Her Nerves Were "All Broken Up" She Could Not Sleep

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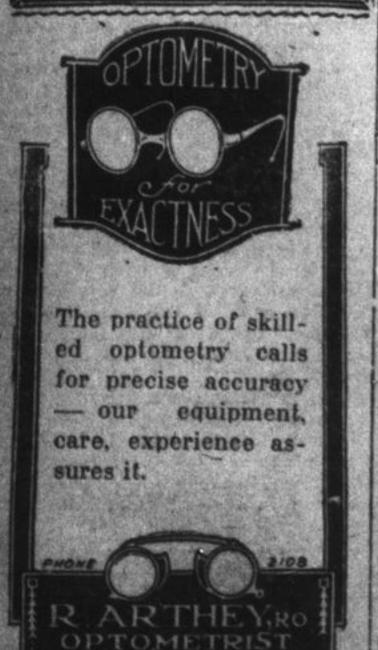
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GFFSF

By Martha Ostenso.

At the supper table one evening, of the Brunds, on the road Charlie announced the news that Malcolm would take north. Ellen had been waiting to receive in one form or other. He had been had ridden by way of the wood road at Yellow Post that day.

for Bjarnasson, and is starting north ward and met the other road past the swamps - up

Caleb made no comment for some time. Then he said, "I'll be goin' cart ready, Charlie. Leavin' early."

"I saw some of the children over at the school to-day, Teacher. think it was some from north of Latt's Slough. They're like as not to break in and do some damage." Ellen said to Lind, Lind made some answer, but Ellen did not hear her. Perhaps Caleb would be gone before Malcolm came past-he would assume that his very absence was powerful to stay her from doing anything that he would disapprove of-that was his way of reasoning.

She helped Amelia with the dishes and then went out to the milk yard. From her stool beside the cow she watched Caleb with straining eyes, watched him putter about to and fro from the house to the barn, from the barn to the granary from the granary to the tool shed. with his preoccupied, slow shuffle. Prince was hitched to the dog cart. waiting. But Caleb did not look toward the horse. He vanished into the barn and had not come out when the sun was a flaming blobe through the populars. Had changed his mind, and was not going? Ellen tried to see beyond the grove to the turn in the trail, but the poplars danced together crazily before her eyes. She bowed her head once more and pulled at the cow's teats. Then she heard, still quite far way, the sound of a horse's hoofs coming through the still even-

At that moment Caleb came out of the barn and untied Prince. mounting the cart. Ellen hoped desperately that the rider coming from the west would rein in. Then Caleb got down from the cart and went into the house, emerging in a few moments with his duster on his arm.

But the horse's hoofs were passing the curve now, behind the poplars. Caleb climbed into cart again and drove hurriedly to ward the outer gate.

Ellen heard Malcolm's greeting to to the sink to wash. Caleb, but from where she sat she milk yard, leaning out over it. Then she hastily glanced about to see if any one were watching her. She Heh, heh! You amuse me, Ameliacould see Malcolm on his pony, sit- you amuse me!" ting straight and dark, with a sifting of light falling upon his should- salt pork, and heated over the oaters through the poplar grove. Now meal that had been cooked the night he was riding away. Caleb driving before. She set the table with the beside him in the cart. Skuli Erick- red and white checked cloth, and son lived just beyond the homestead put in precise position the cracked

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vitamines than any food you can get. was working in the east field, the Coy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets aisle. Elien worked with difficulty come in sugar coated form now, so because of her eyes, and frequently bones and feel well and strong and smarting. The hay dust bit at her have a complexion that people will lids so that they became bright red. admire—ask Jas. B. McLeod, Ma- Lifting her eyes from the sweathood's Drug Store, Branigan's Drug ing flanks of the horses, Judith saw Store or any druggist for a box of Caleb mounting the car near the McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. | barn. He would be coming down Only 60 cents for 60 tablets and if now to see how things were going.

Lind and Mark, who after supper to visit Fusi Aronson, took another "Malcolm has finished the work trail coming back, one that led eastto-night. He's taking the road which the Brunds and the Ericksons past lived. They rode slowly, for the Brund's. He'll be comin' past here., evening was one to be enjoyed slow-Goat-eyes'll have another look at ly. They were now on a dry ridge you, Ellen," the boy grinned at her. north of the swamps, and could look down upon the stagnant water lying in the sunset like ragged ribup to Erickson's to-night. Have the bons of rose and gold. On the margin, Lind saw a few delicate purple orchis flowers growing, and fern so fragile that it seemed to

> bend under the light. Mark was looking eastward.

"A lone horseman," he said. Lind followed his eyes. "Oh, that's an Indian pony-I think it's the man that was at Gares' for supper not long ago," she exclaimed, trying to make out the figure on the horse "I believe Ellen was in love with him, once."

The glow from the west seemed to envelop horse and rider in a golden luster, so that they blended

Chapter 'XIII. Now came ideal having weather, dry with only a slight wind. The sky was as clear as a shell day after day. Caleb hoped that it would last only until the hay had been stacked. There were rumors of bush fires to the north as a result of drought, and Yellow Post was full of bad omens. But the Indians were always ready to predict evil for the white settlers. It meant nothing. Crops in these parts grew slowly and there would be need of more rain, and more rain would comeit would have to come.

Caleb knocked on the ceiling under the loft at five o'clock of the morning that was to begin the haying. Amelia was already in the kitchen starting the fire. Her shoulders ached from the stooping that she had done the day before when she had taken up a large quantity of vegetables for preserving. heart misgave her as she thought of ly a quarter mown. Amelia waved a Ellen, who had helped in the garden. Ellen would have to work on the

the having, Caleb," she ventured. heavily on the floor after drawing was done. Ellen, Charlie and on each one. This was a signal for Martin went ahead of Jude, those in the loft above to hurry. After he had laced his boots he went

could not see him. She sprang up, ideals into their heads," he finally and that he would be watching for and ran to the wooden fence of the replied. "Who's goin' to pay for them to return home for dinner. She an extra man, do y'think? Might get | waited in the shadow of some wil-Mark Jordan for nothin', of course. lows.

> Amelia fried eggs and strips of and drew her after him. plates and the old forks with the bent prongs, and the half-black knives. Then at each place she laid a carefully ironed, worn napkin. It was one of the little observances she had carried over from a somewhat gentler life. Caleb had always ignored the napkin beside his plate because it symbolized something in his wife's life that he had tried to obliterate-a certain fineness that was uneconomical and pretentious. Amelia had known better in the last five years than ever to ask for money for new napkins.

The food was on the table when the children came down, Lind with them. All, except the Teacher, were heavy-eyed and scarcely conscious of one another.

"Come, come now-no time to waste. Lot of stuff down there. We work better in the morning y'know." Caleb admonished them. He ate leisurely himself, and the others were away from the table long before he was through.

Protest mean only the expenditure of extra effort-the work would have to be done anyway. Ellen and Charlie hitched the horses to the two rakes, and Judith and Martin went ahead with the moving machines. It was deadening work, so that after a while the spirit forgot to follow the body behind the horses up and down, up and down, in the bright heat that rose from the earth and fell from the bare, cloudless sky. The nostrils began to ache from the sweet, hot, dusty smell of the hay. The hands grew dry and swollen from the reins, the sun lay like a hot iron on the shoulders, no matter which way one turned. But presently it was only the body that was there, enduring; the spirit seemed to have gone somewhere else, and left an absence of thought, an absence of everything except attention to the task at hand.

Judith mowed the field west of is one of the greatest flesh producers the neck of timber that had been bought of Fusi Aronson, Charlie fol-Because it contains more vitalizing lowing behind with the rake. Martin You'll be glad to know that Mc- hay falling behind him in a smooth had to close them to ease their

you don't gain five pounds in 30 He would call directions from the days your druggist will hand you edge of the field, or he might even back the money you paid for them.

It isn't anything unusual for a person to gain 10 pounds in 30 days, spect the cutting, to see that an and for old people with feebleness extra inch of hay did not escape wertaking them they work wonders. with the roots. Well, it would not be

long now till it was over. All the more reason to hurry the horses. Martin looked back and say that Ellen was faring none too well. It would have been cheaper in the end to have hired a man. Caleb must have had some other reason for not taking on extra help. It was his idea, apparently, to blind them all with work-an extra man would give them time for thinking, and dreaming. Dreaming of a new house and the like, perhaps. What Ellen would dream of Martin could not guess. Ellen was like a pea pod that had ripened brittle, but could not burst open. Then he realized that he, too. was a closed pea pod-they were all closed pea pods ,not daring to open. The idea fascinated Martin. He felt as though he had just learned to think, that he had just found his mind with a unique idea in it. Then one of the horses stumbled, and in pulling at the reins Martin lost his idea. His mind closed again, except to the heat that jigged visibly in the air, and to the heavy, pungent-dull smell of the hay.

He glanced back at Ellen, who as piling at uneven intervals. Then he saw Caleb drive up to the fence in the opposite field, where Judith had just come in sight south of the bush. Judith stopped her horses. She was evidently listening to something Caleb was calling to her. Martin looked uneasily toward Ellen, and at the slovenly piles.

Presently Caleb drove around the west field to the southern border of the one in which Martin worked. Martin was close enough to the fence to talk with him.

"Hardly a thistle in the whole thing." he told Caleb. "Got last year's beat, all right."

"H-m." Caleb muttered, striving to conceal his pleasure. "Ellen's draggin' it there, I see. Ellen!" He beckoned to her, and she got down from the seat and came toward him.

"What's the matter with you? Day dreamin,' or something? Look at that stuff there-all over the place. Go over it again from the end of the strip-'way back," he said gently, as if with extreme patience.

Ellen went back to the rake and turned the horses around. She toiled over the whole strip again, picking up the strewn piles and measuring the distance between the new ones that she made, trying not to feel the pain in her eyes and in her

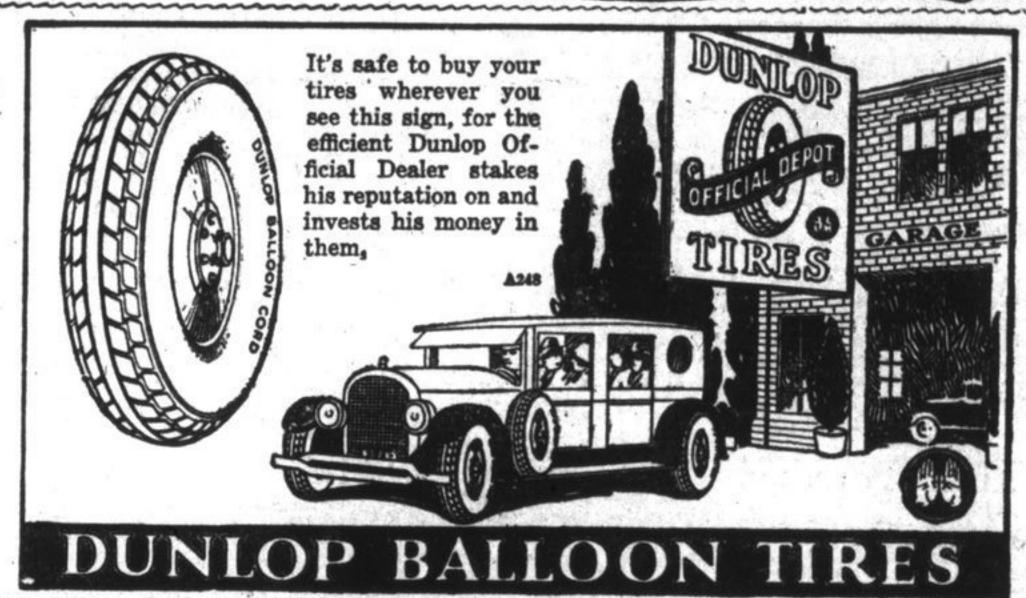
The sun moved toward the noon mark, and the two fields were neartowel at them from the end of the garden, and Judith, who was the first to see the signal, called to "It's not too late to get a man for Martin. The four teams were unhitched and turned in toward the Caleb put on his boots, stamping road, and the first half day's work lingered behind looking in the direction of the Sandbos', just across the road. She knew that Sven must "You'll do well not to put high have seen them at work in the field,

> Then Sven came. He stepped down into the enclosure of the willows

"Ive got to see you more than this." he said. "Charlie was out for the cattle last night. Why didn't

"Can't let him get suspectin things, Sven." Judith reminded

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(To Be Continued).

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