

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 V.

For Her.

THE malemute leader flung open his jaws in a deep baying triumph, and with a savage yell Jenn cracked his caribou whip over his back. He saw the man ahead of him lean over the end of his sledge as he urged his dogs, but the huskies went no faster, and then he caught a glitter of something that flashed for a moment in the sun.

"Ah!" said Jean softly as a bullet sang over his head. "He fires at Jean de Gravois!" He dropped his whip, and there was a warm glow of happiness in his little dark face as he leveled his rifle over the backs of his malemates. "He fires at Jean de Gravois, and it is Jean who can hamstring a caribou at 300 yards on the run!"

For an instant, at the crack of his rifle there was no movement ahead, then something rolled from the sledge and lay doubled up in the snow. A hundred yards beyond it the huskies stopped in a rabble and turned to look at the approaching strangers.

Beside it Jean stopped, and when he saw the face that stared up at him, he clutched his thin hands in his long black hair and cried out in shrill amazement and horror:

"The saints in heaven, it is the missionary from Churchill!"

He turned the man over and found where his bullet had entered under one arm and come out under the other. There was no spark of life left. The missionary was already dead.

"The missionary from Churchill!" he gasped again.

He looked up at the warm sun and kicked the melting snow under his moccasin feet.

"It will thaw very soon," he said to himself, looking again at the dead man, "and then he will go into the lake."

He headed his malemutes back to the forest. Then he ran out and cut the traces of the exhausted huskies, and with his whip scattered them in freedom over the ice.

"Go to the wolves!" he shouted in Cree. "Hide yourselves from the post, or Jean de Gravois will cut out your tongues and take your skins off alive!"

When he came back to the top of the mountain Jean found Iowaka making hot coffee, while Jan was bundled up in furs near the fire.

"It is as I said," she called. "He is alive!"

Thus it happened that the return of Jean de Gravois to the post was even more dramatic than he had schemed it to be, for he brought back with him not only a beautiful wife from Churchill, but also the half dead Jan Thoreau from the scene of battle on the mountain. And in the mystery of it all he revealed for two days, for Jean de Gravois said not a word about the dead man on the lake beyond the forest, nor did the huskies come back into their bondage to give a hint of the missing missionary.

From the day after the caribou roast the Eskimos left the next morning. On the second day Mukee's people from the west set off along the edge of the Barrens. Most of the others left by ones and twos into the wilderness to the south and east.

Less than a dozen still put off their return to the late spring trapping, and among these were Jean de Gravois and his wife. Jean waited until the third day. Then he went to see Jan. The boy was bolstered up in his cot, with Cummins balancing the little Mellisse on the edge of the bed when he came in.

For a time Jean sat and watched them in silence. Then he made a sign to Cummins, who joined him at the door.

"I am going the Athabasca way to-day," he said. "I wish to talk with the boy before I go. I have a word to say to him which no ears should hear but his own. Will it be right?"

"Talk to him as long as you like," said Cummins, "but don't worry him about the missionary. You'll not get



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a word from him."

Jan's eyes spoke with a devotion greater than words as Jean de Gravois came and sat close beside him. He knew that it was Jean who had brought him alive into the post.

"Ah, it was a beautiful fight," he said softly. "You are a brave boy, Jan Thoreau!"

"You did not see it?" asked Jan.

Unconsciously the words came from him in French. Jean caught one of his thin hands and laughed joyfully, for the spirit of him was French to the bottom of his soul.

"I see it! No, neither I nor Iowaka, but there it was in the snow, as plain as the eyes in your face. And did not follow the trail that staggered down the mountain, while Iowaka brought you back to life? And when I came to the lake did I not see something black out upon it, like a charred log? And when I came to it was it not the dead body of the missionary from Churchill? Eh, Jan Thoreau?"

Jan sat up in his bed, with a sharp cry.

"The thaw will open up the lake in a few days. Then he will go down in the first slush." And Jean looked about him cautiously again and whispered low—"if you see anything about the dead missionary that you do not understand think of Jean de Gravois."

He rose to his feet and bent over Jan's white face.

"I am going the Athabasca way to-day," he finished. "Perhaps, Jan Thoreau, you will hear after a time that it would be best for Jean de Gravois never to return again to this Post Lac Bala. If so you will find him between Fond du Lac and the Beaver river." He passed out.

When Cummins returned he found Jan's cheeks flushed and the boy in a fever.

"Devil take that Gravois!" he growled.

"He has been a brother to me," said Jan simply. "I love him."

On the second day after the Frenchman's departure Jan rose free of the fever which had threatened him for a time, and in the afternoon he harnessed Cummins' dogs. The last of the trappers had started from the post that morning, their sledges and dogs sinking heavily in the deepening slush, and Jan set off over the smooth toboggan trail made by the company's agent in his return to Fort Churchill.

This trail followed close along the base of the ridge upon which he had fought the missionary, joining that of Jean de Gravois miles beyond. Jan climbed the ridge. From where he had made his attack he followed the almost obliterated trail of the Frenchman and his malemutes until he came to the lake, and then he knew that Jean de Gravois had spoken the truth, for he found the missionary with his face half buried in the slush, stark dead.

He no longer had to guess at the meaning of Jean's words. The bullet hole under the dead man's arms was too large to escape eyes like Jan's. Into the little hidden world which he treasured in his heart there came another face, to remain always with him—the face of the courageous little forest dandy who was hurrying with his bride back into the country of the Athabasca.

From that night Jan's eyes were no longer filled with the nervous, glittering flashes which at times had given him an appearance almost of madness. In place of their searching suspicions, there was a warmer and more companionable glow, and Cummins felt the effect of the change.

A Cree trapper had found Jan's violin in the snow and had brought it to Mahilla. Before Cummins finished his supper the boy began to play, and he continued to play until the lights at the post went out and both the man and the child were deep in sleep.

Then Jan stopped. There was the fire of a keen wakefulness in his eyes as he carefully unfastened the strings of his instrument and held it close to the oil lamp, so that he could peer down through the narrow aperture in the

of the Big Snows

Author of "The Danger Trail"

He looked again at Cummins. The man was sleeping with his face to the wall. With the hooked wire which he used for cleaning his revolver Jan fished gently at the very end of the box, and after three or four efforts the wire caught in something soft, which he pulled toward him. Through the bulge in the "F" hole he dragged forth a small, tightly rolled cylinder of faded red cloth.

For a few moments he sat watching the deep breathing of Cummins, unrolling the cloth as he watched, until he had spread out upon the table before him a number of closely written pages of paper. He weighted them at one end with his violin and held them down at the other with his hands. The writing was in French. Several of the pages were in a heavy masculine hand, the words running one upon another so closely that in places they seemed to be connected, and from them Jan took his fingers, so that they rolled up like a spring. Over the others he bent his head, and there came from him a low, sobbing breath.

On these pages the writing was that of a woman, and from the paper there still rose a faint, sweet scent of hellebore. For half an hour Jan gazed upon them, reading the words slowly until he came to the last page.

A new and strange longing crept into his heart. He stretched out his arms, with the papers and his violin clutched in his hands, as if a wonderful spirit was calling to him.

For the first time in his lonely life it came to him—this call of the great world beyond the wilderness—and suddenly he crushed the woman's letter to his lips, and his voice burst from him in whispering, thrilling eagerness: "I will come to you—some day—when ze leetle Mellisse come too."

He rolled the written pages together, wrapped them in the faded red cloth and concealed them again in the box of his violin before he re-entered the cabin.

The next morning Cummins stood in the door and said:

"How warm the sun is! The snow and ice are going, Jan. It's spring. We'll house the sledges today and begin feeding the dogs on fish."

Each day thereafter the sun rose earlier, the day was longer and the air was warmer, and with the warmth there now came the sweet scents of the budding earth and the myriad sounds of the deep, unseen life of the forest awakening from its long slumber in its bed of snow.

The post fell back into its old ways. Now and then a visitor came in from out of the forest, but he remained for only a day or two taking back into the solitude with him a few of the necessities of life. Williams was busy preparing his books for the coming of the company's chief agent from London, and Cummins, who was helping the factor, had a good deal of extra time on his hands.

Before the last of the snow was gone he and Jan began dragging in logs for an addition which they planned for the little cabin. Basking out in the sun, with a huge bearskin for a floor, Mellisse looked upon the new home building with wonderful demonstrations of interest. Cummins' face glowed with pleasure as she kicked and scrambled on the bearskin and gave shrill voiced approval of their efforts.

Jan was the happiest youth in the world. It was certain that the little Mellisse, nearly six months old, understood what they were doing.

As the weather grew warmer and spring changed into summer Jan took Mellisse upon short excursions with him into the forests, and he picked for her great armfuls of flowers and arctic ferns. The grave was never without fresh offerings, and the cabin, with its new addition complete, was always filled with the beautiful things that spring up out of the earth.

Jan and Mellisse were happy, and in the joys of these two there was pleasure for the others of the post, as there had been happiness in the presence of the woman. Only upon Cummins had there settled a deep grief. The changes of spring and summer, bringing with them all that this desolate world held of warmth and beauty, filled him with the excruciating pain of his great grief, as if the woman had died but yesterday.

At last, his gaunt frame thinned by sleepless nights and days of mental torture, he said that the company's business was calling him to Churchill, and early in August he left for the bay. He left Mellisse in care of Jan, and the child seemed to recognize the guardianship.

When Cummins came back from Fort Churchill in the autumn he brought with him a pack full of things for Mellisse, including new books and papers, for which he had spent a share of his season's earnings. As he was freeing these treasures from their wrapping of soft caribou skin, with Jan and Mellisse both looking on, he stopped suddenly and glanced from his knees up at the boy.

"They're wondering over at Churchill what became of the missionary who left with the mail, Jan. They say he was last seen at the Etawney."

"And not here?" replied Jan quickly.

"Not that they know of," said Cummins, still keeping his eyes on the

boy. "The man who drove him never got back to Churchill. They're wondering where the driver went to. A company officer has gone up to the Etawney, and it is possible he may come over to Lac Bala. I don't believe he'll find the missionary."

"Neither do I," said Jan quite coolly. "He is probably dead, and the wolves and foxes have eaten him before this—or maybe ze feesh!"

Cummins resumed his task of un-packing, and among the books which he brought forth there were two which he gave to Jan.

"The supply ship from London came in while I was at Churchill, and those came with it," he explained. "They're schoolbooks. There's going to be a school at Churchill next winter, and the winter after that it will be at York factory, down on the Hayes." He settled back on his heels and looked at Jan. "It's the first school that has ever come nearer than 400 miles of us. That's at Prince Albert."

For many succeeding days Jan took long walks alone in the forest trails and silently thrashed out the two problems which Cummins had brought back from Churchill for him. Should he warn Jean de Gravois that a company officer was investigating the disappearance of the missionary?

At first his impulse was to go at once into Jean's haunts beyond Fond du Lac and give him the news, but even if the officer did come to Post Lac Bala how would he know that the missionary was at the bottom of the lake and that Jean de Gravois was accountable for it? So in the end Jan decided that it would be folly to stir up the little hunter's fears, and he thought no more of the company's investigator who had gone up to the Etawney.

(To Be Continued.)

Local News

From Tuesday's Daily.

C. F. Harris of near Union was in the city today attending to business matters.

C. Bengen, sr., of Mynard was in the city yesterday afternoon looking after some business matters.

Luke Wiles was in the city today, driving in from his farm to look after some matters of business.

Lee Mayfield, editor of the Louisville Courier, was in the city today attending to some business matters at the court house.

Miss Carrie Greenwald was a passenger for Omaha yesterday afternoon, where she looked after business matters for a short time.

C. Bengen, sr., of near Mynard, was in the city yesterday looking after some matters of business. Mr. Bengen is not feeling in the best of health.

M. Fanger of Missouri Valley was in the city yesterday for a few hours looking after his business interests in this city, departing on No. 23 yesterday afternoon.

Mark White of Rock Bluffs precinct was in the city yesterday looking after some business matters and to meet Mrs. White, who returned from Omaha last evening on No. 2.

C. E. Wescott and wife departed this morning on No. 15 for Los Angeles, California, where they will make their future home. Mr. and Mrs. Wescott recently purchased a handsome residence in that city and expect to at least spend the winters in that mild climate.

From Wednesday's Daily.

F. A. Davis of Weeping Water was in the city yesterday looking after some matters of business.

Will Mordock, proprietor of the Racket store, came in this afternoon on No. 24 to look after business matters for the day.

Frank Gobelman, the expert painter, was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he attended to some matters of business.

Mrs. Oscar Freeberg, who has been here visiting her husband, who is employed in the local shops, departed this morning for her home in Lincoln.

Joseph Wolpert of Manley was attending to some business matters in this city today and called at this office for the purpose of renewing his subscription to this paper.

S. O. Cole, who is one of the leading farmers near Mynard, and son, Sherman, were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they looked after business matters for the day.

County Attorney Taylor today filed a complaint against W. L. Miller and August Fickjost, charging them with being drunk. The complaint was filed before Justice M. Archer.

George Taylor and two sons were passengers this morning for Omaha, where they go to attend the funeral of Mr. Taylor's uncle, Harvey Stevens, who dropped dead on the streets of Omaha yesterday.

Michael Martin departed this afternoon for Omaha, where he will visit relatives.

Judge Beeson, wife and little daughter, Helen, were Omaha visitors this afternoon.

D. O. Dwyer and wife were Omaha visitors today, going to that city on No. 23 this afternoon.

Mrs. Charles Kraft returned this morning to her home at Glenwood, after a short visit here with Mrs. A. E. Gass.

Judge J. P. Woods of Louisville was in the city today attending to some business matters at the court house.

Frank H. Dunbar was a passenger this morning for Omaha, where he looked after business matters for a few hours.

Mrs. John Donelan was a passenger this morning for Nebraska City, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Caspar Thygeson.

S. O. Cole of the vicinity of Mynard was attending to some business matters in this city today and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Rev. Theodore Hartman of Louisville was in the city today attending to some business matters and visiting with his friends.

Mrs. Jacob Vallery and daughter, Miss Mathilde, departed this afternoon for Omaha, where they will visit with relatives for a short time.

Bartling "Identified."

This is the manner that a Lincoln correspondent goes about to identify Senator Henry Bartling. He says:

Henry H. Bartling, the man whose vote in the state senate decided the fate of the county option bill, was re-elected to the senate by a majority of 94, and has taken his pick of the good seats in the senate chamber. He was elected on the republican ticket over Senator Banning, democrat, of Cass county. Bartling got in the limelight of the last session of the legislature by casting the deciding vote against county option and by pushing a Sunday base ball bill up to the governor, where it was vetoed.—Nebraska City News.

Geo. P. Eastwood, Successor to John Bauer.

To all old customers, as well as to all new ones, I ask you to call and get my prices. I have the largest and best assorted stock of Builders' Hardware; also the most complete line of Cook Stoves and Ranges and Hard Coal, Soft Coal and Wood Heaters ever shown in Plattsmouth. Also a car of nails and a car of American field fence.

We buy direct from the factory and are in a position to make a better price than you have ever had. We solicit your trade.

"A square deal and prompt attention" is my motto.

G. P. EASTWOOD.

Twinges of rheumatism, backache, stiff joints and shooting pains all show your kidneys are not working right. Urinary irregularities, loss of sleep, nervousness, weak back and sore kidneys tell the need of a good, reliable kidney medicine. Foley Kidney Pills are tonic, strengthening and restorative. They build up the kidneys and regulate their action. They will give you quick relief and contain no habit-forming drugs. Safe and always sure. Try them. For sale by Fricke & Co.

Thanks the Voters.

I desire to express my appreciation of the kindness and support that the citizens of Cass county gave me in my canvass for the office of county assessor at the last election, and I promise to serve them to the best of my ability and that they will not have occasion to regret the choice they have made.

W. R. Bryan.

Chas. S. Hedge, 146 E. 2nd St., Hastings, Neb., writes: "I have been troubled with severe pains in my back and kidneys, and pains were especially severe mornings. I have used three boxes of your Foley Kidney Pills and the pains have entirely left me. I now feel well as ever." For sale by Fricke & Co.

Card of Thanks.

I desire, through the columns of this paper, to thank my friends for the liberal support and honor shown me on election day, and I assure them that Cass county will remain on the map after the legislative session. Yours truly,

J. J. Gustin.

For Sale.

Twenty-one acres of good land, just outside of the city limits on North Eighth and Ninth streets. No city taxes. Will sell cheap for cash. Call on Mrs. J. E. Lesley for particulars.

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.