

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS

CHAPTER I

THE MUSIC

LISTEN, John—I hear music—”
The words came in a gentle whisper from the woman’s lips. One white, thin hand lifted itself weakly to the rough face of the man who was kneeling beside her bed, and the great dark eyes from which he had hidden his own grew luminously bright for a moment, as she whispered again:

“John—I hear—music—”

A sigh fluttered from her lips. The man’s head drooped until it rested very near to her bosom. He felt the quiver of her hand against his cheek, and in its touch there was something which told John Cummins that the end of all life had come for him