

team bolted in the hollow. Still," and Lucille grew grave again, "would it hurt you very much if I said I could not listen because I feared you were only dreaming this time, too?"

"It would drive me out of Canada a broken-hearted man," I said. "It was you for whom I strove, always you—even when I did not know it—since the first day I saw you. I would fling away all I own to-morrow, and——"

The words broke off suddenly, for Lucille looked up at me, shyly this time, and from under half-lowered lashes. "I think," she said very slowly, and with a pause, during which I did not breathe, "that would be a pity, Harry Ormesby."

It was sufficient. All that the world could give seemed comprised within the brief sentence; and it was difficult to remember that we stood clear in the eyes of the swarming toilers upon the level prairie. Neither do I remember what either of us next said, for there was a glamour upon me; but as we turned back towards Haldane, side by side, I hazarded a query, and Lucille smiled. "You ask too many questions—are you not yet content? Still, since you ask, I think I did not understand aright either until a little while ago."

Haldane appeared satisfied, though, perhaps, that is not the most appropriate word, for he himself supplied a better one; and when we were next alone, and I ventured thanks and protestations, laughed, in the whimsical fashion he sometimes adopted, I think, to hide his inward sentiments.

"You need not look so contrite, for I suppose you could not help it; and I am resigned," he said. "There. We will take all the rest for granted, and you must wait another year." Then, although Haldane smiled again, he laid his hand on my shoulder in a very kindly fashion as he added; "Lucille might, like her sister, have shone in London and Paris; but it seems she prefers the prairie—and, after all, I do not know that she has not chosen well."

The story of my failures, mistakes, and struggles