

home — Abbott, a home with *you*! Don't you know, it's been the dream of my life to — to — ”

Abbott was inexpressibly touched. “ Yes, I was just thinking of what I heard you say, once — to belong to somebody.”

Fran slipped her arms about his neck. “ And what a somebody! To belong to you. And to know that my home is *our* home. . . .”

Abbott, with a sober sense of his unworthiness, embraced her silently.

From far below came a sudden sound, making its way through the continuity of the street-uproar. It was the chugging of the engine.

The wheel began to revolve.

Down they came — down — down —

Fran looked up at the moon. “ Good-by,” she called, gaily. “ The world is good enough for me!”

THE END