

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 ingre-dient 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 VIII.

Renunciation.

It 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 joy 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 fleeting 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:

"Melisse, you are beautiful—you are almost a woman! If you did your hair up like the pictures we have in the books you would be a woman," he answered 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 last week that you have not played 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, bending down, he kissed her upon the mouth.

"There," she said as he released her, "Isn't that the way we have played it ever since I 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, which will be very soon, you say?"

"I don't know, Melisse." 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 be 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 woman at thirty with two children—God send others like them!—when will she be, I ask you?"

"I meant Melisse," laughed Jan.

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



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Big Snows

Author of "The
Danger Trail"

That was why I tried to kill the missionary," 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 missionary 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 little, 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?"

"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 Iovaka carrying a large Indian basket between them and making merry over the task. When they saw Gravois 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 were waiting for them. He had hoisted 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!"

"I think I'm twenty-nine." He looked at her steadily, the grief which he was fighting to keep back tightening the muscles about his mouth.

Like the quick passing of sunshine the fun swept from her face, leaving her blue eyes staring up at him, filled with a pain which he had never seen 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, dear Jan, forgive me! Today is your birthday, 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 and Iovaka had said good night with Croisset and his wife and both Cummins and Melisse had gone to their rooms did he find himself relieved of the tension under which he had struggled during all of his playing and that night's merry-making in the cabin.

From the first he knew that his nerves were strung by some strange and indefinite sensation that was growing within him—something which he could hardly have explained at first, 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:

"Jan!"

He turned. Melisse stood in her door. She had not undressed, and her hair was still done up in its soft coils, 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 tonight," she whispered. "Tell 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 never pleased me more than now!"

He dropped her hand and turned squarely to the door to hide what he knew had come into his face. He

heard a soft, heartbroken little sob behind him.

"Jan, dear Jan!"

She laughed, happy and trembling, her lips held up to him.

"I didn't please you today," she whispered. "I will never do up my hair 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 aloud:

"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 sin—sacrilege against a thing which was more precious to him than life.

(To Be Continued.)

STREET SWEEPER MUST BE OUT OF COMMISSION

From Saturday's Daily.

What has become of the street sweeper that the city recently purchased? The condition of the streets are becoming something fierce, and if it is possible to do something to clean up Main street it should be done at once, as every stranger who comes into the city is brought in contact with the dirty condition of the street and it does not create a very favorable impression with them. There is nothing that adds so much to the appearance of a town as clean streets, and as we have the new sweeper, let it be used on Main street and the accumulated dirt hauled away where it will not be offensive to the residents and those who are down town to do their shopping.

Porto Rico's New Wonder.

From far away Porto Rico come reports of a wonderful new discovery that is believed will vastly benefit the people. Ramon T. Marchan, of Barceloneta, writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery is doing splendid work here. It cured me about five times of terrible coughs and colds, also my brother of a severe cold in his chest and more than 20 others, who used it 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 of its merit. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by F. G. Fricke & Co.

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 ears of corn... 1.00
Third best 3 ears 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 shouted, "this Bucklen's Arnica Salve I hold, has everything heal for burns." Right! Also for boils, ulcers, sores, pimples, eczema, cuts, sprains, bruises, Suresst pile cure. It subdues inflammation, kills pain. Only 25 cents at F. G. Fricke & Co.

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 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.

MICHAEL HILD

Furniture and Undertaking

Carpets, Rugs and Linoleum

South Sixth Street

Plattsmouth, - - - - - Nebraska

Phones Store 137
Residence 247

Local News

From Saturday's Daily.

Charles Heim and Eddie Ossenkop of Louisville were in the city yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Martin Houk came down last evening from Omaha for a visit with friends in this city.

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

John W. Urwin of Louisville was in the city today looking after some business matters at the court house.

L. D. Hiatt and Ed Tutt, the Murray merchants, were in the city last evening, en route from Omaha to their homes.

Mrs. Henry Ahl of Louisville came down yesterday and spent a few hours in this city attending to some business matters.

Miss Edna Propst came down this afternoon on No. 24 to spend Sunday with her parents, R. L. Propst and wife, at Mynard.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Seybert, from near Cullom, were in the city today doing some trading and visiting with county seat friends.

C. H. Lewis drove in this morning from his farm west of the city and was a passenger on No. 15 for Omaha to look after business matters.

W. A. Fight, one of the large stock raisers of the county, drove in from his farm yesterday and looked after some business matters for the day.

E. M. Godwin, one of the substantial farmers from near Murray, drove up this morning from his farm and looked after business matters for a few hours.

S. L. Furlong of Rock Bluffs was in the city today attending to some trading. Mr. Furlong's eye, which was injured some time ago, is still troubling him a great deal.

Mrs. John Murray returned last evening from Omaha, where she had been visiting her son, Alvin, at Immanuel hospital. She reports that Alvin is getting along nicely.

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 business matters, and found time to drop into the Journal office for a short social visit. He was accompanied by his father, William Puls, sr.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rakes of Union drove to this city this morning to attend to some business matters. While here they called at this office for the purpose of renewing their subscription to this paper.

Charles Reihart, the genial liveryman from Louisville, was a county seat visitor today, coming down for a brief visit with his numerous county seat friends, and for the transaction of some business matters.

Mrs. Gergia Creamer of near Murray drove in this morning and attended to some matters of business. Miss Anna Rys, who is teaching school in that district, accompanied Mrs. Creamer and visited relatives for a few hours.

L. B. Brown of Kenosha was in the city today attending to some business matters and visiting with his many friends in the county seat. While here he called at this office and had his subscription to the Daily Journal renewed.

Miss Gertrude Long came up from her home near Murray this morning and took the Burlington 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 just recovering from an operation on his eyes and is spending the time visiting with relatives.

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.

HARD COAL

PROBLEM SOLVED!

The Round Oak Base Burner will burn successfully, economically and satisfactory Solvay Chestnut Coke and gas house crushed Coke with magazine—also uncrushed gas house Coke by removing the magazine.

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.

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