Back to the Mountains

you expect me to sit with folded hands when I heard you were ill anywhere in the wide world?"

He looked hungrily at her. "I didn't suppose any one in the wide world would take it very seriously."

"Mr. McCloud is crushed this afternoon to think you have said you would not go back with him. You would not believe how he misses you."

"It has been pretty lonesome for the last year. I didn't think it could be so lonesome anywhere."

"Nor did I."

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"Have you noticed it? I shouldn't think you could in the mountains. Was there much water last spring? Heavens, I'd like to see the Crawling Stone again!"

"Why don't you come back?"

He folded her hands in his own. "Marion, it is you. I've been afraid I couldn't stand it to be near you and not tell you—"

"What need you be afraid to tell me?"

"That I have loved you so long."

Her head sunk close to his. "Don't you know you have said it to me many times without words? I've only been waiting for a chance to tell you how happy it makes me to think it is true."