

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 VI. The Red Terror.

CUMMINS' word of the school at Churchill had put a new and thrilling thought into Jan's head, and always with that thought he coupled visions of the growing Melisse. This year the school would be at Churchill and the next at York factory, and after that it might be gone forever, so that when Melisse grew up there would be none nearer than what Jan looked upon as the other end of the world. Why could not he go to school for Melisse and store up treasures which in time he might turn over to her?

The scheme was a colossal one, by all odds the largest that had ever entered into his dreams of what life held for him. It was not until the first cold chills of approaching winter crept down from the north and east that he told Cummins of his intention.

Once his mind was settled Jan lost no time in putting his plans into action. Mukee knew the trail to Churchill and agreed to leave with him on the third day, which gave Williams' wife time to make him a new coat of caribou skin.

On the second evening he played for the last time in the little cabin, and after Melisse had fallen asleep he took her up gently in his arms and held her there for a long time, while Cummins looked on in silence. When he replaced her in the little bed against the wall Cummins put one of his long arms about the boy's shoulders and led him to the door, where they stood looking out upon the grim desolation of the forest that rose black and silent against the starlit background of the sky.

"Boy, won't you tell me who you are and why you came that night?"

"I will tell you now that I come from ze Great Bear," whispered Jan. "I am only Jan Thoreau, an' ze great God made me come that night because—his heart throbbed with sudden inspiration as he looked up into his companion's face—"because ze leetle Melisse was here," he finished.

For a time Cummins made no move or sound; then he drew the boy back into the cabin, and from the little gingham covered box in the corner he took a buckskin bag.

"You are going to Churchill for Melisse and for her," he said in a voice pitched low that it might not awaken the baby. "Take this."

Jan drew a step back.

"No, I fin' work with ze companee at Churchill. That is ze gold for Melisse when she grow up. Jan Thoreau is no—what you call heem?"

His teeth gleamed in a smile, but it lasted only for an instant. Cummins' face darkened, and he caught him firmly, almost roughly, by the arm.

"Then Jan Thoreau will never come back to Melisse," he exclaimed with finality. "You are going to Churchill to be at school and not to work with your hands. They are sending you. Do you understand, boy? They?"

There was a fierce tremor in his voice. "Which will it be? Will you take the bag or will you never again come back to Lac Bain?"

Dumbly Jan reached out and took the buckskin pouch. A dull flush burned in his cheeks. Cummins looked in wonder upon the strange look that came into his eyes.

"I pay back this gold to you and Melisse a hundred times!" he cried tensely. "I swear it, an' I swear that Jan Thoreau mak' no lie!"

Unconsciously, with the buckskin bag clutched in one hand, he had stretched out his other arm to the violin hanging against the wall. Cummins turned to look. When he faced him again the boy's arm had fallen to his side and his cheeks were white. The next day Jan left.

It was a long winter for Cummins and Melisse. It was a longer one for Jan. He had taken with him a letter from the factor at Lac Bain to the factor at Churchill, and he found quarters with the chief clerk's assistant at the post—a young, red faced man named

of the



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MacDonald, who had come over on the ship from England. He was a cheerful, good natured young fellow, and when he learned that his new associate had tramped all the way from the Barren Lands to attend the new public school, he at once invested himself with the responsibilities of a private tutor.

The school opened in November, and Jan found himself one of twenty or so gathered there from 40,000 square miles of wilderness. Two white youths and a half breed had come from the Etawney, the factor at Nel-



"I pay back this gold to you and Melisse a hundred times!"

son House sent up his son, and from the upper waters of the Little Churchill there came three others.

From the first Jan's music found him a premier place in the interest of the tutor sent over by the company. He studied by night as well as by day, and by the end of the second month his only competitor was the youth from Nelson House. His greatest source of knowledge was not the teacher, but MacDonald. There was in him no inherent desire for the learning of the people to the south; that he was storing away, like a faithful machine, for the use of Melisse. But MacDonald gave him that for which his soul longed—a picture of life as it existed in the wonderful world beyond the wilderness, to which some strange spirit within him, growing stronger as the weeks and months passed, seemed projecting his hopes and his ambitions.

Between his thoughts of Melisse and Lac Bain he dreamed of that other world, and several times during the winter he took the little roll from the box of his violin and read again and again the written pages that it contained.

"Some time I will go," he assured himself always—"some time when Melisse is a little older and can go too."

To young MacDonald the boy from Lac Bain was a "find." The Scottish youth was filled with an immense longing for home, and as his homesickness grew he poured more and more into Jan's attentive ears his knowledge of the world from which he had come.

In the spring Jan went back to Lac Bain with the company's supplies. The next autumn he followed the school to York factory, and the third year he joined it at Nelson House. Then the company's teacher died, and no one came to fill his place.

In midwinter of this third year Jan returned to Lac Bain, and, hugging

Big Snows

Author of "The
Danger Trail"

the delighted Melisse close in his arms, he told her that never again would he go away without her. Melisse, tightening her arms around his neck, made his promise sacred by offering her little roselbud of a mouth for him to kiss. Later the restless spirit slumbering within his breast urged him to speak to Cummins.

"When Melisse is a little older should we not go with her into the south?" he said. "She must not live forever in a place like this."

Cummins looked at him for an instant as if he did not understand. When Jan's meaning struck home his eyes hardened, and there was the vibrant ring of steel in his quiet voice.

"Her mother will be out there under the old spruce until the end of time," he said slowly, "and we will never leave her—unless, some day, Melisse goes alone."

From that hour Jan no longer looked into the box of his violin. He struggled against the desire that had grown with his years until he believed that he had crushed it and stamped it out of his existence. In his life there came to be but one rising and one setting of the sun. Melisse was his universe. She crowded his heart until beyond her he began to lose visions of any other world.

Each day added to his joy. He called her "my little sister," and with sweet gravity Melisse called him "brother Jan" and returned in full measure his boundless love. He marked the slow turning of her flaxen hair into sunny gold and month by month watched joyfully the deepening of that gold into warm shades of brown. She was to be like her mother! Jan's soul rejoiced, and in his silent way Cummins offered up wordless prayers of thankfulness.

So matters stood at Post Lac Bain in the beginning of Melisse's ninth year, when up from the south there came a rumor.

Rumor grew into rumor. From the east, the south and the west they multiplied, until on all sides the Paul Revere of the wilderness carried news that the Red Terror was at their heels, and the chill of a great fear swept like a shivering wind from the edge of civilization to the bay.

Nineteen years before these same rumors had come up from the south, and the Red Terror had followed. The horror of it still remained with the forest people, for a thousand unmarked graves, shunned like a pestilence and scattered from the lower waters of James bay to the lake country of the Athabasca, gave evidence of the toll it demanded.

From DuBrochet, on Reindeer lake, authentic word first came to Lac Bain early in the winter. Henderson was factor there, and he passed up the warning that had come to him from Nelson House and the country to the south.

"There's smallpox on the Nelson," his messenger informed Williams, "and it has struck the Crees on Wollaston lake. God only knows what it is doing to the bay Indians, but we hear that it is wiping out the Chippewayans between the Albany and the Churchill." He left the same day with his winded dogs. "I'm off for the Frenchmen to the west with the compliments of our company," he explained.

Three days later word came from Churchill that all of the company's servants and her majesty's subjects west of the bay should prepare themselves for the coming of the Red Terror. Williams' thick face went as white as the paper he held as he read the words of the Churchill factor.

"It means dig graves," he said. "That's the only preparation we can make!"

He read the paper aloud to the men at Lac Bain, and every available man was detailed to spread the warning throughout the post's territory. There was a quick harnessing of dogs, and on each sledge that went out was a roll of red cotton cloth.

Jan went over the Churchill trail and then swung southward along the Hasabala, where the country was crisscrossed with trap lines of the halfbreeds and the French. First he struck the cabin of Croisset and his wife and left part of his cloth. Then he turned westward, while Croisset harnessed his dogs and hurried with a quarter of the roll to the south. Between the Hasabala and Klokoi lake Jan found three other cabins, and at each he left a bit of the red cotton.

Forty miles to the south, somewhere on the Porcupine, he found the cabin of Henry Langlois, the post's greatest fox hunter.

Over it, hanging limply to a sapling pole, was the red signal of horror.

With a terrified cry to the dogs, Jan ran back, and the team turned about and followed him in a tangled mass. Then he stopped. There was no smoke rising from the clay chimney on the little cabin. Its one window was white with frost. Again and again he shouted, but no sign of life responded to his cries. He fired his rifle twice and waited with his mitted hand over his mouth and nostrils. There was no reply. Then, abandoning hope, he turned back into the north and gave his dogs no rest until he had reached Lac Bain.

His team came in half dead. Both

Jummins and Williams rushed out to meet him as he drove up before the company's store.

"The red flag is over Langlois' cabin!" he cried.

"I fired my rifle and shouted. There's no life! Langlois is dead!"

"Great God!" groaned Williams.

His red face changed to a sickly pallor, and he stood with his thick hands clinched while Cummins took charge of the dogs and Jan went into the store for something to eat.

Mukee and Per-ee returned to the post the next day. Young Williams followed close after them, filled with terror. He had found the plague among the Crees of the Waterfound. Each day added to the gloom at Lac Bain. Death leaped from cabin to cabin in the wilderness to the west. By the middle of the month Lac Bain was hemmed in by the plague on all sides but the north.

The post's trap lines had been shortened; now they were abandoned entirely, and the great fight began. Williams assembled his men and told them how that same battle had been fought nearly two decades before. For sixty miles about the post every cabin and wigwam that floated a red flag must be visited and burned if the occupants were dead. In learning whether life or death existed in these places lay the peril for those who undertook the task. It was a dangerous mission. It meant facing a death from which those who listened to the old factor shrank with dread, yet when the call came they responded to a man.

Cummins and Jan ate their last supper together, with Melisse sitting between them and wondering at their silence. When it was over the two went outside.

"Mukee wasn't at the store," said Cummins in a thick, strained voice, halting Jan in the gloom behind the cabin. "Williams thought he was off to the south with his dogs. But he isn't. I saw him drag himself into his shack like a sick dog an hour before dusk. There'll be a red flag over Lac Bain in the morning."

Jan stifled the sharp cry on his lips. "Ab, there's a light!" cried Cummins. "It's a pitch torch burning in front of his door!"

He gripped Jan's arm in a sudden spasm of horror. "The flag is up now!" he whispered huskily. "Go back to Melisse. There is food in the house for a month and you can bring the wood in tonight. Bar the door. Open only the back window for air. Stay inside—with her—until it is all over. Go!"

"To the red flags, that is where I will go!" cried Jan fervently, wrenching his arm free. "It is your place to stay with Melisse!"

"My place is with the men."

"And mine?" Jan drew himself up rigid.

"One of us must shut himself up with her," pleaded Cummins. "It must be you." His face gleamed white in the darkness. "You came—that night—because Melisse was here. Something sent you—something—don't you understand? And since then she has never been near to death until now. You must stay with Melisse—with your violin!"

"Melisse herself shall choose," replied Jan. "We will go into the cabin, and the one to whom she comes first goes among the red flags. The other shuts himself in the cabin until the plague is gone."

He turned swiftly back to the door. As he opened it he stepped aside to let Cummins enter first, and behind the other's broad back he leaped quickly to one side, his eyes glowing, his white teeth gleaming in a smile. Unseen by Cummins, he stretched out his arms to Melisse, who was playing with the strings of his violin on the table.

He had done this a thousand times, and Melisse knew what it meant—a kiss and a joyous toss halfway to the ceiling. She jumped from her stool and ran to him.

"I am going down among the sick Crees in Cummins' place," said Jan to Williams half an hour later. "Now that the plague has come to Lac Bain, we must stay with Melisse."

(To Be Continued.)

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THE ATHLETIC EXHIBITION AT MYNARD

Small Crowd Present, but the Boys Went Through the Motions, to the Delight of All.

From Saturday's Daily.

Last evening there was some athletic exhibition given at the M. W. A. hall in Mynard, which was attended by quite a number from this city. The hall was in poor shape for the exhibition and it was with difficulty that the wrestling and boxing stunts were put on by the boys.

The first event of the evening was the wrestling match between A. W. Vallery and A. Ellis, the unknown champion. Vallery was considerably heavier than Ellis and did not have much difficulty in securing the first two falls. The first fall was won on a head scissor hold in six minutes and the second fall was secured on a half-Nelson and crotch hold in two minutes. Ellis issued a challenge to Ben Speck of Mynard, a 135-pound boy, for a match at the next exhibition given in Louisville.

The main event of the evening was the boxing match between "Terrible Dutch," the whirlwind fighter of this city, and "Kid" Myers, the deaf and dumb fighter. The boys started out slow and cautious, but in the second round got a little ginger in their work, trying for blows to the kidneys. The contest lasted five rounds and the "Terror" was unable to deal any effective blows on Myers and the fight was declared a draw by Thomas Jett, the referee. Jack Pries appeared as second for the "Terrible," while Robert Ames performed a similar service for Myers.

Following the boxing exhibition Vallery threw Sherlock, the champion of the Goos hotel, in two straight falls, the first of which took nine minutes, while the second fall required seven minutes, and if Sherlock had been in proper training he would probably have given Vallery a hot contest, as he is some wrestler.

NOBODY SPARED

Kidney Troubles Attack Plattsmouth Men and Women, Old and Young.

Kidney ills seize young and old. Often come with little warning. Children suffer in their early years—

Can't control the kidney secretions.

Girls are languid, nervous, suffer pain.

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You must reach the cause—the kidneys.

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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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. 10-10-14-wkly

Dance November 23.

The members of the Holy Rosary church will give a grand ball on Saturday evening, November 23, at the K. S. hall. Admission 50 cents. First-class music. Everybody invited to come and have a good time. 11-13-14d.

The boy's appetite is often the source of amazement. If you would have such an appetite take Chamberlain's Tablets. They not only create a healthy appetite, but strengthen the stomach and enable it to do its work naturally. For sale by F. 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 therefor, 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.

CABBAGE FOR SALE by E. O. Cole. 11-14-2wks-wkly