

that never again in the world need I go wandering from city to city, striving always to realize a beautiful dream. The dream has become life, Christine! The dream is you!"

The road was narrow, and the arching trees touched overhead. Their lips met for one long moment. Then she drew him a little toward her with an impulsive gesture.

"I do not want you to go out to look for any more such dreams," she said. "I am tired of wandering in foreign countries. I am tired of being homeless. I want to belong somewhere, Gilbert."

A little reckless, he took her in his arms. "You belong to me," he said. "The other days are finished."

Chicot opened his eyes and looked up at them with a little yawn. Some latent — or was it lingering? — instinct of delicacy induced him to turn his head. He looked steadily out into the black shadows of the Bois. His eyes were set, his face was more wrinkled than ever. So the crazy little carriage rumbled on into one of the broader thoroughfares. The coachman cracked his whip, they took their place in the stream of vehicles, the bicycles with illuminated balloons, the swiftly rushing automobiles with their flaring lights.

THE END