

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 desortbes, and he knows how to tell a story.

CHAPTER VIII. Renunciation.

T was on the girl's fifteenth birthday. They had come up to the top of the ridge on which he had fought the missionary, to gather red sprigs of the bakneesh for the festival that they were to have in the cabin that night. High up on the face of a jagged rock Jan saw a bit of the crimson vine thrusting itself out into the sun, and, with Melisse laughing and encouraging him from below, he climbed up until he had secured it. He tossed it down to her.

"It's the last one," she cried, seeing his disadvantage, "and I'm going home. You can't catch me."

Jan slackened his steps. It was a by to see Melisse springing from rock to rock and darting across the thin openings close ahead of him, her hair loosening and sweeping out in the sun. her slender figure fleeing with the lightness of the pale sun shadows that ran up and down the mountain.

He would not have overtaken her of his own choosing, but at the foot of the ridge Melisse gave up. Never had he seen her so beautiful, still daring him with her laugh, quivering and panting, flinging back her hair. Half reaching out his arms, he cried:

Mellsse, you are beautiful-yo



Merrill Co.

ing to Jan: "Hurry to the cabin, Jan, and see what sort of a birthday gift Melisse has got for you."

The big room was empty when Jan came quietly through the open door. He stopped to listen and caught a faint laugh from the other room and then another, and to give warning of his presence he coughed loudly and scraped a chair along the floor. A moment's silence followed. The farther door opened a little, and then it opened wide, and Melisse came out.

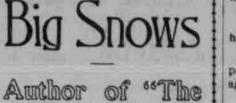
"Now, what do you think of me, brother Jan?"

She stood in the light of the window. through which came the afternoon sun, her hair piled in glistening coils upon the crown of her head as they had seen them in the pictures, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowing questioningly at Jan

"You are prettier than I have ever seen you, Melisse," he replied softly "If I am prettier and you like me this way, why don't you"-

She finished with a sweet, upturned pouting of her mouth, and with a sudden, laughing cry Jan caught ber in his arms and kissed the lips she held up to him. It was but an instant, and

he freed her, a hot blush burning in his brown cheeks. My dear brother," she laughed at him, gathering up the bakneesh on the table. "I love to have you kiss me. and now I have to make you do it. Father kisses me every morning when he goes to the store. I remember when you used to kiss me every time you came home, but now you forget to do it at all. Do brothers love their sisters less as they grow older?" "Sometimes they love the sister less last week that you have not played | and the other girl more. Melisse," came a quick voice from the door, and Jean de Gravois bounded in like a playful cat, scraping and bowing before Mefloor. "Lovely saints, Jan Thoreau. but she is a woman, just as my lowaka told me!" "You're terribly in love, Jean." cried Melisse, laughing until her eyes were wet; "just like some of the people in the books which Jan and I read."



Danger Trail"

bela "That was why I tried to all the missioner," said Jan at last. "And that-that-is why it could not signify that Melisse has done up her hair." He gathered up the papers so that they shot back into the little cylinder shaped roll again.

"I understand," replied Jean in a low voice. "I understand and I praise the blessed Virgin that it was Jean de Gravois who killed the missioner out upon the ice of Lac Bain?"

"But the other." persisted Jan. "the other, which says that I'-

"Stop," cried Jean sharply. He came around the table and seized Jan's hands in the iron grip of his lithe, brown fingers. "That is something for you to forget. It means nothing-nothing at all, Jan Thoreau! Does any one know but you and me?

aloud: "No one. I intended that some day Melisse and her father should know. but I waited too long. I waited until I was afraid, until the horror of telling her frightened me. I made myself forget, burying it deeper each year, until today-on the mountain"-"And today in this cabin you will forget again, and you will bury it so

deep that it will never come back. I am proud of you, Jan Thoreau. I love you, and it is the first time that Jean de Gravois has ever said this to a

man. Ah, I hear them coming!" With an absurd bow in the direction of the laughing voices which they now heard, the melodramatic little Frenchman pulled Jan to the door. Halfway across the open were Melisse and Iowaka carrying a large Indian basket between them and making merry over the task. When they saw Gra-

vois and Jan they set down their burden and waved an invitation for the two men to come to their assistance. "You should be the second happiest man in the world, Jan Thoreau." exclaimed Jean. "The first is Jean de

Gravois!" He set off like a bolt from a spring gun in the direction of the two who streets are becoming something were waiting for them. He had hoist- flerce, and if it is possible to do ed the basket upon his shoulder by the time Jan arrived.

"Are you growing old, too, Jan?" bantered Melisse as she dropped a few steps behind Jean and his wife. "You come so slowly!"

"] think I'm twenty-nine."

He looked at her steadily, the grief mouth.

Like the quick passing of sunshine sweeper, let it be used on Main the fun swept from her face, leaving street and the accumulated dirt W. A. Fight, one of the large from her home near Murray this her blue eyes staring up at him, filled hauled away where it will not be stock raisers of the county, drove

heard a soft, heartbroken little sob behind him "Jan. dear Jan!" She inughed, happy and trembling, her lips hold up to him.

"I didn't please you today," she whis-"I will never do up my hair pered. again!"

He kissed her, and his arms dropped from her shoulders.

"Never, never again-until you have forgotten to love me," she repeated. Good night, Brother Jan!"

Across the open, through the thinned edge of the black spruce, deeper and deeper into the cold, unquivering lifelessness of the forest, Jan went from the door that closed between him and Melisse, her last words still whispering in his ears, the warm touch of her hair on his cheeks and the knowledge of what this day had meant for him swiftly surging upon him, bringing with it a torment which racked him to the soul.

He went on until he came to where the beaten trail swept up and away from a swamp. He plunged into it, picking his tangled way until he stood upon a giant ridge, from which he looked out through the white night into the limitless barrens to the north.

She was no longer the little Melisse. his sister, he thought. And yet-He was almost saying her last words

"Good night, Brother Jan!" She had come to him that day to let

him kiss her as she had come to him a thousand times before, but he had not kissed her in the old way. It was a different love that his lips had given. and even now the hot blood surged again into his face as he thought of what he had done. In that which had stirred his blood, thrilling him with strange joy as he held her in his arms. he saw more than the shadow of sinsacrilege against a thing which was court house.

more precious to him than life.

(To Be Continued.)

STREET SWEEPER MUST **BE OUT OF COMMISSION**

From Saturday's Dally.

What has become of the street sweeper that the city recently purchased? The condition of the something to clean up Main street

dirty condition of the street and it does not create a very favorable

tichtening the muscles about his appearance of a town as clean 45 for Omaha to look after busi- renewed. streets, and as we have the new ness matters.



Furniture and Undertaking

Carpets, Rugs and Linoleum

South Sixth Street

Plattsmouth,

Nebraska

Phones Store 137 Residence 24

O. E. McDonald of Murdock, who has been visiting near Murray for a few days, drove up this morning in company with W. F. Moore and they were Omaha passengers on No. 45.

Hon. W. H. Puls of Murray was in the city today attending to Mrs. Martin Houk came down business matters, and found time last evening from Omaha for a to drop into the Journal office for a short social visit. He was accompanied by his father, William

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rakes of Union drove to this city this morning to attend to some busi-John W. Urwin of Louisville ness matters. While here they was in the city today looking after called at this office for the purpose some business matters at the of renewing their subscription to this paper.

L. D. Hiatt and Ed Tutt, the Charles Reihart, the genial Murray merchants, were in the liveryman from Louisville, was a city last evening, en route from county seat visitor today, coming down for a brief visit with his numerous county seat friends, and Mrs. Henry Ahl of Louisville, for the transaction of some busicame down yesterday and spent a ness matters.

Mrs. Gergia Creamer of near Murray drove in this morning and Miss Edna Propst came down and attended to some matters of this afternoon on No. 24 to spend business. Miss Anna Rys, who Sunday with her parents, R. L. is teaching school in that district, accompanied Mrs. Creamer and visited relatives for a few hours.

L. B. Brown of Kenosha was in stranger who comes into the city today doing some trading and the city today attending to some is brought in contact with the visiting with county seat friends, business matters and visiting with his many friends in the C. H. Lewis drove in this morn- | county seat. While here he callimpression with them. There is ing from his farm west of the ed at this office and had his subwhich he was fighting to keep back nothing that adds so much to the city and was a passenger on No. scription to the Daily Journal

> Miss Gertrude Long came up morning and look the Burington

Propst and wife, at Mynard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seybert, it should be done at once, as every from near Cullom, were in the city

Omaha to their homes. few hours in this city attending to some business matters.

James Tipton came in yesterday- Puls, sr. from the wagon bridge to look after some trading with the merchants.

From Saturday's Daily. Charles Heim and Eddie Ossenkop of Louisville were in the city yesterday afternoon.

Local News

visit with friends in this city.

almost a woman! If you did your hair np like the pictures we have in the books you would be a woman." he apswered softly. "You are more beautiful than the pictures!"

"You say that I am pretty and that I am almost a woman." she pouted. "and yet"- She shrugged her shoulders at him in mock disdain. "Jan Thoreau, this is the third time in the the game right. I won't play with you any more!"

In a flash he was at her side, her face between his two hands, and. lisse until his head nearly touched the bending down, he kissed her upon the "There," she said as he released her.

"Isn't that the way we have played it ever since 1 can remember? Whenever you catch me you may have that."

"I am afraid, Melisse," he said seriously. "You are growing so tall and so pretty that I am afraid."

"Afraid! My brother afraid to kiss me! And what will you do when I get to be a woman, Jan. whick will be very soon, you say?"

"I don't know, Mellsse."

She turned her back to him and flung out her hair, and Jan, who had done this same thing for her a hundred times before, divided the silken mass into three strands and plaited them into a braid.

"I don't believe that you care for me as much as you used to, Jan. I wish I were a woman, so that I might know if you are going to forget me entirely."

Her shoulders trembled, and when he had finished his task he found that she was laughing and that her eyes were swimming with a new mischief which she was trying to hide from him. In that laugh there was something which was not like Melisse. Slight as the change was he noticed it; but, instead of displeasing him, it set a vague sensation of pleasure trilling like a new song within him.

When they reached the post Melisse went to the cabin with her bakneesh and Jan to the company's store, where he met Jean de Gravois.

"Blessed saints, man, but is she not growing more beautiful every day?" said Jean.

"Yes," said Jan. "She will soon he a woman.'

"A woman!" shouted Jean, who, not having his caribou whip, jumped up and down to emphasize his words. "She will soon be a woman, did you say, Jan Thoreau? And if she is not a in his breast and drew forth the little woman at thirty with two children-God send others like them !- when will she he, I ask you?"

"I meant Melisse," laughed Jan.

"And I meant Iowaka," said Jean. He hopped out like a cricket overburdened with life, calling loudly to his wife, who came to meet him, and say-

"And I always shall be, my dear." Mellisse flung the red shawl over her head, still hughing

"I will go to see her, Jean."

"Well," said Gravois, looking searchingly at Jan when she had left, "shall I give you my best wishes, Jan Thoreau? Does it signify?"

"Signify-what?" The little Frenchman's eyes snapped "Why, when our pretty Cree maiden becomes engaged she puts up her hair for the first time; that is all, my dear

He stopped suddenly, startled into silence by the strange look that had come into the other's face. For a full minute Jan stood as if the power of movement had gone from him.

"No: it-means-nothing," he said finally, speaking as if the words were forced from him one by one. He dropped into a chair beside the table like one whose senses had been dulled by an unexpected blow.

"Jan Thoreau." whispered Jean softly, "bave you forgotten that it was I who killed the missioner for you, and that through all of these years Jean de Gravois has never questioned you about the fight on the mountain top? Is there anything Jean de Gravois can do?"

He sat down opposite Jan, his thin. eager face propped in his bands, and watched silently until the other lifted his head. Their eyes met, steady, unflinching, and in that look there were the oath and the seal of all that the honor of the big snows held for those two.

Still without words Jan reached withroll which he had taken from his vilin. One by one he handed the pages over to Jean de Gravois.

"My God!" said Jean, when he had : words. White faced, the two men stared, Jan's throat twitching, Gravois' brown fingers crushing the "oils be

in them before. In a moment he knew that she had understood him, and he could have cut out his tongue. Her hand reached his arm, and she stopped him, her face lifted pleadingly, the tears slowly gathering in her eyes.

"Forgive me" she whispered, her voice breaking into a sob. "Dear, covery that is believed will vastly his farm and looked after busibirthday, Jan-yours and mine, mine and yours-and we will always have it that way, always, won't we, Jan?" Jan was glad when the evening came and was gone. Not until Jean me about five times of terrible and lowaka had said good night with coughs and colds, also my brother Croisset and his wife and both Cummins and Melisse had gone to their more than 20 others, who used it

the tension under which he had struggled during all of his playing and that night's merrymaking in the cabin. From the first he knew that his

nerves were strung by some strange and indefinable sensation that was of its merit. 50c and \$1,00. Trial growing within him-something which bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. he could hardly have explained at first, Fricke & Co. but which swiftly took form and meaning and oppressed him more as the

hours flew by, After the others had gone Cummins sat up to smoke a pipe. When he had finished he went to his room. Jan was now sleeping in a room at the company's store, and after a time he rose silently to take down his cap and coat. He opened the outer door quietly so as not to arouse Melisse, who

had gone to bed half an hour before. As he was about to go out there came a sound, a low, gentle, whispered word: 14

"Jan!" He turned. Melisse stood in her door. She had not undressed, and her hair was still done up in its soft colls, with the crimson bakneesh shining in it. She came to him hesitatingly until she stood with her two hands upon his arm, gazing into his tense face with that same question in her eyes. "Jan, you were not pleased with me

why.' "I was pleased with you, Melisse," he replied.

He took one of her hands that was clinging to his arm and turned his face to the open night. Countless stars gleamed in the sky, as they had shone on another night fifteen years ago. Suddenly there leaped up from Jan Thoreau's breast a breath that burst from his lips in a low cry:

"Melisse! Melisse! It was just fifteen years ago that I came in through that forest out there, starved and dying, and played my violin when your mother died. You were a little baby then, and since that night you have is nearly always good natured. A finished reading. He spoke no other | never pleased me more than now!" He dropped her hand and turned by cured of stomach trouble by squarely to the door to hide what he taking Chamberlain's Tablets. knew, had, come, into his face. He For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

offensive to the residents and in from his farm yesterday and those who are down town to do looked after some business mattheir shopping.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

reports of a wonderful new dis- ray, drove up this morning from benefit the people. Ramon T. ness matters for a few hours. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes: 'Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured of a severe cold in his chest and, rooms did he find himself relieved of on my advice. We hope this great medicine will yet be sold in every drug store in Porto Rico." For throat and lung troubles it has no equal. A trial will convince you

Box Supper and Corn Show.

At the Buck school house, Saturday, November 30th, at 8 p. m. Prizes as follows:

For the best 3 ears of corn...\$1.50 Second best 3 cars of corn. . 1.00 Third best 3 cars of corn.... .50 Corn to be sold to pay for premiums.

Only a Fire Hero,

but the crowd cheered, as, with burned hands, he held up a small round box. "Fellows!" he should. "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything beat for burns." Right! Also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises. Surest pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25 cents at F. G. Fricke & Co. tonight,' she whispered. "Tell me

> **BIG BARGAINS IN** USED MOTORCYCLES

> We have 3 used motorcycles, in good running order, for sale cheap if sold at once. H. Steinhauer & Son,

Plattsmouth, Neb.

Is your husband cross? An irritable, fault-finding disposition is often due to-a disordered stomach. A man with good digestion great many have been permanent-

ters for the day.

E. M. Godwin, one of the sub-From far away Porto Rico come stantial farmers from near Mur-

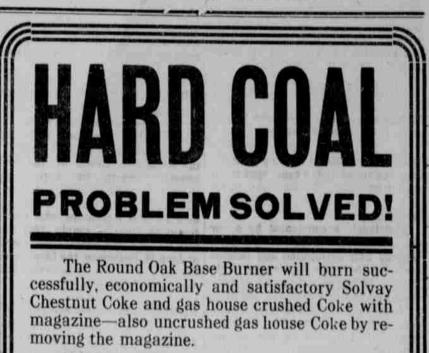
> some trading. Mr. Furlong's eye, time visiting with relatives. which was injured some time ago, is still troubling him a great deal.

evening from Omaha, where she better. Dampen a piece of flanhad been visiting her son, Alvin, nel with it and bind it over the at Immanuel hospital. She re- affected parts and it will relieve ports that Alvin is getting along the pain and soreness. For sale nicely.

train for Shenandoah, Iowa, where she will visit for a few days with the family of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wright, also other relatives of Mr. Long.

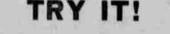
Will Bates of Havelock, who has been visiting his parents, Edwin Bates and wife, was a passenger this afternoon for Omaha to visit for a short time. Mr. Bates is S. L. Furlong of Rock Bluffs just recovering from an operation was in the city today altending to on his eyes and is spending the

Don't waste your money buying strengthening plasters. Cham-Mrs. John Murray returned last berlain's Liniment is cheaper and by F. G. Fricke & Co.



Makes a hot, bright, clean fire-costs much less per ton.

The only Base Burner with exclusive feature. Ample capacity in patented flue construction makes it possible.



Estate of P. D. Beckwith, Inc., Dowanica, Michigan Makers of Good Goods Only

