

their places and gone curving, circling up, all gold and gleaming, into the air. I knew you wouldn't, but I hoped you would."

"Jeanne, dear," he said, "you'll remember that always — my flight, I mean. But, sometimes you'll get to wondering if it isn't the memory of a dream. And then you'll go and find these old wings in an attic, somewhere, and stroke them with your hands, the way you did that night when I furled them first upon the ice-floe beside you."

She looked at him quickly, wide-eyed.

"What do you mean, Philip? Not that — not that I'm never to see you fly again?"

He nodded.

"Somehow, up there with all the world below me, it never seemed real. Even you never seemed real, who were the only real thing in all the world. The earth was only a spinning ball, and there were no such things as men. I wasn't a man myself, up there, not even — even after you had brought me back to life and given me a soul again. Somehow, to be a man one has to wear the shackles of mankind. I can't explain it better than that, but I know it's true."

For a long time she searched his face in silence.

"You used to seem a spirit rather than a man, to me," she said, "when I would lie watching you soaring there above me. And now — now it's I who brought you down."

"Do you remember how I told you once that a man like your father was worth a whole Paradise of