

**A LITTLE NORSK;
OR, OL'
PAP'S FLAXEN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649541362

A Little Norsk; Or, Ol' Pap's Flaxen by Hamlin Garland

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HAMLIN GARLAND

**A LITTLE NORSE;
OR, OL'
PAP'S FLAXEN**

A Little Norsk

OR

Ol' Pap's Flaxen

BY

HAMLIN GARLAND

AUTHOR OF MAIN TRAVELED ROADS

A MEMBER OF THE THIRD HOUSE, A SPOIL OF OFFICE
JASON EDWARDS, ETC.



NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1892



COPYRIGHT, 1892,
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

PRINTED AT THE
APPLETON PRESS, U. S. A.

On the plain.

*My cabin cowers in the pathless sweep
Of the terrible northern blast;
Above its roof the wild clouds leap
And shriek as they hurtle past.
The snow-waves hiss along the plain,
Like spectral wolves they stretch and strain
And race and ramp—with hissing beat,
Like stealthy tread of myriad feet,
I hear them pass; upon the roof
The icy showers swirl and rattle;
At times the moon, from storms aloof,
Shines white and wan within the room—
Then swift clouds drive across the light
And all the plain is lost to sight,
The cabin rocks, and on my palm
The sifted snow falls, cold and calm.*

*God! What a power is in the wind!
I lay my cheek to the cabin side
To feel the weight of his giant hands—
A speck, a fly in the blasting tide
Of streaming, pitiless, icy sands;
A single heart with its feeble beat—
A mouse in the lion's throat—
A swimmer at sea—a sunbeam's mote
In the grasp of a tempest of hail and sleet!*

Copyrighted material
University of Toronto
1914

Contents.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| CHAPTER I. | |
| Her Adoptive Parents, | 1 |
| CHAPTER II. | |
| Her First Trip in a Blizzard, | 9 |
| CHAPTER III. | |
| The Burial of her Dead Mother, | 22 |
| CHAPTER IV. | |
| Flaxen Adopts Anson as "Pap," | 32 |
| CHAPTER V. | |
| Flaxen Becomes Indispensable to the Two Old Bachelors, | 38 |
| CHAPTER VI. | |
| A Question of Dress, | 46 |
| CHAPTER VII. | |
| After Harvest, | 69 |

| CHAPTER VIII. | |
|--|------|
| | PAGE |
| An Empty House, | 78 |
| CHAPTER IX. | |
| "Baching" it Again, | 86 |
| CHAPTER X. | |
| Flaxen Comes Home on a Vacation, | 105 |
| CHAPTER XI. | |
| Flaxen Grows Restless, | 113 |
| CHAPTER XII. | |
| Flaxen Says Good-bye, | 124 |
| CHAPTER XIII. | |
| Flaxen's Great Need, | 133 |
| CHAPTER XIV. | |
| Kendall Steps Out, | 148 |
| CHAPTER XV. | |
| Bert Comes Back, | 153 |

A LITTLE NORSK.

CHAPTER I.

HER ADOPTIVE PARENTS.



NS, the next time you twist hay f'r the fire, I wish't you'd dodge the damp spots," said the cook, rising from a prolonged scrutiny of the stove and the bread in the oven. His pose was threatening.

"Cooks are always grumblin'," calmly remarked Anson, drawing on his gloves preparatory to going out to the barn; "but seein' 's this is Chris'mus, I'll go out an' knock a barrel to pieces. I want them biscuit to be O. K. See?"

"Yes: I see."

"Say, Bert!"

"Well?"