

中文导读英文版

*The Call of the Wild/White Fang*

# 野性的呼唤/白牙

[美] 杰克·伦敦 原著  
王勋 纪飞 等 编译



清华大学出版社

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## 内 容 简 介

*The Call of the Wild/White Fang*, 中文译名分别为《野性的呼唤》和《白牙》, 是世界文学史上公认的经典文学著作, 由美国著名作家杰克·伦敦编著。《野性的呼唤》主要讲述一条家犬回归野性、重拾自由的故事。主人公是一条名叫“巴克”的狗, 它在主人的家中过着无忧无虑的生活。在被拐卖到美国寒冷、偏远的北方后, 成了一只拉雪橇的犬。它目睹了人与人、狗与狗之间的争斗, 为了生存, 它学会了“弱肉强食”式的处世原则, 变得凶悍、机智。在强烈的生存欲望的主宰和森林中狼群的呼唤下, 巴克野性萌发, 最终响应荒野的召唤, 回归了自然并重获自由。

《白牙》是《野性的呼唤》的姊妹篇, 讲述一只名叫“白牙”的充满野性的狼从荒野进入人类世界的故事。白牙原本是荒野中的一只狼, 历经各种磨难和挫折, 最后遇到了慈爱的主人斯科拉。在斯科拉爱的感化下, 白牙最终走出了荒野, 成了斯科拉家中的一条驯养犬, 过上了文明的生活。

该书自出版以来, 被译成世界上多种语言, 多次被改编成电影。无论作为语言学习的课本, 还是作为通俗的文学读本, 本书对当代中国的青少年都将产生积极的影响。为了使读者能够了解英文故事概况, 进而提高阅读速度和阅读水平, 在每章的开始部分增加了中文导读。

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杰克·伦敦（Jack London，1876—1916），原名约翰·格利菲斯·伦敦（John Griffith London），美国著名作家，他在现代美国文学和世界文学里享有崇高的地位。

杰克·伦敦生于旧金山，是个私生子。后来，母亲改嫁给境况不佳的约翰·伦敦。他的童年是在穷苦中度过的，当过牧童、报童、童工、工人、水手。他还参加过 1893 年大恐慌中失业大军组成的抗议队伍，以流浪罪被捕入狱，罚做苦工几个月。出狱后，他一边拼命干活，一边刻苦学习，广泛涉猎达尔文、斯宾塞、尼采和马克思等人的著作。1896 年，他考进加利福尼亚大学，一年后辍学。后来受到阿拉斯加淘金热的影响，加入了淘金者的行列，却因病空手而归。在经历各种失败和挫折之后，杰克·伦敦萌发了写作的愿望。

1899 年，他发表了第一篇小说《给猎人》；1900 年，在他出版短篇小说集《狼之子》后，便饮誉文坛，并获得了丰厚的收入。从此，他埋头读书写作，成为职业作家。杰克·伦敦是个多产的作家，一生共写了 19 部长篇小说、150 多篇短篇小说以及 3 部剧本等。除《狼之子》之外，著名的作品还有：描写反抗压迫、回归自由与自然的《野性的呼唤》（1903），描写伦敦贫民生活的特写集《深渊中的人们》（1903），描写兽性残忍和利己主义的长篇小说《海狼》（1904），描写充满野性的幼狼如何从荒野中进入文明世界的《白牙》（1906），政治幻想小说《铁蹄》（1908），自传体长篇小说《马丁·伊登》（1909）等。1916 年他在精神极度苦闷、空虚中自杀身亡。

在杰克·伦敦的众多作品中，《野性的呼唤》和《白牙》是其中的典型代表，是公认的世界文学名著。该书自出版以来，已被译成世界上几十种语言，且多次被改编成电影。

在中国，《野性的呼唤》和《白牙》是最受广大读者欢迎的经典小说之



一。目前，在国内数量众多的《野性的呼唤》和《白牙》书籍中，主要的出版形式有两种：一种是中文翻译版，另一种是英文原版。而其中的英文原版越来越受到读者的欢迎，这主要是得益于中国人热衷于学习英文的大环境。从英文学习的角度上来看，直接使用纯英文素材更有利于英语学习。考虑到对英文内容背景的了解有助于英文阅读，使用中文导读应该是一种比较好的方式，也可以说是该类型书的第三种版本形式。采用中文导读而非中英文对照的方式进行编排，这样有利于国内读者摆脱对英文阅读依赖中文注释的习惯。基于以上原因，我们决定编译《野性的呼唤》和《白牙》，并将其合二为一，采用中文导读英文版的形式出版。在中文导读中，我们尽力使其贴近原作的精髓，也尽可能保留原作故事主线。我们希望能够编出为当代中国读者所喜爱的经典读本。读者在阅读英文故事之前，可以先阅读中文导读内容，这样有利于了解故事背景，从而加快阅读速度。我们相信，该经典著作的引进对加强当代中国读者，特别是青少年读者的人文修养是非常有帮助的。

本书主要内容由王勋、纪飞编译。参加本书故事素材搜集整理及编译工作的还有郑佳、刘乃亚、赵雪、熊金玉、李丽秀、熊红华、王婷婷、孟宪行、胡国平、李晓红、贡东兴、陈楠、邵舒丽、冯洁、王业伟、徐鑫、王晓旭、周丽萍、熊建国、徐平国、肖洁、王小红等。限于我们的科学、人文素养和英语水平，书中难免有不当之处，衷心希望读者朋友批评指正。



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# **第一部 野性的呼唤**

## **Book 1 The Call of the Wild**

# 第一章 进入原始荒蛮

## Chapter 1 Into the Primitive



在米勒法官的庄园中幸福快乐地生活着的巴克，并不知道灾难即将降临。它依然每天陪着法官的女儿散步、陪着法官的儿子游泳，它是当地诸多狗群的头领，从小到大一直过着养尊处优的生活。虽然它总是自认为比别的狗高贵，但是并不娇生惯养，始终担任着保护庄园、保护主人的任务。

但是巴克没有想到自己会被庄园的园丁曼尼尔出卖。曼尼尔因为赌博欠下了一大笔债，他把巴克卖给了去北方淘金的一群人。巴克跟着曼尼尔走出了庄园，让自己信任的人套上了绳子。当绳子被陌生人拿在手上时，巴克发出了愤怒的吼叫，但是陌生人在它扑过来的时候用手掐住了它的喉咙，巴克昏迷了过去。当它醒来时已经在一列火车上。它和陌生人的争斗引来了列车员，陌生人慌忙掩饰着，消除了列车员的疑惑。等到了旧金山时，他将巴克转交给了一个酒店老板，自己从中得到了五十美元，却抱怨不已，因为他浑身都被咬破了。巴克仍然没有放弃反抗，但却遭来一阵阵毒打，最后被装进了笼子里。它从没有受过这样的伤害，它在笼子里发出粗野的狂嚎，可是那酒店老板并不理会它。过了几天，又一群人抬走了巴克，他们不停地以惹恼巴克为乐，巴克就这样被转手了很多次，从火车到轮船，再到卡车，处处受到人们的嘲笑和戏弄，它已经完全变了样，两眼通红，浑身充满怒气，最后它到了一个穿红衫的男人面前。红衫男人没有丝毫的恐惧，他决定把巴克放出笼子，周围的人们全都躲到一旁看好戏，巴克在笼子打开的那一瞬间，向那个男人扑了过去，但是却被那个男人用棍棒打倒，接着便是无数次棍棒的袭击，尽管巴克很多次试

图攻击，都被打翻在地，直到最后完全失去了知觉。等到巴克醒来的时候，那人让巴克明白了现在只能接受安排，再反抗的话就会被打死的。巴克已经明白了这一切，它变得乖巧起来，在拿着棒子的人的面前，它不能去硬碰硬，之后巴克也眼睁睁地看着其他的狗受着它所受过的惨痛教训。它没有在红衫人这儿待太久，便和另外一条狗柯利，被一个叫帕热尔特的人买走了。

帕热尔特带它们上了“纳沃尔号”船交给了弗朗哥，巴克遇到了其他两条狗：一条狗十分奸诈，总是抢巴克的食物，直到有一次弗朗哥鞭打了正在偷食的那条狗，这让巴克不禁对弗朗哥有了几分尊敬；另一条狗总是单独行动，从不和它们在一起。轮船不停地前进着，巴克感到天气逐渐在变冷。一天，弗朗哥把皮带套在了几条狗的身上，巴克走到地面上感觉地上软软的，天上落下了白色的东西，它很好奇，因为这是它平生第一次见到雪。

*“Old longings nomadic leap, Chafing at custom’s chain ; Again from its brumal sleep Wakens the ferine strain .”*

Buck did not read the newspapers, or he would have known that trouble was brewing, not alone for himself, but for every tidewater dog, strong of muscle and with warm, long hair, from Puget Sound to San Diego. Because men, groping in the Arctic darkness, had found a yellow metal, and because steamship and transportation companies were booming the find, thousands of men were rushing into the Northland. These men wanted dogs, and the dogs they wanted were heavy dogs, with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost.

Buck lived at a big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley. Judge Miller’s place, it was called. It stood back from the road, halfhidden among the trees, through which glimpses could be caught of the wide cool veranda that ran around its four sides. The house was approached by gravelled driveways which wound about through widespreading lawns and under the interlacing boughs of tall poplars. At the rear things were on even a more spacious scale than at the front. There were great stables, where a dozen grooms and boys held forth, rows of vine-clad servants’ cottages, an endless and orderly array of

outhouses, long grape arbors, green pastures, orchards, and berry patches. Then there was the pumping plant for the artesian well, and the big cement tank where Judge Miller's boys took their morning plunge and kept cool in the hot afternoon.

And over this great demense Buck ruled. Here he was born, and here he had lived the four years of his life. It was true, there were other dogs. There could not but be other dogs on so vast a place, but they did not count. They came and went, resided in the populous kennels, or lived obscurely in the recesses of the house after the fashion of Toots, the Japanese pug, or Ysabel, the Mexican hairless—strange creatures that rarely put nose out of doors or set foot to ground. On the other hand, there were the fox terriers, a score of them at least, who yelped fearful promises at Toots and Ysabel looking out of the windows at them and protected by a legion of housemaids armed with brooms and mops.

But Buck was neither house-dog nor kennel dog. The whole realm was his. He plunged into the swimming tank or went hunting with the Judge's sons; he escorted Mollie and Alice, the Judge's daughters, on long twilight or early morning rambles; on wintry nights he lay at the Judge's feet before the roaring library fire; he carried the Judge's grandsons on his back, or rolled them in the grass, and guarded their footsteps through wild adventures down to the fountain in the stable yard, and even beyond, where the paddocks were, and the berry patches. Among the terriers he stalked imperiously, and Toots and Ysabel he utterly ignored, for he was king—king over all creeping, crawling, flying things of Judge Miller's place, humans included.

His father, Elmo, a huge St. Bernard, had been the Judge's inseparable companion, and Buck bid fair to follow in the way of his father. He was not so large—he weighed only one hundred and forty pounds—for his mother, Shep, had been a Scotch shepherd dog. Nevertheless, one hundred and forty pounds, to which was added the dignity that comes of good living and universal respect, enabled him to carry himself in right royal fashion. During the four years since his puppyhood he had lived the life of a sated aristocrat; he had a fine pride in himself, was ever a trifle egotistical, as country gentlemen sometimes become because of their insular situation. But he had saved himself by not becoming a

mere pampered housedog. Hunting and kindred outdoor delights had kept down the fat and hardened his muscles; and to him, as to the coldtubbing-races, the love of water had been a tonic and a health preserver.

And this was the manner of dog Buck was in the fall of 1897, when the Klondike strike dragged men from all the world into the frozen North. But Buck did not read the newspapers, and he did not know that Manuel, one of the gardener's helpers, was an undesirable acquaintance. Manuel had one besetting sin. He loved to play Chinese lottery. Also, in his gambling, he had one besetting weakness—faith in a system; and this made his damnation certain. For to play a system requires money, while the wages of a gardener's helper do not lap over the needs of a wife and numerous progeny.

The Judge was at a meeting of the Raisin Growers' Association, and the boys were busy organizing an athletic club, on the memorable night of Manuel's treachery. No one saw him and Buck go off through the orchard on what Buck imagined was merely a stroll. And with the exception of a solitary man, no one saw them arrive at the little flag station known as College Park. This man talked with Manuel, and money chinked between them.

"You might wrap up the goods before you deliver'm," the stranger said gruffly, and Manuel doubled a piece of stout rope around Buck's neck under the collar.

"Twist it, an' you'll choke'm plentee," said Manuel, and the stranger grunted a ready affirmative.

Buck had accepted the rope with quiet dignity. To be sure, it was an unwonted performance: but he had learned to trust in men he knew, and to give thegn credit for a wisdom that outreached his own. But when the ends of the rope were placed in the stranger's hands, he growled menacingly. He had merely intimated his displeasure, in his pride believing that to intimate was to command. But to his surprise the rope tightened around his neck, shutting off his breath. In quick rage he sprang at the man, who met him halfway, grappled him close by the throat, and with a deft twist threw him over on his back. Then the rope tightened mercilessly, while Buck struggled in a fury, his tongue lolling out of his mouth and his great chest panting futilely. Never in all his life had he been so vilely treated, and never in all his life had he been so angry. But

his strength ebbed, his eyes glazed, and he knew nothing when the train was flagged and the two men threw him into the baggage car.

The next he knew, he was dimly aware that his tongue was hurting and that he was being jolted along in some kind of a conveyance. The hoarse shriek of a locomotive whistling a crossing told him where he was. He had travelled too often with the Judge not to know the sensation of riding in a baggage car. He opened his eyes, and into them came the unbridled anger of a kidnapped king. The man sprang for his throat, but Buck was too quick for him. His jaws closed on the hand, nor did they relax till his senses were choked out of him once more.

"Yep, has fits," the man said, hiding his mangled hand from the baggageman, who had been attracted by the sounds of struggle. "I'm takin' 'em up for the boss to 'Frisco. A crack dogdoctor there thinks that he can cure'em."

Concerning that night's ride, the man spoke most eloquently for himself, in a little shed back of a saloon on the San Francisco water front.

"All I get is fifty for it," he grumbled; "an' I wouldn't do it over for a thousand, cold cash."

His hand was wrapped in a bloody handkerchief, and the right trouser leg was ripped from knee to ankle.

"How much did the other mug get?" the saloon-keeper demanded.

"A hundred," was the reply. "Wouldn't take a sou less, so help me."

"That makes a hundred and fifty," the saloon-keeper calculated; "and he's worth it, or I'm a squarehead."

The kidnapper undid the bloody wrappings and looked at his lacerated hand. "If I don't get the hydrophoby—"

"It'll be because you was born to hang," laughed the saloonkeeper. "Here lend me a hand before you pull your freight," he added.

Dazed, suffering intolerable pain from throat and tongue, with the life half throttled out of him, Buck attempted to face his tormentors. But he was thrown down and choked repeatedly, till they succeeded in filing the heavy brass collar from off his neck. Then the rope was removed, and he was flung into a cagelike crate.

There he lay for the remainder of the weary night, nursing his wrath and

wounded pride. He could not understand what it all meant. What did they want with him, these strange men? Why were they keeping him pent up in this narrow crate? He did not know why, but he felt oppressed by the vague sense of impending calamity. Several times during the night he sprang to his feet when the shed door rattled open, expecting to see the Judge, or the boys at least. But each time it was the bulging face of the saloon-keeper that peered in at him by the sickly light of a tallow candle. And each time the joyful bark that trembled in Buck's throat was twisted into a savage growl.

But the saloon-keeper let him alone, and in the morning four men entered and picked up the crate. More tormentors, Buck decided, for they were evil-looking creatures, ragged and unkempt; and he stormed and raged at them through the bars. They only laughed and poked sticks at him, which he promptly assailed with his teeth till he realized that that was what they wanted. Whereupon he lay down sullenly and allowed the crate to be lifted into a wagon. Then he, and the crate in which he was imprisoned, began a passage through many hands. Clerks in the express office took charge of him; he was carted about in another wagon; a truck carried him, with an assortment of boxes and parcels, upon a ferry steamer; he was trucked off the steamer into a great railway depot, and finally he was deposited in an express car.

For two days and nights this express car was dragged along at the tail of shrieking locomotives; and for two days and nights Buck neither ate nor drank. In his anger he had met the first advances of the express messengers with growls, and they had retaliated by teasing him. When he flung himself against the bars, quivering and frothing, they laughed at him and taunted him. They growled and barked like detestable dogs, mewed, and flapped their arms and crowed. It was all very silly, he knew; but therefore the more outrage to his dignity, and his anger waxed and waxed. He did not mind the hunger so much, but the lack of water caused him severe suffering and fanned his wrath to fever-pitch. For that matter, high-strung and finely sensitive, the ill treatment had flung him into a fever, which was fed by the inflammation of his parched and swollen throat and tongue.

He was glad for one thing: the rope was off his neck. That had given them an unfair advantage; but now that it was off, he would show them. They would

never get another rope around his neck. Upon that he was resolved. For two days and nights he neither ate nor drank, and during those two days and nights of torment, he accumulated a fund of wrath that boded ill for whoever first fell foul of him. His eyes turned blood-shot, and he was metamorphosed into a raging fiend. So changed was he that the Judge himself would not have recognized him; and the express messengers breathed with relief when they bundled him off the train at Seattle.

Four men gingerly carried the crate from the wagon into a small, high-walled back yard. A stout man, with a red sweater that sagged generously at the neck, came out and signed the book for the driver. That was the man, Buck divined, the next tormentor, and he hurled himself savagely against the bars. The man smiled grimly, and brought a hatchet and a club.

"You ain't going to take him out now?" the driver asked.

"Sure," the man replied, driving the hatchet into the crate for a pry.

There was an instantaneous scattering of the four men who had carried it in, and from safe perches on top the wall they prepared to watch the performance.

Buck rushed at the splintering wood, sinking his teeth into it, surging and wrestling with it. Wherever the hatchet fell on the outside, he was there on the inside, snarling and growling, as furiously anxious to get out as the man in the red sweater was calmly intent on getting him out.

"Now, you red-eyed devil," he said, when he had made an opening sufficient for the passage of Buck's body. At the same time he dropped the hatchet and shifted the club to his right hand.

And Buck was truly a red-eyed devil, as he drew himself together for the spring, hair bristling, mouth foaming, a mad glitter in his blood-shot eyes. Straight at the man he launched his one hundred and forty pounds of fury, surcharged with the pent passion of two days and nights. In mid air, just as his jaws were about to close on the man, he received a shock that checked his body and brought his teeth together with an agonizing clip. He whirled over, fetching the ground on his back and side. He had never been struck by a club in his life, and did not understand. With a snarl that was part bark and more scream he was again on his feet and launched into the air. And again the shock came and he

was brought crushingly to the ground. This time he was aware that it was the club, but his madness knew no caution. A dozen times he charged, and as often the club broke the charge and smashed him down.

After a particularly fierce blow he crawled to his feet, too dazed to rash. He staggered limply about, the blood flowing from nose and mouth and ears, his beautiful coat sprayed and flecked with bloody slaver. Then the man advanced and deliberately dealt him a frightful blow on the nose. All the pain he had endured was as nothing compared with the exquisite agony of this. With a roar that was almost lionlike in its ferocity, he again hurled himself at the man. But the man, shifting the club from right to left, coolly caught him by the under jaw, at the same time wrenching downward and backward. Buck described a complete circle in the air, and half of another, then crashed to the ground on his head and chest.

For the last time he rushed. The man struck the shrewd blow he had purposely withheld for so long, and Buck crumpled up and went down, knocked utterly senseless.

"He's no slouch at dog-breakin', that's wot I say," one of the men on the wall cried enthusiastically.

"Druther break cayuses any day, and twice on Sundays," was the reply of the driver, as he climbed on the wagon and started the horses.

Buck's senses came back to him, but not his strength. He lay where he had fallen, and from there he watched the man in the red sweater.

"Answers to the name of Buck," the man soliloquized, quoting from the saloon-keeper's letter which had announced the consignment of the crate and contents. "Well, Buck, my boy," he went on in a genial voice, "we've had our little ruction, and the best thing we can do is to let it go at that. You've learned your place, and I know mine. Be a good dog and all'll go well and the goose hang high. Be a bad dog, and I'll whale the stuffin' outa you. Understand?"

As he spoke he fearlessly patted the head he had so mercilessly pounded, and though Buck's hair involuntarily bristled at touch of the hand, he endured it without protest. When the man brought him water he drank eagerly, and later bolted a generous meal of raw meat, chunk by chunk, from the man's hand.

He was beaten (he knew that) ; but he was not broken. He saw, once for all,

that he stood no chance against a man with a club. He had learned the lesson, and in all his after life he never forgot it. That club was a revelation. It was his introduction to the reign of primitive law, and he met the introduction halfway. The facts of life took on a fiercer aspect; and while he faced that aspect uncowed, he faced it with all the latent cunning of his nature aroused. As the days went by, other dogs came, in crates and at the ends of ropes, some docilely, and some raging and roaring as he had come; and, one and all, he watched them pass under the dominion of the man in the red sweater. Again and again, as he looked at each brutal performance, the lesson was driven home to Buck: a man with a club was a law-giver, a master to be obeyed, though not necessarily conciliated. Of this last Buck was never guilty, though he did see beaten dogs that fawned upon the man, and wagged their tails, and licked his hand. Also he saw one dog, that would neither conciliate nor obey, finally killed in the struggle for mastery.

Now and again men came, strangers, who talked excitedly, wheedling, and in all kinds of fashions to the man in the red sweater. And at such times that money passed between them the strangers took one or more of the dogs away with them. Buck wondered where they went, for they never came back; but the fear of the future was strong upon him, and he was glad each time when he was not selected.

Yet his time came, in the end, in the form of a little weazened man who spat broken English and many strange and uncouth exclamations which Buck could not understand.

"Sacredam!" he cried, when his eyes lit upon Buck. "Dat one dam bully dog! Eh? How much?"

"Three hundred, and a present at that," was the prompt reply of the man in the red sweater. "And seein' it's government money, you ain't got no kick coming, eh, Perrault?"

Perrault grinned. Considering that the price of dogs had been boomed skyward by the unwonted demand, it was not an unfair stum for so fine an animal. The Canadian Government would be no loser, nor would its despatches travel the slower. Perrault knew dogs, and when he looked at Buck he knew that he was one in a thousand— "One in ten thousand," he commented