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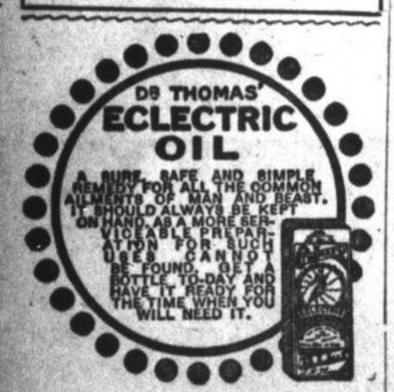
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By Martha Ostenso.

Lind thought how wildly beauti- | did not ful she looked in the unnatural crawled out from beneath the soft. glamour; the able grace of her tall young body; her defiant shoulders ter it was all over, he came quietly over which her black hair now into the house. fell; the proud slope of her throat and breast.

Then Lind saw Judith suddenly stop, standing erect. Caleb had said come to the fence of the pasture. heels back to the barn yard, leav- the ewes huddling, wet to the ing the sheep in the pasture. Lind | under their cropped wool. gaw the girl throw her arm out Caleb, then toss her head and leave him abruptly.

eyes blazing. She hurried past Lind at the doorway without a word. "What's the matter now?" Ellen asked, looking up from the oven before which she knelt.

"Hugh! What do you ask for? You'll only say he's right, anyway, gether before her. A lot you care, any more than he cares, what happens to the sheep." she declared, throwing herself into post. Then with long, slow steps he chair in the kitchen. "There's go- approached Ellen, removing his wide ing to be either a cyclone or hail, or both-and he thinks that by his not he leaves the lambs in the pasture. surprised." She had given him her Besides being the devil himself, he's hand dazedly.

There was a heavy rumble of ed. thunder. Martin and Charlie came indoors, and a moment later, Amelia, The strange green light darkened to combined with tonics. It will give purple and gray. A few large drops of rain struck the window. Amelia closed the kitchen door, first letting in Pete, the dog. Caleb had not come in. From the window he could be seen moving quietly about the barnyard, not even glancing at

A crash of thunder split the dome of the world. Lind covered her ears with her hands. The dog whined, and crept under the hair sofa in the sitting room. Then the wind came. It strained at the root of the old house, rattled the window panes like cracking bones, rushed in a great tide of sound through the poplars beyond the garden. The poplars and the fir hedge would protect the garden-maybe. The sheep were in the pasture, lambs cowering under them. The rain came in colossal gusts. Now the outer world was black, except for the livid flares of lightning. The thunder was almost incessant, shattering. Martin lit the lantern in the kitchen, and they all sat about, are ye-how are ye, boy?"

waiting. Caleb did not come in. "The hail must have gone over," said Ellen presently, from the window.

"And it wasn't a cyclone-1 thought I made out a funnel in the to see." Jude remarked. A deafening crash of thunder

sounded immediately outside barn. The house rocked. "The barn!" Ellen cried. They

all flocked terrified to the window. They could see nothing. Martin opened the door and stumbled out. In a moment he returned, drenched to the skin. was the pump," he said, and all breathed once more. Jude gig- lap."

gled nervously, and Ellen looked her rebuke. squatting on the floor.

of Caleb lying dead on the barn | westward. floor. She was trembling now.

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and happy life.

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No one had mentioned Caleb. Af-

"Well, well! Some little storm we had, eh? The hail passed right over -they're gettin' it over east."

Judith went out immediately. and was shoulting to her. Jude hard light in her eyes. She went to called Pete off, and he ran at her the sheep pasture, where she saw picked up one of the lambs characteristically in argument with hugged it to her. Then she glanced up and saw a man on an Indian pony riding in at the gate. She Judith came to the house, her recognized the pony. "Goat-eyes!" she exclaimed to

> Ellen came out of doors. When she saw the man on the horse she stop-

ped stock-still, her hands darting to-He got down from the saddle, and quiely fastened the bridle to the

brimmed felt hat as he did so. "I come back, Ellen, like I said, letting it come, it won't come. 'So he told her in a low voice. "You look shoulders.

"I-I wasn't sure." she murmur-

"All the folks here?" Ellen nodded, adjusting her glass-

"Where was I?" he laughed, walking beside her toward the house. 'My pony and I find a place in any

in? Where were you during the

He told her that he had been camping out all the way from the southern lakes, and that he intended to do so for the rest of the distance to the most northern outpost

on the great river. "Will you come?" he whispered. just before she opened the door of

Ellen dropped her eyes before his dark face. His eyes were peculiarly drawn back, and a yellow olive in color, like the eyes of a goat. He was Scotch, with Cree blood two generations back, and had been Caleb Gare's hired man for three years until a year ago.

They went indoors and Caleb saw "Well-" he declared, stepping forward to seize Malcolm's hand, "if here ain't Malcolm back again! How

Malcolm grinned and shook hands with Amelia and Martin in turn. By his heartiness, Caleb made it appear that there was no embarrassment felt at his coming-although each member of the family privateclouds, but it was getting too dark ly suspected that it meant more to Ellen than she had any right to permit it to mean. Ellen stayed in the background and buttered the crusts of the biscuits she had taken from the oven, while Malcolm replied to Caleb's questions about his

"We can put Malcolm up for a couple of days, eh, mother?" Caleb suggested, turning to Amelia. "Better rest before you start on the next

Malcolm thanked him, but said he had arranged at Yellow Post "That's bad enough." said Charlie, to do some boat building for Erik Amelia, in a trice, had an image leaving again that very evening,

Malcolm went out to the barn The storm kept up with pitched with Martin and Caleb. Ellen beviolence for over a half hour, and gan to prepare supper, while Amelia then yielded as suddenly as it had hurried to see whether damage had to do this she was driven farther begun. The air became pellucid and been done to her tomato vines. cool, the low, ragged clouds hur- While Ellen was alone, in spite of ried to the east before a wind that herself the thing that was young in

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her heart cried out for recognition. She had only one little memorybefore he went away Malcolm, had kissed her in the half darkness when es over her nose. "Won't you come! they were milking, and later he had in a breath asked her to wait until his return. Then it had been all over, and she had gone about her work as if her day was not just one great loneliness. For no one must know. No one must know. The tears rose in her eyes and she brushed them hastily aside, starting as the screen door creaked.

It was only Lind, coming in quietly as she always did. She stepped up and put an arm around Ellen's

"Who is that dark man with your

father, Ellen?" she asked. "Oh-just an old hired man of his," she responded. Lind noticed that she said, "his." Everything about the place was "his," even the hired man, it appeared. She wondered if he were the one Judith had spoken of. He seemed to have come out of nowhere, like the storm.

Lind looked out of the window to the west where the evening was setting in a cloudless rose. It would be beautiful down the wood road now, the trees washed and shining.

"I wish you had time to come for a little walk with me," she said to Ellen. "It's so peaceful out now after the storm."

"Have to get supper," said Ellen. "Well, then I think I'll go alone." When Lind had left, Ellen stepped softly to the door and glanced in the direction of the barn. On the cattle trail that led along the pasture, she saw Malcolm with Caleb who was sweeping his arm toward. the south in an inclusive gesture. Her mind tried to follow them, to learn what Malcolm was being told. There was something behind this cordiality of Caleb's. Its motive would be clear before long. It was pride of a strangely severe kind that kept Ellen from rebelling against her father. Rebellion would be the open admission of the consciousness of a wrong. Caleb was Bjarnasson, and that he would be her father, and any wrong that he had committed must, necessarily, reflect upon herself. Hence she strove to vindicate in her own mind Caleb's conduct of the lives and the affairs on the farm. In her struggle and farther within herself. The coming of Malcolm into her life again was like the scene in a mirage which she hoped with her whole heart were solid land, even while she knew it to be only a vision. It

could not materialize. Nothing ever She stood in the doorway, a shallow-bodied little girl with red hands and a flat chin. Her large, dilated eyes that somehow gave her an appearance of beauty, watched the two men until they turned and went southeast in the direction of the flax field. She wondered if Malcolm would not look back and see her standing there-then she remembered that she would not at that distance be able to see whether he did or not. Presently the figures of Caleb, and Malcolm merged into one, and the distant pallor of the flax field swallowed them. Ellen pressed her hands to her eyes and turned from the door.

"Pretty fine stuff, "that, eh?" Caleb demanded of Malcolm, who stooped to examine the texture of the flax. "That'll mean a new house in the spring, if it keeps on the way it's goin'. Got to build, you know, Malcolm. The girls—they deserve a decent home. Ellen's gettin' old enough now to have beaux and the like, and they'll be comin' roundyoung fellows with farms of their own, like as not. I want to show 'em the girls come from as good stuff as they're goin' to. Have to build-have to build. The girls've got to have something good to catch something good, see? Heh, heh. No slouchin' round in mean homesteads for them-you ought to hear 'em talk. Ah-no, indeed!"

Malcolm was silent. His eyes roved admiringly over the rich flax, and around northward to the acres of luxuriant tame hay and rye grass. Caleb Gare was a prosperous man. A mean man, he knew, but his children would live after him-his children would be established in comfort for the rest of their lives on this land— and he. Malcolm, was a wanderer, hearing

ever a call in the wind, a summons to far lakes and lonely forests.

They went back by way of the dried lake bottom, skirted the edge of the swamps, and crossed the hayfield that lay farthest south. Maicolm brushed his fingers through the long silky hay, breathed deep of its rich, sweet smell that rose in the air. It was good, the hay, good to lie down in under the stars. .

"Yes-yes, no way out of ithave to build-Ellen and Martin both want a good house to live in -save on other things, maybe."

Caleb spoke almost to himself, it seemed. But beside him, Malcolm, who was simple as a tree, and wise only as a tree is wise in directness and free living, heard every word

At supper that evening Caleb confined the conversation to himself and Malcolm: talked with him about the condition of the crops around Osland and asked him what the prospects were farther south; discussed the epidemic of foot and mouth disease that had broken out among the cattle in the west, and observed that this ought to mean a rise in the price of beef; told him of his plan to raise turkey and goose next year; occupied many minutes with the details of a story of a trade in horses, in which he had got badly swindled. "Yes-yes," Caleb chuckled. "We

all get fooled sometime or other,

time! Heh. her!"

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ing goin' on at Yellow Post, ain't there? Talk with any of 'em down there." on the way up? Somebody was across at Ellen. "Come right askin' about you just the other day through from Shell Lake." eh, Malcolm? All get fooled some- John Tobacco's daughter, if I'm not mistaken. Fine girl, for an In-There seemed to be some special dian. Been goin' to school over in ironical significance in his laughter. the mission. Goin' to teach at Yel- ous temperatures, fishermen soon

(To Be Continued).

"By the way," he continued after low Post soon's they get the school may be equipped with deep-sea

RUDDY'S

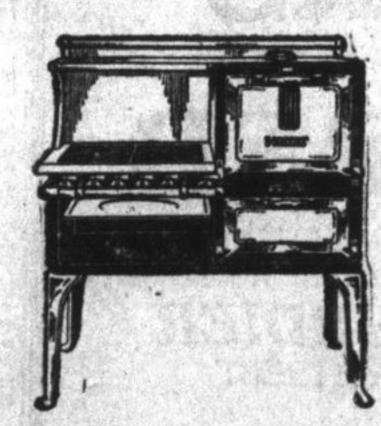
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