

DUST

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649404360

Dust by E. Haldeman-Julius & Anna Marcet Haldeman

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E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS & ANNA MARCET HALDEMAN

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BY
MR. AND MRS. HALDEMAN-JULIUS



NEW YORK
BRENTANO'S

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First printing, March, 1921
Second printing, April, 1921
Third printing, June, 1921

THE FLIMPTON PRESS · NORWOOD · MASS · U · S · A

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I
THE DUST IS STIRRED

DUST

I

THE DUST IS STIRRED

DUST was piled in thick, velvety folds on the weeds and grass of the open Kansas prairie; it lay, a thin veil on the scrawny black horses and the sharp-boned cow picketed near a covered wagon; it showered to the ground in little clouds as Mrs. Wade, a tall, spare woman, moved about a camp-fire, preparing supper in a sizzling skillet, huge iron kettle and blackened coffee-pot.

Her husband, pale and gaunt, the shadow of death in his weary face and the droop of his body, sat leaning against one of the wagon wheels trying to quiet a wailing, emaciated year-old baby while little tow-headed Nellie, a vigorous child of seven, frolicked undaunted by the August heat.

"Does beat all how she kin do it," thought Wade, listlessly.