

at least, something beat like an aching pulse away back in my mind and deep in my heart. Letters from New York thrilled me to the bone. ~~stranger~~  
~~from out of my old world~~ I could have hugged a stranger from out of my old world. And then my work—my writing!

When I first came to Alberta I ~~have~~<sup>brought</sup> with me a little trunk in which all of my manuscripts were kept. By and by I used to call it my morgue.

For five years I never opened it. For five years I never wrote a line.

~~I was~~ I was living a love story, you see—not writing one! But there

came to me gradually a comprehension of the fact that after all ~~love is~~  
~~nothing~~ love alone it does not make life wholly joyful. ~~There is~~

~~the hungry soul craves~~ ~~nothing more~~ ~~love~~.

The summer and the long lovely fall passed away. The children were sent away to boarding schools. I was alone on the ranch, with a housekeeper

most of the time. Our men were riding the range on the Fall round up.

My husband was out with them. Sometimes they would be gone three and four days

at the time. The range was an immense one, as I have mentioned, and we were

riding with two other outfits. It takes considerable time to gather in sever

al thousand head of cattle and horse.

Cold weather set in soon after the roundup and the dispersal of the

herd in ~~the~~<sup>the</sup> fields. The breeding stock ~~was~~ and pure breeds had been

dispatched to the prairie ranch. My husband went down to the ~~prairie~~<sup>farm</sup>

to be there upon their arrival. I did not accompany him, because the

weather was so cold, and he thought the long trip was too hard for a woman.

So there I was, alone with a Swedish woman of the peasant type, when the first

snowstorm came out of the north.

I awoke to a sudden piercing realization

of what I had done in cutting myself off from all my old friends and associates

and isolating myself on an Alberta ranch. Followed days and days —No!

weeks —three, during which I never left the house once. We were enclosed in

a vast storm, a storm that never ceased, that shut us off from all the rest