

CONCLUSION

"You're released from them now, Moira," he said soberly.

"Yes, Jim."

"And you'll marry me, dear?"

"Yes, Jim. But it would be a sin for us to be too happy too soon."

"I can be patient——"

"You won't be needing to be too patient, Jim," she whispered, her warm lips on his.

He held her in the hollow of his arm, where she was meant to be, both of them muttering the phrases that had been so long delayed, while their eyes looked down toward the sun-lit river; when suddenly Jim felt the girl's fingers tighten in his and he followed the direction of her gaze. Across the *Petit Pont*, just below them, a figure passed, a female figure in a heavy coat with a small hat that they both recognized, set rakishly upon a dark head.

"Piquette!" said Moira.

Jim was silent and they watched for another moment. Piquette paused for a moment on the bridge and then, raising her head quickly, squared her shoulders and went quickly along the Quai toward the Boulevard Saint Michel, where she was engulfed in a crowded thoroughfare.

(1)

END