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 XII. Jan Returns.

LL that spring and summer Jan spent in the thick caribou swamps and low ridge mountains along the Barrens. It was two months before he appeared at the post again, and then he remained only long enough to patch himself up and secure fresh supplies.

Melisse had suffered quietly during these two months, a grief and loneliness filling her heart which none knew but herself. Even from Iowaka she kept her unhappiness a secret, and yet when the gloom had settled heaviest upon her she was still buoyed up by a persistent hope. Until Jan's last visit to Lac Bain this hope never quite went out.

The first evening after his arrival from the swamps to the west he came to the cabin. His beard had grown again. His hair was long and shaggy and fell in shining dishevelment upon his aboulders. The sensitive beauty of his great eyes, once responsive to every passing humor in Melisse, flashing fan at her laughter, glowing softly in their devotion, was gone.

This time Melisse knew that there was left not even the last comforting spark of hope within her bosom. Jan had gone out of her life forever, leaving to her as a haunting ghost of what they two had once been to each other the old violin on the cabin wall.

After he went away again the violin became more and more to her what it had once been to him. She played it as he had played it, sobbing her loneli. and Melisse walking slowly in the edge ness and her heart break through its of the forest. The woman laughed strings, in tone hours clasping it to her breast and speaking to it as Jan had talked to it in years gone by.

Once during the autumn Jan came in for supplies and traps and his dogs and siedge. He was planning to spend the ness with which Jan accepted the situwinter 200 miles to the west, in the ation. country of the Athabasca. He was at Cimerchill.

The runner brought a new experience into the life of Melisse-her first letter. nor did he confide in Jean. Day after It was from young Dixon-twenty or mere closely written pages of it, in man together, and, while they awakwhich he informed her that he was ened in him none of the flery jealousy golog to spend a part of the approach. which might have rankled in the bosing winter at Lac Bain.

citement, which was reflected in her heart, eyes as she looked at Jan.

two hands filled with the pages. "A he told this to Jean one day when they letter to me, Jan, all the way from were on the Churchill trail. In his Fort Churchill!"

smaling at her, and stopped.

"It's from Mr. Dixon," she said, the flush deepening in her cheeks. "He's going to spend part of the winter blessed hereafter than have him take

"I'm glad of that, Mellsse," said Jan quiety. "I like him and would like to early in December. Dixon had set out knew him better."

the waterway to the Athabasca and to Melisse, found Thorean's cabin abandoned. the Beaver with a Hudson's bay gun | comes!" and a horn handled knife beside them.

he told Iowaka. "I do not believe that | was strapped to his back, and he carit will hurt very much if you tell Me- ried his rifle in his hand.

One day early in September a lone figure came into the post at noon him back to you."



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when the company people were al dinner. He carried a pack, six

trailed at his heels. It was Jan Tho-

"I have been down to civilization," ed to spend this winter at Lac Bain." from Fort Churchill. Jean de Gravois far together and then search alone." met him on the trail near Ledoq's.

here in the snows since then, and I'll ly and hopelessly into the south. never do anything like that again. How is Mrs. Gravois and the little Gravois-and Melisse?" he added before Jean had spoken,

"All well, M'seur Dixon," replied Jean. "Only the little Gravois have almost grown into a man and woman." An hour or so later he said to Io-

"I can't help liking this man Dixon, and yet I don't want to. Why is it, do you suppose?"

"Is it because you are nfraid that smiling over her shoulder.

"Blessed saints, I believe that is it!" said Jean frankly. "I hate foreigners -and Melisse belongs to Jan."

"A woman will not wait always," said Iowaka softly. "Jan Thoreau has waited too long!" A week later as they stood together

in front of their door they saw Dixon into Jean's face.

"Did I not say that Jan had waited too long?"

Jean's face was black with disapprobation. He was angered at the cool-

Deep down in his soul Jan knew that Lac Bain for a week, and during this each day was bringing the end of to time a mail runner came in from Fort all much nearer for him. He did not tell Melisse that he had returned to Lac Bain to be near her once more, day he saw Melisse and the Englishom of Jean de Gravois, the knowledge She was reading the last page when that the girl was at last passing from Jan came into the cabin. Her cheeks him forever added a deeper grief to were slightly flushed by this new ex- that which was already eating at his

Dixon made no effort to conceal his "A letter!" she cried, holding out her feelings. He loved Melisse. Frankly honest way be said things which broke Who in the world"- he began, down the last of Jean's hereditary prejudices.

"I like him," he said to himself, Mellsse from Jan!"

The big snow decided. It came alone for Ledoq's early in the morn-He did not see her again until six lng. By noon the sky was a leaden carobou roast with his furs. Then he see a dozen paces ahead of him for the learned that another letter had come snow. The Englishman did not return to Melisse and that Dixon had gone to that day. The next day he was still London instead of coming to Lac Bain, gone, and Gravois drove along the ton The day after the carnival he went of the mountain ridge until he came back into the country of the Athabas- to the Frenchman's, where he found slice of the bacon, which he ate with Spring did not see him at Lac that Dixon had started for Lac Bain the few biscuit crumbs he found in Bain. Early summer brought no news the preceding afternoon. He brought of him. In the floods Jean went by word back to the post. Then he went

"It is as good as death to go out in There had not been life in it for a search of him," he said. "We can no long time. The Indians said that longer use the dogs. Snowshoes will since the melting snows they had not sink like lenden bullets by morning, seen Jan. A halfbreed whom Jean and to go ten miles from the post met at Fond du Lac said that he had means that there will be bones to be found the bones of a white man on picked by the foxes when the crust

It was dark when Jan came into the a little cry when he entered, covered "There is no doubt that he is dead," white with the snow. A light pack

"I am going to hunt for him," he said softly. "If he is alive I will bring

The Honor sof the Big Snows

Danger Trail"

She came to him slowly, and the beating of Jan's heart sounded to him like the distant thrumming of partridge wings. Ah, would be ever forget that look? The old glory was in her eyes, her arms were reaching out, her lips parted. He saw her face so near to him that he felt the touch of her sweet breath, and he knew that one of his rough hands was clasped in both of her own and that after a moment it was crushed tightly against her bosom

"Jan, my hero"-He struggled back, almost sobbing. as he plunged out into the night again. He heard her voice crying after him. but the wild wailing of the spruce and the storm in his brain drowned her words. He had seen the glorious light of love in her eyes-her love for Dixon! And he would find him!

He went to Ledoq's now, following the top of the mountain, and reached his cabin in the late dawn. The Frenchman stared at him in amazement when he learned that he was about to set out on a search for Dixon

"You will not find him," he said slowly in French, "but if you are determined to go I will hunt with you. It is a big chance that we will not come back."

"I don't want you to go," objected Jan. "One will do as much as two unless we search alone. I came your way to find if it had begun to snow before Dixon left.

"An hour after he had gone you could not see your hand before your face," was his explanation. "I have return- replied Ledoq, preparing his pack, "There is no doubt but that he circled On the first snow came young Dixon out over Lac Bain. We will go that

They went back over the mountain "Bless me, if it isn't my old friend and stopped when instinct told them Jean!" he cried. "I was just thinking that they were opposite the spruce forof you, Gravois, and how you trim- ests of the lake. There they separated, med me to a finish two winters ago. Jan going as nearly as he could guess I've learned a lot about you people up Into the northwest. Ledoq trailing slow-

It was no great sacrifice for Jan, this Ledoq no man ever guessed or knew, for it was not until the late spring snows had gone that the people at Lac Bain found what the foxes and the wolves had left of him far to the south.

hour he fired a slagle shot from his rifle. He heard shots to the south and knew that it was Ledoq, each report by this firm, a ming to him more faintly than the last until they had died away entirely.

Across the lake he struck the forest again, and his shouts echoed in futile Dixon had done.

great hole in the soft snow and filled it with balsam boughs for a bed. When he awakened, hours later, he found himself buried to the armpits, ties, and in their midst the ultihe drew himself out until he stood A copy of this Calendar will be knee deep in the surface.

before him, one arm thrust through a Ave., Chicago, strap, he gave a startled cry. Half of one side of the pack was eaten away! A thin trickle of flour ran through his fingers upon the snow. He pulled out a gnawed pound of bacon, a little teaand that was all.

With one of his shoes he began digging furiously in the snow. He tore his balsam bed to pieces. Somewhere the frozen earth. For an hour he Fricke & Co.

worked and found nothing. Then he stopped. Over a small fire he melted snow for tea and broiled a the pack. Every particle of flour that he could find he scraped up with his knife and put into one of the deep thought he would find Lac Bain,

Still be shouted for Dixon and fired an occasional shot from his rifle. By noon he should have struck the lake. Noon came and passed; the gloom of a second night fell upon him. He Jean came back to Lac Bain heavy cabin. Melisse started to her feet with of what remained of the bacon. The built himself a fire and ate two-thirds handful of flour in his pocket he did not disturb.

It was still night when he broke his the owner was, rest and struggled on. His first fears were gone. In place of them there

death for Melisse. And this, after all, was not a very hard fight for him. When he are the last bit of his bacon he made up his mind what he would do when the end came. In the stock of his rifle he would scratch a few last words to Melisse. He even arranged the words in his brain-four of them-"Melisse, I love you." He repeated them to himself as he staggered on, and that night beside the fire he built be began by carving ber name, "Tomorrow," he said softly, "I will do the rest."

He was growing very hungry, but he did not touch the flour. For six hours he slept and then drank his fill of het

"We will travel until day, Jan Thoreau," be informed himself, "and then, if nothing turns up, we will build our last camp and eat the flour. It will be the last of us, for there will be no meat above this snow for days."

His snowshoes were an impediment now, and he left them behind along with one of his two blankets, which had grown to be like lead upon his shoulders. He counted his cartridges -ten of them. One of these he fired into the nir.

Was that an echo he heard?

A sudden thrill shot through him. He strained his ears to catch a repetition of the sound. In a moment it came again-clearly no echo this time. The shot came from just over the

(To Be Continued.)

FINE DISPLAY AT EAST-WOOD'S HARDWARE STORE

From Saturday's Dally. hat embraces some of the finest products that it has been possible to secure for the patrons of this of brass and silver, which would make a gift fit for a queen, while their line of carving sets, crumb trays and serving dishes are complete in every respect and range in prices to suit every pocketbook, The firm has also placed some very attractive baking dishes in struggle with the big snows for the stock, which would greatly please There is on display here a very ters. large line of air rifles to please the young folks and they come in rock nor tree to guide him, for estays for Christmas, This firm has ness matters. where was the heavy ghost rathent of spared no money to give their the Indian god. Day came, only a lit- friends the best articles on the

From Europe to America.

Inquiry in its weird depths. At noon European nations coming to these place to attend to them, Jan stopped and ate his lunch; then he hospitable shores will sooner or went on, carrying his rifle always upon later be absorbed by the great his right shoulder, so that the steps of American nation. This idea was his right leg would be shortened and he reproduced by Joseph Triner, would travel in a circle, as he believed manufacturer of the famous Triner's American Elixir of Bitter The storm thickened with the falling Wine, on his beautiful Calendar of night, and he burrowed himself a for 1913. It shows ships arriving at the New York harbor with new stood up and thrust out his head and are maidens of different nationali-With the aid of his broad snowshoes mate result—the American girl. mailed to those who will send 10c He lifted his pack. As he swung it to Jos. Triner, 1333-39 S. Ashland From Friday's Daily. 12-5-d&w-3t

Could Shout for Joy.

"I want to thank you from the merchants. bottom of my heart," wrote C. B. Frantically be ripped the rent wider the wonderful double benefit I got some business matters at the in his search, and when he stood up his from Electric Bitters, in curing court house. wild face staring into the chaos about | me of both a severe case of stomhim, he held only the bit of bacon in ach trouble and of rheumatism, his hand. In it were the imprints of from which I had been an almost they teeth-sharp little razor edged helpless sufferer for ten years. It they will visit a daughter for a ter of Mr. and Mrs. Vallery. Walt "and yet I would rather see him in the teeth that told him what had happen suited my case as though made ed. While he had slept a mink had just for me." For dyspepsia, indigestion, jaundice, and to rid the system of kidney poisons that cause rheumatism, Electric Bit--somewhere not very far away-the ters have no equal. Try them. mosths later, when he came in to the black, and a little later one could not little animal must have eached its Every bottle is guaranteed to theft. He dug down until he came to satisfy. Only 50 cents at F. G. sane by the insanity board yes- ful year,

An Unavoidable Accident.

the matter by paying the damages, panied Mr. Kime to this city. although the accident was unaviodable. After the buggy was struck Marshall Seybert at Louis-

A second time he was battling with Forest Rose Flour-the best flour absence of Father Shine.

Local News

From Saturday's Dally.

Thomas Stokes returned last house. evening from Omaha, where he had been visiting for some time.

Henry Kaufmann, the gardner, was in town yesterday afternoon this city. transacting some business mat-

n yesterday afternoon to attend to business matters. some business matters for a few

where he is taking treatment in a hospital.

came in this morning on No. 4 ness at the court house. and attended to business matters for the day.

drove up yesterday to do some trading with the business houses of the city.

cliable citizen from Mt. Pleasant the interests of his company. precinct, was in the city today attending to business matters.

Mrs. William Ballance was a passenger this morning for Oma- commissioners' meeting today, na, where she attended to some business matters for the day.

The big hardware store of G. P. Yesterday afternoon for Louis- meeting of the county board to-Eastwood has some very elegant ville, where she is holding a day, and handsome articles displayed, teachers' meeting this afternoon.

was in the city yesterday after- near Murray and attended to some wideawake firm. They have chaf- noon attending to business mat- business matters in the county ing dishes in every size and made lers and visiting with his friends. seat.

> Charles Miller, the sturdy German farmer from south of this this afternoon to her studies at city, was in town yesterday doing the University School of Music,

John Kraeger, who is one of the substantial farmers from Mt. Pleasant precincl, was in the city happiness of Melisse. What it was to the housewife for Christmas, today attending to business mat-

tion. Fred L. Nutzman and wife a large number of sizes and con- of Nehawka were passengers this Fearlessly Jan plunged into the white stat of 350, 500 and 1,000 shot morning for Omaha, where they world of the lake. There was neither rifles, which would tickle the kids spent the day attending to busi- today, en route in an automobile

J. F. Clugy returned this morntle lighter than the night. He crossed market and any one desiring to ing from Huxley, Iowa, where he the lake, his snowshoes sinking ankle make a purchase for Christmas is engaged in doing some grading home last evening from Pender, would do well to drop in and look for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Neb., where they spent Thanksover the magnificent stock offered Paul railway near that place. The giving with their daughter, Mrs. job is quite a large one and it will Ed Brantner and family. take some time to complete the work. Mr. Clugy has a number

> for several days in fixing up the taking in the sights. driveway on the west side of the government building and it now to grass and in the summer it will large circle of friends. present a fine sight, as the postoffice building is one of the handsomest in the city.

some matters of business with the will be able to return home,

William Caygill of Wabash was Rader, of Lewisburg, W. Va., "for in the city today attending to From Wednesday's Datty.

Frank Grouf and wife of near Murray were passengers this Mr. and Mrs. Wade Porter and

terday.

Business Visitor.

Mike Kime, one of the stalwart look with horror on Skin Erup-Gus Wotchel of Greenwood was democrats of Nehawka precinct, tions, Blotches, Sores or Pimples. the city today attending to some and one of the best fellows in the They don't have them, nor will any ousiness matters. Mr. Wotchel's world, was in the city today and one, who uses Bucklen Arnica sister was driving in her buggy made a social call at the Journal Salve. It glorifies the face. near Greenwood yesterday after- office, which was most pleasant, Eczema or Salt Rheum vanish bepockets of his caribou coat. After that noon and the buggy was accident- as Mr. Kime is a whole-souled, fore it. It cures sore lips, chaphe set out in the direction in which he by struck by the auto of J. E. Me- genial gentleman. Mr. Wilson, one ped hands, chilblains; heals Daniel and the buggy quite badly of the wealthy farmers and land burns, cuts and bruises. Unmashed up. Mr. McDaniel settled owners of Otoe county accom- equaled for piles. Only 25c at F.

Preaches in Lincoln.

Father M. A. Shine departed ville was notified by telephone of this afternoon for Lincoln, where by Hiatt & Tutt, in Murray, 34x60. the number of the machine and he will preach tomorrow at St. The original and best locating in at once notified Mr. Wotchel who Mary's cathedral in that city, it Murray. being the feast day of that church. Rev. Father Weis, S. J., of When ordering flour ask your Creighton university will say mass

From Tuesday's Daily.

W. M. Richards of South Bend was in the city today attending to business matters at the court

Gus Bein, who is employed at Pender, Neb., came in Sunday for a short visit with his family in

Lig Brown, the genial mayor of kenosha, drove in this morning Will Jean of the precinct drove and spent the day looking after

W. G. Meisinger, wife and child, of near Cedar Creek, were in the L. H. Young of Nehawka was in city today doing some shopping the city today en route to Omaha, with the merchants.

D. J. Pittman of Murray was in the city yesterday afternoon look-G. P. Meisinger of Cedar Creek ing after some matters of busi-

Will Mordock, wife and little babe, who spent Sunday in this R. R. Nickels of near Union city, returned to their home at Nebraska City last evening.

C. M. Robinson, the insurance man, came down from Omaha this William Puls, sr., the good old afternoon on No. 24 to look after

> County Commissioner Heebner came in last evening from his home at Nehawka to attend the

County Commissioner C. R. Jordan came in from his home at Miss Mary E. Foster departed Alvo last evening to attend the

E. M. Godwin and son, Albert, T. W. Vallery of the precinct drove up today from the farm

Miss Dorothy Britt returned some trading with the merchants. after spending her vacation here with her mother.

> Mrs. Kate Oliver returned home this afternoon from Lincoln and Omaha, where she had been visiting her daughters, Mrs. Hallam and Mrs. Eades.

> William and R. C. Bailey, from west of Murray, were in this city to Omaha, where they looked after business matters.

> John Cory and wife arrived

Frank Schlotman, a former of teams employed on the job and resident of this county, but at The sons and daughters of all will return in a few days to that present living at Valpariso, Neb., who is visiting with friends at Mynard, was in the city this morn-Workmen have been engaged ing in company with R. L. Propst

Edwin Bates and wife departed presents a very handsome appear. this afternoon on No. 33 for ance. Crushed rock has been Washington, where they expect to placed on the roadway and the make their future home. The men are smoothing the ground of Bates family will be greatly missimmigrants. Around the picture the park so that it can be sown ed in this city, where they have a

Mrs. Alvin Murray came in from Omaha last evening, where she had been visiting her husband at the hospital. Mr. Murray is C. Bengen, jr., of near Mynard getting along nicely, although it was in the city today attending to will be several weeks before he

Visits With Daughter.

T. W. Vallery and wife and daughter, Miss Margie, returned Monday evening from Creighton, Neb.; where they were visiting and his wife made the trip to see Sheriff Quinton, Deputy Sheriff their new grandson and were very Manspeaker and Mrs. Manspeaker much pleased with the young were passengers this morning for man. The Porter family are do-Lincoln, where they took Mrs. ing very well in their new loca-Rosa Wise, who was adjudged in- tion and have had a most success-

Famous Stage Beauties

For Sale or Rent.

Store room, formerly occupied Jas. W. Holmes.

District Court.

filled him now a grim sort of pleasure. grocer to send you a sack of at St. John's church in the hearing on claims against the estate of H. C. McMaken was held.