

take White Fang, and I'm going to give you one hundred and fifty dollars."

He took out his wallet and counted the notes.

"I'm not selling," said Beauty, putting his hands behind his back.

"Yes, you are," said Mr. Scott. "Because I'm buying. Here's your money. The dog's mine."

When Beauty tried to back away, Mr. Scott jumped at him with his hand raised.

"A man has his rights," said Beauty in a whining voice.

"Correct," said Mr. Scott. "A man has rights. But you're not a man. You're a coward."

"Wait till I get back to Dawson," said Beauty. "You're robbing me. That dog's worth a lot more than a hundred and fifty. I'll get the police on to you."

"If you open your mouth when you get back to town," said Mr. Scott, "I'll have you thrown in prison. Understand?"

"Yes," said Beauty, angrily.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, sir," snarled Beauty.

The crowd was now moving away.

"Who's that?" one man asked another, pointing at Scott.

"Weedon Scott," the other replied. "He owns a lot of the land where the gold is. Keep away from him. He has important friends."

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### "Don't shoot him!"

"It's hopeless," said Weedon Scott.

He sat on the step outside of his wooden cabin and stared at Matt, his sled man. Together they looked at White Fang, who was snarling fiercely on the end of his chain, trying to get at the sled dogs.

"It's a wolf, and you can't **tame** it," announced Weedon.

"I'm not so sure," said Matt. "He's been tamed already."

"How do you know?" asked Weedon, amazed.

"Look at the marks on his chest," explained Matt. "They're harness marks."

"You're right," said Weedon. "He was a sled dog before Beauty Smith got hold of him."

"So he could be one again," said Matt.

Weedon looked hopeful for a moment, until White Fang snapped wildly.

"I don't think so," said Weedon. "We've had him for two weeks now, and he's wilder than ever."

"Give him a chance," advised Matt. "Unchain him for a bit."

Weedon could not believe his ears.

"Just make sure you have a club in your hand," said Matt. "This dog has seen a club before."

"You try it then," said Weedon.