Retribution

LeRoy B. Morley*
JAN THORLKELD, returning home, was happy. At the crest of the hill above his farm, he paused and gazed thoughtfully down into the valley. Suddenly he stiffened and stared, his angry jealousy aroused. For a man was walking out of his house, and Lena, Jan's wife, was with him. Stopping beside a buggy in the yard, the two embraced warmly. The man stepped into the buggy and drove up the hill road toward Jan. Jan moved back into the roadside bushes and drew out a revolver. The man, when he drove by, never knew what happened, but died quickly and quietly as Jan gently pressed the trigger. Then Jan walked slowly homeward, something black lurking in his eyes.

HIS wife met him at the door and tried to kiss him, but Jan thrust her roughly aside. Hurt, she followed him in and said, "Oh, Jan, I am so happy. My Uncle Nels was here just a little while ago looking for you. He said he has a job for you in Minneapolis in the mills. I wrote and told him about your
wanting to leave the farm, and he said he'd hire you even though he never had seen you. He had to leave—Why, Jan, what's the matter? Jan! You're white as a sheet! Ohhh—don't, Jan, don't!” Her voice edged with hysteria.

Once more Jan Thorkeld gently pressed the trigger.

October Twilight

By Agda Gronbech

TODAY I had been weary, shaken, spent
With trifles; all the wretched discontent
Had grown into a melancholy fear,
And nothing of all loveliness seemed near
Until, at last, to see the old pain die
I brought my lonely sorrow to the sky.
There in the heart of western glory lay
Your heart and mine, the promise of our day.
Hope mingled with the crimson, blent with red
And touched the mystic dream of purple, fled
Above the world, far up, from gold to blue—
Divine made real, reality made new.

TONIGHT I have known glory of the sky.
It fades, but there is left one star
on high . . . .