

The Honor

By James
Oliver Curwood

PROLOGUE.

Up in the "Big Snows," near the dome of the earth, lies the scene of this story of real men and real women, who have all of the virtues of their hardening environment and few of the failings of their more civilized relatives. This is a tale for reading when one is tired of the artificialities of civilization—or at any other time when a good story is appreciated. You will find in it romance and adventure and mystery mixed in such skillful manner and in such proportion that no ingredient interferes with another. Yet all go to make fine reading for women who like to hear of brave deeds and sacrifice for love's sake and for men with even a drop of the spirit of adventure in their veins. And one thing more—the author has lived among the people whose lives he describes, and he knows how to tell a story.

CHAPTER III.

The Caribou Carnival.

THE education of the little Melisse began at once, while the rest was still deserted. It began, first of all, with Maballa. She stared dumbly and with shattered faith at these two creatures who told her of wonderful things in the up-bring of a child—things of which she had never so much as heard rumor before. Her mother instincts were aroused, but with Cree stoicism she made no betrayal of them.

The leather tanned immobility of her face underwent no whit of change when Cummins solemnly declared that the little Melisse was about to begin teething. She sat grimly and watched them in silence when between them upon a bearskin stretched on the floor they tried vainly to persuade Melisse to use her feet.

Weeks passed and Williams came in from the southern forests. Mukke followed him from the edge of the Barrens. Old Per-ee, partly Eskimo, returned from the Eskimo people, three-quarters starved and with half of his dogs stolen. From the north, east, west and south the post's fur rangers trailed back. Life was resumed. There was a softness in the air, a growing warmth in the midday sun. The days of the big change were near. And when they came, John Cummins and Jan Thoreau, of all the factor's people, wore patches at their knees.

One afternoon in the beginning of the mush snow a long team of rakish malamutes, driven by an Athabasca French-Canadian, raced wildly into the clearing about the post. The entire post rushed out to meet the newcomer. He was Jean de Gravois, the most important man in the Fond du Lac country, for whose goodwill the company paid a small bonus. That he had made a record catch even the children knew by the size of the packs on his sledge and by the swagger in his walk.

Gravois was usually one of the last to appear at the annual gathering of the wilderness fur gatherers. He was a big man in reputation as he was small in stature. He was one of the few of his kind who had developed personal vanity along with unerring cunning in the ways of the wild. Everybody liked Gravois, for he had a big soul in him and was as fearless as a lynx, and he liked everybody, including himself.

He explained his early arrival by announcing in a nonchalant manner that after he had given his malamutes a day's rest he was going on to Fort Churchill to bring back a wife. He hinted with a punctuating crack of his whip that he would make a second visit and a more interesting one at just about the time when the trappers were there in force.

Jan Thoreau listened to him, nunching his shoulders a little at the other's manifest air of importance. In turn the French Canadian scrutinized Jan good naturedly.

Every hour after the half breed's arrival quickened the pulse of expectancy at the post. For six months it had been a small and solitary unit of life in the heart of a big desolation. The first snow had smothered it in a loneliness that was almost the loneliness of desertion. With that first snow began the harvest days of the trappers. Now the change was at hand. It was like the breath of spring to the awakening wilderness. The forest people were moving. Trap lines were being broken, snares abandoned, sledge dogs put to harness. On the day that Jean de Gravois left for Hudson bay the company's supplies came in from Fort Churchill—seven toboggans drawn by Eskimo dogs, laden with flour and cloth, fifty pounds of heads, ammunition and a hundred other things, to be exchanged for the furs that would soon be in London and Paris.

Fearfully Jan Thoreau ran out to meet the sledge. There were seven Indians and one white man. Jan thrust himself close to look at the white man. He wore two revolver



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holsters and carried an automatic. Unquestionably he was not a mission-ary, but an agent of the company, well prepared to care for the company's treasure.

Jan hurried back to the cabin, his heart bubbling with a strange joy. "There ees no missioner, Melisse!" he cried triumphantly, dropping beside her, his face glowing with the gladness of his tidings. "You shall be good and beautiful, lak her, but you shall not be baptize by missioner! He has not come!"

A few minutes later Cummins came in. One of his hands was torn and bleeding.

"Those Eskimo dogs are demons!" he growled. "If they knew how to stand on their legs they'd eat our huskies alive. Will you help me with this?"

Jan was at work in an instant bandaging the wounded hand. "It ees not deep," he said, and then, without looking up, he added, "The missioner did not come."

"No," said Cummins shortly. "Neither has the mail. He is with that."

He did not notice the sudden tremble of Jan's fingers, nor did he see the startled look that shot into the boy's down turned eyes. Jan finished his bandaging without betraying his emotion and went back with Cummins to the company's store.

The next morning two Chippewyans trailed in with a team of mongrel curs from the south. Thereafter Cummins found but little time to devote to Melisse. The snow was softening rapidly, and the daily increasing warmth of the sun hastened the movement of the trappers. Mukke's people from the western Barren lands arrived first, bringing with them great loads of musk ox and caribou skins and an army of big footed, long legged Mackenzie hounds that pulled like horses and wailed like whipped puppies when the huskies and Eskimo dogs set upon them.

From east and west and south all trails now led to the post. By the end of the third day after the arrival of the company's supplies a babel of fighting, yelling, ceaselessly moving discord had driven forth the peace and quiet in which Cummins' wife had died. The fighting and discord were among the dogs, and the yelling was a necessary human accompaniment. Half a hundred packs, almost as wild and as savage as the wolves from whom half of them possessed a strong inheritance of blood, were thrown suddenly into warring confusion.

There was no cessation in the battle of the fangs. Half a dozen battles were fought to the death each day and night. Those that died were chiefly the south bred curs—mixtures of mastiff, Great Dane and sheep dogs—and the fatally slow Mackenzie hounds.

Yet beyond all this discord and bloody strife there was a great, throbbing human happiness—a beating of honest hearts filled to overflowing with the joys of the moment, a welding of new friendships, a renewal of old ones, a closer union of the brotherhood that binds together all things under the cold gray of the northern skies. There were no bickerings among the hunters.

These were days of unprecedented prosperity and triumph for the baby, as they were for the company. The cabin was half filled with strange things, for all went to look upon the little Melisse and gave something to her. There were polar bears' teeth, brought down by the little black men who in turn had got them from the coast people; strange dogs carved from wood, bits of fur, bushy foxtails, lynx paws, dried fruits, candy bought at fabulous prices in the store and musk—always and incessantly musk—from Mukke's people of the West Barrens.

Jan had not played upon his violin since the coming of Jean de Gravois, but one evening he tuned his strings and said to Melisse: "They have been good to you, my Melisse. I will give them ze mussek of ze violon."

It was the big night at the post—the

of the Big Snows

Author of "The
Danger Trail"

light that is known from Athabasca to Hudson bay as the night of the caribou roast. A week had passed, and there were no more furs to be disposed of. In the company's ledger each man had received his credit, and in the company's store the furs were piled high and safe. Three caribou had been killed by Per-ee and his hunters, and on this night, when Jan took down his violin from its peg on the wall, a huge fire blazed in the open, and on spits six inches in diameter the caribou were roasting.

The air was filled with the sound and odor of the carnival. Above the fighting and snarling of dogs the forest people lifted their voices in wild celebration, forgetting in this one holiday of the year the silence that they would carry back into the solitudes with them. Shril voices rose in meaningless cries above the roaring of the fire. Caribou whips snapped fiercely. Chippewyans, Crees, Eskimos and breeds crowded in the red glare. The factor's men shouted and sang like mad, for this was the company's annual "good time"—the show that would lure many of these same men back again at the end of another trapping season.

Huge boxes of white bread were placed near to the fire. A tub of real butter, brought 5,000 miles from across the sea for the occasion, was set on a gun case thrown where the heat played in it in yellow glory. In a giant copper kettle, over a smaller fire, bubbled and steamed half a barrel of coffee.

The richness of the odors that drifted in the air set the dogs gathering upon their haunches beyond the waiting circle of masters, their lips dripping, their tongues snapping in an eagerness that was not for the flesh of battle. And above it all there gleamed down a billion stars from out of the skies and the aurora flung its banners through the pale night.

Seated upon the edge of one of the bread boxes, Jan began to play. It was not the low, sweet music of Cummins and the little Melisse that he played now, but a wild, wailing song that he had found in the autumn winds. It burst above the crackling fire and the tumult of man and dog in a weird and savage beauty that hushed all sound, and life about him became like life struck suddenly dead. After a while his violin sang a lower song, and sweeter; and still softer it became, and more sweet, until he was playing that which he loved most of all—the music that had filled the little cabin when Cummins' wife died.

As he continued to play there came an interruption to the silence—a low refrain that was almost like that of the moaning wind it grew beyond the tense circle of men, until a song of infinite sadness rose from the throats of a hundred dogs in response to Jan Thoreau's violin.

Cummins saw the surrounding cordons become thinner as man crushed closer to man, and he saw strained faces turned from the player to where the dogs sat full throated upon their haunches, with their heads pointed straight to the stars in the sky. "For the love of heaven, play no more of that!" he cried in the boy's ear. "Play something fast."

Jan lifted his head as if from a dream. In an instant he perceived the strange effect of his music, and his bow raced across the strings of his violin in a rhythm swift and buoyant, his voice rising shrill and clear in words familiar to them all:

"Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze cariboo-oo-oo. He roars on high, Jes' under ze sky, Ze beeg white cariboo-oo-oo!"

"Oh, ze cariboo-oo-oo, ze cariboo-oo-oo. He brown an' juic' an' sweet! Ze cariboo-oo-oo he ver' polite— He roars on high, Jes' under ze sky, He ready now to come an' eat!"

With yells that rose above the last words of the song Mukke and his Crees tugged at their poles, and the roasted caribou fell upon the snow. Jan drew back and, with his violin hugged under one arm, watched the wild revelers as, with bared knives flashing in the firelight, they crowded to the feast. Williams, the factor, joined him.

"Looks like a fight, doesn't it, Jan? Once I saw a fight at a caribou roast." "So did I," said Jan, who had not taken his eyes from the jostling crowd. "It was far to the west and north," continued Williams, "beyond the Great Slave country."

"Far beyond," said Jan, lifting his eyes quietly. "It was ver' near to ze Great Bear. For who you fight at ze Great Bear?"

The factor was silent, and the muscles of his arms grew like steel as he saw the madness in Jan's face. Suddenly he reached out and gripped the boy's wrists. Jan made no effort to evade the clutch.

"For who you fight?" he cried again. "For who you fight at ze Great Bear?" "We tried to kill a man, but he got away," said Williams, speaking so low that only Jan heard. "He was"—The factor stopped.

"Ze missioner?" panted Jan. The wild light went out of his eyes as he stared up at Williams, and the softer glow which came into them loosened at once the factor's grip on the boy's wrists. "Yes, the missioner." Jan drew back. He evaded meeting the eyes of Cummins as he made his

way among the men. There was a new burst of song as Mukke and his Crees pulled down a second caribou, but the boy paid no attention to the fresh excitement. He thrust his knife into its sheath and ran—ran swiftly through the packs of dogs fighting and snarling over the scraps that had been thrown to them, past Maballa, who was watching the savage banquet around the big fire, and into the little cabin to Melisse.

Here he flung himself upon his knees, and for the first time he caught the baby in his arms, holding her close to him and rocking her to and fro as he cried out sobbingly the words which she did not understand.

"An' when I fin' been an' kill beem I will come back to you, my anzel Melisse," he whispered. "And then you will let Jan Thoreau for letting out the blood of a missioner!"

He put her back into the little bed, kissed her again and turned to the door.

For a few moments Jan stood with his back to Melisse and his eyes upon the carnival about a great fire. As he looked the third caribou was pulled down from its spit, and the multitude of dogs rushed in upon the abandoned carcasses of the other two.

He caught his breath quickly as a loud shout and the wailing yelp of a hurt dog rose for an instant above all other sounds. Only one thing was wanting to complete another picture in his brain—a scene which had burned itself into his life forever and which he strove to fight back as he stood staring from the doorway. He had expected it to come—the shrill scream of a boyish voice, an instant's sudden quiet, then the low throated thunder of impending vengeance—and the fight.

With marvelous quickness his excited mind reconstructed the scene before him into the scene that had been. He heard the scream again, which had been his voice, saw as if in a dream the frenzied rush of men and the flash of knives, and then from where he lay, trampled and bleeding in the snow, the long, lean team of swift huskies that had carried in mad flight the one whose life those knives sought.

Williams had been there; he had seen the fight—his knife had flashed with the others in its demand for life. And yet he—Jan Thoreau—had not been recognized by the factor out there beside the caribou roast.

He hurried toward the fire. Half-way across the open he stopped. From out of the forest opposite Cummins' cabin there trailed slowly a team of dogs. In the shadows of the spruce, hidden from the revelers, the team halted. Jan heard the low voices of men, and a figure detached itself from the gloom, walking slowly and in the manner of one near to exhaustion in the direction of the carnival.

(To Be Continued.)

MAKE PLATTSMOUTH AND CASS COUNTY

Make Plattsmouth and Cass county a better place to live in. How? By interesting yourself in the Chopie Gasoline Engine Company (Limited). Get in and boost for yourself by buying some stock in this plant. The man who really boosts is the one financially interested. By so doing you are helping to bring thousands of other dollars to remain here. Dollars invested in foreign lands and stocks go out of the county never to return. Let's reverse this. The Chopie Gasoline Engine has proved itself in this county as a wonderful gasoline engine, so help us to send this engine all over the world. Let's make our land not \$100, but \$500 per acre land. This plant is the foundation that will get other industrial plants here.

We are incorporated for \$200,000. Most of this stock will be sold out of Cass county, but we want you all to take a small quantity of our stock. It is issued in common and preferred. We think it as safe an investment as a government bond. Come in and share the profits with us. Our preferred stock guarantees you seven per cent. Common stock shares in the further profits of the company. All stock is non-assessable and limited in liability to the money you invest. All stock is issued in share at \$10.00 each, and if you cannot take but one share, take it now; we want your boost. We know we can make this community a big manufacturing center if you help us. We know we have the best engine in the United States.

John A. Chopieska, President. Ed Bynott, Vice President. H. M. Soennichsen, Treasurer. Sam G. Smith, Secretary and Sales Manager. With the addition of A. Geise, constitute the Board of Directors.

"Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil is the best remedy for that often fatal disease—croup. It has been used with success in our family for eight years."—Mrs. L. Whiteacre, Buffalo, N. Y.

Local News

From Wednesday's Daily.
Sam G. Smith was a passenger this morning for Omaha.

E. H. Schulhof was a business visitor in the metropolis this morning.

C. E. Wescott was a visitor in the metropolis yesterday afternoon.

Nelson Jean was a business visitor in the metropolis this morning.

C. J. Gerlach of Manly came in this noon with the returns from Center precinct.

Mrs. Verner Perry was a passenger this morning on No. 15 for Omaha, where she spent the day.

Frank Creamer came down this morning from South Bend with the returns from that precinct.

For a mild, easy action of the bowels, try Doan's Regulets, a modern laxative, 25c at all stores.

Dr. J. B. Hungate of Weeping Water was a visitor in this city today and called at this office.

Carl Kinsmann was a business visitor in Omaha this morning, going up on the early Burlington train.

Dietrich Koster of near Weeping Water was in the city today, bringing in the returns from that precinct.

A. S. Will was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he was called to look after some business matters.

W. H. Newell departed last evening on No. 2 for St. Joseph, Mo., where he will look after business matters.

Carl Smith came down from Omaha last evening on No. 2 to cast his vote and visit his parents for a few hours.

Miss Grace Newbranch returned this morning from Omaha, where she had been for a short visit with relatives.

Carter Albin and little son, from near Union, were passengers this morning to Omaha to look after some business matters.

A hearing was had on the claims in the Nicholas Halmes estate in the county court this morning before Judge Beeson.

Guy Kiser and wife were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they visited for the day and looked after some business matters.

Frank Finkle, one of the good, reliable farmers of Union, was in the city today, bringing up the election returns from Liberty precinct.

Mrs. O. C. Hudson departed over the Missouri Pacific this morning for Cummins, Kansas, where she will make a week's visit with her mother.

Frank Nickels of Greenwood was a visitor in this city today, attending to some business matters. While here Mr. Nickels called at this office for the purpose of renewing his subscription to this paper.

Nicholas Halmes motored to this city this morning from Weeping Water, bringing with him Charles Cherry and Dr. J. B. Hungate with the election returns from that city. While in the city the doctor paid the Journal a pleasant call and visited for a few minutes.

Misses Rachel Livingston, Lucile Gass, Mattie Larson and Clarence Beal, who are attending school at Peru, arrived home last evening for a visit with home folks during the vacation allotted to them on account of the State Teachers' association meeting. Miss Florence Kite of Peru accompanied Miss Larson and will be a guest of the Larson home.

Mrs. T. A. Town, 107 6th St., Watertown, S. D., writes: "My four children are subject to hard colds and I always use Foley's Honey and Tar Compound with splendid results. Some time ago I had a severe attack of la grippe and the doctor prescribed Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and it soon overcame the la grippe. I can always depend upon Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and am sure of good results." For sale by E. G. Fricke & Co.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

Known All Men by These Presents, that we, Jno. A. Chopieska, Sam G. Smith, D. O. Dwyer, H. M. Soennichsen and John T. Lambert, so associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming and becoming a corporation in the State of Nebraska, for the transaction of the business hereinafter described.

1. The name of the corporation shall be the Chopie Gasoline Engine Company (Limited). The principal place of transacting its business shall be in the city of Plattsmouth, County of Cass, and State of Nebraska.

2. The nature of the business to be transacted by said corporation shall be the manufacture and sale of gasoline engines, other engines, and machinery and the erection and maintenance of such buildings and structures as may be deemed necessary, and to purchase real estate for a site therefore, and to procure any and all necessary property, both real and personal, incidental to or required in the manufacture of gasoline engines.

3. The authorized capital stock of said corporation shall be Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, divided into shares of ten dollars each, to be subscribed and paid for as required by the Board of Directors. One-half of said stock shall be preferred, and which preferred stock shall draw seven per cent, to be paid out of the net earnings of the company, per annum. The other half shall be common stock, on which dividends shall be paid as the Board of Directors might determine. Only the owners of the common stock shall be entitled to participate in the further profits, election of officers and management of the Company. All of said stock shall be non-assessable.

4. The existence of this corporation shall commence on the 5th day of October, 1912, and continue during the period of twenty-five years.

5. The business of said corporation shall be conducted by a Board of Directors not to exceed five in number, to be elected by the stockholders of the common stock. The first election of directors shall take place at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, on the day of October, 1912, and thereafter such election to take place at such time and be conducted in such manner as shall be prescribed by the by-laws of said corporation.

6. The officers of said corporation shall be president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and a general manager, who shall be chosen by the Board of Directors, and shall hold their office for the period of one year and until their successors shall be elected and qualified.

7. The highest amount of indebtedness to which said corporation shall at any time subject itself shall not be more than two-thirds of its issued and paid up capital stock.

8. The manner of holding the meeting of stockholders for the election of officers, and the method of conducting the business of the corporation, shall be as provided in the by-laws adopted by the Board of Directors. In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 5th day of October, 1912.

Jno. A. Chopieska,
Sam G. Smith,
H. M. Soennichsen,
D. O. Dwyer,
John T. Lambert.

In presence of
Bessie Shea.

STATE OF NEBRASKA.

Cass County, ss.
On this 2nd day of October, 1912, before me, Bessie Shea, a notary public, in and for said county, personally appeared the above named Jno. A. Chopieska, Sam G. Smith, D. O. Dwyer, H. M. Soennichsen and John T. Lambert, who are personally known to me to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the above articles as parties thereto, and they severally acknowledged their instrument to be their voluntary act and deed.

Witness my hand and notarial seal at Plattsmouth, Nebraska, this 5th day of October, 1912.

(Seal) Bessie Shea,
Notary Public.

My commission expires June 3rd, 1913.

State of Nebraska,
Secretary's Office.
Received and filed for record October 7, 1912, and recorded in Book 20, Miscellaneous Incorporations, at page 528.

Addison Wait,
Secretary of State.

By Geo. W. Marsh, Deputy.

If you have a house for rent try a Journal Want Ad.