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some further speech, Haldane strolled away with a half-wistful, half-regretful glance at his daughter who approached us as we spoke. She was in high spirits, and greeted me cordially.

"You ought to be happy, and you look serious. This is surely the best you could have hoped for," she said.

It seemed best to end the uncertainty at once, and yet, remembering Cotton's fate, I was afraid. Nevertheless, mustering courage, I looked straight at the speaker, and slowly shook my head. Lucille was always shrewd, and I think she understood, for her lips quivered a little, and the smile died out of her eyes.

"You are difficult to satisfy. Is it not enough?" she said.

Her voice had in it no trace of either encouragement or disdain, and a boldness I had scarcely hoped for came upon me as I answered: "In itself it is worth nothing to me. What you said is true, for I have set my hopes very high. There is only one prize in the Dominion that would satisfy me, and that is—you."

Lucille moved a little away from me, and I could not see her face, for she looked back towards the train of cars which came clanking down the track; but for once words were given me, and when I ceased, she looked up again. Though the rich damask had deepened in her cheek, there was a significant question in her eyes.

"Are you sure you are not mistaken, Rancher Ormesby? Men do not always know their own minds," she said.

The underlying question demanded an answer, and I do not know how I furnished it, for I had already found it bewildering when asked by myself; but with deep humility I framed disjointed words, and gathered hope once more when I read what might have been a faint trace of mischief, and something more, in my companion's eyes.

"It is not very convincing—but what could you say? And you are, after all, not very wise," she said. "I wonder if I might tell you that I knew part of this long ago; but the rest I did not know until the evening the