

Stephen took his wife's hand and laughed little Jane.

"Nothing is too splendid—now," he said.

"That's just what I think," agreed Jane. "I am so glad you and Auntie got married. Now we shall soon have some funny little boys and girls to play with." She glanced at the orchard which lay to the right of the drive, and then nodded encouragingly at Stephen and Beatrice. "I'm all right," she said. "There are plenty of apple trees."

"What does she mean?" said Stephen.

"Don't ask her now," said Beatrice.

"You know then?" said Stephen.

"Oh yes, I know," said Beatrice, laughing as radiant as little Jane.

"*Hasn't* it been fun?" said Jane.

"It has," said Stephen.

"Dear little Jane!" said Beatrice.

Then they all laughed together, and the happy sound floated out across the fields of gold flowers towards the ships that were going silent up and down, like ships in a dream.

THE END