

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 IV.

The Fight at Dawn.

It was a new team. It had come from the trails to the east, and Jan's heart gave a sudden jump as he thought of the missionary who was expected with the overdue mail. At first he had a mind to intercept the figure laboring across the open, but without apparent reason he changed his course and approached the sledge.

As he came nearer he observed a second figure, which rose from behind



He Shot Out a Powerful Fiat and Sent the Boy Reeling to the Ground.

the dogs and advanced to meet him. A dozen paces ahead of the team it stopped and waited.

"Our dogs are so near exhaustion that we're afraid to take them any nearer," said a voice. "They'd die like puppies under those packs!"

The voice thrilled Jan. He advanced with his back to the fire, so that he could see the stranger.

"You come from Churchill?" he asked.

His words were hardly a question. They were more of an excuse for him to draw nearer, and he turned a little, so that for an instant the glowing fire flashed in his eyes.

"Yes; we started from the Etawney just a week ago today."

Jan had come very near. The stranger interrupted himself to stare into the thin, fierce face that had grown like a white cameo almost within reach of him. With a startled cry he drew a step back, and Jan's violin dropped to the snow.

For no longer than a breath there was silence. The man wormed himself back into the shadows inch by inch, followed by the white face of the boy. Then there came shrilly from Jan's lips the mad shrieking of a name, and his knife flashed as he leaped at the other's breast.

The stranger was quicker than he. With a sudden movement he cleared himself of the blow, and as Jan's arm went past him, the point of the knife ripping his coat sleeve, he shot out a powerful fist and sent the boy reeling to the ground.

Stunned and bleeding, Jan dragged himself to his knees. He saw the dogs turning, heard a low voice urging them to the trail and saw the sledge disappear into the forest. He staggered from his knees to his feet and stood swaying in his weakness. Then he followed.

He forgot that he was leaving his knife in the snow, forgot that back there about the fire there were other dogs and other men. He followed, sickened by the blow, but gaining strength as he pursued. Ahead of him he could hear the sound of the toboggan

of the Big Snows

Author of "The
Danger Trail"



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gan and the cautious lashing of a whip over the backs of the tired huskies. The sounds filled him with fierce strength. He wiped away the warm trickle of blood that ran over his cheek and began to run, slowly at first, swinging in the easy wolf-lope of the forest runner, with his elbows close to his sides.

At that pace he could have followed for hours, losing when the pack took a spurt, gaining when they lagged, an insistent Nemesis just behind when the weighted dogs lay down in their traces. When he heard the crackling of the whip growing fainter he dropped his arms straight to his sides and ran more swiftly, his brain reeling with the madness of his desire to reach the sledge, to drag from it the man who had struck him, to choke life from the face that haunted that mental picture of his, grinning at him and gloating always from the shadow world, just beyond the pale, sweet loveliness of the woman who lived in it.

He did not feel the soft, sun-packed snow under the beat of his feet. He received the lash of low hanging bushes without experiencing the sensation of their sting. Only he knew that he wanted air—more and more air—and to get it he ran with open mouth, struggling and gasping for it and yet not knowing that Jean de Gravois would have called him a fool for the manner in which he sought it.

He heard more and more faintly the run of the sledge. Then he heard it no longer. His heart swelled in a final bursting effort, and he plunged on until at last his legs crumpled under him and he pitched face downward in the snow, like a thing stung by sudden death.

It was then, with his scratched and bleeding face, lying in the snow, that reason began to return to him. After a little while he dragged himself weakly to his knees, still panting from the mad effort he had made to overtake the sledge. From a great distance he heard faintly the noise of shouting, the whispering echo of half a hundred voices, and he knew that the sound came from the revelers at the post. It was proof to him that there had been no interruption to the carnival and that the scene at the edge of the forest had been witnessed by none. He turned again on the trail.

Where the forest broke into an open, lighted by the stars, he found blood in the footprints of the leading dog. Halfway across the open he saw where the leader had swung out from the trail and the others of the pack had crowded about him, to be urged on by the lashings of the man's whip. Other signs of the pack's growing exhaustion followed close.

The man now traveled beside the sledge where the trail was rough and rode where it was smooth and hard. The deep imprints of his neeled boots in the soft snow showed that he ran for only a short distance at a time—a hundred yards or less—and that after each running spell he brought the pack to a walk. He was heavy and lacked endurance, and this discovery brought a low cry of exultation to Jan's lips.

He fell into a dog trot. Mile after mile dropped behind him. Other miles were ahead of him, an endless wilderness of miles, and through them the pack persisted, keeping always beyond sound and vision.

The stars began fading out of the skies. Jan followed more and more slowly. There was hard breathing effort now in his running—effort that caused him physical pain and discomfort. His feet stumbled occasionally in the snow. His legs from thigh to knee began to ache with the gnawing torment that centers in the marrow-bone, and with this beginning of the "runner's cramp" he was filled with a new and poignant terror.

Would the dogs beat him out? Sloughing in his trail, bleeding at every foot, would they still drag their burden beyond the reach of his vengeance? The fear fastened itself upon him, urging him to greater effort, and he called upon the last of his strength in a spurt

that carried him to where the thick spruce gave place to this bush and the bush to the barren and rocky side of a huge ridge, up which the trail climbed strong and well defined. For a few paces he followed it, then slipped and rolled back as the fatal paralysis deadened all power of movement in his limbs. He lay where he fell, mouthing out his grief with wide staring eyes turned straight up into the cold gray of the starless sky.

For a long time he was motionless. Then he began slowly to crawl up the trail. Some of the dull paralytic ache was gone from his limbs, and as he worked his blood began to warm them into new strength until he stood up and sniffed like an animal in the wind that was coming over the ridge from the south.

There was something in that wind that thrilled him. It stung his nostrils to a quick sensing of the nearness of something that was human. He smelled smoke. In it there was the pungent odor of green balsam mixed with a faint perfume of pitch pine, and because the odor of pitch grew stronger as he ascended he knew that it was a small fire that was making the smoke, with none of the fierce, dry woods to burn up the smell. It was a fire hidden among the rocks, a tiny fire, over which the fleeing missionary was cooking his breakfast.

Jan almost moaned aloud in his gladness, and the old mad strength returned to his body. Near the summit of the ridge he picked up a club. It was a short, thick club with the heavy end knotted and twisted.

Cautiously he lifted his face over the rocks and looked out upon a plateau still deep in snow swept bare by the winter's winds and covered with rocks and bushes. His face was so white that at a little distance it might have been taken for a snow hare. It went winter when a few yards away he saw the fire, the man and the dogs.

The man was close to the little blaze, his broad shoulders hunched over, steadying a small pot over the flame. Beyond him were the dogs huddled about the sledge, inanimate as death.

Jan drew himself over the rocks. Once he had seen a big footed lynx creep upon a wide awake fox, and, like that lynx, he crept upon the man beside the fire. One of the tired dogs moved, and his pointed nostrils quivered in the air. Jan lay flat to the snow. Then the dog's muzzle dropped between his paws, and the boy moved on.

Then by inch he advanced. The inches multiplied themselves into a foot, the foot lengthened into yards, and still the man remained hunched over his shimmering pot. In a flash Jan took the last step, and his club crashed down upon the missionary's head. The man pitched over like a log, and with a shriek the boy was at his throat.

"I am Jan Thoreau," he shrieked. "I am Jan Thoreau, Jan Thoreau, come to keep you!" He dropped to the ground and was upon the man's chest, his slender fingers tightening like steel wire about the thick throat of his enemy. "I keep you slow!" he cried as the missionary struggled weakly.

The great thick oily beard under him, and he put all his strength into



There Was Death in Each of the Two Grips.

his hands. Something struck him in the face. Something struck him again and again, but he felt neither the pain nor the force of it, and his voice sobbed out his triumph as he choked. The man's hands reached up and tore at his hair, but Jan saw only the missionary's mottled face growing more mottled and his eyes staring in greater agony up into his own.

"I am Jan Thoreau," he panted again and again. "I am Jan Thoreau, and I keep you—keep you!"

The blood poured from his face. It blinded him until he could no longer see the one from which he was choking life. He bent down his head to es-

cape the blows. The man's body heaved more and more; it turned until he was half under it, but still he hung to the thick throat, as the vessel hangs in tenacious death to the jugular of its prey.

The missionary's weight was upon him in crushing force now. His huge hands struck and tore at the boy's head and face, and then they had fastened themselves at his neck. Jan was conscious of a terrible effort to take in breath, but he was not conscious of pain. The clutch did not frighten him. It did not make him loosen his grip. His fingers dug deeper. He strove to cry out still his words of triumph, but he could make no sound, except a gasping like that which came from between the gaping jaws of the man whose life his body and soul were fighting to smother.

There was death in each of the two grips, but the man's was stronger, and his neck was larger and tougher, so that after a time he staggered to his knees and then to his feet, while Jan lay upon his back, his face and hair red with blood, his eyes wide open and with a lifeless glare in them. The missionary looked down upon his victim in horror. As the life that had nearly ebbed out of him poured back into his body he staggered among the dogs, fastened them to the sledge and urged them down the mountain into the plain. There was soon no sound of the sledge.

Half a mile down the ridge, where it sloped up gradually from the forests and swamps of the plain, a team of powerful manemutes were running at the head of a toboggan. On the sledge was a young half Cree woman. Now beside the sledge, now at the head of the dogs, cracking his whip and shouting joyously, ran Jean de Gravois.

He was bringing back with him a splendid young woman with big lustrous eyes and hair that shone with the gloss of a raven's wing in the sun. She laughed at him proudly as he danced and leaped beside her, replying softly in Cree, which is the most beautiful language in the world, to everything that he said.

Jean leaped and ran, cracked his caribou whip and shouted and sang until he was panting and red in the face. Just as Iowaka had called upon him to stop and get a second wind the manemutes dropped back upon their haunches where Jan Thoreau lay, twisted and bleeding, in the snow.

"What is this?" cried Jean.

He caught Jan's limp head and shoulders up in his arms and called shrilly to Iowaka, who was disentangling herself from the thick furs in which he had wrapped her.

"It is the siddler I told you about, who lives with Williams at Post Lac Bain!" he shouted excitedly in Cree. "He has been murdered. He has been choked to death and torn to pieces in the face as if by an animal."

Jean's eyes roved about as Iowaka knelt beside him. "What a fight!" he gasped. "See the footprints—a big man and a small boy, and the murderer has gone on a sledge!"

"He is warm," said Iowaka. "It may be that he is not dead."

Jean de Gravois sprang to his feet, his little black eyes flashing with a dangerous fire. In a single leap he was at the side of the sledge throwing off the furs and bundles and all other objects except his rifle.

"He is dead, Iowaka. Look at the purple and black in his face. It is Jean de Gravois who will catch the murderer, and you will stay here and make yourself a camp. Hoo-o-o-o!" he shouted to the manemutes.

The team twisted sinuously and swiftly in the trail as he sped over the edge of the mountain. Upon the plain below he knelt upon the toboggan, with his rifle in front of him, and at his low, hissing commands, which reached no farther than the dogs' ears, the team stretched their long bodies in pursuit of the missionary and his huskies.

Jean knew that whoever was ahead of him was not far away, and he laughed and hunched his shoulders when he saw that his magnificent manemutes were making three times the speed of the huskies. It was a short chase. It led across the narrow plain and into a dense tangle of swamp, where the huskies had picked their way in aimless wandering until they came out in thick balsam and Banksian pine. Half a mile farther on, and the trail broke into an open which led down to the smooth surface of a lake, and two-thirds across the lake was the fleeing missionary.

(To Be Continued.)

Helps a Judge in Bad Fix.

Justice Eli Cherry, of Mills Mills, Tenn., was plainly worried. A bad sore on his leg had baffled several doctors and long resisted all remedies. "I thought it was a cancer," he wrote. "At last I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and was completely cured." Cures burns, boils, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. 25 cents at Rynott & Co.

Forest Rose Flour guaranteed to be as good as any flour on the market. Sold by all leading dealers. Try it.

Farm for Sale.

135-acre farm, four miles from town, between 50 and 60 acres under plow, 7 acres hay land, balance pasture. Running water. Seven-room house and other improvements.

Inquire at the office of Rawls & Robertson. 10-10-11-wkly

Journal for fancy Stationery.

Local News

From Saturday's Daily.

John Rotter was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha to visit for a short time.

John C. Roddy of Union was in the city today looking after some matters of business.

Charles A. Richey of Louisville motored in this afternoon to look after some matters of business.

Mrs. Georgia Creamer of Murray was in the city today attending to some week-end shopping.

Miss Edna Propst of Omaha came down this afternoon to spend Sunday with her parents at Mynard.

Big Brown, the hustling mayor of Kenosha, was in the city today looking after some matters of business.

Creed Harris of near Union was in the city today attending to some matters of business for a few hours.

Adam Kaffenberger of Eight Mile Grove was in the city today visiting his friends and looking after business matters.

Charles Ulrich and wife were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they visited for the day and attended to some business matters.

Mrs. Daniel Matson of Meadopolis, Iowa, who has been here for some days visiting with Mrs. Agnes Chapman and family, departed this morning for her home.

Mrs. A. E. Smith of near Rock Bluffs was a visitor in this city Thursday, and made this office a very pleasant call. Mrs. Smith is quite an old lady and gets around very lively for one of her age.

Tom Smith, who was quite seriously injured by being caught in a threshing machine several weeks ago, was in the city yesterday for the first time since the accident, visiting his numerous county seat friends.

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters. Chamberlain's Liniment is cheaper and better. Dampen a piece of flannel with it and bind it over the affected parts and it will relieve the pain and soreness. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Mean Piece of Work.

William Heil and two daughters, Misses Helen and Annie, and two sons, Willie and Guy, were in the city a few hours last Saturday visiting and trading with county seat friends. While here Mr. Heil and daughter, Miss Helen, paid this office a brief call, to renew his subscription for another year. In conversation with Mr. Heil he tells us that for the first time in the history of their community there was some very mean work done on Halloween evening. At the home of his son, L. H., they tore up a new power plant that he had just installed for farm work, and lost a number of the castings. The damage cost Mr. Heil several dollars to replace. Such work is indeed dangerous, for just as sure as Mr. Heil had been wakened from his sleep a trifle earlier someone would have been hurt. He shot at them as they were leaving his premises.

Is your husband cross? An irritable, fault-finding disposition is often due to a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion is nearly always good natured. A great many have been permanently cured of stomach trouble by taking Chamberlain's Tablets. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Appears in Court.

From Friday's Daily.

Robert Crawford, charged with having torn up a hayrack belonging to R. L. Propst of Mynard, was brought in yesterday and arraigned in Justice Archer's court. A continuance was taken in the case until Thursday, November 14, and the defendant was allowed to return to his home to appear for trial on that date.

What Texans Admire

is hearty, vigorous life, according to Hugh Tallman, of San Antonio. "We find," he writes, "that Dr. King's New Life Pills surely put new life and energy into a person. Wife and I believe they are the best made." Excellent for stomach, liver or kidney troubles. 25c at Rynott & Co.

"It is a pleasure to tell you that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough medicine I have ever used," writes Mrs. Hugh Campbell, of Lavonia, Ga. "I have used it with all my children and the results have been highly satisfactory." For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Advertising brings forth desired results.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

Known All Men by These Presidents, 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 of 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.