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Galt Public Utilities fixed June 4th as the date for the unveiling by C. A. McGrath of the memorial to Sir Adam Beck.

# WILD GEESE.

By Martha Ostenso.

"You must not let it affect you this way, Judith. I know why you did it—you just lost your temper, and it was an awful mistake. But it will blow over—he'll forget it. Why don't you begin to talk to them now, so that everything will become natural again? Sven is waiting to hear from you, too, Judith."

A flush came to Jude's cheeks, and Lind thought she saw tears in her eyes as she turned her head away.

"It won't do any good," Judith muttered. "If I see Sven he'll find out and then he'll send me to the city. I know—nothing good ever happens."

"Judie, your own life matters more than anything else. If you stay here much longer you'll get to be like Ellen, and you're too splendid to waste yourself like that. What if the does send you to—the city? The judge would find out all about how he has been treating you before they would do anything to you. People aren't all like him, you know. Everything would be better in the end, Judie, I'm sure."

Judith sat back in her chair and looked at her.

"You might just tell Sven not to worry about me, if you see him," she said. "He can't keep me here forever, anyway."

Lind was glad to find some response in Judith. "I'll see him, perhaps to-morrow, Jude. I'm sure he's thinking about you all the time," she said cheerfully, putting her arm about Judith's shoulder. "Do you know what I'm going to do now? I'm going to make you something pretty. Something you can wear without anyone else seeing it. You just wait." Lind went into the other room, smiling back at Jude, who half smiled in return.

Amelia came in then and Judith stood up and looked into the churn at the butter.

"I'll have to be getting some new crocks from Johansson," said Amelia.

"He has two of our old ones down there," Amelia looked at her quickly. It was the first voluntary word she had uttered for days. There was a change in her. She wondered what would happen when Judith came fully to herself again. But the girl kept within herself for the rest of that day and went to bed immediately after supper, so that Amelia had no way of knowing what was forming in her mind. Amelia herself would give her no reason to think that her mad act would bring her ultimate freedom. She had not spoken to Judith of the thing that had happened, thinking in this way to impress upon her the appalling aspect of it.

That night Judith lay awake. The

suggestion the Teacher had made, that the authorities of peace and justice would perhaps not be so harsh as she had feared, if Caleb brought the thing to their notice, occupied her mind and crowded out sleep.

And yet, she could not be sure. She knew so little of such matters. Perhaps the Teacher was mistaken. A half-breed girl from Yellow Post two or three years before had tried to kill her baby, and she had been sent to prison for it. Prison—a place where you were confined to a tiny cell and never saw the sky, or felt the wind on your face—a wretched place, worse perhaps, than this farm. Caleb would manage to send her there if he found any other reason to be dissatisfied with her. He had a special hatred for her, she knew it—had always known it. It was because she hated the things that were God to him—the crops, the raising of animals, the rough produce of the land.

She thought of Sven. When the opportunity came, she knew he would take her away. She knew he was waiting day and night for the moment to come, and that he would at once defy Caleb if any good would come of it. But Caleb held the whip just now. They would get no farther than the Siding before he would be upon them—would notify the police. For the first time in her life, Judith felt a need of Sven that did not spring from passion. She no longer saw the powerful muscles of his throat, or the taut, narrow shape of his loins. What she did see was a certain wistfulness in his eyes, that had come there through her scorn of him. Lying in the darkness beside Ellen, she felt a great need just to sit near him and not say anything for a long time. She began to cry and covered her face with her pillow so that Ellen should not hear her.

After school the next day Lind walked home with the Sandbo children to convey Jude's message to Sven. At the side of the road the milk-weed stalks hung with heavy purple bloom, and dandelions stood a foot and a half high, fluffing their down in the wind. It was a year of lavish growth for Ostland. The children had found more varieties of birds and butterflies than ever before. The leaves of the trees were free from insects. Lind thought how the plan of nature for a perfect year had been carried out between her and Mark Jordan. She wished that this harmony could have extended to the Gares, and thought sadly of Judith.

Lind had seen Mark Jordan nearly every day since the return of the Klovacs. He had managed to ride over and talk with her in the late

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afternoons while she was still at the school house, or they had walked together into the timber and had sat beside the little pool that Lind had found long before. They began to make plans for the fall, when they would leave together for the "outside." The winters at Ostland were too bitter to keep school open when the children had so far to go.

"I'd rather like to spend a winter here," Mark had said once. "Particularly at the Gares'. What a chance to study human nature that would be."

"I'm afraid I'd emerge from it unable to study anything for the rest of my life," Lind had replied. "It's heart breaking enough under favorable weather conditions."

Sven was watering the horses when the Teacher and the children arrived. He came forward eagerly to meet her.

"Judith send any word?" he asked when the children were out of hearing.

Lind put her hand on his arm and walked with him back to the water trough.

"She's beginning to forget, Sven, and she wants you not to worry. He doesn't let her out of the house yet, but as soon as he does she'll try to see you. Perhaps you'd better try to be patient until after the hay is stacked. He'll have to let her out on the binder, and he won't be able to watch her all the time."

Sven scowled. "Damn him! I'd like to wring the old devil's neck," he said. "But he'd live to have me jailed for it."

"That's the trouble, Sven. He'd make a terrible fuss if you went away just now. Perhaps after the harvest he might be able to get over it. But Judith is as anxious to see you as you are to see her."

Mrs. Sandbo came out of the house then, shaking the flies away from the door as she opened it. Sven went to the pasture with the horses.

"Well, and how goes it with Gares and the haying?" she asked.

"Fine as can be," Lind smiled. She had not told Mrs. Sandbo of the affair between Caleb and Judith.

Lind had told Mrs. Sandbo that she and Mark were planning to be married at the end of the school term.

Mrs. Sandbo bore the information without too great a show of surprise. She had been expecting it all along. "Think twice and jump twice," she had warned Lind, reminding her of the disastrous marriage of her daughter Dora. But the confidence had pleased Mrs. Sandbo's vanity, and she now treated Lind with a motherly solicitude.

Mark came a little later and Mrs. Sandbo would not be denied the right to make coffee for them. After they were seated at the table she ostentatiously elipped out and left them alone.

The coffee was very good, and had a cheering effect on Lind. She discussed the situation at the Gares' with Mark, who decided that there was nothing that could be gained by outside interference.

"The kid ought to boot, as soon as she's sure of getting clear. But that old rascal could catch the wind if he felt like it," Mark said.

"Yes, I know," Lind admitted. "But even if they got no farther than the Siding, something favorable might result. I scarcely think Caleb Gares would dare call in the authorities to stop them—I think his wife would stand up for Judith and tell them the abuse she has suffered. And yet—" Lind thought suddenly of the rumors she had heard of the threat Caleb Gares held over his wife.

"It's a pity. If the girl ever gets to town I'll certainly do all I can for her," Mark declared. "But I guess if I went over to talk to the old man he'd throw me off the place. He was over dickering with us yesterday about the hay Anton has to sell even before it's mown to get cash. I told Anton to hang on for a better price, and the old man almost flew at me. He'd steal from the dead, I believe. Anyway, Anton is waiting until he can get rid of the hay in order to make these improvements," he calls them, before the government inspector comes around."

"How is he, Mark? Do you think he'll—"

"The winter will do for him, I'm afraid. Of course you never can tell—but Lindy, come here. Let's talk about us for awhile. It's two whole days since I last saw you."

Lind glanced out of the window and saw Mrs. Sandbo far down near the barn.

On the day that Caleb decided he would free Judith from her household duties to help Martin in the field, Martin slipped from a hay stack and dislocated his shoulder.

Now that it became imperative that he should release Judith, Caleb was reluctant to do so. He turned

over in his mind every possibility of doing without her on the field. But that would mean hiring two men, no matter how he considered it, and the remainder of the hay wasn't worth it.

"You could've watched where you stepped—always something—always something," Caleb complained softly, going to and fro from the kitchen to the sitting room where Amelia was bandaging Martin's shoulder so that he could go to the doctor at the Siding. There was no doctor at Yellow Post.

Martin made no reply. He knew why he had fallen from the stack. It was to catch Ellen, who was just about to step backward off the hay. Ellen might as well leave her eyes at home as try to use them on the field.

Caleb drove Martin himself to Nyteek. He would see to it that the doctor charged a fitting fee. A dislocated shoulder was, after all, not a broken one. It was a nuisance—a nuisance. Now the haying would be held up another day while they saw the doctor, since he could not let Jude off the farmstead into the field without proper surveillance. The weather was getting sultry again. There would be rain perhaps before they got to the Siding, if Martin did not get around quickly. So Caleb frowned to himself, all the way to the Siding. He did not speak to Martin. The boy had a feeling of having committed an offense, a feeling more keen than the hurt in his shoulder.

(To Be Continued).

The under dog doesn't care much for sympathy; what he wants is assistance.



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