

much good anyway. I knew you were here, for I met the others on the road," he continued, as he hung his overcoat on its old nail behind the door, "and so I hurried along, for I have a great many things to tell you. No," in answer to her question, "I have not had supper — I couldn't wait. I wanted to see you. I've made a big discovery."

Martha had put the tea-kettle on and was stirring the fire.

"Don't bother getting any supper for me until I tell you what I found out."

She turned around and faced him, her heart beating faster at the eagerness in his voice.

"Martha, dear," he said, "I cannot do without you — that's the discovery I made. I have been lonely — lonely for this broad prairie and you. The Old Country seemed to stifle me; everything is so little and crowded and bunched up, and so dark and foggy — it seemed to smother me. I longed to hear the whirr of prairie chickens and see the wild ducks dipping in the river; I longed to hear the sleighs creaking over the frosty roads; and so I've come home to all this — and you, Martha," He came nearer and held out his arms. "You're the girl for me."

Martha drew away from him. "Arthur, are you sure?" she cried. "Perhaps it's just the country you're in love with. Are you sure it isn't just the joy of getting back to it all. It can't be me — I am only a plain country girl, not pretty, not educated, not clever, not ——"