

grave. "You're aware that you're marrying a working-woman, who intends to continue to work?"

"I'm aware."

Her candid eyes continued to meet his. "I wish a child. While it needs me and when it needs me, I shall be there."

His hand closed over hers. "Is it as though I did not know that —"

She kissed him on the lips. "And you're aware that I shall work on through life for the fairer social order? And that, generally speaking, the Woman Movement has me for keeps?"

"I'm aware. I'm going to help you."

"South America —"

"I'm not wedded," said Fay, "to South American governments. There are a plenty of bridges to be built in the United States."

The grey-green silent heath stretched away to the shining sea. The grasses waved around and between the grey altars of the past, and the sky vaulted all, azure and splendid. Two sea-birds passed overhead with a long, clarion cry. Two butterflies hung poised upon a thistle beside them. The salt wind blew from the sea as it had blown against man and woman when these stones were raised. They sat and talked until the sun was low in the west, and then, hand in hand, walked back toward the village.

THE END