

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK

Here and There and Everywhere

A. Dama continues to improve. M. Fitzmaurice made a business trip to Arlington Tuesday. Miss Grace Randall of Olex visited relatives in this city a few days this week. Alex Beard of Fossil passed through this city Wednesday on his way to Portland. G. M. Frost, a Portland real estate dealer, was in town on Monday and Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Milton Scott of Fossil were in this city Wednesday morning on their way to Portland. Delbert Ward, the paperhanger returned from his homestead Tuesday and is again ready for work. Dr. Donnelly went to Portland yesterday to visit his son, Edgar who is in a sanatorium there and improving rapidly. Mrs. H. A. Thiessen and little daughter, Usonia, went to Newberg on Wednesday to visit with relatives for a few weeks.

The Honor of the Big Snows

By James Oliver Curwood

SYNOPSIS

In the far northwest the wife of John Cummins dies, leaving baby Melissa. Young Jan Thoreau comes from the Barren Lands with his violin. Mukee, the Cree, had once spied on an Englishman peeping through the Cummins window. Mukee had slain the Englishman. Jan makes his home with Cummins, and the two resolve to bring up the baby in civilized manner. The mention of a missionary angers Jan. Jan de Gravois, hunter, is coming to Lac Hala with his Indian bride. A missionary is coming also to the big caribou coast. For some unnamed wrong of the past Jan resolves to kill the missionary.

CHAPTER IV. The Fight at Dawn.

It was a new team. It had come from the trails to the east, and Jan's heart gave a sudden jump as he thought of the missionary who was expected with the overdue mail. At first he had a mind to intercept the figure laboring across the open, but without apparent reason he changed his course and approached the sledge.

As he came nearer he observed a second figure, which rose from behind



He Shot Out a Powerful Fist and Sent the Boy Reeling to the Ground.

The dogs advanced to meet him. A dozen paces ahead of the team it stopped and waited. "Our dogs are so near exhaustion that we're afraid to take them any nearer," said a voice. "They'd die like puppies under those packs!" The voice thrilled Jan. He advanced with his back to the fire, so that he could see the stranger.

"You come from Churchill?" he asked. His words were hardly a question. They were more of an excuse for him to draw nearer, and he turned a little, so that for an instant the glowing fire flashed in his eyes.

"Yes, we started from the Etawney just a week ago today." Jan had come very near. The stranger interrupted himself to stare into the thin, fierce face that had grown like a white cameo almost within reach of him. With a startled cry he drew a step back, and Jan's violin dropped to the snow.

For no longer than a breath there was silence. The man wormed himself back into the shadows inch by inch, followed by the white face of the boy. Then there came shrilly from Jan's lips the mad shrieking of a name, and his knife flashed as he leaped at the other's breast.

The stranger was quicker than he. With a sudden movement he cleared himself of the blow, and as Jan's arm went past him, the point of the knife ripping his coat sleeve, he shot out a powerful fist and sent the boy reeling to the ground. Stunned and bleeding, Jan dragged himself to his knees. He saw the dogs turning, heard a low voice urging them to the trail and saw the sledge disappear into the forest. He staggered from his knees to his feet and stood swaying in his weakness. Then he followed.

He forgot that he was leaving his knife in the snow, forgot that back there about the fire there were other dogs and other men. He followed, sickened by the blow, but gaining strength as he pursued. Ahead of him he could hear the sound of the toboggan and the cautious inshing of a whip over the backs of the tired huskies. The sounds filled him with fierce strength. He wiped away the warm trickle of blood that ran over his cheek and began to run, slowly at first, swinging in the easy wolf-lope of the forest runner, with his elbows close to his sides.



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more swiftly, his brain reeling, with the madness of his desire to reach the sledge, to drag from it the man who had struck him, to choke life from the face that haunted that mental picture of his, grinning at him and gloating always from the shadow world, just beyond the pale, sweet loveliness of the woman who lived in it. He did not feel the soft, sun-parked snow under the beat of his feet. He received the lash of low hanging bushes without experiencing the sensation of their sting. Only he knew that he wanted air—more and more air—and to get it he ran with open mouth, struggling and gasping for it and yet not knowing that Jean de Gravois would have called him a fool for the manner in which he sought it.

He heard more and more faintly the run of the sledge. Then he heard it no longer. His heart swelled in a final bursting effort, and he plunged on until at last his legs crumpled under him and he pitched face downward in the snow, like a thing stung by sudden death.

It was then, with his scratched and bleeding face, lying in the snow, that reason began to return to him. After a little while he dragged himself weakly to his knees, still panting from the mad effort he had made to overtake the sledge. From a great distance he heard faintly the noise of shouting, the whispering echo of half a hundred voices, and he knew that the sound came from the revelers at the post. It was proof to him that there had been no interruption to the caravans and that the scene at the edge of the forest had been witnessed by none. He turned again on the trail.

Where the forest broke into an open, lighted by the stars, he found blood in the footprints of the leading dog. Halfway across the open he saw where the leader had swung out from the trail and the others of the pack had crowded about him, to be urged on by the lashings of the man's whip. Other signs of the pack's growing exhaustion followed close.

The man now traveled beside the sledge where the trail was rough and rode where it was smooth and hard. The deep imprints of his beelined boots in the soft snow showed that he ran for only a short distance at a time—a hundred yards or less—and that after each running spell he brought the pack to a walk. He was heavy and lacked endurance, and this discovery brought a low cry of exultation to Jan's lips.

He fell into a dog trot. Mile after mile dropped behind him. Other miles were ahead of him, an endless wilderness of miles, and through them the pack persisted, keeping always beyond sound and vision.

The stars began fading out of the skies. Jan followed more and more slowly. There was hard breathing effort now in his running—effort that caused him physical pain and discomfort. His feet stumbled occasionally in the snow. His legs from thigh to knee began to ache with the gnawing torment that centers in the marrow-bone, and with this beginning of the "runner's cramp" he was filled with a new and poignant terror.

Would the dogs beat him out? Sloughing in his trail, bleeding at every foot, would they still drag their burden beyond the reach of his vengeance? The fear fastened itself upon him, urging him to greater effort, and he called upon the last of his strength in a spurt that carried him to where the thick spruce gave place to thin bush and the bush to the barren and rocky side of a huge ridge, up which the trail climbed strong and well defined. For a few paces he followed it, then slipped and rolled back as the fatal paralysis descended all power of movement in his limbs. He lay where he fell, moaning out his grief with wide staring eyes turned straight up into the cold gray of the starless sky.

For a long time he was motionless. Then he began slowly to crawl up the trail. Some of the dull paralytic ache was gone from his limbs, and as he worked his blood began to warm them

into new strength until he stood up and sniffed like an animal in the wind that was coming over the ridge from the south.

There was something in that wind that thrilled him. It stung his nostrils to a quick sensing of the nearness of something that was human. He snuffed smoke. In it there was the pungent odor of green balsam mixed with a faint perfume of pitch pine, and because the odor of pitch grew stronger as he ascended he knew that it was a small fire that was making the smoke, with none of the fierce, dry woods to burn up the smell. It was a fire hidden among the rocks, a tiny fire, over which the fleeing missionary was cooking his breakfast.

Jan almost moaned aloud in his gladness, and the old mad strength returned to his body. Near the summit of the ridge he picked up a club. It was a short, thick club with the heavy end knotted and twisted. Cautiously he lifted his face over the rocks and looked out upon a plateau still deep in snow swept bare by the winter's winds and covered with rocks and bushes. His face was so white that at a little distance it might have been taken for a snow hare. It went whiter when a few yards away he saw the fire, the man and the dogs.

The man was close to the little blaze, his broad shoulders bunched over, studying a small pot over the flame. Beyond him were the dogs bunched about the sledge, insinuate as death. Jan drew himself over the rocks. Once he had seen a big footed lynx creep upon a wide awake fox, and, like that lynx, he crept upon the man beside the fire. One of the tired dogs moved, and his pointed nostrils quivered in the air. Jan lay flat in the snow. Then the dog's muzzle dropped between his paws, and the boy moved inch by inch advanced. The inches multiplied themselves into a foot, the foot lengthened into yards, and still the man remained bunched over his shimmering pot. In a flash Jan took the last leap, and his club crashed down upon the missionary's head. The man pitched over like a log, and, with a shrill cry, the boy was at his throat. "I am Jan Thoreau!" he shrieked. "I am Jan Thoreau—Jan Thoreau—come to meet you!" He dropped his club and was upon the man's chest, his slender fingers tightening like steel wire about the thick throat of his enemy. "I keep you slow—slow" he cried as the missionary struggled weakly.

The great thick body heaved under him, and he put all his strength into his hands. Something struck him in the face. Something struck him again and again, but he felt neither the pain nor the force of it, and his voice sobbed out his triumph as he choked. The man's hands reached up and tore at his hair, but Jan saw only the missionary's mottled face growing more mottled and his eyes staring in greater agony up into his own.

"I am Jan Thoreau," he panted again and again. "I am Jan Thoreau, an' I keep you—keep you!" The blood poured from his face. It blinded him until he could no longer see the one from which he was choking life. He beat down his head to escape the blows. The man's body heaved more and more; it turned until he was half under it, but still he hung to the thick throat, as the weasel hangs in tenacious death to the jugular of its prey.

The missionary's weight was upon him in crushing force now. His huge hands struck and tore at the boy's head

and face, and then they had fastened themselves at his neck. Jan was conscious of a terrible effort to take in breath, but he was not conscious of pain. The clutch did not frighten him. It did not make him loosen his grip. His fingers dug deeper. He strove to cry out still his words of triumph, but



There Was Death in Each of the Two Grips.

(Continued on page four.)

STORING ICE FROM COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR BLALOCK

(Continued from page 1.) The Columbia river is full of running ice and there has been some fine skating in places along the river.

Frank Bash is chief cook at George Long's and he is also the U. S. Mail carrier from the train to the post office.

Railroad freight crews top and eat at the depot dining tables. Mrs. Wheir sets a table that causes all who eat once, to return.

J. A. Smith has had a carload of alfalfa hauled to his ranch from Blalock.

The Mayor of Blalock is thinking of enforcing some of the city laws, so don't get drunk and then come to Blalock.

Goose shooting is nearly a thing of the past for this season, only a few "honkers" left and they have been chased around so much that they look thin.

WANTED - Young person to copy information from public records at Court House. Address K. E. Pusey, 316 Spalding Bldg., 48 1t Portland, Oregon.

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