

THE HONOR OF THE BIG SNOWS

side. Kazan was dead. Down there he would bury him. And he had loved Kazan;—he knew, now, as he clutched his hands to his aching breast, that he would have fought for Kazan—given up his life for him—as he would have done for a brother. Down there, under the silent spruce, he would bury the last that had remained to him of the old life, and there swelled up in his heart a longing, almost a prayer, that Mélisse might know that he, Jan Thoreau, would have nothing left to him to-morrow but a grave, and that in that grave was their old chum, their old playmate—Kazan. Hot tears blinded Jan's eyes and he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as he had sobbed years before, when in the southern wilderness word came to him that Mélisse was dying.

"Mélisse—Mélisse—" He moaned her name aloud, and stared through the hot film in his eyes away into the north, sobbing to her, calling to her in his grief, and looking through that thousand miles of starlit space as though from out of it her sweet face would come to him once more. And as he called there seemed to come to him from out of