

**BRIEF LOCAL NEWS**



**CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS**

U. T. Crane, who has been under treatment in Portland, returned Saturday and is at home on the ranch.

L. K. Harlan and family arrived Saturday from Portland to visit for a week or two with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O. Clarke.

Fred Hanna, who went to Aberdeen, Wn., from here, is now located at Cosmopolis, Wn., and writes from there to have the Globe changed to his present address.

Dr. H. E. Pinkerton of Pendleton was here Monday examining a bunch of horses which were shipped this week to Honolulu. He is the government inspector for this northwest district.

Mrs. E. Stinchfield of Mayville passed through Condon Saturday on her way to Marshfield.

Mrs. Harvey Scott of Wyoming a niece of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hurlburt, visited at their home here the latter part of last week.

Britt White has traded his Columbia river island, near Kalama, Wn., for two houses and lots in Rose City Park, Portland, and also acquired some other property on the deal. It is reported that his new property is valued at nearly \$4000 more than he originally paid for the island. Britt and Mrs. White have moved into the 160 acres which John Richmond took in as part payment for his Gilliam county ranch. It is located about eight miles north of Vancouver, Wn.

**The Honor of the Big Snows**

By James Oliver Curwood

**SYNOPSIS**

In the far northwest the wife of John Cummins dies, leaving baby Melisse. Young Jan Thoreau comes from the Heron Lands with his violin. Mukka, the Cree, had once spied on an Englishman peeping through the Cummins window.

Mukka 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.

Jean de Gravois, hunter, is coming to Lac Bain with his Indian bride. A missionary is coming also to the big caribou coast. For some unexplained reason of the past Jan resolves to kill the missionary.

In a fight in the woods the missionary beats and nearly kills Jan. The latter is found by Jean and his bride, Iowaka, and the French-Canadian pursues the missionary.

Jan kills the missionary. He and Thoreau become fast friends. Jan goes in Cummins' place to warn the trappers. He meets Croissant, a trapper, shut out of his own house by his wife.

In Melisse's ninth year smallpox invades the northwest country, and Jan goes in Cummins' place to warn the trappers. He meets Croissant, a trapper, shut out of his own house by his wife.

**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 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 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:

"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 Iowaka," said Jean. He hopped out like a cricket overburdened with life, calling loudly to his wife, who came to meet him, and saying to Jan:

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



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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 her 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 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 Melisse until his head nearly touched the floor. "Lovely saints, Jan Thoreau, but she is a woman, just as my Iowaka 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."

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

"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 Jan."

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 dolled by an unexpected blow.

"Jan Thoreau," whispered Jean softly, "have you forgotten that it was I who killed the missionary 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 hands, 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 within his breast and drew forth the little roll which he had taken from his violin. One by one he handed the psalms over to Jean de Gravois.

"My God!" said Jean, when he had finished reading. He spoke no other words. White faced, the two men stared, Jan's throat twitching, Gravois' brown fingers crushing the rolls he held.

"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 Iowaka carrying a large Indian basket. (Continued on page four.)

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