

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 X.

A Kiss and the Consequences.

MELISSE saw little of Jan during the day. At noon, Dixon told her that he had made up his mind not to accompany Thoreau on the trip south. The following morning, before she was up, Jan had gone. She was deeply hurt. Never before had he left on one of his long trips without spending his last moments with her. Outside of her thoughts of Jan, the days and evenings that followed were pleasant ones for her. The new agent was as jolly as he was fat, and took an immense liking to Melisse. Young Dixon was good looking and brimming with life, and spent a great deal of his time in her company. For hours at a time she listened to his stories of the wonderful world across the sea.

One day, a week after Jan had gone, he told her about the women in the world which had come to be a fairy land to Melisse.

"They are all beautiful over there?" she asked wonderingly, when he had finished.

"Many of them are beautiful, but none so beautiful as you, Melisse," he replied, leaning near to her, his eyes shining. "Do you know that you are beautiful?"

His words frightened her so much that she bowed her head to hide the signs of it in her face. Jan had often spoken those same words—a thousand times he had told her that she was beautiful—but there had never been this fluttering of her heart before.

There were few things which Iowaka and she did not hold in secret between them, and a day or two later Melisse told her friend what Dixon had said. For the first time Iowaka abused the confidence placed in her and told Jean.

"The devil!" grunted Jean, his face blackening.

He said no more until night, when the children were asleep. Then he drew Iowaka close beside him on a bench near the stove and asked carefully:

"My angel, if one makes an oath to the blessed Virgin and breaks it what happens?"

He evaded the startled look in his wife's big black eyes.

"It means that one will be forever damned unless he confesses to a priest soon after, doesn't it? And if there is no priest nearer than 400 miles is it a dangerous thing to do, is it not?"

A fierce snarling and barking of dogs brought Gravois to the door. They could hear Croisset's raucous voice and the loud cracking of his big whip.

"I'll be back soon," said Jean, closing the door after him, but instead of approaching Croisset and the fighting dogs he went in the direction of Cummins' cabin. He gritted his teeth as young Dixon's laugh sounded loudly in the cabin. "Two fools!" he went on commencing with himself. "Cummins—Jan Thoreau—both fools!"

During the week that followed Jean's little black eyes were never far distant from Cummins' cabin. Without

being observed he watched Melisse and Dixon, and not even to Iowaka did he give hint of his growing suspicions. Dixon was a man whom most other men liked. There were a fascinating frankness in his voice and manner, strength in his broad shoulders and a general air of comradeship about him which won all but Jean.

The trap line runners began leaving the post at the end of the second week, and after this Melisse and the young Englishman were more together than ever. Dixon showed no inclination to accompany the sledges, and when they were gone he and Melisse began taking walks in the forest when the sun was high and warm.

It was on one of these days that Jean had gone along the edge of the caribou swamp that lay between the Barrens and the higher forest. He heard the sound of voices ahead of him, and a moment later he recognized them as those of Melisse and Dixon. His face clouded, and his eyes snapped fire.

of the

Big Snows

Author of "The
Danger Trail"



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He peered forth from the bushes, his loyal heart beating a wrathful tattoo when he saw that Dixon dared put his hand on Melisse's arm. They were coming very slowly, the Englishman bending low over the girl's bowed head, talking to her with strange earnestness. Suddenly he stopped, and before Jean could comprehend what had happened he had bent down and kissed her.

With a low cry Melisse tore herself free. For an instant she faced Dixon, who stood laughing into her blazing eyes. Then she turned and ran swiftly down the trail.

A second cry fell from her startled lips when she found herself face to face with Jean de Gravois. The little Frenchman was smiling. His eyes glittered like black diamonds.

"Jean, Jean!" she sobbed, running to him.

"He has insulted you," he said softly, smiling into her white face. "Run along to the post, my pretty Melisse."

He watched her, half turned from the astonished Englishman, until she disappeared in a twist of the trail a hundred yards away. Then he faced Dixon.

"It is the first time that our Melisse has ever suffered insult," he said, speaking as coolly as if to a child. "If Jan Thoreau were here, he would kill you. He is gone, and I will kill you in his place!"

He advanced, his white teeth still gleaming in a smile, and not until he launched himself like a cat at Dixon's throat was the Englishman convinced that he meant attack. In a flash Dixon stepped a little to one side and sent out a crashing blow that caught Jean on the side of the head and sent him flat upon his back in the trail.

Half stunned, Gravois came to his feet. He did not bear the shrill cry of terror from the twist in the trail. He did not look back to see Melisse standing there. But Dixon both saw and heard, and he laughed tauntingly over Jean's head as the little Frenchman came toward him again, more cautiously than before.

It was the first time that Jean had ever come into contact with science. He darted in again in his quick, cat-like way and received a blow that dazed him. This time he held to his feet.

"Bah, this is like striking a baby!" exclaimed Dixon. "What are you fighting about, Gravois? Is it a crime up here to kiss a pretty girl?"

"I am going to kill you!" said Jean, as coolly as before.

There was something terribly calm and decisive in his voice. He was not excited. He was not afraid. His fingers did not go near the long knife in his belt. Slowly the laugh faded from Dixon's face, and tense lines gathered around his mouth as Jean circled about him.

"Come, we don't want trouble like this," he urged. "I'm sorry—if Melisse didn't like it."

"I am going to kill you!" repeated Jean.

It was the science of the forest man pitted against that of another world. For sport Jean had played with wounded lynx. His was the quickness of sight, of instinct—without the other's science—the quickness of the great lion that had often played this same game with his rifle fire, of the sledge dog whose ripping fangs carried death so quickly that eyes could not follow.

A third and a fourth time he came within striking distance and escaped. He half drew his knife, and at the movement Dixon sprang back until his shoulders touched the brush. Smilingly Gravois unsheathed the blade and tossed it behind him in the trail. His eyes were like a serpent's in their steadiness, and the muscles of his body were drawn as tight as steel springs, ready to loose themselves when the chance came.

There were tricks in his fighting as well as in the other's, and a dawning of it began to grow upon Dixon. He dropped his arms to his side, inviting Jean within reach. Suddenly the little

Frenchman straightened. His glittering eyes shot from the Englishman's face to the brush behind him, and a piercing yell burst from his lips. Involuntarily Dixon started, half turning his face, and before he had come to his guard Gravois flung himself under his arms, striking with the full force of his body against his antagonist's knees.

Together they went down in the trail. There was only one science now—that of the forest man. The lithe, brown fingers that could have crushed the life of a lynx, fastened themselves around the Englishman's throat, and there came one gasping, quickly throttled cry as they tightened in their neck-breaking grip.

"I will kill you!" said Jean again. Dixon's arms fell limply to his side. His eyes bulged from their sockets, his mouth was agape, but Jean did not see. His face was buried on the other's shoulder, the whole life of him in the grip. He would not have raised his head for a full minute longer had there not come a sudden interruption—the terrified voice of Melisse, the frantic tearing of her hands at his hands.

"He is dead!" she shrieked. "You have killed him, Jean!"

Jean looked into Dixon's eyes. "He is not dead," he said, rising and going to her side. "Come, my dear, run home to Iowaka. I will not kill him." Her slender form shook with agonized sobs as he led her to the turn in the trail. "Run home to Iowaka," he repeated gently. "I will not kill him, Melisse."

He went back to Dixon and rubbed snow over the man's face. "My God, but it was near to it!" he exclaimed, as there came a flicker of



"I will not kill him, Melisse."

life into the eyes. "A little more and he would have been with the missioner!"

He dragged the Englishman to the side of the trail and set his back to a tree. When he saw that fallen foe's breath was coming more strongly he followed slowly after Melisse.

Unobserved, he went into the store and washed the blood from his face, chuckling with huge satisfaction when he looked at himself in the little glass which hung over the washbasin.

"Ah, my sweet Iowaka, but would you guess now that Jean de Gravois had received two clouts on the side of the head that almost sent him into the blessed hereafter? I would not have had you see it for all the gold in this world."

A little later he went to the cabin. Iowaka and the children were at Croisset's, and he sat down to smoke a pipe. Scarcely had he begun sending up blue clouds of smoke when the door opened and Melisse came in.

"Hello, my dear," he cried gayly, laughing at her with a wave of his pipe.

In an instant she had flung the shawl from her head and was upon her knees at his feet, her white face turned up to him pleadingly, her breath falling upon him in panting, sobbing excitement.

"Jean, Jean!" she whispered, stretching up her hands to his face. "Please tell me that you will never tell Jan—please tell me that you never will, Jean—never, never!"

"I will say nothing, Melisse." For a sobbing breath she dropped her head upon his knees. Then suddenly she drew down his face and kissed him.

"Thank you, Jean, for what you have done!"

"Whew!" gasped Jean when she had gone. "What if Iowaka had been here then?"

The day following the fight in the forest Dixon found Jean de Gravois alone and came up to him.

"Gravois, will you shake hands with me?" he said. "I want to thank you for what you did to me yesterday. I deserved it. I have asked Miss Melisse to forgive me—and I want to shake hands with you."

Jean was thunderstruck. He had never met this kind of man. "What the deuce!" he ejaculated, when he had come to his senses. "Yes, I will shake hands."

For several days after this Jean could see that Melisse made an effort to evade him. She did not visit Iowaka when he was in the cabin. Neither did she and Dixon go again into the forest. The young Englishman spent more of his time at the store, and just before the trappers began coming in he went on a three days' sledge trip with Croisset.

The change delighted Jean. The first time he met Melisse after the fight his eyes flashed pleasure. "Jan will surely be coming home soon," he greeted her. "What if the birds tell him what happened out there on the trail?"

She flushed scarlet. "Perhaps the same birds will tell us what has happened down on the Nelson House trail, Jean," she retorted. "Pouf! Jan Thoreau doesn't give the snap of his small finger for the MacVeigh girl!" Jean replied, warm in defense of his friend.

"She is pretty," laughed Melisse, "and I have just learned that is why men like to—like them, I mean."

Jean strutted before her like a peacock. "Am I pretty, Melisse?"

"No-o-o-o."

"Then why"—he shrugged his shoulders suggestively—"in the cabin?"

"Because you were brave, Jean. I love brave men."

"You were glad that I pummeled the stranger, then?"

Melisse did not answer, but he caught a laughing sparkle in the corner of her eye as she left him.

"Come home, Jan Thoreau," he hummed softly as he went to the store. "Come home, come home, come home, for the little Melisse has grown into a woman and is learning to use her eyes."

Among the first of the trappers to come in with his furs was MacVeigh. He brought word that Jan had gone south to spend the annual holiday at Nelson House, and Cummins told Melisse whence the message came. He did not observe the slight change that came into her face and went on:

"I don't understand this in Jan. He is needed here for the carnival. Did you know that he was going to Nelson House?"

Melisse shook her head. "MacVeigh says they have made him an offer to go down there as chief man," continued the factor. "It is strange that he has sent no explanation to me."

It was a week after the big caribou roast before Jan returned to Lac Bain. Melisse saw him drive in from the Churchill trail, but while her heart fluttered excitedly she steered herself to meet him with at least an equal show of the calm indifference with which he had left her six weeks before. The coolness of his leave taking still rankled bitterly in her bosom. His hair and beard had grown, covering the smooth cheeks which he had always kept closely shaved. His eyes glowed with dull pleasure as she stood waiting for him, but there was none of the old flash and fire in them. There was a strangeness in his manner, an uneasiness in the shifting of his eyes.

"Jan!" she said.

Her voice trembled; her lips quivered. There was the old glorious pleading in her eyes, and before it Jan bowed his unkempt head and crushed her hands tightly in his own. For a half minute there was silence, and in that half minute there came a century between them. At last Jan spoke.

"I'm glad to see you again, Melisse. It has seemed like a very long time!"

He lifted his eyes. Before them the girl involuntarily shrank back and Jan freed her hands. In them she saw none of the old love glow, nothing of their old comradeship.

"You will come to supper, Jan?"

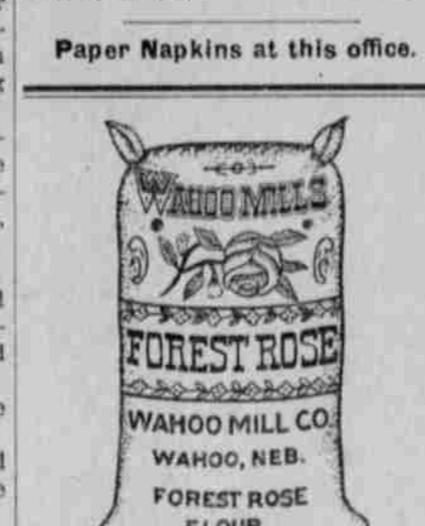
"Surely, Melisse, if you are prepared."

(To Be Continued.)

Farm for Sale.
435-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. 10-10-17-wkly

If you are troubled with chronic constipation, the mild and gentle effects of Chamberlain's Tablets makes them especially suited to your case. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Paper Napkins at this office.



Forest Rose Flour
Guaranteed to Be the Best on the Market
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PLEADS GUILTY AND HELD TO ANSWER TO DISTRICT COURT

From Saturday's Daily.
Paul Hawkins, the man who created a disturbance Thursday evening by shooting a revolver on lower Main street, appeared in Justice Archer's court this morning to answer to the complaint filed against him by County Attorney Taylor, charging him with carrying concealed weapons, and entered a plea of guilty to the charge and will be held to the next term of court. The law in this kind of a case is quite severe, making the punishment a fine of not more than \$1,000 or imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term not exceeding two years. This will be a lesson to those who have a habit of carrying a gun with them and using it in an indiscriminate manner, as many do.

FUNERAL OF D. H. WHEELER HELD THIS AFTERNOON

From Saturday's Daily.
The funeral of the late Major D. H. Wheeler occurred this afternoon, the body being taken direct to Oak Hill cemetery from the Burlington station and the interment made in the Wheeler family lot. A large escort of prominent Knights Templars and Masons from Omaha accompanied the funeral party, and with the members of the Plattsmouth lodge and Mt. Zion commandery of the Templars from this city, acted as the escort to the grave, where the beautiful ritual service of the Masonic order was held, and the remains of this highly respected citizen were laid to their rest beside those of his family, who had preceded him to the better land.

OPENING OF THE WATERMAN OPERA HOUSE 30 YEARS AGO

From Saturday's Daily.
The following item clipped from the thirty years ago department of the Omaha News will be of interest to the older residents of the city, who will recall the occurrence, as the Waterman opera house was considered one of the finest in the state and formerly stood on the lots where the Journal, Soennichsen and Holly buildings now stand:
"The Waterman opera house at Plattsmouth was formally opened with the Fay Templeton company presenting 'The Mascotte.' The structure cost \$56,000 and was the result of the enterprise of H. A. Waterman & Son, lumbermen."

To Return From Hospital.

From Saturday's Daily.
This morning J. L. Smith and Mrs. T. B. Smith, of near Murray, were passengers for Omaha, where they go to accompany T. B. Smith home from the hospital, where he has been for several weeks recovering from an operation he had performed upon his arm, which was broken while he was engaged in working with a threshing machine. He is feeling much better and it is hoped that the arm will now heal up in proper shape.

Have Very Fine Dance.

From Friday's Daily.
The M. W. A. orchestra returned this morning from Weeping Water, where they played last evening at the grand Thanksgiving ball given in the new Philpot hall. There were 164 couples on the dance floor and it was one of the most successful dances given in that city. During the course of the evening an oyster supper was served, which was a very pleasant treat.

Famous Stage Beauties

look with horror on Skin Eruptions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. They don't have them, nor will any one, who uses Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It glorifies the face. Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish before it. It cures sore lips, chapped hands, chilblains; heals burns, cuts and bruises. Unequaled for piles. Only 25c at F. G. Fricke & Co.

We wish to call your attention to the fact that most infectious diseases, such as whooping cough, diphtheria and scarlet fever, are contracted when the child has a cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will quickly cure a cold and greatly lessen the danger of contracting these diseases. This remedy is famous for its cures of colds. It contains no opium or other narcotic and may be given to a child with implicit confidence. Sold by F. G. Fricke & Co.

Local News

From Saturday's Daily.
Henry Kehne of Manley was in the city today attending to some business matters at the court house.

Henry Born of the precinct was in the city this afternoon attending to some trading with the merchants.

Miss Nellie Low of Tekamah arrived last evening on No. 2 and will visit here with A. A. Dotson and wife for a few days.

Mrs. W. T. Cole and her guest, Mrs. J. Hoffines, of Leon, Iowa, were passengers this morning for Omaha to spend the day.

Miss Myrtle Snell of Benson, who has been visiting Henry Born and family for a week, departed this afternoon for her home.

Miss Carrie Kleser of Sotuh Bend and Miss Rhena Towle of Murdock are in the city today, being guests of Miss Mary E. Foster.

Frank Rhoden, one of the reliable farmers from near Union, was in the city today attending to some trading with the merchants.

Miss Emma Langon, who has been staying at the home of Ralph Haynie, south of this city, returned to her home in Pacific Junction yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Tunnell and children of King City, Mo., who have been in the city visiting Mrs. Ada Moore and family, returned to their home this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Todd, from near Union, accompanied by Miss Jessie Todd, were in the city yesterday afternoon, driving up from their home in Mr. Todd's automobile.

County Judge Beeson today granted a marriage license to Earl Leroy Wyard, aged 23, of Thurman, Iowa, and Miss Mabel Thornton, aged 20, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. The parties will be married tomorrow.

Mrs. Sarah Mendenhall and son, John Mendenhall, of Pacific Junction, and Mrs. M. J. Godsey of Overton, Neb., who have been here visiting William Mendenhall and family for a few days, departed last evening for their home.

Mrs. Everett Fields came over from Pacific Junction this morning to do some shopping. While here she called at this office and subscribed for the Daily Journal. Mrs. Fields returned to her home this afternoon on the 2:40 train.

Mrs. H. A. Clutter of Washington, Iowa, and Mrs. Joseph Messersmith and daughter, Goldie, and Print Latham of Lincoln, who have been visiting at the home of William McCauley and wife, departed this morning for their home.

Clarence Beal, who is attending school at Peru, came in last evening to visit over Sunday with his parents, M. M. Beal and wife. Clarence is one of the leading athletes at the Normal school and is very popular with his schoolmates.

H. A. Wilson, government inspector, was in the city yesterday examining the books of District Clerk Robertson. Mr. Wilson is connected with the naturalization bureau at Washington and is inspecting the books of the various naturalization agents in the state.

Byron Read, who has been suffering from blood poisoning for several weeks, and had the thumb of his left hand removed a few days ago, was in the city today. He is getting along nicely at this time, but the injured member still gives him considerable pain.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Marler of the vicinity of Murray spent the night at Mynard and then drove to this city this morning for a visit at the home of Mr. Marler's sister, Mrs. Maggie Mason. Mr. and Mrs. Marler were pleasant callers at this office, and while here renewed their subscription to this paper.

Mrs. O. J. Davis of Syracuse, Neb., and her sister, Mrs. B. M. Raunsavill of Denver, departed for Syracuse yesterday, after spending a few days at the homes of Mrs. Martha Wetenkamp, their sister-in-law, and Ray Howard, their nephew. Mrs. Davis expects to shortly depart for Lancaster, California, where she will spend a year visiting relatives.