THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL, PORTLAND, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1005

## THE BANNER SERIES OF SELECTED SHORT STORIES

## The Great Interrogation By JACK LONDON

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Mrs. Sayther, whose flush had deep-ened and whose heart was surging pain-fully, had been prepared for almost anything save this coolly extended hand;
Payne, and in what way his existence bore upon Karen Cayther's. But that very day, as Pierre Foutaine had said.
Mrs. Sayther and her barbaric crew of voyageurs towed up the east bank to Klondike City, shot scross to the west hank to escape the bluffs and disap-peared amid the mase of islands to the south.
"Oui, madame, these is de place. One, two. tree island."
Mrs. Sayther, But I have come-now."

As he spoke, Pierre Fontaine drove his pole against the bank and held the stern of the boat against the current. This thrust the bow in, till a nimble half-breed climbed ashore with the painter and made fast. "One leel tam, madame, I go look

"One leel tam, madame, I go look see." A chorus of dogs marked his disap-pearante over the sdgs of the bank, but "Jut, madame, these is de cabin. " "Out, madame, these is de cabin. " "This investigation. No can find man thome. But him no go valre far, valre long, or him no leave dogs. Him com-gueek, you bet" "Help me out, Pierre. I'm tired all over from the boat. You might hav made it softer, you know." "From a ness of furs amidshipa, Karen Sayther rose to her full height of sler-der fairness. But I if she looked flip-frail in her elemental environment, effort was belied by the knotting of the saked irrelevantly, striving to throw the soneyraution upon a more personal bass. Buill, for all the exceless eases with a sprinched the landing there fare, and a perceptibly extra beat to her hough the data with the states of birchwood into her body, sy the splendid effort of extremet." Buill, for all the exceless eases with a sprinched the landing there fare, and a perceptibly extra beat to her head made the landing there fare and a perceptibly extra beat to her hough the seased a year fiper mellow. Tak, mode of griesed parchinet, which admitted light while it blocked vision Failing the size of bir found to the weight admitted light while it blocked vision fare and a perceptibly extra beat to her head and et it lift. The first with wer you assing it he approached the cased her handing there fare and a perceptibly extra beat to head a first with here sease, and sained the approached the seased partment, which admitted light while it blocked vision fail file the runde lath to enter, but admitted light while it blocked vision fail file the runde lath it fail backs. The she was for the down hat the spring bed a home. But trade and be the first while a south the seased partment, which and the seased file seased partment which the she bad made the landing there fail of the town has the state of the country before fail the there and had be the first by the shead made of the seased here should to the mean

"Indeed. I am sorry. How long"-"David!" She was ready to cry with vexation, but the reproach she threw into her voice eased her. "Did you get any of my letters? You must have got some of them, though you never answered." "Well, I didn't get the last one, an-nouncing, evidently, the death of your husband, and most likely others went astray; but I did get some. I er-read them aloud to Winaple as a warning-that is, you know, to impress upon her the wickedness of her white sisters. And I or think she profited by II. Don't you?"

If you would but see. We are not changed." Her hand rested on his shoulder, and his hud half passed, roughly, about her, when the sharp crackle of a match startled him to himself. Winapie, alien to the scene, was lighting the slow wick of the slush lamp. She appeared to start out against a background of utter black, and the flame, flaring suddenly up, lighted her bronze beauty to royal gold.

nad foreed him to bare his heart and speak truths which he had hidden from himself. And she was good to look upon, standing there in a glory of par-sion, calling back old associations and warmer life. He turned away his head that he might not see, but she passed around and fronted him. "Look at me, Dave! Look at me! I am the same after all. And so are you. If you would but see. We are not changes." Her hand rested on his shoulder, and his had half passed, roughly, about her. "Come, Dave, come. I have for both.

the firelight his sharp eyes Bret Harts, is next in The Journal's banner series of short stories.) By the firelight

## Where Women Wear Trousers ....

N taking trips on foot through the little round straw hat, are at times very mountains of Europe, ladies, to in-

becoming. Linen trousers are also con

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