones are stiff with frost. The light is gone from my brother's eyes, and we are sick. Open you the door to the rest and grow strong."

portal, with its rude cross above, and low: stared mailgnantly while the chief spoke. At the name of his enemy the ansightly eyes of George gleamed, and he growled contemptuously, advancing among them. They scattered at the manner of his coming, and he struck the padlocked door till it rattled stiffly. Then, spying the cross overhead, he lifted up and gripped the wood. It hit feet first. When I rose the little came away ripping, and, with walls of rage and horror at the sacrilege, they closed about him.

"Here, Cap! Bust her in quick!" He dragged Captain before the entrance, thrusting the weapon upon him, then ran feroclously among the people. He snatched them to bim, cuffing like a bear and trampling them into the snow. Those who came into the reach of his knotty arms crumpled up and twisted under his feet. He whirled into the group, roaring boarsely, his angry, grease blackened face hideous with rage. The aborigine is not a fighting machine. For him the side step and counter have no being They melted ahead of his biazing wrath, and he whisked them, fleeing while she clung to me. She was such by their garments, so that they felt

the stamp of his moccasined heels. and George, following, blocked the shattered door.

"We're safe as long as we stay in "Right of sanctuary, eh? Does it Barnum. He was there. occur to you how we're going to get

erer mind. We'll get out somesaid be, and that night as Chartle Captain, late university man and engineer, lay with eyes swathed aming cloths the whater spoke onely and with the bitterness of

"It happened when we rocked the bars of Forty Mile before ever Chechako had crossed the Chilkoot. went over to the madwaters of the Tanana. Into the big valley I went and got lost in the flats. "Tis a wild country, climited by high mountains, full of niggerheads and tundra, with the river winding clean back to the source of the Copper. I run out of grub. We always did them days and built a raft to float down to the Yukon. A race with starvation, and a dead heat it near proved, too, though I had a shade the best of it. I drifted out into the main river, raving mad, my 'Mukiuks' eat off and my moose hide gun cover inside of me.

"A girl spied me from the village, and 'twas her brought me ashore in her birch bark and tended me in her wickiup till reason came and the blood ran through me again.

"I mind seeing a white man stand around at times and hearing him beg her to leave me to the old squaws. She didn't, though. She gave me bits of moose ment and berries and dried salmon, and when I come to one day I saw she was little and brown and pleading and her clothes all covered



He Whirled Into the Group, Roaring Hoarsely.

with beads. Her eyes was big and sad, Cap, and dimples poked into her cheeks when she laughed.

"'Twas then that Orloff takes hand—the white man, A priest he called himself; breed, Russian, Maybe he was, but a blacker hearted thief never wronged a child. He wanted the girl, Metla, and so did 1. When I asked her old man for her he said she was promised to the Russian. I laughed at him, and a chief hates to be mocked. You know what sway the church has over these Indians. Well, Orloff is a strong man. He held 'em "It's a long story. Charite, and like a rock. He worked on 'em till body and said, 'Go!'

"'Give me the girl and I will,

"Orioff speered. 'She was mine for and robe for himself in the name of a month before ye came, says he, the church. His bate is bitter, and with the flend showing back of his

struck once to kill, and he went down. They closed on me as fast as I shook He shook his hairy claws at the hos- 'em off. 'Twas a beautiful sight for a ruction on the high banks over the river, but I was like water from the sickness. I fought to get at their priest where he lay to stamp out his grinning face before they downed me, but I was beat back to the bluff, and I battled with my beels over the edge. mission house that the 'Minoks' may I broke a pole from the fish rack, and a good many went down. Then I The Indians clustered before the heard Metia calling softly from be-

"'Jump!" she said. 'Big one, jump! "She had loosed a cance at the landing and now held it in the boiling current underneath, paddling desper-

"As they ran out of the tents with their rifles I leaped.

"A long drop and cold water, but

girt was alongside. "It's a ticklish thing to crawl over the stern of a cance in the spatter of sings, with the roar of muzzle loaders above. It's shaking to the nerves, but the maid never flinched, not even when a bullet split the gunnel. She ripped a piece of her dress and plugged a hole under the water line while I paddled

"The next winter at Holy Cross she ran to me shaking one day.

"'He is here! He is here! Oh, Big man. I am afraid!

"'Who's here?' says I. "'He is here-Father Orloff.' And her eyes was round and scared so that I took her up and kissed her

a little giri! "He spoke to me at the water Captain, dragged the team within, hole-"I have come for you." I ran very fast, but he came behind. "Where

is George?" he said. "I went out of the cabin down to the mission and into the house of Father

"'Orloff! What do ye want?' I says. "Father Barnom speaks up. He's known for a good man the length of the river. 'George,' says he, 'Father Orloff tells me you stole the girl Metla from her tribe. Tis a shameful thing for a white to take a red girl for his wife, but it's a crime to live as you

" What? saxs L. "We can't sell you provisions nor allow you to stay in the village.

"Orloff grins, 'You must go on,' he says, 'or give her up.'

"No! I'll do uelther.' And I shows the paper from the missionary at Nulato stating that we were married, 'She's my wife,' says I, 'and too good for me. She's left her people and her gods, and I'll care for her.' I saw how it burt Orloff, and I taid my hand on his shoulder close to the neck. 'I distrust ye, and sure as Fate ye'll die the shocking death if ever harm comes to the little one.'

"That was the winter of the famine. though every winter was the same then, and I went to Anvik for grobtook all the strong men and dogs in the village. I was afraid when I left, too, for 'twas the time I should have been with her, but there was no one else to go,

"'When you come back,' she said, 'there will be another-a little boyand he will grow mighty and strong like his father.' She hung her arms around me. Cap. and I left with her kisses warm on my lips.

"It was a terrible trip-the river wet with overflows and the cutoffs drifted deep, so I drove back into Holy Cross a week late, with bleeding dogs and frozen Indians straining at the sled ropes.

"I heard the wall of the old women before I came to the cabin, and when Metla had sobbed the story out in her weakness I went back into the dark and down to the mission. I remember how the northern lights flared over the hills above and the little spruces on the summit looked to me like headstones, black against the moon, and I laughed when I saw the snow red in the night glare, for it meant blood and death.

"It was as lusty a babe as ever crowed, but Orloff had come to the sickbed and sent her squaws away. Baptism and such things he said he'd

do. The little fellow died that night. "They say the mission door was locked and barred, but I pushed through it like paper and came into Father Barnum's house, where they sat. Fifty below is bad for the naked flesh. I broke in, bareheaded, mittenless, and I'd froze some on the way down. He saw murder in my eyes and tried to run, but I got him as be went out of the room. He tore his throat loose from my stiffened fingers and went into the church, but I beat down the door with my naked fists, mocking at his prayers inside, and may I never be closer to death than Orloff was that night.

"Then a squaw tugged at my parka. "'She is dying, Anguk,' she said. and I ran back up the hill with the cold biting at my heart.

Holy Cross, though God knows one the treachery of the ice. The screams naked soul was due to walk out on to of the natives frenzied the pack, and the spow. At daylight, when I came they rioted out on to the bending sheet, back for him, he had fled down the while the long sledge, borne by its moriver with the fastest dogs, and to this day I've never seen his face, though 'tis often I've felt his hate.g.

"He's grown into the strongest missionary on the coast, and he never lets a chance go by to harry me or the

"D'ye mind the time 'Skagway' Bennet died? We was pardners up Norton sound way when he was killed. They thought he suicided, but I know. I found a cariboo belt in the brush near camp-the kind they make on the Kuskokwim, Father Orioff's country. His men took the wrong one, that's all.

"I'm sorry I didn't tell ye this, Cap. natives. He knows we've come, as the blood token of the guide showed. He wants my life, and there's great trouble coming up. I'm hoping ye'll soon get your sight, for by now there's a rupper twenty miles into the hills with news that we're blind in the church at Togiak. Three days be'll be going. and on the fifth re'll hear the jangle of Russian dog bells. He'll kill the fastest team in Nushagak in the coming, and God help us if we're here."

George scraped a bit of frost lace from the lone window pane. Dark figures moved over the snow, circling the chapel, and he knew that each was armed. Only their reverence for the church held them from doing the task set by Orloff, and he sighed as he changed the bandages on his suffering

They awoke the next morning to the moan of wind and the sift of snow clouds past their walls. Staring through his peephole, George distinguished only a seethe of whirling flakes that grayed the view, blotting even the neighboring buts, and when the early evening brought a rising note in the storm the trouble lifted from his

"A three day blizzard," he rejoiced. "and the strongest team on the coast can't wallow through it under a week.

These on shore gales is beauts." For three days the wind tore from off the sea into the open bight at whose head lay Toglak, and its vi lence wrecked the armor of shore ice in the bay till it beat and roared against the spit, a thrashing mael strom of shattered bergs. The waters piled into the inlet, driven by the last of the storm, till they overflowed the river ice behind the village, submerging and breaking it into ragged, dan-

gerous confusion. On the third day, with arctic vagary. the wind gasped refuctantly and seurried over the range. In its wake the surging ocean churned loudly, and the backwater behind the town, beld by the dam of freezing stush ice at the river mouth, was skimmed by a thin ice paper, pierced here and there by the up ended piles from beneath. This held the night's snow, so that morning showed the village girt on three sides by a stream soft carpeted

ad onle to the eye, but falling bi

meath the feet of a child. "Your eyes are coming along mighty slow," worried George. "I'm hoping his reverence is up to his gills in drifts back yonder. We must leave him a sled trail for a souvenir."

"How can we with the place guard-

"Hitch the dogs and run for it by night. He'll burn us out when be comes. Fine targets we'd make ou the snow by the light of a burning shack! If ye can see to shoot we'll go tonight. Hello! What's that?"

Outside came the howl of malamoots and the cry of men. Leaping to the window. George rubbed it free and stared into the sunshine

"Too late, too late!" he said. "Here he comes! It's time I killed him." He spoke gratingly, with the dull anger of years.

On the bright surface of the opposite hillside a sled bearing a muttled figare appeared silhouetted against the



"He needs killing, I am hungry for his life."

glisten of the crust. Its team, maddened by the village scent, poured down the incline toward the river bank, and the guide awung on to the ruppers behind, while the voice of the people rose to their priest. In a whirt "There was no death that night in of soft snow they drove down on to mentum, shot forward till the splitting cry of the ice sounded over the lamentations. It sinckened, sagged and disappeared to a surge of congealing waters. The wheel dogs were dragged into the opening and their mates ahead jerked backward on to them. In a fighting tangle all settled

into the swirt. Orloff leaped from the sinking sled. but, hindered by his fur swaddling. crashed through and lunged beavily in his struggles to mount the edge of the film. As be floundered on to the caving surface it let him back, and the waters covered him time and again. He pitched oddly about, and for the before we started, for now we're into first time they saw his eyes were the south country, where he owns the bound tightly with bandages, which

"My God, be's snow blind!" cried George, and in a moment he appeared among the frantic mob fringing the

The guide broke his way toward a hummock of old ice forming an islet near by, and the priest half swam, half scrambled behind, till they crawled out upon this solid footing. Here the wintry wind searched them, and their dripping clothes stiffened quickly. Orloff dragged the strips from his face, and as the sun glitter pierced his eyes he writhed as though seared by the naked touch of hot steel.

He shouted affrightedly in his blindness, but the mocking voice of Big George answered him, and he cow ared at the malevolence in the words

"Here I am, Orloff. It's belp ye want, is ft? I'll shoot the man that tries to reach ye. Ha, ha! Ye're freezing, eh? Georgie will talk to keep se awake. A dirty trick of the river to cheat me so! I've fattened for years on the hope of stamping your life out, and now's it's robbed But I'll stick till ye're safe in

The man cried piteously, turning his bleared eyes toward the sound.

"Shoot, why don't you, and end it? Can't you see we're freezing?" He stood up in his carapace of stiffened clothes, shivering paisiedly. "The truest thing ye ever said,

cried George, and he swung his Colt's into view. "It'll favor you, and I'll keep my vow." He raised the gun The splashing of the distant dogs broke the silence. A native kuelt "George, George!" Captain ban

stumbled down among them and plucked at his arm, peering dimly into his distorted face. "Great God! Are you a murderer? They'll be dead before we can save them."

"Save 'em!" said George, while rea son fought with his mania. going to save 'em? He needs killing I'm hungry for his life"

"He's a man, George. They're both human, and they're dying in sight of as. Give him a chance. Fight like a

As he spoke the fury fell away from the whaler, and he became the alert,

strong man of the frontier, knowing the quick danger and meeting it.

Soaked to the armpits, he smashed a trail through which they reached the hummock where the others lay, too listless for action.

At the shore they bore the priest to their shelter, while the guide was snatched into a nearby but. They backed off his brittle clothes and supported him to the bed.

"He's badly frozen," whispered Captain. "Can we save him?" They rubbed and thawed for hours, but the sluggish blood refused to flow into the extremities, and Captain felt that this man would die for lack of amputation.

"'Tis no use." finally said the big man despairingly. "I've seen too many of 'em. We've done our best."

"George Brace. I've harmed you bitterly," declared Orloff, "and you're a good man to help me so. It's no use. We have both fought the cold death and know when to quit. I came here to kill you, but you will go out across the mountains free, while I raw in madness and the medicine men make charms over me. When you come into Bethel mission I'll be dead Goodby."

"Good h-!! We're taking ye to Bethel and a doctor in ten minutes. A week's travel as the trail goes, but we'll save a chunk of ye yet, old man." Five days later a broken team crawled over the snow to the Moravian mission, urged by two men gaunt from the trail and blistered by the cold. From the sledge came shricks and throaty mutterings, horrid gabblings of post-freezing madness, and Dr. Forrest, lifting back the robe, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. found Orloff lashed into his couch.

"Five days from Togiak, 200 miles in heavy trails," explained George wearily as the cries of the maniac dimmed behind the log walls.

Two hours later Forrest spoke gravely as they nursed their frostbites.

"We've operated. He will recover." "It's a sad, sad day," mourned George. "It just takes the taste out of everything. He's a cripple, ch?"

"Yes-helpless! I did not know Father Orloff had many-er-friends hereabouts," continued the doctor. "He was thought to be hated by the whites. I'm glad the report was wrong."

"Friends be d-d," said the other strongly. "What's a friend? Ye can get them any place, but where can ye find another enemy like that man?"

IN MEMORIAM. COMEWHERE along the endless miles

Of blue green ice and dove white The dull sun smiles o'er feathered isies Where men lie dead below.

NTARCTIC winds your keen cars Their last faint cry. What did they say? Was it of home, the faltered word, As they knell down to pray?

VID their brave eyes fight creeping sleep That sweetly numbs the freezing And did they see beyond the deep

The vision of their God? COLD, cold their beds, but who shall say Their memories shall not live and

Their names shall know no yesterday, Their deeds no sunset glow.

REGRET.

Regret Not with the aid of countless year Can I erase from memory The thought of what you were to me,

Methinks my grief would lose its sting. If you'd return that diamond ring. (N. B.-It is not paid for yet.) -L. B. Coley.

"ONE DAY MORE."

HE cordage creaks and ratties in the wind, With freaks of sudden bush; the reeling sea Now thumps like solid rock beneath the stern, Now leaps with clumay wrath, strikes short, and, falling, Crumbled to whispery foam, slips

rustling down The broad backs of the waves, which jostle and crowd To fling themselves upon that unknown shore,

Their used familiar since the dawn Whither this foredoomed life is guided on

To sway on triumph's hushed, aspiring poise One glittering moment, then the break fulfilled. One day more

These muttering shoalblains leave the heim to me. God, let me not in their dull coze be stranded: Let not this one frail bark, to hellow which I have dug out the pith and sinewy

Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, Cast up to warp and blacken in the

Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off His cheek swollen mates and from the leaning mast

Fortune's full sail strains forward One poor day! Remember whose and not how short It is God's day; it is Columbus',

A lavish day! One day with life

and heart is more than time enough to find a -"Columbus." James Russell Low-

"THAT STRAIN AGAIN." WEET is the voice that sings, and sweet the air. But only sweet to me because they Back perfectly to my remembering

A tune as sad and passionate as prayer-A tune I heard when life and love were When all the strong, sweet perfumes of

the spring Did so about my lady's presence cling, They seemed her very loveliness to share. So when I hear this tune that other strain Revives within me, and I see again My lady's face: yea, then I do rejoice, Recalling half lost beauties of her voice; A little then the present off I cast And walk 'mid lovely ruins of the past.

-Philip Bourke Marston.

Practical Fashions

LADY'S SHIRT WAIST,



This simple blouse has two possibilities, either it may be made with body and long sleeves in one or with a drop shoulder and short sleeves. The neck is round and the waist closes in the back. Lawn, gingham, voile, batiste, etc., are suitable for this waist, which may also be made of plain lawn for an underslip.

The waist pattern (6302) is cut in Medium size requires 1% yards of 30 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper.
Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

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Practical Fashions

CHILD'S CAPS.



Three styles of caps are shown in this illustration. No. 1 can be developed in two different ways, as shown in the picture; Nos. 2 and 3 are seamless, and are cleverly drawn in to the shape of the head. Lawn, silk, batiste and the like are used for caps,

The cap pattern (6290) is cut in sizes 1, 2 and 3 years. Two year size reguires for No. 1, 1/2 yard of 27 inch material, with 214 yards of edging; No. 2 requires % yard of 27 inch material, 2% yards of edging and % yard of ribbon; No. 3 requires 1/2 yard of 27 Inch material, 1/2 yard of insertion, 3 yards of edging.

To procure this pattern send 19 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper, Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

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Death of Satire.

Since literary forms and fashions of expression wax and wane as well as the element of taste, it is not beyond surmise that satire, free and fearless, may again become a potent agent for good, remarks the Fortnightly Review. But ere that be impossible, a responsiveness must be born in the people, or its voice will be smothered like a whisper in a storm, and its thunderbolts expend themselves on men of straw. Whether the spirit of aggressive satire shall perish entirely among the modern Kulturvolker is therefore matter for conjecture, but beyond certainty. Yet if it be so, the history of the extinction of spinal, virile English satire will be found by posterity to terminate in the work of Byron and Gifford, and, by a strange anomaly, in that of one or two writers of western America, the last worthy and redoubtable exponents of the school of Pope and Swift.

Our Dangerous Streets. During the year 1911, says the Sci-

entific American, 532 persons were killed by automobiles in the streets of Greater New York. Incomplete records of the injuries taken from daily newspapers show 13,042 persons hurt by automobiles, 104 by street cars and 317 by wagons. In London, which in 1911 had a population of over 7,000. 000, 410 persons were killed by vehicles; while in Paris, with a population of over 2,000,000, there were 236 deaths and 18,179 injuries, by all classes of conveyances.