

"Just to try sometime and go on," he answered. "O, Nel, we can't go far alone!"

She rose softly and through the door she caught up the wistaria from the table and laughingly drifted it about his head. "O, boy! Just to go on somehow—and let me help? You go be a *man* down there—and let me help? It's grand!"

And, laughing again, she drew his head to her breast and kissed his cheek, laughing, and yet shy with pathos, the voyage done, her own long-wandering heart now humble by the one before her.

In the sunlight they were still, looking in a dream from the height down to the life out of which they had come. But after a while Arnold stirred, leaned to drink in the breeze across the hilltop. "I promised the foreman I'd go help on the second shift at ten o'clock. Nel, I'm going."

"Yes, you must," she whispered, "and I'll have things pretty for you to-night, when you come—home!"

At noon Grace Wayne was on her way to the ferry. At the transfer corner on Market Street, where the tide of life was engulfed by the kindly sun, men were idling about the excavation of the new bank building, watching the descent of a huge steel beam to the foundations of cement where the derrick engine chattered. She stopped with a sharp intake of breath at the sight of a blue-bloused workman with an arm outstretched above the chaos of steel and concrete. Long she looked, tenderly, triumphantly. The curve of life was fast bearing them far from this brief contact, but her mystic vision went across the span.