

and into the house and up and down the stairs and through every room and closet and even cellar upon the place. And back to the kitchen.

"Oh God!" she cried aloud.

The clock pointed to 5.30 o'clock. She had but half an hour in which to prepare the meal for the field hands, but she had forgotten their very existence.

In the middle of the barnyard she spun around in a distracted circle and she began to scream, wild, agonizing, animal outcries. Waving her arms she sped across the barnyard, down the cowlane, on either side of which the four lines of barbed wire fencing protected the grain lands. At the end of the lane she came out into the pasture lands, and here horses and colts scampered before her. She ran hither and thither, dropping down into coolies and circling the edges of a small slough, from whose muddy surface arose hundreds of mallard duck and mud hens.

On and on ran the woman. Flat on her stomach she crawled under a barbed wire fencing, nor cared not that an outjutting point tore the flesh from her arm. Through the oats thick as a forest and taller than a man the woman plunged. On and on, for half a mile, till she reached the end of the oats field and crawled again under barbed wire and came at last into the haylands.

The clank of the moving mower and the swish of the following rake sounded like the monstrous drone of a muffled engine, and clear across the prairie a man's voice suddenly arose in song.

Her heart swelled in her breast. Her head began to reel,