

Dust and ashes? Waste, and regret, and hateful self-distrust? So it has been with me.

"Irene, once more, listen. Even though we shattered our treasure together, can't we go back, together,—and find the bits? Haven't you walked in lonely forgetfulness long enough, my darling? Won't you go back, with the other fool—and build that House of Dreams again?"

He swayed a little, weakly, and sank back on the bench. And then—

Somehow, Irene had fallen on her knees beside him, her face hid in her hands. And I saw his dear grey head bend down to meet the golden head upon his knee.

*Then*, at last, I found the door-knob. And I ran. And I was so overwhelmed with joy, so blind with foolish happy tears, that I fell over two chairs and a bag of beans, and narrowly escaped rolling down cellar. But I didn't disturb *them* by my uproar. Not they. They wouldn't have noticed an avalanche, if one had happened in.