

## THE THREAD OF FLAME

as hard, only they'll be to build us up. The East isn't farther from the West, is it, than these two motives? I've never wanted to build up anything in my life; but now I feel as if—"

Once more we walked silently among the doves, listening to that throaty, lusty cry that was sheer music:

"Peace! *Peace!* PEACE!"

We had come to that avenue in the park sacred to little boys and girls, when she said:

"He's a darling, Lulu Averill's baby; and they—quite understand each other—now."

This second reference prompted me to give her a long sidewise look, but she did not return it.

"Perhaps—" I ventured.

"Oh, Billy!"

It was barely a sigh, but for the minute it was enough for me, as she pressed forward, with veiled profile set, like one gazing into the future.

THE END