

ose it's only what
t she makes it
paused for a re-
h the expansive-
a sympathetic
now—she seems
somehow—that
and traveling,
fine—I can't ex-
he shakes hands,
that funny way
er voice up, as if
question—oh, you
Martha!

stiffly; she did
"She—she makes
you were at a
d it, Martha?"
hands together
know what you

that, even if I
you? I mean to
no."
I hope you will
Her voice came

David, "it's the
stly depends on
n."
easy enough for
care!—a great,
he world before

tone.
e said, squaring
w can't do less
or it. I never
uch things—till

ent. Amy Law-
Rock since Sep-
the post-sum-
s of the nerves.
familiar embar-
our party yet,

u really want—
a?" she said.
vid.

ll for a moment,
saffron moon
lack sea. Then
will get to the
u will get every-

l. I guess if it
folks would get
ouldn't they?"
like one of my

You are all I
ing—or mother-
d I've had or
are—my own,

ced itself from
Then suddenly;
go home."

didn't you tell
wrap the tight-
about her, she
Take hold, and
said cheerfully.
sagged against
her uncertain-
moved!

rtie," he said
within his arm,
you work too
ought to have
keep you stand-
n me, dear"

hard. "You
said unsteadily.
s tired before.
tomorrow."

ad proestingly.
how it pushed
it stung her
before it had

At her door
"You go right
rl—and rest."
aintly as she
strong, warm
very large and

ly Relieved

pel any neuralgia
r back, by taking
This remedy
ny headache will
neuralgia. Sold by
g them, send 25c.
J. L. Mathieu

Winnipeg, September, 1910.

The Western Home Monthly.

5

dark as he looked into them. "Good night," she said. "You are very good to me, David. Good-night." He would have lingered, but she smiled again and shut the door gently.

When Martha shut the door on David she saw her father sitting expectantly before the fireplace with the checker-board. And Martha took off her things and played checkers. Her father beat two rubbers in succession. He was in high good humor, and made no objection when at last she said she guessed she would go to bed, she was a little tired. She went up the narrow stairs slowly, and shut the door of her own pretty chamber behind her.

And then, standing among the small tokens and conveniences her own patient handiwork had wrought, the sensible New England girl, who had never done a dramatic thing in her life, suddenly threw up her arms and

kitchen stove. Her father was already out; he came in as she was lifting the coffee pot to the back of the range, and drank a steaming cup without sitting.

"Awful wind," he said as he drank; "roof's gone off the barn; I've got to go right back up there, the creatures'll freeze to death if they ain't tended to. You won't be frightened stayin' alone, will you Marthie?"

"Oh no," Martha said smiling faintly, "I guess not, father."

She drank a little coffee herself after he had gone, but she could not eat.

The clash of the stones on the beach was tremendous, here. The sea rushed up with an appalling roar, broke with a deafening boom, and sucked sullenly out again with a mighty grinding of stones. So overwhelmingly near it sounded on this side that the girl ran to the window and rubbed it as clear as she might. The first glance brought



"Now then, Dave!"

clutched wildly at the air, like a tragic actor in a scene of despair.

That night she learned for the first time what the unbroken darkness is from end to end of a sleepless night. Staring into the shadows with hot eyes she asked herself, over and over again, why? why? why? He was hers, hers, not this stranger's? Who could know him as she did? She found herself sobbing helplessly, unrestrainedly, in the dark. After a time she became aware that the wind was rising. It was raining too. She realized that it was a wild night.

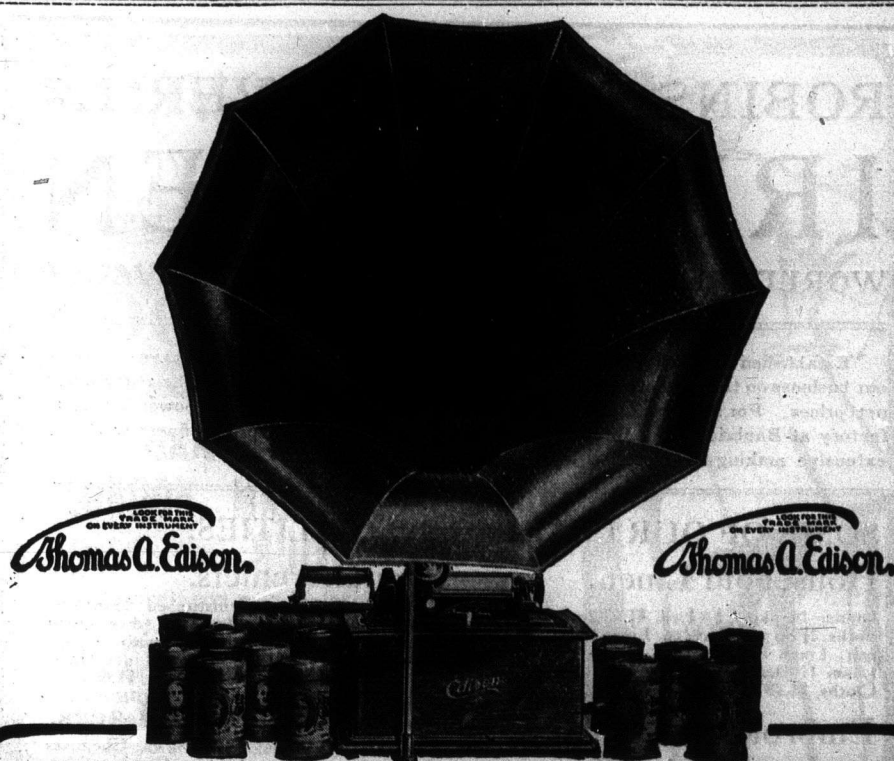
"A real northeaster," Martha said to herself indifferently. "Well, our house is solid." The fleeting thought crossed her mind that she would not care were it not.

At seven o'clock the snow and sleet had ceased, but the wind rose steadily. Martha dressed, and made a fire in the

an exclamation to her lips. The huge dirty waves were rolling high over the crest of the beach on a level with the very top of the breakwater which bounded her own little front lawn.

The girl watched them with puckered brows, then she turned and looked at the little clock on the mantle. Just then a loud knock sounded at the back door, and as she hastened to answer, it was pushed open and the slender figure of a girl half fell into the warm kitchen.

"Oh," panted Amy Lawrence, "isn't this awful? Our house is shaking so we couldn't stay in it; the water's running right under it! Every one at our end has gone to the life-saving station. They say the houses are going! The Greens went to the Clarks, but I made them leave me here, your house looks so much stronger. You don't mind my staying, do you? I'd



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