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An Ottawa report says there is reason to believe that Right Hon. George P. Graham, Chairman of the recently created Advisory Tariff Board, may yet accept the post of anadian Minister to Washington. President Coolidge has decided finally to spend his vacation this summer in the Adirondack Mountains in upper New York State.

By Martha Ostenso

went on heartily. "They give you

"No, thanks," Martin answered. clucking at the horse. "Got to go along." Erik's hospitality shamed him doubly.

He drove out of the farm yard, there was no one else present. and Erik looked after him, seeing the cart. The Icelander's face screwed into a half pitying, half ironical smile. But he did not wait

here to slip down below ' the I've got for it!" willows and around the bend to the cove where he would not be by the Bjarnassons. Such had been Caleb's instructions-given in full let us." belief that they would be obeyed. He would have to tell his father the truth when he arrived home. Caleb would be in a towering rage, gentle sarcasm and later in a strange and across it to the flax field, and sinisterly effective abuse of speculated upon some way of com-Amelia, that Martin never under- pelling Martin to fish when

followed his own instincts not to violate the sentiment of the Ice-Now, perhaps, the Icelanders would have reason to think better of a

Amelia come out of the house as he was unharnessing the horse. Her face bore a shade of distress, and Martin guessed what she was looking forward to. There would trouble somewhere-all under the surface. It would gather like "You didn't get the fish?" she

asked, looking into the back of the wagon. "No," Martin answered shortly.

They're not fishing yet. Amelia left him and went to the garden, where she counted the new not be ripe until late in August. The vines were still delicate and needed careful propping. Amelia stood with one hand on her hip, the other on her chin, trying to think of something for supper to take the place of fish. Caleb had planned on having fish. Anything else, no matter how good, would not be G AND DEPARTMENT STORES fish. She would have to prepare something especially savory to lessen his disappointment. She would have new carrots and chicken-no. they had had chicken the Sunday before, and Caleb disapproved of killing them while they were laying so well that the eggs were preserved for the fall market-something else would have to do. Amelia pulled an apronful of new carrots. and went into the house to consider.

Caleb came home late that evening from the farm of an Icelander with whom he had arranged for threshing crew. He had not intimated that he would be late and supper was held over an hour. The omelet and bacon was cold, potatoes soggy from being heated over. Judith had seized some food off the stove and had gone out. She had not returned.

In silence everybody sat down the table. Caleb's eye fell on the dishes before him. Without a word he began to serve the food.

"Did you get the crew for the first of September?" Amelia asked after a long silence. Caleb helped himself to butter and passed it to Lind before he ansewered. "Yes-yes," he said then

had spoken. Characteristically, he made no re ference to the absence of fish. Sud-

as if he had just recollected that she

around the table.

"Where's Jude?" he asked. "One of her calves is missing," Ellen put in for the sake of Amelia. "No doubt-no doubt," he mumpled, and went on eating as though

After the meal, Lind went out the fish pole and net in the back of and walked down the road to look for Judith. Ellen and Charlie had the milking to do.

"Got cold feet, eh? 'Fraid of to see whether Martin would take couple of dead ones like the rest the main road or branch off below of 'em," Caleb sneered at Martin the willows to the road that went "You'll bring back another story around the lake. There was in this before freeze-up, or-we'll do with-Icelandic family, a sort of grand out meat. Think I've been keepin' faith in the honor of human kind, the lot of ye for nothin' all these Martin did not take the lake years, while I've been breakin' my road. He thought with self-scath- back to make a living out of this ing of his original plan in coming soil? A pack of good for nothings

"The Bjarnassons ain't fishin themselves, yet," Martin said in low voice. "And I won't until they

"Eh? You won't, er? We'll see if

chuckling to himself. As he moved which would express itself in a along the cow path in the pasture But he was glad that he had altogether that he wanted the sat isfaction of taking fish from the obdurate Bjarnasson; it was also that landers. He had felt the hidden he must quell any rising independscorn of Caleb Gare in Erik's words. ence in Martin. If he started at twenty to show a will of his own, at twenty-five there would be no holding him. He must think of some-

Caleb walked in the approaching dusk like a thing that belonged infinitely to the earth, his broad, squat body leaning low over it. Presently his mind was far from the annoying trifles that symbolized his family. Before him glimmered the storm when the children were not silver gray sheet of the flax-rich, beautiful, strong. All unto itself, complete, demanding everything, and in turn yielding everythinggrowth of the earth, the only thing on the earth worthy of respect, of

North of it lay the muskeg, black and evil and potted with watertomatoes on the vines. They would holes, Aronson ought to fence the rotten land now that it was his.

> Mark and Lind agreed to meet at the Sandbos' until the return of the

> "School-ma'ams must toe the line," she laughed at Mark, "and I just, couldn't stand a scene. That would finish me as far as earning my own living for the rest of the season is concerned."

"I would like that," Mark urged. I really have a little money of my own, somewhere."

But Lind would not listen to him. She would stay conscientiously to the end of the term.

At the Sandbos' the chokecherry trees were bending over in winered arches. Sven picked Lind a tin-canful of them, and she and Mark ate them until their mouths were puckered and dry. Mrs. Sandbo enjoyed having the Teacher and her "boy" as she called Mark, around, and often served them with coffee and some trifle. At heart Mrs. Sandbo was sound, and as she became more used to Lind's visits, she did not ply her usual busy ques-

The Teacher walked with Mark to the edge of Latt's Slough, where they knelt and picked tiny, black snails off the reeds. Lind found little waxy water lilies growing there, but the mud was too soft at the edge of the swamp for her to reach out and get them.

"They would die right away after I got them, anyway," she said to Mark, stepping back to firm

"Yes, and they would be mostly long slimy rcots," he consoled her. They walked half a mile or so to a little sunny knoll at the edge of Gare's timber. Here they sat down, Lind spreading her pale, billowy dress out about her. In a little while Mark stretched himself out full length, shading his eyes with

his hand and nibbling at a straw. The grass below them leaned up the hill, like the smoothly combed hair of a person's head. Lind regarded it curiously. The air was strung with humming insects, poised like little black periods in the light. Occasionally a blue-bottle sailed majestically past, the tissue of its wings gathering the sun. . A droning bee blundered into a swarm of tiny, jigging gnats, disentangled itself and soared lazily on to a distant flower, unconscious of the excitement it had caused. Below them, a few feet away, stood the gray, pocked cone of an ant hill; up and down its slope the ants twinkled. providently absorbed. A tiny world of intense life.

"Mark," Lind said softly. "Every second something is going-going." "And coming, Lind," he told her. "I don't know. We can't stop the going-that's beyond our control. But we can stop the coming-we have the power to stop everything.

n ourselves." Mark would not be serious. He rolled over and put both his arms about her tightly, holding his head against her breast. "Don't, Lindy don't. You saved me from all those gloomy contemplations. If anything happened now to take you away from me I don't know what I'd do. I was always so alone, Lind -beached on a desert island. You don't know how it was. I wasn't even sure of my own identity, sometimes." She kissed his hair and drew her fingers across the tanned skin

any more," she whispered. dropped her head against his clung to him. "We are one entity now, my dearest.'

Chapter XII.

On a late afternoon in July, before the having began, the cattle on the swamp land to the north came warning of the approaching storm. The herd farther away sought shelter with the horses under the bluffs. Close to the earth there was pale, unnatural glow, like the flection from a white fire. Higher up the air was slag-gray, hanging in sultry folds. The hot voice of the grasshoppers was the only sound abroad; it cut like little scissors in breast. the grass.

Amelia, hoeing in the garden

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drew the back of her hand across "It's never going to be like that her wet forehead. The gray heat was overwhelming. She looked westward to the drab bank of cloud that had been building up for ten minutes or more. Now it was a gigantic unraveling of soot, widening out to the south and the north. It broke with lightning as Amelia

"Hail," said Caleb almost under

"Hail," said Amelia to herself her hand going instinctively to

She looked around and saw Caleb approaching. He passed her without speaking, as if nothing unusual was about to happen.

aside her book at, the sound of thunder. It had grown suddenly dark, and then suddenly light again She spoke to Ellen, who was baking

"Looks like a storm, doesn't it?" the joints and muscles-that's the sec- | She stood in the doorway and looked out. Judith was running about in the sheep pasture, getting her

looked at it.

Suddenly a greenish light shot up hurrying home, bawling out their as if from below the horizon. It had the effect of hollowing out a luminous void between heaven and

> his breath as he came out of the barn. He would not admit it aloud. It might pass over.

Martin, who was building an extra pigpen for two new sows, threw his leg over the bar and herded all of the pigs into the shed. Then he turned the milch cows that had come home and were drinking at the trough, into the cattle yard. Lind, who had been reading, put

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